

THE
LITERARY WORLD:

A. JOURNAL

POPULAR INFORMATION AND ENTERTAINMENT

WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

THE SCIENCES AND ARTS. POPULAR ANTIQUITIES.

Natural History

AND

SERIES OF VIEWS OF THE PRINCIPAL PUBLIC BUILDINGS OF OUR OWN LAND
AND THE CONTINENT, AND THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SPECIMENS OF
ANCIENT AND MODERN ARCHITECTURE

BY JOHN TIMBS,

*Seven Years' Editor of the "Mirror," Author of the "Year Book of Facts,"
&c. &c.*

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IN the present work, the Editor has endeavoured to sketch the active spirit of the literary and scientific world, and to make it a journal of both popular information and entertainment. To accomplish this object the choicest flowers of LITERATURE have been culled, and the richest mines of SCIENCE have been explored.

Original papers on every subject are to be found in its columns, sketches of life and character, and varieties, which it is hoped will afford the reader both pleasure and profit.

Antiquity and topography have received special attention. In illustrating the past, the Editor has endeavoured to blend even *antiquity* with *novelty*, and to invest with new life the dry bones of antiquity, instead of attempting to *count* them.

Views of the public buildings of our own land, and of the Continent, form a prominent feature. They embrace the most beautiful specimens of both ancient and modern architecture.

The numerous illustrations which adorn the pages of the "Literary World" have been executed by the first artists of the day, and are the most beautiful specimens of wood engraving ever published.

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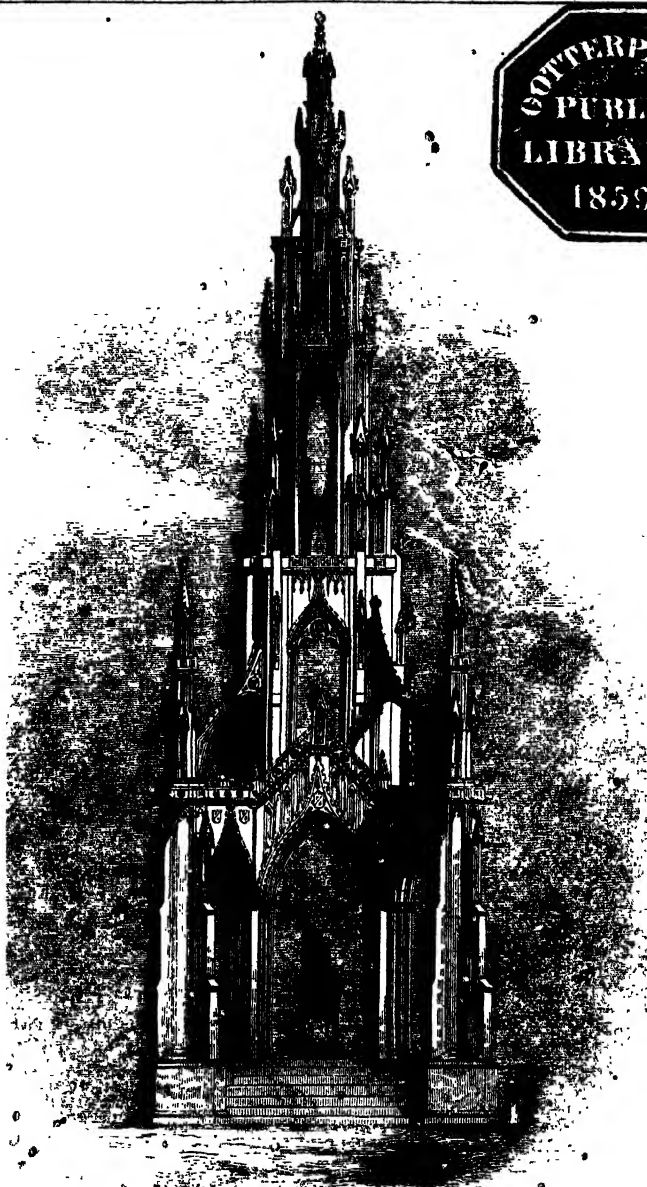
A JOURNAL OF POPULAR INFORMATION AND ENTERTAINMENT.

CONDUCTED BY JOHN TIMBS, ELEVEN YEARS EDITOR OF "THE MIRROR."

No. 1.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1839.

[Price 2d.



MONUMENT TO SIR WALTER SCOTT, EDINBURGH.

MONUMENT TO SIR WALTER SCOTT, EDINBURGH.

[We request the reader to accept this Engraving as an earnest of the spirit of originality which, it is hoped, will characterize the illustrations of "THE LITERARY WORLD." To obtain this interesting novelty has been with us, for some weeks past, an object of concern; yet, in the approbation of the public will be our ample recompense, in this instance; and, resting upon their marked approval of past service, we look with some confidence, for their countenance of the future.]

At the death of Sir Walter Scott, in the autumn of 1832, it was said, in a eloquent lamentation: "the gap which he leaves in the world is the token of the space he filled in the homage of his times." This remark truly bespoke the grief of the age at the flickering out of one of its brightest lights; and to perpetuate this regret next became a subject of universal interest. Foremost in this effusion of respect, stood the enlightened people of Edinburgh, the native city of Scott, his chief residence, and the place of publication of his principal works. A subscription was speedily opened for erecting a monument to his memory; and, in November, 1833, a committee of the subscribers was appointed to report on the most eligible places and site. This committee consisted of the Duke of Buccleuch, the Earl of Elgin, the Earl of Rosebery, Viscount Melville, (chairman,) Sir William Ray, Sir John S. Forbes, Sir John Hay, Sir George Clerk, Sir T. D. Lauder, Sir J. G. Craig, Thomas Thompson, Esq., William Allan, R.A., George Forbes, Esq., and James Skene, Esq.—Having advertised for designs, with the promise of a fifty guinea prize to each of the three which should be most approved of, no fewer than fifty-four were sent in; of which twenty-two were Gothic structures, eleven statues, fourteen Grecian temples, five pillars, one obelisk, and one fountain. Two of the three most successful designs were by English architects; and the third proved to be the production of an artist named Kemp, then "unknown to fame," and recently a journeyman carpenter living in the suburbs of Edinburgh. It appears that he had been urged to the competition by a professional architect, who was struck with his merit; when, with the details of Melrose Abbey in his recollection, (although from a survey of those beautiful ruins, made some years previously,) he composed a lofty Gothic cross, taking, it is stated, only five days to execute the tasteful work. Yet, so indifferent was he to the result of his trial, that he scarcely recollected the day of decision, when he was occupied in taking a drawing of an antique chimney-piece in Leithgow Palace.

Although the Edinburgh committee had

awarded the above prizes, they did not feel disposed to adopt either of the designs for the monument. Additional competitors were, therefore, invited, when Mr. Kemp re-produced his design, with considerable improvements, which the committee, (with only two dissentients,) in their Third Report, dated February 21, 1838, recommended to the subscribers for adoption; the majority having previously decided upon a monument of Gothic architecture combined with a statue of Sir Walter Scott, as most consistent with the genius of that great man. They had likewise urged Sir Walter's own strong predilections in favour of Gothic structures; for, he is well known to have "often expressed his wonder that, in raising monuments to the memory of illustrious Britons, we should confine ourselves to copying the styles of Rome, Greece, and Egypt, to the neglect of that grand and more appropriate architecture of which our forefathers have left us such admirable specimens. He has been frequently heard to express his conviction, that, in sublimity, no effort of art could surpass a fine Gothic structure; that it was congenial to our country, our climate, our feelings, and our historical associations; that it could strike a chord in our minds to which the imitations of a foreign style, however elaborate, could never approach." (Second Report.) This sincere admiration of the past is truly delightful, and accords with the modesty of Scott, who, to quote his own words, was "far more vain of having been able to fix some share of public attention upon the ancient poetry and manners of his country, than of any original efforts which he had been able to make in literature."

Mr. Kemp's design is "an imposing structure of 135 feet in height, of beautiful proportions, in strict conformity with the purity of taste and style of Melrose Abbey, from which it is, in all its details, derived." The design was originally made to a scale of 180 feet high; but the funds then in the hands of the committee were only sufficient to build a model of it 135 feet in height. The estimate for the first scale did not exceed £8,000, exclusive of the statue, which is to cost £2,000. The sum subscribed is, we believe, £7,000; about a year since the committee agreed to reopen the subscription list, but we are not

* It should here be mentioned, that the appropriateness of a Gothic cross had previously been suggested by Mr. Britton, F.S.A., in a letter addressed by him to the committee at Edinburgh; although they have not, to the moment, recognised this suggestion. We do not state this in disparagement of the originality of the design by Mr. Kemp, who, from the silence of the committee, was not aware of the above circumstance.

aware of this resolution having been carried into effect.

The Engraving will convey a much better idea of the elaborate beauty of Mr. Kemp's design than verbal detail. It bears a general resemblance to the most important examples of our monumental or sepulchral crosses; and, notwithstanding its diminished proportions from the original intention of the architect, it will be the largest Gothic cross in Britain; and will be not only a superb memorial to the genius of Scott, but will afford the visitor a panoramic view of the circumjacent scenery from thirteen different galleries, at four easy stages from the ground. The four principal arches beneath the central tower resemble those usually beneath the middle tower of any cross church; but, the lancet arches in the diagonal abutments are taken from the narrow side aisles of Melrose Abbey; the lower groined roof is the same as one compartment of the roof of the choir, which is still entire: the round pinnacles projecting from ornamental turrets have been considered anomalous in the design; but, as two of them remain at Melrose, on the south and north-west corners of the tower, and have attracted admiration for some centuries, Mr. Kemp felt anxious to introduce them in his design. The mouldings, capitals of pillars, canopies of niches, and pinnacles, are all compositions from the same tower.

Beneath the groined roof already mentioned, is an open chamber for the reception of a statue of Scott; which will thus occupy a conspicuous position, at such a height from the eye of the spectator, that its excellence as a work of art, as well as its resemblance to the original, may be fully appreciated. The committee recommend that the statue should be of marble, and executed by Mr. Steele, a rising young sculptor, of Edinburgh, who has lately modelled a beautiful bust of the Queen with such success as to promise his acquirement of the highest eminence in his profession.

The constructive accuracy and solidity of the proposed plan of building have been guaranteed by the best professional skill. Mr. Burn, the Edinburgh architect, has expressed "his great admiration of the elegance of Mr. Kemp's design, its purity as a Gothic composition, and more particularly of the constructive skill exhibited throughout in the combination of the graceful features of that style of architecture." After due consideration, the west end of George-street has been selected as the most eligible site for this highly enriched and decorated structure. Estimates of its erection have been received by the committee from five first-rate

builders; the most eminent of whom has given the lowest estimate, which is within the compass of the present funds; and to do which he is stated to have taken a lease of an excellent freestone quarry.

Our notice of the Scott Monument would be incomplete, did we not advert to the acrimonious opposition which has been raised to Mr. Kemp's design by the two dissentients of the committee of sixteen gentlemen. The grounds of this objection are, the obscurity of the architect's circumstances, and the plagiarism of his design. The latter he has, we believe, satisfactorily refuted; and the first point has been ably defended by the Messrs. Chambers, who have published a very interesting narrative of the personal circumstances of the artist, whom they have known for many years; adding their conviction that "he is endowed with singular faculties for design, and, if he has hitherto been obscure, he deserves to be so no longer."

The worst consequence of this opposition has been the delay of the erection of the monument; which, however, has had the effect of raising up champions for struggling genius, and rigorous assertors of the claims of suffering merit: but for such friends, Mr. Kemp's design might have been left in obscurity, for "he himself is almost culpably modest and diffident." Since his presentation of this design, Mr. Kemp has executed a set of drawings in the hope of their being adopted by the public and the Government, for the contemplated renovation or completion of Glasgow Cathedral. By the liberality of a liberal patron, these designs have been lithographed for private circulation: we have seen them, and cheerfully bear testimony to their accuracy and beauty.

Geology.—Aristotle's geological theory, viz. that the causes which produce geological phenomena are in constant and gradual operation, appears to be the most consonant to observation of any which has been proposed. It was revived by the celebrated John Ray, whose physico-theological discourses have been too much neglected by those who have written subsequently upon geology. *The theory of Lyell is that of Aristotle and John Ray brought down to the present state of our knowledge.*—From Dr. Thomson's *British Annual* for 1839, to the value of which we cheerfully testify. Its title, however, ill bespeaks the sterling character of its contents.

* See the Edinburgh Journal, No. 325. This memoir presents a series of struggles after knowledge, such as but too commonly chequer the course of genius even in this enlightened country. A touching parallel will be found in the life of Dr. Bowditch, related in a future page of this sheet.

THE CROUCH OAK, SURREY.

[About a mile and a half from the Weybridge Station, on the Southampton Railway, near the village of Addlestone, is a very ancient Oak, which used, formerly, to mark out the boundary of Windsor Forest; and, although now fast withering to decay, it shews ample remains of having been once the monarch of the glade. There is a tradition that Wickliffe preached under this ancient tree, and some years back it was mentioned in the public prints as a fitting spot upon which to erect a monument to that religious reformer. The few remaining branches are by no means destitute of foliage; and though the upper part of the tree has yielded to the more powerful hand of time, yet the circumference of the trunk, which is still standing, plainly indicates to the spectator the majestic appearance and extensive shade its branches must formerly have afforded. The venerable appearance of this relic of the forest has suggested the following stanzas.] •

Oh! say, thou drear and lonely tree,
One where a thousand stood,
Well might proud tales be told by thee,
Last of the solemn wood:
Dwells there no voice amidst thy boughs,
With leaves yet darkly green?
Stillness is round, and noontide glow—
Oh! say, what hast thou seen?

"I've seen the forest shadows lie,
Where men now reap the corn;
I've seen the kingly chase rush by,
Through the deep glades at morn.
With the glance of many a gallant spear,
And the wave of many a plume,
And the bounding of an hundred deer,
It hath lit the wood and's gloom.

"I've seen the knight and his train ride past,
• With his banner borne on high;
O'er all my leaves there was brightness cast,
From his gleaming panoply.
And the pilgrim at my feet hath laid
His palm branch 'mongst the flowers,
And told his beads, and meekly prayed,
Kneeling at vesper hours.

"And the merry men of wild and glen,
In the green array they wore,
Have revell'd here, with the red wine cheer,
And the forest songs of yore.
And the minstrel, resting in my shade,
Hath made the forest ring
With the lordly tales of high crusade,
Once loved by chief and king.

"But now the noble forms are gone,
That walked the earth of old;
The soft wind hath a mournful tone,
• The sunny light looks cold.
There is no glory left us now,
• Like the glory of the dead:
I would that where they slumber low
My latest leaves were slumber'd." •

* LETTER FROM "A FRIEND."

(To the Editor of the Literary World.)

Oakglade, March 5th, 1839.

It was with great alarm and sorrow that I received, the other day, a Prospectus of your new Periodical, which my bookseller had slipped into my new number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in the hope of getting my name as a subscriber. I have written off to you directly, and trust my endeavour to turn you from such an undertaking will be successful.

We do not want any more literature:—we are getting too learned, sir; headlong, dangerously learned; and, what is worse than all, is, that my greatest favourites, they whom I had marked out for their wit, and cherished for their superiority of talent, have been the very first to adopt the *new lights*, and the most eager to undermine my theories and annihilate my opinions. There is Miss Rose Myrtle, sister to a very charming woman you have heard about, and the prettiest girl, too, in our village: she has turned botanist, forsooth, and if I present her with a "Forget me not," a flower I consider, of all others, the most proper to be presented to a lady, she begins to examine the pistil and stamens; and when I tell her, in a neat impromptu, that it is an emblem of love, and consecrated to the tenderest emotions of the heart, she produces a little kickshaw book, bound in green silk, with gilt edges, and, after some searching, she declares it is a *Pentandria Monogynia*; and immediately enters into a long dispute about the nectarium and the corolla, the receptaculum, and the pericarpium.

Her cousin Mary is a confirmed mineralogist, and puzzles you by calling the most common things by the most uncommon names. If you admire her diamond ring, or pearl necklace, she assures you that the one is nothing but a bit of crystallized charcoal, and the other neither more nor less than the wen of a certain kind of oyster! These things are too bad, Mr. Editor: they are subversive of our most pleasurable feelings, and inimical to all poetical conception; they are generally useless, frequently injurious, always impertinent, and often disgusting.

In my younger days, sir, there was not a more gallant man than I in the universe; and the melting verses I wrote, and the civil speeches I made, were copied by the best for miles round. But now, alas! the age of civility is past; and though I see beautiful forms rising around me, and feel beautiful thoughts glowing within me, I am obliged to admire the one in silence, and suppress the other in sorrow; for I cannot call Rose un*Pentandria Monogynia*, nor assure the lovely Mary that her beautiful eyes are lumps of levigated charcoal. There are the languages, too. Formerly it was deemed sufficient if a lady could speak good English grammar, interlarded with a few "*pardonnez mois*" and "*je vous remercie*;" but now, by Jove, she must warble Italian and jabber German, or else she will be set down for an ungediluvian. All our sweet English ballads are quite forgotten in parties now, for everybody tries to sing Italian: and the best of the joke is, that there are not two out of twenty of,

these vocalists who know what they are singing about. Nay, their very mother-tongue has not escaped the contagion; and I have known the pronunciation of a plain word change as frequently as the fashion of a lady's sleeve.

Then, there are the albums, those rat-traps of the drawing-room, "full of wise saws and modern instances," (and, in the instances that have come before my notice, I never saw anything wise yet.) which no gentleman dares even peep into without being in danger of paying a visit to his eminence Mount Parnassus. Oh! those light pink, and light green, and light blue, and buff, and tea-coloured pages, and their embellishments: their blue butterflies and orientally-tinted birds; their eccentric shells, and more eccentric sea-weeds; their shilling Byron beauties, and their half-a-crown "Flowers of Loveliness." Give me the good old-fashioned scrap-book, with a portrait of Lord Howe stuck on the top of the page, and all the most popular jests of the last half century, cut out of some hundreds of comical corners, lying around him; together with accounts of the murder of Mr. Steele, the accidents at the execution of Haggerty and Holloway, the jubilee and temple in the Park, and a thousand other diverting matters. You might read and reflect for hours there: but to seek reason or reflection in the crowquill poetry of a gilt album is as sheer madness as to attempt to boil water without making steam.

Talking of steam, what is it now that is not done by its aid? We shoot, and cook, and weave, and travel, all by a little hot water; nay, I hear there is about to be a railroad formed to our antipodes, and when I asked a scientific neighbour how the difficulty was to be obviated of going into it feet foremost, and, of course, coming out feet first, he said it was of no consequence, as we should travel so fast we should not know whether we were on our heads or feet. And then the railways;—why, it is dreadful to think of being whirled along upon them. How much better is the old-fashioned stage-coach and four horses, driving briskly along a good hard turnpike-road, than flying like a rocket along two pieces of iron. Imagine being in the carriage next the tender, and the engine bursting, and your finding yourself in the train going up aloft instead of down to Birmingham. Ah! Mr. Editor, all these dangers will be found out in time, and then people will see I am right. The pitch of learning at which everybody is arriving is dreadful; all to give people a smattering of ideas that is worse than—: but I won't go on. People call me a

querulous old man; but I do not care. All the age is the same; and to save it from total ruin and destruction is the wish of,

Your's very truly,

ROGER OLDCASTLE.

P. S.—I cannot get a goose-quill or a sheet of common foolscap all over the village; so I have written this epistle upon hydro-pneumatic paper, with anti-corrosive limpidum ink, and a poly-chronographic platino-zincoid pen, which seems to be a difficult name for steel.

SONNET

To a Chanticleer, who disturbed my slumber, after a sleepless night.

FEVERED and languid with consuming pain,
Sadly I pass'd the lingering hours of night;
Nor till the morning dawned with doubtful light
Sleep, long invoked, came with his shadowy train.
But scarce his power had calmed my throbbing brain,
And soothed with visions gay my troubled sprite,
Than slumber and gay dreams were put to flight,
Thou feather'd fiend! by thy discordant strain.
For this, if prayer can move the fates, short ease
Shalt thou enjoy, and stern shall be thy doom.
Thy screaming throat the wily fox shall squeeze,
And bear thee captive through nocturnal gloom:
Or red-armed cook, with iron grasp shall seize,
Twist thy proud neck and rend thy gaudy plume.

R. A. DAVENPORT.

PRESERVATION OF NATIONAL MONUMENTS.

Numerous fine specimens of the skill and taste of our forefathers are scattered over England, which are, in some cases, disfigured and destroyed in character by the ill-directed efforts made by parish authorities for their preservation; and, in others, are fast hastening to decay, through neglect, or lack of funds for their repair. Several of the English cathedrals, those noble monuments of intelligence, are in such a dilapidated state, that their restoration cannot be expected, except through special interference: and in some of the remoter counties, many works of the Norman architects, hallowed by interesting associations, and intrinsically valuable as links in the great chain of English history, now serve but as "stone quarries above ground," whence the neighbouring inhabitants draw materials for their immediate wants.

Over these interesting remains, which mark out plainly the state of art at particular epochs;—which are the impress, the hand-writing, if we may so speak, of past generations;—there is no generally controlling power to regulate the treatment they shall receive, nor have we, in many instances, any record even of their existence. It is much to be desired, that means should be adopted, before it be too

late, to obtain an authentic account of all the ancient buildings in England, and of their present state; and that such steps be taken as might lead to their restoration, if practicable; or, at all events, to the protection of them from further injury. Public opinion in regard to these matters, is, fortunately, very different now from what it was fifty years ago; and it is not too much, to expect that some such proceeding as we have suggested will speedily be called for.

A first step towards this seems already to have been taken. At a recent meeting of the "Society for obtaining free access for the people to national monuments," Mr. G. Godwin proposed, that the objects of the Society should be extended to the preservation of works of art; instancing, as we have done, the field which was open, and alluding to what had been achieved in France, where a commission had been instituted by the Government for the express purpose. Mr. Hume, however, who was in the chair, stated that he did not think the desired end could be attained here, through any other means than a Government commission also, and that he had actually adopted such preliminary measures as were necessary to bring the same under the consideration of Parliament. This is so interesting a subject, that we shall probably recur to it, and point out a course which we think might be pursued with success. Sorry shall we be if the matter is now allowed to rest. It is in the architectural works of a people that many points of their history may be most readily traced; and in allowing any one of them to perish we lose an item of information, the value of which, at one time or another, is sure to be discovered. Besides, too, they have served, and will serve, as guides and models, and should farther act as incentives to improvement: unquestionably, the superstructure of to-day rests upon the foundations laid days before:—

"Past and future are the wings,
On whose support, harmoniously conjoin'd,
Moves the great spirit of human knowledge."
STIMULATOR.

[The subject here alluded to, we have reason to believe, is in a fair way of being carried into effect; as we know that a plan is preparing, which will probably secure the sanction and influence of such authority as can only accomplish so important an object.—Editor.]

THE PAINTER'S TEARS.

(From the Latin of Vincent Bourne.)

APPELLA, his lov'd infant child,
By death's cold grasp untimely riven,
Beheld,—and lo! while yet it smiled
And scarce had wing'd its flight to heaven,
Parental tenderness opposing,
Struck with th' image of the dead,—
Commands the cherub form reposing,
To be before him decent laid.

Straightway the pencil's powers appear,
Drawn out at his expert command;—
"These sorrows o'er thy early bier
Accept at thy fond father's hand,"—

He cried:—thus while 'twas his to close
The eyes of his most favourite son,
Their image on the canvas glows,
For memory still to gaze upon.

The forehead bland, the auburn hair,
The lips still ruddy, own'd the art
With which a painter's faithful care
Had shadow'd forth each mournful part.

Parent, proceed; the work's not done;
Thy griefs not yet have had full play,
The smile those ruby lips upon,
The charm on those sweet cheeks—portray.

'Tis done; those graces are transferred,—
The airs that please, the smiles that soothe
With loveliness—and, in a word,
With all the "purple light of youth."

Painter, desist thy woe to tell,—
No more the magic touch impart;
That portrait and thy fame shall dwell
With us, till time itself depart,
In doubt, whose claims to praise excel
The father's love, or painter's art.

F. G. (D.)

OBSERVANDA.

(From a Correspondent.)

LORD BYRON.

DURING the residence of this celebrated personage in Italy, a clerk was sent from the office of Messrs. Vizard and Co., of Lincoln's Inn, to procure his signature to a legal instrument. On arriving at Venice, the clerk sent a message to his lordship, who appointed to receive him on the following morning. Each party was punctual to the minute. The noble poet had arrayed himself with the most studious care; and on the opening of the door of his apartment, it was evident that he had placed himself in what he considered a becoming posture. His right arm was displayed over the back of a splendid couch, and his head was gently supported by the fingers of his left hand. He bowed slightly as his visitor approached him, and appeared anxious that his recumbent attitude should remain for a time undisturbed; for his lordship had placed his limbs and body upon the couch with as much precision as he had disposed his arms. After the signing of the deed, the noble bard condescended to make a few inquiries upon the politics of England, in the most exquisite tone of a finished dandy. Some refreshment, which was brought in, afforded the messenger an opportunity for more minute observation. His lordship's hair had been curled, and parted on the forehead with the most effeminate exactness; the collar of his shirt had been thrown back, so that not only the throat but a considerable portion of his bosom was exposed to view, though partially concealed by some fanciful ornament round the neck. His waistcoat was formed

of very costly velvet, whilst a superb sur-tout enveloped his legs with apparent carelessness. It is to be regretted that so great a mind as that of Byron could derive satisfaction from things so trivial and unimportant, but much more that it was liable to be disturbed by a recollection of personal imperfections. Truth, however, makes it necessary to record, that, upon an accidental glance being directed by the visitor to his lordship's foot, the smile that had played upon the visage of the illustrious poet became suddenly converted to a frown. His whole body appeared discomposed—his tone of affected suavity became harsh and imperious, and he called to an attendant to open the door with a peevishness seldom exhibited even by the most irritable.

CORNS AND BUNIONS.

Perforated pieces of leather have lately been sold for corns, so as to hinder pressure on the part diseased. Nothing, however, will prevent leather from becoming hard after a few days' wear, particularly when the corns are at the bottom of the foot, and the patient is consequently obliged to renew the plaster continually, which is often attended with inconvenience. A gentleman has lately applied a slice of Indian rubber with similar perforations, the elasticity of which allows of its remaining in its original form. He recommends this discovery to the notice of the public in general, and particularly to those who are professionally engaged in the alleviation of this painful disease.

LAW, PHYSIC, AND DIVINITY.

Of the three learned professions, divinity claims Tillotson, Swift, Young, Paley, and Sterne. The medical department boasts of Locke, Smollett, Goldsmith, Robertson, Akenhead, Garth, Armstrong and Wolcot;—whilst law records the names of Temple, Bacon, Blackstone, Fielding, Jones, Scott, Gray, Cowper, and Rogers.

ANTIQUITIES.

The French have very little taste for antiquities: and, perhaps, there is nothing which the French regard with more surprise in their English visitors than the eagerness with which they inquire after ruins, and the pleasure they derive in surveying them. This disposition of our countrymen is rather at variance with their money-getting habits, but is consistent with their poetic taste, and may be attributed to their morbid temperament.

JOHN HOOLE,

The translator of *Tasso* and *Ariosto* was subject to nearsightedness of vision. He had a great partiality for the drama, and, in his younger days, would frequently strut his hour upon the stage at an amateur

theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Upon one of these occasions, whilst performing the Ghost, in *Hamlet*, Mr. Hoole wandered, incautiously, too far from the trap-door through which he had emerged from the nether world, and by which it was his duty to descend. In this dilemma, he groped about, hoping to distinguish the aperture, whilst the audience, who were ignorant why the Ghost remained so long in the upper regions after the crowing of the cock, expected him to favour them with a second edition of that celebrated scene.—It was apparent, from the lips of the Ghost, that he was holding converse with some one behind the wings. He at length became irritated—alas! poor Ghost!—and ejaculated, in tones sufficiently audible, "I tell you I can't find it." The laughter which ensued may be imagined. The Ghost (which, if it had been a sensible one, would have walked off,) became more and more discomposed, until its perturbed spirit was placed, by some of the bystanders, on the trap-door, after which it descended, with all due solemnity, amid roars of laughter.

ANOMALIES.

It is said that more than half of the Inniskillen Dragoons are Englishmen, and that more than half of the Scotch Greys are Irishmen.

ENGLISH COMEDIES.

Difference of taste makes it difficult, (if not impossible,) to say which is the best comedy in the English language. Many are of opinion that three more particularly dispute the palm—namely, "*She Stoops to Conquer*," "*The School for Scandal*," and "*The Heiress*." Of these three beautiful productions, it is remarkable that the authors were all natives of Ireland. It must, however, be acknowledged that some persons prefer "*The Conscious Lovers*" to "*She Stoops to Conquer*."

IRELAND.

The English in general know about as much of the interior of Ireland as of the interior of Africa. The peasantry are by no means so ignorant as is supposed. The children are instructed with considerably more care than children of the same class in England. In the poorest parts of the county of Cork, they read and write more fluently than the children of the peasants in Hertfordshire, and some parts of Surrey; they are occasionally taught algebra and the mathematics; and, in the county of Kerry, they have frequently a knowledge of Latin, in addition to English and Gaelic.

SINGULAR TENURE.

The conditions upon which many of the families in England hold their pos-

cession are very curious. The Warnford family hold the manor of Shryvenham, in Wiltshire, upon the terms of presenting to the king two white capons in case he should pass over a certain hill upon the estate. The grant bears date 1 Ric. II. and expresses the tenure of Johannes de

Warnford and his descendants, "per servitium quod quotiescunque Rex itinerari placuerit super Montem de Fowyar's myll, quod tunc dominus illarum terrarum veniet coram Rege et offeret ei duos albos Capones quos alii vocant Hebats."



LIFE AND CHARACTER OF NATHANIEL BOWDITCH.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER YOUNG.

[We have much gratification in reprinting this interesting sketch from a recent Number of Professor Silliman's *American Journal*. Our limits compel us to abridge the original one-third; in which task, however, we have omitted only such passages as appear least important to the reader on this side of the Atlantic. It is, certainly, one of the most fascinating pieces of biographical writing that has ever fallen under our notice. Its points of personal history are so artlessly narrated, and its estimate of character is so nicely drawn, that not a word need be said in its praise. And, if it lack the energy and polish of the *clay*, (a species of composition rarely seen in this country, save in scientific journals,) it surpasses every specimen that we have seen of late in honest eloquence and straight-forward, characteristic truth. There is no attempt at fine, laboured writing, for superficiality would ill portray the character of such a mind as that of Nathaniel Bowditch—a venerable stock of the nobility of genius—a true patriot in mind and heart—not shining in the noisy brawl of politics, but rejoicing in the honour of his country, as it were in laying the corner-stone of her fame, by a course of philosophical labours, such as have rarely been attempted, much less accomplished, by a single mind. Add to this—Bowditch was "the architect of his own fortune," and, therefore, belongs to a class whose example can scarcely be too highly rated in its influence upon the improvement and happiness of mankind.]

Nathaniel Bowditch was born at Salem, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on the 26th day of March, 1773. He was the fourth child of Habakkuk and Mary

Ingersoll Bowditch. His ancestors, for three generations, had been shipmasters, and his father, on retiring from that perilous mode of hard industry, carried on the trade of a cooper, by which he gained a scanty and precarious subsistence for a family of seven children.

I had a curiosity to trace up the life of this wonderful man, if possible, to his childhood, to ascertain his early character and powers, and the influences under which his heart and mind had been formed. Accordingly, on a recent visit to Salem, I took a walk, of some two or three miles, to see a house where he used to say that he and his mother had lived when he was as yet hardly advanced beyond infancy. My walk brought me among the pleasant farm-houses of a retired hamlet in Essex county; and I found the plain two-story house, with but two small rooms in it, where he dwelt with his mother; and I saw the chamber-window where he said she used to sit and shew him "the new moon with the old moon in her arm," and, with the poetical superstition of a sailor's wife, jingle the silver in her pocket that her husband might have good luck, and she good tidings from him, flit off upon the sea. I entered that house and two

• This house is in Danvers, near the junction of several roads, this side of the Deary farm. See wood cut.

others in the vicinity, and found three aged women who knew her well, and remembered her wonderful boy. I sat down by their firesides and listened with greedy ear to the story, which they gladly told me, of that remarkable child, remarkable for his early goodness as well as for his early greatness. Their words, uttered in the plain, hearty English of the yeomanry of New England, I took down from their lips, and now give them without any alteration or improvement whatever.

The first one I interrogated said that 'Nat was a likely, clever, thoughtful boy. Learning came natural to him; and his mother used to say that he would make something or nothing.' I asked her whether she had ever heard what became of him. 'O yes,' she replied, 'he became a great man, and went to Boston, and had a mighty deal of learning.' 'What kind of learning?' I asked. 'Why,' she answered, 'I believe he was a pilot, and knew how to steer all the vessels.' This evidently was her simple and confused idea of *The Practical Navigator* (one of Bowditch's most popular works).

The second old lady stated that 'Nat went to school to her aunt, in the revolutionary war, in the house where we were then sitting, when he was about three years old, and that she took mightily to him, and that he was the best scholar she ever had. He learnt amazing fast, for his mind was fully given to it. He did not seem like other children; he seemed better. His mother was a beautiful, nice woman.'

The third old lady said that 'Nat was a little, still creature; and his mother a mighty free, good-natured woman. She used to say, 'Who should n't be cheerily if a Christian should n't?' Her children took after her, and she had a particular way of guarding them against evil.'

These I testify to be their very words, as I pencilled them down at the time. And they shew, I think, very clearly, the influence of the mother's mind and heart upon the character of her son. Of that mother, in after life, and to its close, he often spoke in terms of the highest admiration and the strongest affection, and in his earnest manner would say—'My mother loved me—idolized me—worshipped me.'

After leaving the dame's school, the only other instruction he ever received was obtained at the schools of his native town, which were wholly inadequate to furnish even the groundwork and elements of a respectable education. I have heard it stated, on the authority of one of his schoolfellows, that the only book in their school was a dictionary, which belonged

to the master, who gave out the words from it to be spelt by the boys. I have likewise been told by one who lived in Salem at the time, that the master of this school, a person of violent temper, gave young Bowditch, when he was about five or six years old, a very difficult sum in arithmetic to perform. His scholar went to his desk, and soon afterwards brought up his slate with the question solved. The master, surprised at the suddenness of his return, asked him who had been doing the sum for him; and on answering 'Nobody—I did it myself,' he gave him a severe chastisement for *lying*, not believing it possible that he could, of himself, without any assistance, perform so difficult a question.

But the advantages of school, such as they were, he was obliged to forego at the early age of ten years, his poverty and not his will consenting, that he might go into his father's shop and help to support the family. He was soon, however, transferred as an apprentice to a ship-chandler, and afterwards became a clerk in a large establishment of the same kind, where he continued until he went to sea. It was whilst he was an apprentice in the ship-chandler's shop that he first manifested that strong bent, or what is commonly called an original genius, for mathematical pursuits. Every moment that he could snatch from the counter was given to the slate. An old gentleman, who used frequently to visit the shop, said to his wife, one day, on returning home, 'I never go into that shop but I see that boy ciphering and figuring away on his slate, as if his very life depended upon it; and if he goes on at this rate, as he has begun, I should not at all wonder if, at last, in the course of time, he should get to be an almanac-maker!'—this being, in his view, the summit of mathematical attainment. The expectation was speedily fulfilled, for in the year 1788, when he was only fifteen years old, he actually made an almanac for the year 1790, containing all the usual tables, calculations of the eclipses and other phenomena, and even the customary predictions of the weather. The original manuscript is still in the possession of his family.

He sailed on his first voyage, on the 11th of January, 1795, at the age of twenty-two, in the capacity of captain's clerk, on board the ship *Henry*, of Salem. The ship sailed for the Isle of Bourbon, and returned home after an absence of exactly one year.

His second voyage was made as supercargo, on board the ship *Astræa*, of Salem, belonging to the same owner, and commanded by the same captain. The vessel

sailed in March, 1796, to Lisbon, touched at Madeira, and then proceeded to Manilla, and arrived at Salem in May, 1797, after an absence of sixteen months.

At Madeira, the captain and supercargo were very politely received by Mr. Pintard, the American consul there, to whose house the ship was consigned, and were frequently invited to dine with his family. Mrs. Pintard had heard from another American ship-master that the young supercargo was 'a great calculator,' and she felt a curiosity to test his capacities. Accordingly, she said to him one day at dinner, 'Mr. Bowditch, I have a question which I should like to have you answer. Some years since,' naming the time, 'I received a legacy in Ireland. The money was there invested, and remained some time on interest; the amount was subsequently remitted to England, where the interest likewise accumulated; and lately the whole amount has been remitted to me here. What sum ought I to receive?' She of course mentioned the precise dates of the several remittances, as she went along. Mr. Bowditch laid down his knife and fork, said it was a little difficult, on account of the difference of currency and the number of the remittances; but squeezing the tips of his fingers, he said, in about two minutes, 'The sum you should receive is £843 15s. 6½d.' 'Well, Mr. Clerk,' said Mrs. Pintard to the head clerk of the house, an elderly person, who was esteemed a very skilful accountant, 'you have been figuring it out for me on paper; has he got it right?' 'Yes, madam,' said the clerk, taking his long calculation out of his pocket, he has got it exactly. And I venture to say, that there is not another man on the island that can do it in two hours.'

In August, 1798, he sailed in the same ship with Capt. Prince, on his third voyage, to Cadiz, thence to the Mediterranean, loaded at Alicant, and arrived at Salem in April, 1799.

On the voyage from Cadiz to Alicant, they were chased by a French privateer, and having a strong armament of nineteen guns, they prepared for action. The post assigned to Bowditch was the cabin, and his duty was to hand the powder upon deck. In the midst of the preparations for the engagement, Captain Prince had a curiosity to look into the cabin, and see whether all things were going on right there; and, to his astonishment, he found Bowditch calmly sitting at the table, with his slate and pencil, and figuring away, as usual. The thing was so ludicrous, that Captain Prince burst out laughing, and said, 'Well, Mr. Bowditch, can you be making your will now?' 'Yes,' was his

good-natured reply. After this affair, (the French privateer having hauled off without molesting them), the supercargo requested to be stationed at one of the guns, and his request was granted. Captain Prince testifies, that in all cases of danger, he manifested great firmness and presence of mind.

The fourth and last voyage which they made together, was in the same ship from Boston to Batavia and Manilla. They sailed in August, 1799, and returned home in September, 1800.

On their arrival at Manilla, a Scotchman, by the name of Murray, asked Capt. Prince how he contrived to find the way there, through such a long, perplexing, and dangerous navigation, and in the face of the north-east monsoon, by mere dead reckoning, without the use of lunars,—it being a common notion at that time, that the Americans knew nothing about working lunar observations. Captain Prince told him that he had a crew of twelve men, every one of whom could take and work a lunar observation as well, for all practical purposes, as Sir Isaac Newton himself, were he alive. Murray was perfectly astounded at this, and actually went down to the landing-place, one Sunday morning, to see this *knowing* crew come ashore.

Mr. Bowditch was present at this conversation, and as Captain Prince says, sat 'as modest as a maid,' said not a word, but held his slate-pencil in his mouth. Another person on the island, a broker, by the name of Keau, who was present, said to Murray, 'If you knew as much as I do about that ship *Astræa*, you wouldn't talk quite so glib.' 'Why not? what do you know about her?' 'Why, sir, I know that there is more knowledge of navigation on board that ship than there ever was in all the vessels that ever floated in Manilla Bay.'

The knowledge which these common sailors had acquired of navigation, had been imparted to them by the kindness of Mr. Bowditch. Captain Prince relates that one day the supercargo said to him, 'Come, Captain, let us go forward and see what the sailors are talking about, under the lee of the long-boat.' They went forward, accordingly, and the Captain was surprised to find the sailors, instead of spinning their long yarns, earnestly engaged with book, slate and pencil, and discussing the high matters of tangents and secants, altitudes, dip, and refraction. Two of them, in particular, were very zealously disputing, one of them calling out to the other, 'Well, Jack, what have you got?' 'I've got the *sine*,' was the answer. 'But that ain't right,' said the other. 'I say it is the *cosine*.'

(To be continued.)

MOCHA COFFEE.

THE following new and interesting details are condensed from Mr. Cruttenden's Notes on his recent journey from Mokhá (Mocha) to San'a, in Arabia.

The coffee-plant is usually found growing on the side of a valley or other sheltered situation, the soil which has been gradually washed down from the surrounding heights being that which forms its support. This is afforded by the decomposition of a kind of clay-stone, slightly porphyritic, which occurs irregularly disposed in company with a kind of trap-rock, among which basalt is found to predominate. The clay-stone is only found in the more elevated districts, but the detritus finds a ready way into the lower tract by the numerous and steep gorges that are visible in various directions. As it is thrown up on one side of the valley, it is there carefully protected by stone walls, so as to prevent the appearance of terraces. The plant requires a moist soil, though much rain is not desirable. It is always found growing in the greatest luxuriance when there is a spring in its vicinity; for, in those plantations where water is scarce, the plant appears dry and withered. The fig, plantain, orange, citron, and indigo, may sometimes be found growing among the coffee. A stream of water from a neighbouring spring is drawn up through the garden, and the roots of each plant are regularly watered every morning and evening. The plant is said to live six years; three of which are requisite for bringing the tree to perfection, for three it bears, and then dies and is rooted up. The bean is gathered twice a year; and one tree, though very small, ought to produce in the two crops, at least ten pounds. The plantation of Dórah, between Mokhá (Mocha) and San'a yields coffee of very fine quality: it is small, perhaps not covering half an acre, where an embankment of stone round it to prevent the soil from being washed away. Some finer coffee is, however, from 'Ud-deini, the trees of which plantation are very large, or about twelve feet high.

The whole cost of transporting a camel-load of coffee from San'a to Mokhá is forty-four dollars, upon which the merchant clears a profit of three dollars and a half. It is brought into the San'a market in the months of January and December, from the surrounding districts. The nearest place to San'a, where the coffee grows, is Haffash, about a short day's journey south-east of San'a. Attempts were made by the last Imam to cultivate the plant in his own garden, but without success, owing, it appears, to the cold. The

varieties of coffee are named Sharji, Ud-deini, Matari, Harrázi, Habbat, Haími, and Shírázi; of these the Sharji and Habbát are the smallest and best. Keshr (husk), being more in demand at San'a, obtains a higher price. The best is the 'Anezi (Habbat), and is sold at twelve dollars for the hundred pounds; the inferior sorts at four, five, and six dollars for the same quantity. The principal trade of San'a is in coffee; but the merchants are so fearful of trusting their goods to the Turkish Government, that they prefer filling their warehouses with it in San'a to sending it to Mokhá.

In San'a, great hospitality is universally shown to travellers on entering the houses: they are always pressed to stay, and never allowed to go without taking a cup of coffee, or rather of the infusion of the coffee-husk called "Keshr"; for, strange to say, though in the heart of the coffee-country, coffee is never taken as a beverage, it being considered too heating. The infusion of the husk is very palatable: it is much more refreshing, and nearly as powerful a stimulant as the infusion of the bean itself.

Spirit of Discovery.

THE SOUTH POLAR SEAS.

ENGLAND and America are now exploring this vast field of discovery, in which France has so recently failed. The British Expedition is one of individual enterprise: that of America is a national undertaking; as was also the French voyage.

The British and American Expeditions both sailed in August last; the former being fitted out by several merchants, but chiefly under the direction of Mr. Charles Enderby. This Expedition consists of three vessels, the *Eliza Scott*, Master, Capt. Bellamy, and the *Sabrina*, Capt. Freeman. Their orders were to proceed to the southward as high a latitude as practicable, directing their course westward until they fall in with Enderby's Land, 3,000 miles in the high latitudes. The return of this expedition may be expected in July or August next.

The American enterprise is entitled, "The United States South Sea Surveying and Exploring Expedition." The following is a list of the vessels constituting the squadron: the *Vincennes*, a first-class sloop of war, of 650 tons, commanded by Charles Wilkes, Esq., commander-in-chief of the expedition. A light spar has been put on this ship, which gives her the appearance and some of the conveniences of a small frigate: her battery is reduced to eight guns, and she carries about 150 men. The

Peacock is a second-class sloop of war, of 600 tons, and of the same construction, carrying 130 men and eight guns. The store-ship, *Relief*, 450 tons, seventy-five men, and six guns; the brig *Porpoise*, 200 tons, sixty-five men, and four guns; the schooner *Sea Gull*, 110 tons, fifteen men; and the schooner *Flying Fish* is of 90 tons, and carries twelve men. "The results of this noble undertaking," observes Professor Silliman, "will, we doubt not, prove of the greatest value to the cause of science, and to the nautical and commercial interests of the nation; and the officers of the various vessels, and the members of the scientific corps who accompany them, are gentlemen of ample qualifications for the arduous and honourable duties assigned to them."

Meanwhile, it is interesting to glance at what has already been done in the Antarctic Seas, ~~was~~ recently detailed to the British Association, by Captain Washington, Secretary to the Geographical Society. This contribution to science was illustrated by a South Circumpolar Chart on a large scale, shewing the tracts of all former navigators to these seas, from Dirk Gleritz, in 1599, to M. d'Urville, in 1838, including those of Tasman, in 1642; Cook, in 1773; Bellingshausen, in 1820; Weddell, in 1822; Biscoe, in 1831; and exhibiting a vast basin, nearly equal in extent to the Atlantic Ocean, unexplored by any ship, British or foreign. The writer pointed out, that the ice, in these regions, was far from stationary; that Bellingshausen had sailed through a large space, within the parallel of 60°, where Biscoe found ice that he could not penetrate. That where d'Urville had lately found barriers of field-ice, Weddell, in 1822, had advanced without difficulty to the latitude of 74°, or within sixteen degrees of the pole; and that it was evident, from the accounts of all former navigators, that there was no physical obstacle to reaching a high south latitude, or, at any rate, of ascertaining those spots which theory pointed out as the positions where, with any degree of probability, the southern magnetic pole will be found.

Since writing the above, we have learned that the British Government have, (we believe, mainly upon the recommendation of the Royal Society,) resolved upon fitting an Expedition for Magnetic Observation, to the South Seas. True it is that we are late in the field, the American Expedition having sailed eight months since; but "better late than never." This tardy co-operation in one of the grandest objects of science, is much to be deplored. In Russia, the subject of Magnetic Observation has been taken up in a manner altogether worthy of a great and rising

nation. A normal observatory has been founded at St. Petersburg, where officers receive practical instruction to qualify them to become observers in the establishments in the provinces: eight times a day they observe the atmospheric pressure, the temperature of the air, the humidity of the atmosphere, and the quantity of water which falls either in the form of rain or snow. At some places, they also observe, at the same hours, the magnetic dip and variation; the change in the variation being also observed, at certain times of the year, simultaneously with those set on foot in different parts of Europe. There will likewise be registered observations on the temperature of the ground, on atmospheric electricity, and on the intensity of the force of terrestrial magnetism.

To this it may be added, that the Emperor of Russia has placed at the disposal of M. Jacobi, and a scientific committee, the sum of £500, for the purpose of experimenting new methods of employing magnetism. Again, the French *savans* have, for some time, impressed upon us the importance of Magnetic Observations, but hitherto without effect upon our Government; so true is it, as observed by M. Dupin, that in England the Government is behind the people, both in enterprise and improvement.

Notes of a Reader.

SKETCHES OF HUNGARY.

(From Germany, Bohemia, and Hungary. By the Rev. G. R. Gleig.)

Gipsies.—I do not know that there is any country in Europe where the genuine gipsy is now to be found, so thoroughly addicted to his original habits, as in Hungary. The Hungarians call these strange people *Cygnanis*, and speak of them as a distinct community within themselves; as passing to and fro by tribes, each under its respective chief, and little noticed either by the law or its administrators, except when accused of some crime against the State. They owe fealty to no noble; they are not possessed anywhere of a rood of land, though some of them are rich in horses and cattle, and even gold and silver is abundant with them. The horde which we encountered was evidently a small one, neither could it boast of much wealth; but the period was recent, since, through the same valley, a caravan had passed, concerning which and its leader, many stories were related to us. The chief, it was said, travelled in a ~~caravan~~ ^{caravan} which was drawn by four beautiful horses. He had several wives to his own share, and his

tribe amounted to forty men, besides women and children, all of whom paid to him the most unquestioning obedience, even when obedience set them in opposition to the constituted authorities. The consequence was, that avoiding the vicinity of large towns and villages, where troops might be quartered, they levied contributions whithersoever they came, not only from individual travellers, but from whole communities. One of their exploits is thus spoken of. Their chief, somehow or other, contrived to discover that the *riechter* of a hamlet near which they had pitched their camp, had collected from the peasants one of the taxes that chanced to be due, and was going to forward it, on the morrow, to the receiver for the district. The gipsy determined to possess himself of it, and with this view caused two of his people to engage in a quarrel with some peasants, who dragged them before the *riechter*, and began to accuse them. There was a great deal of altercation, of course, during which others of the gipsies dropped in, whose business it was, while appearing to take an interest in the proceeding, to ascertain where the *riechter* kept his treasure. They succeeded in this, and departed. By-and-by came the gipsy chief, all bedizened with gold lace, in his carriage and four, to demand his people. His lordly port, and still more, a knowledge that he had fifty men to back him, exceedingly embarrassed the *riechter*, whose sense of duty urged him to detain the delinquents, but whose personal fears pointed in a different direction. Of course, the issue could not long be doubtful. The two men were set at liberty, and then began a fresh altercation; for they, in their turn, insisted that the peasants should be flogged, and themselves compensated for the wrong which had been put upon them. All this, as I need scarcely remark, served but as a blind by which to divert the attention of the villagers from what was going on elsewhere. Three of the most active of the tribe, under the direction of the spies, made their way meanwhile into the back part of the house. The chest containing the treasure was seized, the robbers stole quietly away with their booty, and the chief, advertised of the fact by a signal previously agreed upon, became, all at once, more moderate in his demands. The result need hardly be told. An apology from the *riechter* was accepted, and the gipsy troop were far beyond the reach of pursuit, ere the unfortunate magistrate had ascertained the extent of his own loss.

So much for a gipsy tribe, with a gold-laced chief at its head; or rather, so much for one of the legends which are told of that tribe. Of other tribes, I learned, that

they are often so degraded, as to live like beasts of prey, on the veriest garbage; that when hunger presses them sore, a dead horse is a treasure to them; and that being universally distrusted, they venture as little as possible into the haunts of men. Yet when they do come, they are not entirely useless members of society. The Hungarians are fond of music, and the Cygnians almost universally cultivate that art; and I had frequent opportunities of observing, that in the court-yards of hotels, at watering-places, and in public gardens, whatever minstrels you find are of gipsy descent.

The Mining School of Schemnitz.—Nothing can be more liberal than the footing on which the mining school or college at Schemnitz is conducted. It is a royal foundation, where every person who has obtained the sanction of the Board of Mines in Vienna, (and I believe that it has never been refused,) may have all the practical information which works so extensive can afford. A complete course of study occupies three whole years, which must be attended to by such as desire employment as officers in mines; while the examinations which occur, both during the progress, and at the termination of the course, are said to be severe; but amateurs are not thereby excluded. It is competent for them either to go forward to the end of the term, or to quit the seminary at any moment when their own convenience may require. The subjects, again, on which lectures are delivered, are chemistry, mineralogy, mathematics, mechanics, natural philosophy in most of its branches, plain drawing, mapping, the construction and use of machinery, as well as botany, and every other species of knowledge which is connected with the growth and preservation of timber. This science, which the Germans call *Forstwissenschaft*, is of great importance in countries which depend for their fuel entirely on the forests; and it is doubly important in the mining districts, where, in the construction of shafts, and the preservation of galleries, so much wood is consumed. Moreover, the students are admitted to the free use of the laboratory, and have constant access to all that may be in progress both in the mines, and in the smelting and preparation of the ore. They are encouraged, likewise, in making collections of minerals for their own use, though prohibited, on pain of expulsion, from selling what they collect; and as they generally form themselves into little groups or bands for the purpose, the advantages which they derive from the practice are considerable. I made particular inquiry into the personal habits of these young men, both in their public

and private proceedings; and it is but an act of justice to record, that they were everywhere well spoken of. Concerning the exact number who belong to their body, I cannot speak; but it seemed to be considerable, and the tendency, as I was assured, is towards a constant increase.

The Baths of Ofen.—The Turkish baths are very curious both as monuments of a state of society different from the present, and on account of the uses to which they are still turned by the inhabitants of Ofen and its vicinity. From the sides of the hills, and particularly from the Blocksberg, on the summit of which stands the observatory, copious hot springs, strongly impregnated with sulphur, pour out, of which both the Romans and the Turks, alike addicted to the luxury of bathing, failed not—each nation in its turn—to make use. Of the Roman baths, only broken fragments remain; but of those which owe their existence to the Turks, three are in a state of high preservation, the largest of which lies under the Blocksberg, about a couple of hundred yards from the head of the bridge. It is a fine thing in its way,—of thoroughly Saracenic architecture, and there is a Turkish inscription near the entrance, to mark both its uses and origin. You enter by a low door, and find yourself in an apartment so obscured by sulphureous vapours as to render the sense of sight well-nigh useless, and the respiration itself for a time uncomfortable. By-and-by, when the vision becomes accustomed to the gloom, you see that there is a huge tank in the middle of the area, in which persons of all ages and sexes are floundering about, most of them in a state of pure nature. Then, again, you have people in all the stages of preparation, dressing, undressing, and luxuriating in the steam that floats around, and which, condensing again-t the roof, returns in large drops to the ground, so as effectually to supply the place, on your garments, of a heavy shower of rain. The persons who frequent this bath are, as may be imagined, of the very humblest order; and the squalor of their appearance, as well as the disagreeable atmosphere of the place, render you eager to escape again into the open air with as little delay as possible.

Somewhat lower down the course of the Danube, but still sheltered by the Blocksberg, are the baths which the higher classes of society frequent. They are abundantly commodious; but being of modern construction, differ in no essential respect from similar establishments elsewhere. The charge for each ablution is moderate; and a band of music plays in the courtyard all day long, for the amusement of the bathers.

Quarantine Establishment.—Semlin is remarkable only for the quarantine establishment which is there kept up, as a protection against the plague. It consists of a certain number of cells, with their respective yards or courts pallisaded round, and resembling the cages of wild beasts in the Zoological gardens; of the lodgings of those who attended upon the inmates, of these cells; of two neat little churches, one for the use of Roman Catholics, the other set apart for the Greek service; and of a detached house in which dwell the medical officers. With the exception of this last, all the other buildings are inclosed by a lofty wall, within the circuit of which is an area of perhaps three or four hundred feet square; and as the cells are ranged against the edge, and the churches occupy the centre of the space, the effect to the eye is not unpleasant. We were conducted, as strangers freely are, through this open court, and we had an opportunity of looking from afar, on the victims of the sanitary code, all of whom chanced to be arrayed in the Turkish garb, and all sat smoking within their cages, but we did not venture to approach them. I need scarcely add, that the periods of time during which the quarantine regulations continue in force, vary according to the healthy or unhealthy state of the season elsewhere; or that as the longest term of confinement does not exceed forty days, so, under the most favourable circumstances, the traveller from Turkey into Hungary must endure with patience, if he can, a ten days' imprisonment. With respect to merchandise, on the other hand, such as bales of cotton, and other articles which are supposed to convey infection, a much less rigid discipline is exercised. The authorities keep in their pay a man who thrusts his bare arm, up to his shoulder, into each bale as it arrives, and if, at the end of three days, he exhibit no symptom of illness, the goods, of whatever description they may be, are passed on into the interior.

Popular Antiquities.

OLD WESTMINSTER.

THE Gate-house, west of St. Peter's, which gave entrance into Tothill-street, consisted of two gates, the one out of Dean's-yard having on the east-side the Bishop of London's prison, the other adjoining the first—but towards the west of the prison.

This Gate-house (demolished in 1777, one arch, however, yet remains in the wall of the house once occupied by Edmund Burke,) was a handsome structure,

and was used as a prison for state, ecclesiastical, and parliamentary offenders, as well as for debtors and felons. The latter were brought hither through Thieving-lane and Union-street, to prevent the possibility of the culprit escaping from justice by entering the hallowed liberties of the sanctuary. Prisoners from the Court of Conscience were also confined in the Gate-house; and tradition relates that gin and other spirits were allowed as freely in this prison as in public-houses, the keeper vociferating from the window to the publican opposite, "Jackass! Jack-ass!" as a signal to come and receive orders. In this Gate-house were imprisoned the illustrious Raleigh, immediately previous to his execution in Palace-yard, by the Court of King's Bench; the Lady Purbeck for adultery, by the Ecclesiastical Court, in 1622; five "men of Kent" for a "scandaious, insolent, and seditious" petition to the House of Commons in 1701; and Thomas Harley, in 1716, for a prevaricating answer to the House of Commons, by the "honourable House."

On the south side of the Gate-house, Henry the Seventh founded an almshouse, with a hall and kitchen, for thirteen poor men. Near this almshouse, westward, was the old chapel of St. Anne, over against which the Lady Margaret built almshouses for poor women. The alms of the Abbey were distributed from adjoining buildings, and hence the name *Eleemosynary*, or *Almshouse*; and here the Abbot Islip set up the first printing press in England.

The Market, called King-street or Westminster-market, was a large open place, near the site of the present Sessions-house. It had a Market-house in the midst, with stalls and shops round about—made use of by butchers, poulterers, and others, and in the early part of the last century is said to have been well served and resorted to.

In Tothill-street was the house of Lord Grey of Wilton.

In the New-way were the house and extensive gardens of Sir Robert Pym.

Upon St. *Hermit's* Hill, Cornelius Van Dun, Yeoman of the Guard to Henry the Eighth, and to his successors, Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth, built twenty almshouses, and near these was the chapel of St. Mary Magdalene. The monumental bust of this veteran, in the picturesque costume of the guard, which has continued but little altered to the present day, remains (coloured from the life) in St. Margaret's Church.

In King-street lived Oliver Cromwell, when a member of the House of Commons.

In 1640, a flight of steps led up from

Maiden-lane, now called Queen's-street, to Park Prospect.

In a yard in the Broad-way lived Turpin the highwayman.

The ancient surface of Thorney Island, proves that the tides in the river Thames rise much higher than in former times.

In Queen Elizabeth's time there were houses on each side of Tothill-street, some on one side of the street having large gardens stretching to the Park, and some on the other side with gardens extending to Orchard-street. Very few houses were then built in York-street; a few detached houses appear on the south-side only of Orchard-street, with a few pretty villas in Pyc-street, St. Anne's-street, and in Duck-lane, all surrounded with large gardens on the banks of a pleasant stream of water, but beyond these no other buildings whatever.

In 1650, Gardener's-lane, Ship-yard, and other wretched places opening out of York-street, were then described as "pretty handsome places." And Green's, now Elliott's, brewery "pleasantly situated in an open air."

Even so late as 1763, Buckingham House enjoyed an uninterrupted prospect south and west to the river, there being only a few scattered cottages, and the Stag Brewery, between it and the Thames; at that time, also, there were but few houses in James-street, and none behind it, nor any of those filthy courts between Petty France and the Park, nor any buildings in Pahnor's-village or in Tothill-fields, or on the Artillery-ground, or to the south of Market-street.—[From a Pamphlet on the *Westminster Improvements*, by one of the Architects of the Company.]

Varieties.

•The Society of British Artists opened their sixteenth exhibition of paintings on Saturday last. In extension of the beneficial purposes of the Institution, it has been resolved to appoint Professors, to deliver lectures after the close of the exhibition; to hold eight *conversazioni* during the exhibition; to open the Gallery from 8 to 10 in the evening, during the first month of the exhibition, (Saturdays excepted,) for the convenience of those who are engaged during the day; to form a library and museum; and to invite schools to view the Gallery gratuitously.

Caterpillars.—In Guatemala exists a species of caterpillar, from five to six inches in length.

The Royal Society.—The Marquess of Northampton, as President of the Royal

Society, is following the example of his illustrious predecessor in the chair, in giving a series of *soirées* during the season. Two of these have taken place within the present month (March), at his Lordship's elegant mansion, at the west end of Piccadilly. The late Sir Joseph Banks commenced this laudable practice, which was followed by the Duke of Sussex, who opened his spacious suite of rooms at Kensington Palace, where not only the members of the Royal Society were invited to meet their royal President, but were introduced to other royal and distinguished personages of their own country, and from foreign nations. At the Marquess of Northampton's second *soirée*, on Saturday last, there were present the Duke of Sussex, and upwards of 450 noblemen and gentlemen, fellows of the Royal Society, and a few favoured friends. Among the novelties of the evening were a microscope of extraordinary magnifying power; the communication of a discovery by a Swedish gentleman, of a process for rendering linen fire-proof; and some Photogenic drawings, those of Mr. Havell (see *Literary Gazette*), being the most perfect. Comparing such *re-unions* as the above, with the card-parties, crowded balls, and even the music routs of the olden and present times, we may fairly congratulate ourselves on a most important change and improvement in society. The Earl de Grey, as President of the Institute of British Architects, has given similar *soirées* to the members, and to large parties, at his superb mansion in St. James's Square. It is stated, that the President of the Society of Antiquaries, (at the time of his being elected,) intimated his intention of being equally hospitable; but we are not aware of the fulfilment.

Literature.—According to the *Publishers' Circular*, there appears to have been published, from September, 1837, to December, 1838, about 2500 works.

Caravan-serais, or inns, in Arabia, are generally divided into several small apartments, each furnished with rude wooden bedsteads, and small three-legged stools for coffee, &c. In the evening, the occupants of these several chambers have their beds carried outside into the small courtyard, which is the centre of the building, and placed in the open air, the weather being too oppressive to admit of any one sleeping under cover. The dews at night fall like rain, but if the precaution is taken of covering the face with a light linen cloth, no evil effects result from the exposure, owing to the absence of trees; and the sensation of perfect refreshment that is experienced on rising is indescribable.

Buckingham Palace.—Defoe (in his *Journal*, 1714,) describes Buckingham House as "one of the great Beauties of London, both by reason of its situation and its building,"—a remark strangely at variance with the opinion of our times.

Chewing the "Kat."—The inhabitants of San'a, in Arabia Felix, are very much addicted to chewing the leaf of a tree which they call "Kat." It appears by their account to exhilarate and produce appetite; it also causes great thirst, and if taken in large quantities, will bring on spasms. It is the never-failing accompaniment to breakfast or dinner, and from long use, appears to be indispensable. In this country too, peaches, apricots, plums, &c. are so abundant as to form the principal food of the humble classes.

Aristocracy of Complexion.—The rank of the Creole is haughtily maintained, even by the poorest of the class in Mexico, who, in any dispute with the richest man of the kingdom, will demand, "Am I not as white as yourself?" thereby meaning not strictly the complexion, but the rank in society attached to it.

City Watch in 1714.—"All the streets are extremely well guarded by watches, or guards, who carry no other arms about them, than clubs, or great staves; for, as this is a country of drinking, which often makes mankind fool-hardy, fire-arms would be of dangerous consequence, if used here, as they are in the more southern countries. The watchmen are generally so civil as to lend a stray stranger to his lodgings with a lanthorn; and if he prove mutinous, but not outrageous, they only carry him to their round-house, where he passes the night at a small expense, till the fumes of his wine are evaporated; but for vagrant rogues they are very useful in carrying them immediately to prison; and thus they keep the peace of the city."—*Defoe's Journey*.

Nests of the Baia.—This ingenious sparrow usually builds in the Tolak tree (*Ficus Bengalensis*) which is of a spongy nature, and grows to a large size, the stem about 2 ft. 6 in. diameter, and its great leaves of a leathery texture. Upwards of 300 nests are sometimes seen upon one tree; they are of a pear shape, having a long funnel-like aperture at the base, and the interior divided into two compartments, one for the male and the other for the female and her progeny.

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CONDUCTED BY JOHN TIMBS, ELEVEN YEARS EDITOR OF "THE MIRROR."

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BOW BRIDGE.



THE OLD BRIDGE.



THE NEW BRIDGE.

BOW BRIDGE.

"A rare peice of worke."—*Stow.*

AMONG the many architectural antiquities which render the environs of London, perhaps, the most interesting locality of the kingdom, must be reckoned "the Old Bridge of Stratford-le-Bow," which has recently been taken down, and replaced by a more commodious structure. The history of this Bridge is, in many respects, as important as it is attractive, and has been ably investigated by Mr. Alfred Burges, in a paper submitted to the Society of Antiquaries, about two years since; by aid of which communication we hope to render our account as entertaining as complete.

Bow Bridge was long celebrated as the most ancient, if not the oldest stone bridge in England.* It crossed the river Lea, on the high road to Essex, at a distance not exceeding three miles from the metropolis. It was erected in the early part of the eleventh century, (Fosbroke states in 1118,) under the auspices of the pious Matilda, Queen Consort to King Henry I., to form a more direct and safe communication between the metropolis and the county of Essex, than the existing passage across the river by the dangerous ferry at the Old Ford. Originally, the Bridge was, doubtless, a plain structure, more remarkable for massive solidity than for any architectural beauty of construction; "nevertheless, it is interesting to the antiquary, as possessing the character of building that marked the first attempts of bridge-building in this country, such as large piers, formed for the support of small and low arched openings, and high battlements for the protection of a roadway of the narrowest possible dimensions."

The line of communication anterior to the erection of this Bridge was, in the opinion of Dr. Stukeley, (who wrote very largely upon the Roman remains in this country,) by a road extending from Chichester to Dunwich, in Suffolk, which, having crossed the Watling-street at Tyburn, passed along Old-street, north of the City, continued forward to Colchester, and is considered by that antiquary to be the high Essex road of the present day. The same author also informs us, that "when the Romans enlarged the City, and enclosed it by a new wall, they also made a branch

to proceed from St. Giles, which is now called Holborn, built a gate at Newgate, and continued the road to Cheapside." This line of communication was continued east of the City; and Maitland, in his *History of London*, describes it to be the "Roman vicinal way through Aldgate by Bethnal-green, to the trajetus or ferry at Old Ford," where it no doubt joined the *Via Icenata* described by Dr. Stukeley.

From this it will appear that the great Roman road into Essex crossed the river Lea by means of a ferry at Old Ford, in which direction it continued for many centuries after the Romans left this island, or, in fact, until the erection of a bridge at Bow. This road is noticed so early as the seventh century, (about 685, nearly 300 years after the Romans left Britain,) when the body of St. Erkenwald was stopped at Ilford and Stratford by the flood, as it was then being conveyed from the abbey of Barking, where he died, for interment in London; but, upon this occasion, the Chronicles record the intervention of a miracle, by which a safe and easy passage was procured for the corpse of the holy man and its attendants.

Morant, in his *History of Essex*, has particularly noticed these roads, as also the circumstances which led to the erection of the Bridge: "the ancient road from this county to London was by Old Ford, that is, through the ford there without a bridge; but that passage being difficult and dangerous, and many persons losing their lives, or being thoroughly wetted, which happened to be the case of Mand, Queen Consort of King Henry I., she turned the road from Old Ford to the place where it now is, between Stratford Bow and West Ham, and caused also the bridges and causeway to be built and made at her own charge."

Stow has also recorded this event in his *Annals*, edit. 1631, and describes this Bridge as "a rare peice of worke, for before the time the like had never beene scene in England. The other over the little brooke commonly called Chancel bridge." Stow adds, that Matilda gave "manors and a mil" to the Abbess of Barking for the repair of these bridges and highway; but that after Gilbert de Montfichet built the Abbey of Stratford in the Marshes, the Abbot bought the "manors and mil," and covenanted for the repairs, which he entrusted to one Godfrey Pratt for "certaine loaves of bread daily;" but, at length, he neglected his charge, and the bridge fell into decay. He adds, that Stratford Bridge "being the first builded with arches of stone, was, therefore, called Stratford-le-Bow."

But Mr. Lysons, in describing this Bridge, refers to an inquisition taken be-

* The most remarkable monastic bridge in England, and most likely, the oldest in an entire state, is that of Croyland, in Lincolnshire: it is commonly, but erroneously, said to have been erected in 869: it, probably, is not older than the middle of the eleventh century, when great additions were made to the abbey church in the vicinity.—*Britton's Architectural Dictionary*, co. Bridge. (A view and account of it will be found in the *Architectural Antiquities*, vol. IV.)

fore two of the king's justices in 1303 (31 Edw. 1.); and continuing the history from Stow, by this document, it appears that *Hugh* (not Godfrey) Pratt, in the reign of King John, by aid of passengers, kept the bridges in repair; and at his death his son did the same, and obtained a toll, stated by Morant to have been "for every cart carrying corn, wood, coal, &c., one penny; of one carrying tassel, two-pence; and of one carrying a dead Jew, eight-pence."

A still more ancient, and, undoubtedly, the most authentic, account of the Bridges is to be found among the records preserved in the Chapter-house at Westminster. The records referred to detail proceedings in the Court of King's Bench, 6 and 8 Edw. II., wherein the Abbot of Stratford, the Master of London Bridge, and the Master of St. Thomas of Acre, are charged with the repairs of the Bridges, as holding the mills and other property originally given by Queen Matilda to the Abbess of Barking, for their support and maintenance. In these documents, we follow the parties, step by step, to the final agreement between the Abbess of Barking and the Abbot of West Ham, by which the latter undertook to repair the Bridges for ever after, upon receiving a sum of money from the former. The pleadings also refer to former inquisitions, taken in 37 and 46 Henry III., and the 3rd Edward I. And, in the 32nd year of the same reign, another inquisition was held for the same purpose. Pratt's claim for toll was rigidly enforced: for "he put staples and bars upon the bridges, &c., and refused to permit carts or horsemen to pass until they had paid passage, unless they were nobility, whom, through fear, he quietly permitted to pass." The remainder of these curious and interesting documents refer to the law proceedings occasioned by the refusal of the Abbot of Stratford to repair this great work of the pious queen; and he did not acknowledge his liability till 9th Edward II.

From this period to the dissolution of the monastery in the year 1539, (30 Henry VIII.) the responsibility was not questioned; for some time after they fell into the hands of the Crown, the Bridges required little repair, as we do not hear of any complaint being made till the year 1643, when they were again dilapidated. During this interval, the parties who held the lands and site of the monastery, were indicted for neglecting the bridge repairs. The question was tried in the King's Bench, when the defence was, that the Abbot's lands had been discharged from the obligation by their union with the Crown at the dissolution, but the court found a verdict for the king. The question was again agitated in 1663, but was not carried into

court, the parties being informed that they could make no defence, as appears by a document in the possession of the Abbey land-owners. Another unsuccessful attempt was made in 1690; from which period the land-owners have "continued the charge of the bridge and causeway at Stratford for the free and uninterrupted use of the public, as was originally intended by the royal founder."

Of the antiquity of Bow Bridge there can, therefore, be little doubt; and Mr. Burges places its erection between the years 1106, when Matilda became queen, and 1118, the year of her death.

The first engraving shews the Bridge as it appeared in the year 1834. In its construction, we find all that characterizes the very early specimens of bridge architecture; "the small openings for the water, and wide piers with large angular projections, not only to divide and throw off the force of the current, but for foot passengers to retire into, to avoid the danger from carriages and horsemen when passing along the narrow roadway." Mr. Burges considers the Bridge never to have had fewer openings than in our day. Lysons, indeed, states it to have been a Bridge of one arch, but he does not give his authority.

It is evident that the pointed arches in the late bridge were not part of the original structure, as, at the period of its foundation, none other but a circular or Anglo-Norman arch would have been employed; the pointed form of arch not having been introduced into the buildings of this country till many years after. "The original arches, therefore, appear to have been removed, and may probably have given place to several forms of construction, each partaking of the fashion prevalent at the time of its erection. It may also be observed, that the form of the arches is of that particular description which was last of all introduced into our architecture, and is commonly known as the Tudor arch, from being found in most of the buildings erected in the reigns of the two last Henrys, or about the latter end of the fifteenth century; and it may, therefore, fairly be stated, that the above arches could not be older than the date assigned for the introduction of that species of arch, to which they were similar, but had, in all probability, been erected since that time, as was clearly the case with regard to the arch of the centre opening of the bridge."

The circumstances which led to this Bridge being called the Bow, or Bow Bridge, are stated by most writers to have been the resemblance of the arch to the form of a bow, thence called *de Arcubus*, or the Bows. Stow describes the Bridge as

"arched like a bowe, a rare peice of worke, for before that the like had never been seen in England." Grose observes, it might have derived its appellation from the word *beau*, or handsome, an epithet very likely to be given to it in those days.*

"The adjoining village of Stratford, on the London side of the Bridge, appears to have received the addition of the word *atte-Boghe*, or *atte-Bowe*, to its name, in consequence of the erection of this Bridge, and to distinguish it from a place of the same name on the opposite side of the river; it is now known by the name of Stratford-le-Bow, and is celebrated by Chaucer in his description of Dame Eglantine, the Prioress, as follows:

"Frenche she spake full fayre and fetisly,
After the scole of Stratford atte-Bowe,
For Frenche of Paris was to her unknow."

In this, as in many other ancient bridges, the piers occupied much of the water-way of the river, and being placed at an angle with the stream, caused interruption both to the navigation and the passage of the flood-waters. The width of the Bridge was originally only 13 ft. 6 in. between the parapets, but in the year 1741 it was increased to 21 feet. A few years previously, a foot-path had been made by projecting a wooden platform 5 feet over the pier, on the north side; and shortly before the removal of the Bridge, this platform was rebuilt at the expense of the two counties, after having been the subject of litigation for two or three years.

"Very little attention appears to have been paid to uniformity in building this Bridge, as scarcely any two corresponding points in the structure agreed. We find the springing courses upon different levels, and also the elevation of the arches above the surface of the water, besides which the two piers were unlike both in width and length."

The "side arches were peculiar from having a strong centre rib projecting below the line of the arch. The centre arch, which was without any rib, had evidently been rebuilt upon the remains of a former one, and probably widened; though it was originally built after the model of the side ones, for the springing stones remained. Green stone appears to have been used for the arching, whilst Purbeck stone and Kentish rag were employed in the inferior parts of the work. The last face of the piers consisted of Portland and Kentish

stone, laid in courses of various shapes and dimensions.

Bow Bridge, unlike many of the old English bridges, had no starlings or projections beyond the line of masonry of the piers, which might be accounted for by the shallowness of the river at the spot: at low water, during the summer months, the difficulty of constructing the foundations could not have been great, as they were laid upon a stratum of gravel three to four feet below the present bed of the river.

"The great Essex road, connecting the metropolis with some of the most influential towns and sea-ports of the eastern district of the kingdom, and also passing to a considerable extent through a rich agricultural country, must rank among the important land communications of England." Hence many great improvements have been made from time to time in this line of road; the most important object being the entrance into Essex, across the bridges of Queen Matilda, but more especially that at Bow.* After several years of solicitude on the part of the Trustees (in the proper arrangement of the different interests concerned) an Act of Parliament was obtained in 1834, for taking down the old Bridge at Bow, and building a new one on the same site. Hence, a temporary wooden bridge was thrown across the river, near to the same spot, and opened for traffic July 25, 1835, the old Bridge being closed on the same day, and its removal shortly after commenced. In this labour, it was found that the masonry of the arches was not originally covered by gravel, &c., to form a roadway, as is now usual; but that the carriages and horses went directly upon the stone-work of the arches, the ruts of the wheels having been worn in places to a depth of nine inches, and holes made by the tread of horses.

In excavating the bed of the river for the foundations of the new Bridge, some antiquities were discovered; as a few brass tokens and silver coins, some iron keys, and part of an iron spear-head. The works on the Essex side being sufficiently advanced, the first stone of the new Bridge was laid December 12, 1835. The stone was of granite about 5½ tons weight, in which was deposited, in a hollow made for the purpose, a glass bottle, containing a series of new coins, and a brass plate, upon which was engraven the following inscription:

* Mr. Britton (*Architectural Dict.*) derives Bow from the Teut. *boyke*, an arch, or gateway. "We know the use of this ancient term in Bow Essex, the church of St. Mary-le-Bow, &c." This etymon certainly appears to us more reasonable than Grose's conjecture, as above.

* Mr. Burges's "Account," in the *Archæologia*, vol. xxvii. pt. i., 1837, is illustrated with an engraved plan of the districts, minutely shewing the line of road and the adjoining buildings, the bridge across Channelsea River, just before reaching Stratford; the site of West Ham Abbey, the remains of a gateway there, and a gateway lately removed.

Bow Bridge.

The old Bridge over the river Lea, founded on this site by Matilda Queen of Henry I., having become inadequate for the increased thoroughfare by land and water, and a new Bridge to replace the ancient structure having been resolved upon, this first stone was laid on xii December, mccccxxv, by Emma, the lady of John Henry Pelly, of Upton, in the county of Essex, Esquire, F.R.S., Deputy Master of the Trinity House, and Chairman of Trustees of the Middlesex and Essex turnpike roads, assisted by the Committee of Trustees, appointed to carry into effect the provisions of the Act 4 and 5 William IV., chap. 89, in relation to Bow Bridge.

(Then follow the names of the Trustees, the Clerk to the Trust; the Engineers, James Walker, M.R.S., and Alfred Burgess, (the author of the "Account" just quoted;) Samuel Farey, Surveyor to the Trust; and Messrs. Curtiss, the builders.)

The last stone of the arch was laid Jan. 31, 1839, by the chairman of the Trustees, when a bronze medal of Queen Victoria was deposited in the bed of the stone, inscribed upon the edge with the occasion, date, name, &c. The Bridge was publicly opened Feb. 14, 1839, by the Sheriff of Essex, William Cotton, Esq., F.R.S., &c., and a retinue of carriages driving from the Essex side, meeting on the centre of the Bridge, the Sheriff of Middlesex, Alderman Thomas Wood, accompanied by the Trustees, Engineers, &c.

The form of the new Bridge, as shewn in the second engraving, is a very flat segment, the rise not being more than three feet; it consists of an oblique arch, of an elliptical form, the wing walls extending at each end of the Bridge, terminated with granite pedestals, surmounted by lamp-irons. The following are the principal dimensions of the Bridge:—

	Fl. In.
Span of arch measured on the face	66 0
— square, with the abutment line	61 0
Rise of arch	13 9
Thickness of abutments	15 0
Length of Bridge at wings	116 0
Width of Bridge in clear of parapet	40 0
— Carriage-way	30 0
— each foot-path	5 0

The arch-stones are four feet thick at the springing, and two feet six inches in the crown. The stone used for the external face is blue Aberdeen granite, backed with the masonry of the old structure. The foundations are laid upon a bed of strong gravel several feet below the bed of the river, and a protection of sheet piling is driven in front of the masonry, several feet into the solid ground. The contract for the new Bridge, with the temporary wooden Bridge, is stated to be about £11,000.

It should be explained that the new Bridge occupies but one-half of the site of the old structure, and that diagonally, taking in the whole of the Middlesex side. By this means, the line of road has been made straight, instead of following the abrupt and oblique roadway of the old Bridge.

To effect this, some buildings have been removed on each bank of the river.

The preceding details of the new Bridge have been derived from the *Civil Engineer and Architects' Journal*, (No. 19, just published,) a work of sterling value and attraction for its complete accounts of Public Improvements, Scientific Intelligence, &c.; and as cheap as it is complete. It may be as well to mention the fact of our engravings having been adopted some six weeks since, from the series of four lithographs executed for the Bridge Trustees, and forwarded by one of our many "friends and well-wishers."

Of the Chapel which was erected on the original Bridge, and of its pious founder, we propose adding a few details in our next Number.

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF NATHANIEL BOWDITCH.

(Continued from page 10.)

CAPTAIN PRINCE says, that although Mr. Bowditch had such a thorough knowledge of navigation, he knew but little about what is technically called *seamanship*.

Capt. Prince states some facts in relation to the origin of one of Mr. Bowditch's principal works, which will be interesting to all, particularly to all seafaring men. Everything relating to *The Sailor's Own Book*, must be acceptable to them. He states, that on the day previous to their sailing on their fourth and last voyage together, Mr. Edmund M. Blunt, a noted publisher of charts and nautical books, then residing at Newburyport, came to Boston, where the ship lay, on purpose to see Mr. Bowditch. In the course of the conversation between them, which Capt. Prince overheard, Mr. Blunt said, 'If you had not corrected the declination, I should have lost the whole of the last edition;' meaning the last edition of John Hamilton Moore's book on Navigation, then in common use on board our vessels. 'Why,' continued he, 'can't you be good enough to look over Hamilton Moore again, more carefully? Take a copy of it with you, and mark whatever you may find; and when you get home, I will give you a new one.' 'Well,' replied Mr. Bowditch, 'I will.' On the home passage Capt. Prince says that Mr. Bowditch remarked to him, 'Now I am going to assist Blunt, and begin with Hamilton Moore.' When he had been engaged upon it several days, Capt. Prince passed by him in the cabin, and said, 'Well, sir, you seem to put a great many black marks on Johnny Moore.' 'Yes,' replied Mr. Bowditch, 'and well I may, for he deserves it; his book is nothing but a tissue of errors from begin-

ning to end.' After he had been hard at work for some time, Capt. Prince said to him, 'If I were you, I would sooner make a new book than undertake to mend that old thing.' Mr. Bowditch smiled, and said, 'I find so many errors that I intend to take out the work in my own name.' Capt. Prince closed the conversation by adding, 'I think you ought to do so, for the work will be new, and the fruit of your own labour, and will be the best work on navigation ever published;' a prediction that was wonderfully fulfilled to the letter.

Before publishing his own work, Mr. Bowditch had prepared for Mr. Blunt two corrected editions of Moore's book, in which he had actually discovered and corrected eight thousand errors in the nautical tables, as he himself testifies in the preface to the last stereotype edition.

Such was the germ of *The New American Practical Navigator*, the first edition of which he issued in the year 1800, at the age of twenty-seven, a work abounding with the actual results of his own experience, and containing simpler and more expeditious formulas for working the nautical problems. This work has been of immense service to the nautical and commercial interests of America. Had Dr. Bowditch never done anything else, he would still, by this single act, have conferred a lasting obligation upon his native land; and the national legislature might well acknowledge it by erecting a monument to his memory. Just consider the simple fact, that every vessel that sails from the ports of the United States, from Eastport to New Orleans, is navigated by the rules and tables of his book. And this has been the case nearly ever since its publication, thirty-eight years ago. Notwithstanding the competition of other English and American works on the subject, *The Practical Navigator* has never been superseded. It has kept pace with the progress of nautical science, and incorporated all its successive discoveries and results; and the last edition, published within the last year, contains new tables and other improvements, which will probably secure its undivided use for years to come.

The quiet and leisure of the long East India voyages, when the ship was lazily sweeping along under the steady impulse of the trade-winds, afforded Bowditch fine opportunities for pursuing his mathematical studies, as well as for indulging his taste for general literature. It was at these times that he learnt the French and Spanish languages, without any instructor. Subsequently in life he acquired the German and the Italian.

He had previously commenced the study of Latin at the age of seventeen. The first Latin book that he undertook to read was a copy of Euclid's *Geometry*, which had formerly belonged to the Rev. Dr. Byles, of Boston, and having been purchased at the sale of his books, was presented to the young mathematician by his brother-in-law, David Martin, of Salem. The following words I copy from the blank leaf in the beginning of the book, 'Began to study Latin Jan. 4, 1790.' He afterwards read and translated Newton's *Principia*, a copy of which book, rare, doubtless, at that time in this country, had come into his possession through the kindness of the learned and reverend Dr. Bentley, of Salem. Dr. Bentley told him that he could not give him the book, as it had been presented to him by a friend, but said he would loan it to him, and that he might keep it till it was called for. He did keep it; it was never called for; and it is still among his books.

What he once learned he ever afterwards remembered, and it may be mentioned as an instance of the singular tenacity of his memory, that, on lately reading the splendid *History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella*, the last book he read through, and one for which he expressed the highest admiration, he remarked that many of the incidents in it were quite familiar to him, he having once read the great work of Mariana on the *History of Spain*, in the original language, in the course of one of his voyages. The French mathematician, Lacroix, acknowledged to a young American, that he was indebted to Mr. Bowditch for communicating many errors in his works, which he had discovered in these same long India voyages.

The extraordinary mathematical attainments of the young sailor soon became known, and secured to him the notice of our most distinguished men,—among others that of the late Chief Justice Parsons, himself an eminent mathematician,—and likewise the deserved, yet wholly unexpected, honours of the first literary institution in the land. In the summer of 1802 at the age of twenty-nine, his ship lying wind-bound in Boston harbour, he went out to Cambridge to attend the exercises of Commencement Day; and whilst standing in one of the aisles of the church, as the President was announcing the honorary degrees conferred that day, his attention was aroused by hearing his own name called out as a Master of Arts. The announcement came upon him like a peal of thunder; it took him wholly by surprise. He has been heard to say that that was the proudest day of his life; and that of all the distinctions which he subsequently

received from numerous learned and scientific bodies, at home and abroad,* (among which may be mentioned his election, in 1818, as a Fellow of the Royal Society of London, an honour to which few Americans have attained,) there was not one which afforded him half the pleasure, or which he prized half so highly, as this degree from Harvard. It was indeed, his first honour, his earliest distinction; it was not only kindly meant, but timely done; and it no doubt stimulated him to perseverance in his scientific pursuits, as well as created that interest which he always took in the prosperity of that institution.*

(To be continued.)

PLANTING.

The late Duke of Athol succeeded his father in 1774, from which time to Dec., 1826, when he finished his last plantation, he covered above 10,000 imperial acres of waste land with timber. He found, near one of his castles, 650 Scots acres of mountain ground, which was only worth a rent of from 9*l.* to 1*s.* an acre as pasture. This land he planted, and not only cleared £7 an acre by the thinnings, after paying all expenses both of thinning and of the original outlay of planting, but raised the value of the land under the trees, as pasture, to 10*s.* per acre. The trees are still growing, and before they will be of sufficient age to cut down, they will have been thinned out to 400 trees an acre. In the course of seventy-two years from the time of planting, these larches will probably contain each, at least, a load and a half of timber fit for ship-building; and this, at the low price of 1*s.* per cubic foot, will yield a profit of £1000. per acre, or the enormous sum of £6,500,000 sterling. — *Quarterly Review.*

PASSAGE OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

DURING the autumn of the past year (1838), a long-felt desire to behold the unrivalled of Switzerland, led us to exchange the cigarette of the salons of Paris for the wild freedom of the mountains, and our ebony cane for a mountain-pole. Furnished with a knapsack for

our wardrobe, (for we were bent on pedestrianism, which, indeed, is the only manner of travelling to enjoy the scenery,) and equipped in blouse, cap, and nailed shoes, we wandered over the Côte d'Or of France, and its rich vineyards; passed the magnificent Jura, and, at length, started from Geneva, in search of the long anticipated wonders of a land

"where creation seems
No more the works of Nature, but her dreams."

Quitting the lake of Geneva, and all its interesting associations with the names of Rousseau, Voltaire, De Staël, Gibbon, and Byron, we roved through the valley of Chamouny, and having respectively visited the Mer de Glace, the Glacier des Bossons, and the source of the Arveiron, we traversed the wild and terrific passage of the Tête Noire, and arrived at the town of Martigny, in the Canton of the Valais, whence we intended to commence our ascent of the St. Bernard.

Six o'clock had just sounded for the second time, according to custom, from the dull clock of this duller place, as we entered the *salle-à-manger* of the *Hotel de la tour de Martigny*, in order to prepare for our journey to the convent by a good breakfast. The apartment was like all other *salles-à-manger* in the post-houses on the Simplon road: a large square room, barely furnished, with a long table down the middle, and no fire-place but a huge round stove of rough marble, which certainly feels warm when you lean against it, but possesses small powers of heating so large an apartment. We amused ourselves, while the repast was preparing, by inspecting the pictorial embellishments of the walls. The chief of these were four gaudily-coloured prints, representing the life, death, and discovery of the body of Prince Poniatowski; next was a portrait of Napoleon, of course; another of the Duke of Reichstadt; and a large sheet of views of Milan and its environs, surrounding a very fair engraving of the *Arco della Pace*, which terminates the Simplon route at that fair city.

We had some delicious honey with our breakfast, for which this part of Switzerland has long been celebrated; and with the usual accompaniments of excellent bread, equally good butter, cheese, and wine, we contrived to get into good order for starting. Accordingly, strapping the knapsacks on our backs, and taking the poles in our hands, we began our journey in a drizzling rain, and a cold wind blowing dead in our teeth. The ascent of the Tête Noire the day before, and the subsequent descent of the steep Forelay, had given us an idea of the beauties of moun-

* Dr. Bowditch was elected a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, in 1799, and was its President from 1820 to the time of his death. He was also a Fellow of the Royal Societies of Edinburgh and Dublin; of the Astronomical Society of London; of the American Philosophical Society held at Philadelphia; of the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences; of the Literary and Philosophical Society of New York; Corresponding Member of the Royal Societies at Berlin, Palermo, &c.

tain travelling; but the morning was too lowering to admit of much excitement. The clouds were hanging heavily on the tops of the mountains—a few miserable idiots, with frightful *goitres*, were peeping at us from their hovels, and two or three travelling carriages, on their way to Italy, were changing horses at the hotel, with their outside passengers concealed under cloaks and dripping umbrellas: these things, added to the desolate appearance of Martigny itself, did not tend to enliven us. However, we were soon *en route*, and, taking the path to the left beyond the church, we found ourselves on what might literally be termed the *high road* to St. Bernard.

For the first two or three miles of the ascent, little occurs of interest beyond the common characteristics of Swiss mountain-passes: *viz.* a deep narrow valley, or, rather, gorge, with high and overhanging rocks on either side; and a rapid stream tumbling and roaring through the middle, by the side of which, and sometimes crossing it, is the road. The river, whose course we were now following, was the Dranse, which, in 1545, totally destroyed the village of Bagnes, by an inundation, wherein 145 lives were lost. We learnt, also, that a similar accident occurred in 1818, by the fall of part of the glacier of Chedroy, which supplies the river. A lake was thus formed, which overflowed, and, defying every effort to stop its course, spread ruin as far as Martigny, where traces of its devastation still exist. The first village of any size we arrived at, is called St. Branchier, and the road here became extremely picturesque. The little cluster of houses is surrounded by high fir-clad rocks, on one of which are the ruins of a small chapel, and an ancient fort that formerly protected the valley. Grape-vines were clinging to the sides of the mountains, which were dotted here and there with little *chalets*, in a most pleasing manner. The weather, too, was beginning to clear up; and the scenery was heightened by numerous little waterfalls, which owed their birth to the late rain, and were tumbling merrily down the steep, and wandering through the meadows until they reached the river.

The peasants here are a civil and good-tempered race. All saluted us as we passed, wishing *Monsieur* a "*bon voyage*;" and more than once, those who overtook us with mules, offered to convey our knapsacks to the next village. The young ones, however, are "sad dogs." The English have so spoiled them, that they seem to think they have a right to levy contributions on every one who passes. They ran up and down in shoals from the houses and fields, and shouted, all in a breath, and

all at once, "*Bon jour, Monsieur, donnez moi quelque chose.*" If you do not comply with this rather indefinite request, a shower of bits of granite follows you as soon as your back is turned, which gave us a very poor opinion of their politeness to travellers. About a league beyond St. Branchier, a *char-à-banc* passed us with two young Frenchmen, bent on the same journey as ourselves. Droll things are those *chars-à-banc*, and worth stopping a few minutes to inspect. Most of the roads to the "show places" of Switzerland, being very narrow and rugged, are impracticable for large or common carriages; hence, a lighter and smaller carriage is required, and this vehicle is termed a *char-à-banc*. The receipt to make one, is as follows: first, a small four-wheeled truck, without springs, and where strength is required more than ease. Then get the broadest gig-body you can find, and place it on the aforesaid truck, not with its face forward, however, but *sideways*, in the manner of half an Irish outside jaunting-car. Next, set up four posts on the body, and place a leather canopy over and around it, leaving one side open, and you have the vehicle complete; to which you may attach one or two mules, as occasion may require, and then travel, *crab-fashion*, wherever you like. We say, wherever you like, for we have a private opinion that there are few places, except the wall of a house, which a *char-à-banc* would not venture to ascend. We do not look on it as a carriage, but as some species of fairy-car, endowed with locomotion by the gnomes of the Alps. It looks unnatural and ill at ease on a smooth road, but put it on a mountain-pass, rough with blocks of granite and the debris of an avalanche, and the *char-à-banc* jolts, and bumps, and travels, guily on, seeming to revel in its difficulties. They travel well from St. Martin to Chamouny, and we heard a wild rumour, that the waggish guides were endeavouring to make some credulous travellers believe, at the latter place, of a high road being formed to the summit of Mont Blanc, along the Mer de Glace to Cornamèyr, for these odd little vehicles. The French travellers, in this case, smiled to see us labouring up hill with our knapsacks, while they were comfortably riding; but we had the best of it for all that, as the back of their *char* was to the valley, and they could see nothing but high black rocks coming close to the road, whilst the most lovely scenery was behind them.

We arrived at Orsières about one o'clock, and stopped to luncheon at the *Col de Ferret*, a good inn, of which you will see the card on the mantelpiece of every hotel between Geneva and Milan. A magni-

ificent dog of St. Bernard was in the room, and we could not withstand inviting him to join our repast. While we were discussing some *œufs sur le plat*, and very good white wine, two travellers arrived, pedestrians like ourselves. One was a young Englishman, and the other an old Swiss, whom he had joined on the road. All of us being rather fatigued, we sat some time in conversation; and as the old man, in common with most of the inhabitants of Le Valais, spoke very good French, we gained much interesting information from him concerning the localities and antiquities of the neighbourhood. He told us he perfectly remembered Napoleon Bu-

naparte, then first consul, passing the St. Bernard by the same route we were then taking, in May 1800, with 50,000 men, and he pointed out the different houses where he rested during his journey. This was the great army that afterwards defeated the Austrians at the battle of Marengo; and the difficulties encountered and overcome in the passage were tremendous. From St. Pierre, the last village on the Swiss side of the mountain, and about two leagues from the convent, it took sixty men to draw each piece of cannon up to the Hospice. The wheels and carriages were loaded upon mules, as well as the baggage and ammunition.



(THE HOSPICE OF ST. BERNARD.)

On leaving the *Col de Ferret*, we passed a few farms and some very small hamlets, one of which, rather more populated than the rest, was called Liddes; and here a fine view of the noble valley of Entremont opened on our right, in the depth of which we noticed the handsome village of Dranse. We stopped a little time to enjoy this picturesque spot. Immediately before us, a long chain of rich pastures spread as far as the eye could reach, gradually merging from the lovely green of the valley, many hundred feet below us, into the reddish brown of the mountain, and finally crowned by its summit of dark shrubs. The impetuous Dranse was flowing through the bottom like a streak of white foam, mingling its distant roar with the cattle bells in the meadows. And this music is one of the most beautiful accompaniments to Alpine scenery. On the mountains each animal has a bell attached to its neck, and the effect of many thousands of these, with

their mellow tones, gradually softening in the distance, with the occasional Ranz des Vaches of the cow-boy's horn, is indescribably beautiful. High up to our left, the mighty St. Bernard was rearing his crown of eternal snow; and we could trace the route we were about to follow until it became a mere line running in a zigzag direction on the mountain. The air was, however, cold, for we were at a considerable elevation, and our companion told us that a large quantity of fens, which the climate does not allow to come to maturity in the fields, are ripened at Alevé, a patch of *chalets* a little higher up, by artificial means. "It is here," to quote a contemporary, "that we are let into the wonders of the mountain world. Forests, wild and endless, looking the true children of the storm—solitary cascades darting down hills of naked rock—craggy paths too rough and narrow for any tread but that of a mule—and long vistas of abrupt hills, sullen co-

loured, as if the storm had impressed them with its own dye, and guiding the eye to the mountain towering above the pass of the convent."

On arriving at St. Pierre, it unfortunately began to rain, and this continued without intermission the whole journey. And now began the most unpleasant part of our expedition. The cold became intense—the road was rugged, and the rain from the heights was pouring down the track at such a rate that we were literally *walking up cascades* the whole way. Added to this, our knapsacks were dragging on us with a weight of about fourteen pounds each; our English pilot coats were soaked through and through; our shoes were filled with water, and darkness gradually coming on. In about an hour we had lost all traces of vegetation, except the few lichens which cling to the rocks; and the only building visible was a small wooden hut, one story high, called the *Canteen*, which we made for as fast as we could, being informed that we might obtain refreshment there. On our arrival, we found two English ladies and a gentleman, who had given up all idea of reaching the convent that night, and had made up their minds to stay there before the fire, in the hope of better weather the next day. A glass of brandy and a crust of bread and butter put a little new life into us; and, as we could not be more drenched than we were, we started off again over the wildest ground possible to be conceived. It is called the Valley of Stones, and certainly the name is most appropriate, for little else is to be seen. The rain began now gradually to turn to sleet, and, finally, to snow, whilst icicles appeared on the sides of the rocks: indeed, our very mustachios soon boasted these agreeable appendages. In half an hour we came to two small brick buildings, one on each side the track, which is here only practicable for mules. The first of these is called the *hôpital*, and is intended as a shelter for travellers. A domestic of the convent, called the *marrolier*, comes down here every afternoon during the winter months, with bread, wine, cheese, and fuel. The second shed is for the reception of those unfortunates who perish on the way; but it was getting too dark to see into it; and, indeed, the spectacle itself, in our present state, was not very cheering. From this spot the road became still more laborious; and the difficulties were increased by a small bridge over a torrent having been carried away by the water, in consequence of which we were obliged to get across as we could, jumping from one stone to another, now slipping with ice, and at the risk of sliding into the water every instant. On reaching the other side, our old Swiss shewed us a faint light on the summit

of the steep before us, and this, he told us, was the convent. The deep-baying of one of the far-famed dogs sounded at this instant over the snowy waste, and although the last ascent is the steepest of the journey, we knew it was the last. In ten minutes we gained the door of the *Hospice*, and on ringing at the bell, a chorus of barking struck up from the building opposite, whilst five or six gigantic dogs rushed out, but did not offer to harm us. A domestic let us in, and one of the good monks came down stairs to receive us, which he did with great unaffected politeness.

ALBERT.

(To be concluded in our next.)

New Books.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF STATESMEN, BY HENRY LORD BROUGHAM, F.R.S., &c.

This work must be considered as a very attractive, if not extremely valuable, contribution to the political history of the times of George III. In a brief introduction, the noble author urges the importance of "this species of record" for its instruction of the world, and improvement of the character of statesmen and rulers, by holding up faults to be avoided, and virtues for cultivation; adding that "it is a well-meant contribution, of which the merit is very humbly rated by its author, to the fund of Useful Knowledge, as applied to the education of those upon whose information or ignorance the fortunes of mankind, in an especial manner, depend." The difficulty of preserving strict impartiality in such a work as the present is fairly admitted; but, as a compensation for the chances of passion and prejudice tinging such labours as the present, we have "the power of giving vivid likenesses of contemporary statesmen." It is plain throughout this "introduction" that Lord Brougham anticipates suspicion of his candour; and, to meet the objection that may be raised, of his *living too near the time* to keep impartial, he modestly urges—"at the very least, these portraits may be regarded as materials for history; if not worthy of being called historical themselves; and future penmen may work upon them with the benefit of contemporary testimony as to facts, though free from the bias which may have influenced the conclusions." In this sense, the volume before us must be held of rare value. Of its execution as a literary performance it is scarcely necessary for us to speak, since almost every day presents us with brilliant specimens of the encyclopædian mind of its illustrious author. The beauties of his style have been so often elo-

quently eulogized, that it would be idle to attempt novelty in re-characterizing the exhaustless fertility of his genius, or the ornate felicity of his talent. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with a few extracts from this interesting volume, merely premising that it contains sketches of George III., Lords Gatham, North, Loughborough, Thurlow, Mansfield; Lord C. J. Gibbs, Sir W. Grant, Burke, Fox, Pitt, Sheridan, Windham, Dundas, Erskine, Perceval, Lord Grenville, Grattan, Wilherforce, Canning, Romilly, Franklin, Frederic II., Gustavus III., the Emperor Joseph, and the Empress Catherine; with an Appendix. These portraits form the first series; several of them have already appeared in print, but as parts scattered throughout other and much larger works: and such are here reprinted, with much that is new and piquant.

Lord North.

THE following very interesting letter is from the youngest and only surviving daughter of Lord North. All comment upon its merits or its value is superfluous:

"My dear Lord Brougham,—You mentioned to me the other night your intention of writing the character of my father, to be placed among some other characters of the statesmen of the last century that you are preparing for the press, and, at the same time, stated the difficulty of describing a man of whom you had no personal knowledge. This conversation has induced me to cast back my mind to the days of my childhood and early youth, that I may give you such impressions of my father's private life as those recollections will afford.

"Lord North was born in April, 1733; he was educated at Eton school, and then at Trinity College, Oxford; and he completed his academical studies with the reputation of being a very accomplished and elegant classical scholar. He then passed three years upon the Continent, residing successively in Germany, Italy, and France, and acquiring the languages of those countries, particularly of the last. He spoke French with great fluency and correctness; this acquirement, together with the observations he had made upon the men and manners of the countries he had visited, gave him what Madame de Staël called *l'esprit Européen*; and enabled him to be as agreeable a man in Paris, Naples, and Vienna, as he was in London. Among the lighter accomplishments he acquired upon the Continent, was that of dancing; I have been told that he danced the most graceful minuet of any young man of his day; this, I must own, surprised me, who remember him only with a corpulent heavy figure, the movements of which were ren-

dered more awkward, and were impeded by his extreme near-sightedness, before he became totally blind. In his youth, however, his figure was slight and slim; his face was always plain but agreeable, owing to its habitual expression of cheerfulness and good-humour, though it gave no indication of the brightness of his understanding.

"Soon after his return to England, at the age of twenty-three, he was married to Miss Speck, of Whitelackington Park, Somersetshire, a girl of sixteen: she was plain in her person, but had excellent good sense, and was blessed with singular mildness and placidity of temper. She was also not deficient in humour, and her conversational powers were by no means contemptible; but she, like the rest of the world, delighted in her husband's conversation, and being by nature shy and indolent, was contented to be a happy listener during his life, and after his death her spirits were too much broken down for her to care what she was. Whether they had been in love with each other when they married I don't know, but I am sure there never was a more happy union than theirs during the thirty-six years that it lasted. I never saw an unkind look, or heard an unkind word, pass between them; his affectionate attachment to her was as unabated as her love and admiration of him.

"Lord North came into office first as one of the Lords of the Treasury, I believe, about the year 1763, and in 1765 he was appointed as one of the joint paymasters.* In 1769 he became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and some years after First Lord of the Treasury. He would never allow us to call him Prime Minister, saying there was no such thing in the British constitution. He continued in office thirteen years; during the last three years he was most anxious to retire, but he suffered himself to be overcome by the earnest entreaties of George III. that he should remain. At length the declining majorities in the House of Commons made it evident that there must be a change of ministry, and the king was obliged reluctantly to receive his resignation. This was a great relief to his mind; for, although I do not believe that my father ever entertained any doubt as to the justice of the American war, yet I am sure that he wished to have made peace three years before its termination. I perfectly recollect the satisfaction expressed by my mother and my elder sisters upon this occasion, and my own astonishment at it; being at that time a girl of eleven years, and hearing in the nursery the lamentations of the women about 'My Lord's going out of power' (viz. the power of making their

husbands, tide-waiters), I thought going out of power must be a sad thing, and that all the family were crazy to rejoice at it.

"It is hardly necessary to say, that Lord North was perfectly clean-handed and pure in money matters, and that he left office a poorer man than when he came into it. His father being still living at that time, his income would have scantily provided for the education and maintenance of his six children, and for the support of his habitual, though unostentatious, hospitality, but the office of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports becoming vacant, the king conferred it upon him. His circumstances, by these means, became adequate to his wishes, as he had no expensive tastes of love or splendour, but he was thoroughly liberal, and had great enjoyment in social intercourse, which even in those days was not to be had without expense. Lord North did not long continue out of office, the much criticised Coalition taking place the year following, 1783. The proverb says 'Necessity acquaints us with strange bed-fellows': it is no less true, that dislike of a third party reconciles adversaries. My eldest brother was a whig by nature, and an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Fox; he, together with Mr. Allan and Mr. Eden (afterwards Lord Auckland,) were, I believe, the chief promoters of the Coalition. My mother, I remember, was adverse to it, not that she troubled her head with being a tory or a whig, but she feared it would compromise her husband's political consistency. I do not pretend to give any opinion upon this subject, having been too young at the time to form any, and since I grew up I have always been too decided a whig myself to be a fair judge. This ministry, in which Mr. Fox was at the head of the Foreign, Lord North of the Home-office, and the Duke of Portland of the Treasury, lasted but a few months; in 1784 Mr. Pitt began his long administration. My father, after he was out of office, attended Parliament, and sometimes spoke and voted, independent of the opinions of his new allies; but this made no difference in the cordiality of their friendship, which remained unimpaired to the end of his life.

"I will now attempt to give you my impressions of my father's style of conversation and character in private life. His wit was of the most genuine and playful kind; he related (*parroït*) remarkably well, and liked conversing upon literary subjects; yet so completely were all these ingredients mixed and amalgamated by good taste, that you would never have described him as a sayer of *bon mots*; or a teller of good stories, or as a man of literature, but as a most agreeable member of society, and truly delightful companion. His manners

were those of a high-bred gentleman, particularly easy and natural; indeed, good breeding was so marked a part of his character, that it would have been affectation in him to have been otherwise than well-bred. With such good taste and good breeding, his raillery could not fail to be of the best sort—always amusing, and never wounding. He was the least fastidious of men, possessing the happy art of extracting any good that there was to be extracted out of anybody. He never would let his children call people bores; and I remember the triumphant joy of the family when, after a tedious visit from a very prosy and empty man, he exclaimed, 'Well, that man is an insufferable bore!' He used frequently to have large parties of foreigners and distinguished persons to dine with him at Busby-park. He was himself the life and soul of those parties. To have seen him then, you would have said that he was there in his true element. Yet I think that he had really more enjoyment when he went into the country on a Saturday and Sunday, with only his own family, or one or two intimate friends: he then entered into all the jokes and fun of his children, was the companion and intimate friend of his elder sons and daughters, and the merry, entertaining playfellow of his little girl, who was five years younger than any of the others. To his servants he was a most kind and indulgent master; if provoked by stupidity or impertinence, a few hasty impatient words might escape him; but I never saw him *really out of humour*. He had a drunken, stupid groom, who used to provoke him; and who, from this uncommon circumstance, was called by the children, 'the man that puts papa in a passion;' and I think he continued all his life putting papa in a passion, and being forgiven, for I believe he died in his service.

"In the year 1787, Lord North's sight began rapidly to fail him, and in the course of a few months he became totally blind, in consequence of a palsy on the optic nerve. His nerves had always been very excitable, and it is probable that the anxiety of mind, which he suffered during the unsuccessful contest with America, still more than his necessary application to writing, brought on this calamity, which he bore with the most admirable patience and resignation; nor did it affect his general cheerfulness in society. But the privation of all power of dissipating his mind by outward objects, or of solitary occupation, could not fail to produce at times extreme depression of spirits, especially as the malady proceeded from the disordered state of his nerves. These fits of depression seldom occurred, except during sleep-

less nights, when my mother used to read to him, until he was amused out of them, or put to sleep.

"In the evenings, in Grosvenor Square, our house was the resort of the best company that London afforded at that time. Mr. Fox, Mr. Burke, Mr. Sheridan occasionally; and Lord Stormont, Lord John Townshend, Mr. Windham, Sir James Erskine, afterwards Lord Rosslyn, his uncle, then Lord Loughborough, habitually frequented our drawing-room; these, with various young men and women, his children's friends, and whist-playing ladies for my mother, completed the society. My father always liked the company of young people, especially of young women who were sensible and lively; and we used to accuse him of often rejoicing when his old political friends left his side and were succeeded by some lively young females. Lord North, when he was out of office, had no private secretary; even after he became blind, his daughters, particularly the two elder, read to him by turns, wrote his letters, led him in his walks, and were his constant companions.

"In 1792 his health began to decline: he lost his sleep and his appetite; his legs swelled, and symptoms of dropsy were apparent. At last, after a peculiarly uneasy night, he questioned his friend and physician, Dr. Warren, begging him not to conceal the truth; the result was, that Dr. Warren owned that water had formed upon the chest, that he could not live many days, and that a few hours might put a period to his existence. He received this news not only with firmness and pious resignation, but it in no way altered the serenity and cheerfulness of his manners; and from that hour, during the remaining ten days of his life, he had no return of depression of spirits. The first step he took, when aware of his immediate danger, was to desire that Mr. John Robinson (commonly known by the name of the *Rat-catcher*) and Lord Auckland might be sent for, they being the only two of his political friends whose desertion had hurt and offended him; he wished before his death to shake hands cordially and to forgive them. They attended the summons, of course, and the reconciliation was effected. My father had always delighted in hearing his eldest daughter, Lady Glenbervie, read Shakspeare, which she did with much understanding and effect. He was desirous of still enjoying this amusement. In the existing circumstances this task was a hard one; but strong affection, the best source of woman's strength, enabled her to go through it. She read to him great part of every day with her usual spirit, though her heart was dying within her. No doubt

she was supported by the Almighty in the pious work of solacing the last hours of her almost idolized parent. He also desired to have the French newspapers read to him. At that time they were filled with alarming symptoms of the horrors that shortly after ensued. Upon hearing them, he said, 'I am going, and thankful I am that I shall not witness the anarchy and bloodshed which will soon overwhelm that unhappy country.' He expired on the 5th of August, 1792.

"Lord North was a truly pious Christian; and (although from his political view of the subject) I believe that one of the last speeches he made in Parliament was against the repeal of the Test Act, yet his religion was quite free from bigotry or intolerance, and consisted more in the beautiful spirit of Christian benevolence than in outward and formal observances. His character in private life was, I believe, as faultless as that of any human being can be; and those actions of his public life which appear to have been the most questionable, proceeded, I am entirely convinced, from what one must own was a weakness, though not an unamiable one, and which followed him through his life—the want of power to resist the influence of those he loved.

"I remain, my dear Lord,

"Gratefully and sincerely yours,

"CHARLOTTE LINDSAY.

"Green Street, Feb. 18, 1839."

Periodicals.

JACK SHEPPARD.

Bentley's Miscellany of this month, is capital. The Editor's *Jack Sheppard* progresses with spirit, and continues, to our mind, an improvement upon the coarse exaggeration and painful caricature of the former Editor's *leader*. We have not room for a scene; but here is a snatch—*copied*.

Jonathan Wild.

"I am accounted a fair shot, as well as a tolerable swordsman, and I will give proof of my skill in both lines, should occasion require it. I have had a good many desperate engagements in my time, and have generally ~~went~~ off victorious. I hear the marks of some of them about me still," he continued, taking off his wig, and laying bare a bald skull, covered with cicatrices and plates of silver. "This gash," he added, pointing to one of the larger scars, "was a wipe from the hanger of Tom Thurland, whom I apprehended for the murder of Mrs. Knapp. This wedge of silver," pointing to another, "which would mend a coffee-pot, serves to stop up a breach made by Will Coult-

hurst, who robbed Mr. Hearl, on Hounslow Heath. I secured the dog after he had wounded me. This fracture was the handiwork of Jack Parrot (otherwise Jack the Grinder,) who broke into the palace of the Bishop of Norwich. Jack was a comical scoundrel, and made a little too free with his grace's best Burgundy, as well as his grace's favourite housekeeper. The Bishop, however, to shew him the danger of meddling with the church, gave him a dance at Tyburn for his pains. Not a scar but has its history. The only inconvenience I feel from my shattered noddle is an incapacity to drink. But that's an infirmity shared by a great many sounder heads than mine. The hardest bout I ever had was with a woman—Sally Wells, who was afterwards lagged for shoplifting. She attacked me with a carving-knife, and when I had disarmed her, she jade bit off a couple of fingers from my left hand. Thus, you see, I've never hesitated, and never shall hesitate to expose my life where anything is to be gained. My profession has hardened me."

The introduction of the Mohocks, (immortalized by Swift,) is ingenious, and their leader the "Markis of Slaughterford," whose peer is not among the peerage, tells well; the humour of the watchman who brings people to their senses by depriving them of them, is good; as is the following graphic sketch:

Saint Giles's Round-house.

Saint Giles's round-house was an old detached fabric, standing in an angle of Kendrick Yard. Originally built, as its name imports, in a cylindrical form, like a modern Martello tower, it had undergone, from time to time, so many alterations, that its symmetry was, in a great measure, destroyed. Bulging out more in the middle than at the two extremities, it resembled an enormous cask set on its end,—a sort of Heidelberg tun on a luxuriant scale,—and this resemblance was increased by a small circular aperture—it hardly deserved to be called a door—pierced, like the bung-hole of a barrel, through the side of the structure, at some distance from the ground, and approached by a flight of wooden steps. The prison was two stories high, with a flat roof, surmounted by a gilt vane, fashioned like a key; and, possessing considerable internal accommodation, it had, in its day, lodged some thousands of disorderly persons. The windows were small and strongly grated, looking in front, on Kendrick Yard, and at the back, upon the spacious burial-ground of Saint Giles's Church.

LONDON FLOWERS.

(From *Nicholas Nickleby*.)

"A fine morning, Mr. Linkinwater," said Nicholas, entering the office.

"Ah!" replied Tim, "talk of the country, indeed! What do you think of this now for a day—a London day—eh?"

"It's a little clearer out of town," said Nicholas.

"Clearer!" echoed Tim Linkinwater. "You should see it from my bed-room window."

"You should see it from *mine*," replied Nicholas, with a smile.

"Pooh! pooh!" said Tim Linkinwater, "don't tell me. Country!" (How was quite a rustic place to Tim,) "Nonsense. What can you get in the country but new-laid eggs and flowers? I can buy new-laid eggs in Leadenhall market any morning before breakfast; and as to flowers, it's worth a run up-stairs to smell my mignonette, or to see the double-wallflower in the back-attic window, at No. 6, in the court."

"There is a double-wallflower at No. 6, in the court, is there?" said Nicholas.

"Yes, is there," replied Tim, "and planted in a cracked jug, without a spout. There were hyacinths there this last spring, blossoming in—but you'll laugh at that, of course."

"At what?"

"At their blossoming in old blacking-bottles," said Tim.

"Not I, indeed," returned Nicholas.

Tim looked wistfully at him for a moment, as if he were encouraged by the tone of this reply to be more communicative on the subject; and sticking behind his ear a pen that he had been making, and shutting up his knife with a sharp click, said,

"They belong to a sickly bed-ridden hump-backed boy, and seem to be the only pleasures, Mr. Nickleby, of his sad existence. How many years is it," said Tim, pondering, "since I first noticed him quite a little child, dragging himself about on a pair of tiny crutches? Well! well! not many; but though they would appear nothing, if I thought of other things, they seem a long, long time, when I think of him. It is a sad thing," said Tim, breaking off, "to see a little deformed child sitting apart from other children, who are active and merry, watching the games he is denied the power to share in. He made my heart ache very often."

"It is a good heart," said Nicholas, "that disentangles itself from the close avocations of every day, to heed such things. You were saying——"

"That the flowers belonged to this poor boy," said Tim, "that's all. When it is fine weather, and he can crawl out of bed, he draws a chair close to the window, and sits there looking at them, and arranging them all day long. We used to nod at first, and then we came to speak. Formerly, when I called to him of a morning, and asked him how he was, he would smile, and say, 'better;' but now he shakes his head, and only bends more closely over his old plants. It must be dull to watch the dark house-tops and the flying clouds for so many months; but he is very patient."

"Is there nobody in the house to cheer or help him?" asked Nicholas.

"His father lives there I believe," replied Tim, "and other people too; but no one seems to care much for the poor sickly cripple. I have asked him very often if I can do nothing for him; his answer is always the same,—'Nothing.' His voice has grown weak of late, but I can see that he makes the old reply. He can't leave his bed now, so they have moved it close beside the window, and there he lies all day; now looking at the sky, and now at his flowers, which he still makes shift to trim and water with his own thin hands. At night, when he sees my candle, he draws back his curtain, and leaves it so till I am in bed. It seems such company to him to know that I am there, that I often sit at my window for an hour and more, that he may see I am still awake; and sometimes I get up in the night to look at the dull melancholy light in his little room, and wonder whether he is awake or sleeping."

"The night will not be long coming," said Tim, "when he will sleep and never wake again on earth. We have never so much as shaken hands in all our lives; and yet I shall miss him like an old friend. Are there any country flowers that could interest me like these, do you think? Or do you suppose that the withering of a hundred kinds of the choicest flowers that blow, called by the hardest Latin names that were ever invented, would give me a fraction of the pain that I shall feel when these old jugs and bottles are swept away as lumber? 'Country!' cried Tim, with a contemptuous emphasis; "don't you know that I couldn't have such a court under my bed-room window anywhere but in London?"

With which inquiry, Tim turned his back, and pretending to be absorbed in his accounts, took an opportunity of hastily wiping his eyes when he supposed Nicholas was looking another way.

Varieties.

Mr. Parris's Picture of the Coronation of her Majesty, (just completed), is described in the *Times* as a production of great merit. Both as a work of art, considered independently of the subject it describes, and as an historical record offered at once to the eye of the spectator of an important national event.

"As a work of art, it possesses claims to encomium from the general treatment of the subject, the happy arrangement of the more prominent groups, and the manner in which the groups in the background are disposed; for the picturesque treatment of the architectural portions of the picture, the management of the colouring, by which the gorgeous tints of robes, jewels, purple, gold, and ermine, are subdued; the more than usually felicitous disposition of the masses of light and shade by which the effect of the sunbeams through the windows of the cathedral is preserved, and the atmospheric perspective of the more darkened portions of the picture are made to resemble the identical gloom of the building; and lastly by the attention which the artist has given to the composition of the picture, and the general outline, which, as the picture is to be engraved, is certainly not among the least of its deserts. As an historical representation, it is equally praiseworthy. Mr. Parris has taken the moment at which the Archbishop of Canterbury is about to place the crown on the head of the monarch. Her Majesty is seated on the throne in the middle of the picture; she is clothed in the celebrated Dalmatic robe—a robe formed entirely of gold and embroidery, and splendid beyond conception. On her left hand is the Archbishop, in a robe of purple velvet and gold. On her immediate right is a portrait of the Duchess of Sutherland; behind whom are seen Her Majesty's train-bearers, the Ladies C. Lennox, M. Grimston, F. Cowper, and W. Stanhope. Further to the right, and conspicuous from the splendour of his robes, is seen the sub-dean of the abbey, the Rev. Lord S. Thynne. Then come the Dukes of Norfolk and Wellington, the Marquesses of Lansdowne and Conyngham, Lord Melbourne, the Duke of Devonshire, the Lord Chancellor, the Dukes of Sutherland, Coburg, and Nemours, and Prince George of Cambridge; and, on the extreme right, the Duchess of Kent. On the right hand, next to the Archbishop of Canterbury, are the Bishop of Bath and Wells, the Duke of Richmond, Clarendon King-at-Arms; Lady Barham, the Marchionesses of Lansdowne and Northampton, the Bishop of London, the Arch-

bishops of York and Armagh, &c.; and, in a gallery above are placed Marshal Soult, Count Pozzo di Borgo, the Duke de Palmella, Count Strogonoff, Prince Esterhazy, and the Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge. Besides these personages, there are portraits of the Duchesses of Somerset, Richmond, Bedford, Hamilton, Buccleuch, Roxburgh, and Northumberland, and of many Marchionesses, Countesses, and so forth: together with heralds, pages, and all the attendants on the ceremony, making an aggregate of seventy-seven portraits. It is no small merit to have given correct likenesses of so many personages, and the fact that the likenesses are correct will greatly enhance the value of the picture as an historical document: but the great merit consists in the arrangement of all these groups so as to convey a correct notion of the ceremony as it really was, and at the same time, to give a sufficient pictorial effect, so as to avoid harshness and formality. Mr. Parris has succeeded in this undertaking, and produced a good picture."

Sun-painting.—A beautiful effect, analogous to that recently produced by M. Daguerre may be obtained by the following simple means:—"Strain a piece of paper or linen upon a frame, and sponge it over with a solution of nitrate of silver in water; place it behind a painting upon glass, or a stained window-pane, and the light traversing the painting or figures, will produce a copy of it upon the prepared paper or linen, those parts in which the rays were least intercepted being the shadows of the picture."—[From *Parlour Magic*, a manual of a novel Experiments and Phenomena for the family fireside.]

March of Science.—As a 'sign of the times' we notice an attractive article in the daily newspapers, headed 'Scientific Exhibitions for Easter.' Time was when the only science of this holiday was experimenting on the inclined plane of Greenwich Hill. Nor was steam, by land and water, then a means of fair competition.

Opulence of London.—Defoe, writing in 1714, observes: "the street from Aldgate, which is the extremity of the city on the east side, to Westminster on the west, goes almost in a direct line, under several denominations, for full four miles; and may be justly called the longest and richest in the world;" a remark as applicable in the present day as a century and a quarter since!

Leadenhall Market.—Don Pedro de Ronquillo, on visiting Leadenhall, said to Charles II., that he believed there was more meat sold in that market alone in one week, than in all the kingdom of Spain, in a year; and "he was a very good judge."

To improve Beer.—When Carlton House was in the zenith of its glory,—"cre George the Fourth was king,"—a hog's-head of claret was constantly kept on tap, which was preserved as good to the last glass as when first broached, by this process:—When wine was drawn out, the vacuum caused was immediately filled up by pouring in as many clean pebbles as kept the cask full, and, consequently, excluded the air. The plan would be found an excellent one to introduce into minor cellar economy. Many a nut-brown barrel, destined to run but half its appointed course, might thus yield us liquid nectar to the dregs.—*Sporting Rev.*

Automatic Equipage.—History furnishes nothing in shape of a "set out," so entirely novel and extraordinary as that of which we extract an account from a French work that lately fell into our hands. "For the amusement of Louis the Fourteenth, when a child, a piece of mechanism was constructed by a M. Camus, that probably was never exceeded by the ingenuity of man. It consisted of a small coach, drawn by two horses, in which was the figure of a lady, with a footman and page behind. This coach being placed at the extremity of a table of a determinate size, the coachman smacked his whip, and the horses immediately set out, moving their legs in exact imitation of the natural action of those animals. When the carriage reached the edge of the table, it turned at a right angle, and proceeded along that edge. When it arrived opposite the place where the king was seated, it stopped, and the page getting down, opened the door; upon which the lady alighted, having in her hand a petition, which she presented with a courtesy. After walking some time, she again courtesied, and re-entered the carriage; the page then resumed his place, the coachman whipped his horses, which began to move, and the footman, running after the carriage, jumped up behind it."—*Sporting Review.*

Wealth of England.—Count Tallard once observed in the hearing of Defoe, but nothing gave him so true and great an idea of the richness and grandeur of this nation, as seeing "the multitude of payments made in a morning, in the Long Room of the Custom House."

Heraldry.—In France, Heraldry seems to be quite neglected, if not lost; although there are more books printed in French on that subject, than in all the world besides.—*Defoe.*

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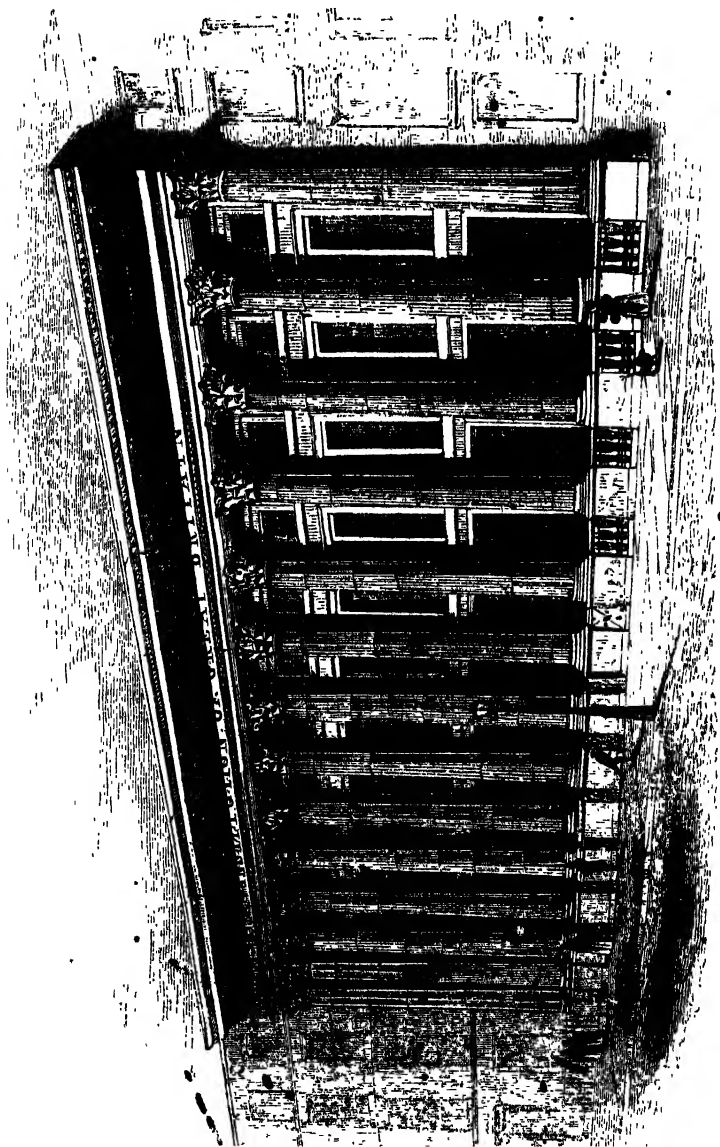
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[Price 2d



THE ROYAL INSTITUTION, ALBEMARLE STREET, PICCADILLY.
(NEW FRONT.)

THE ROYAL INSTITUTION:

NEW FAÇADE.

THE annexed engraving represents one of the latest and most striking improvements in the street architecture of the metropolis.

The building now forming "the Royal Institution," in Albemarle street, was originally five private houses. On their purchase by the Society, there arose a difficulty in adapting to them an architectural front, from the division and arrangement of the interior being so irregular that the entrance-hall was not in the centre, nor the rooms right and left of it in any wise uniform. Hence the windows were at irregular intervals, and seemed for a long time to defy every attempt to marshal them into architectural order. At length, this obstacle has been surmounted by Mr. L. Vulliamy, from whose design the above improvement has been executed, by putting up fourteen fluted half-columns, of the Corinthian order, which are placed upon a stylobate; and, occupying the height of three floors, support an entablature and the attic story. The entire length of the front is 144 feet, and its entire height from the foot pavement to the top of the coping is 51 ft. 6 in. This is divided into the pedestal or stylobate 4 feet; the half columns 35 ft.; the entablature, consisting of architrave, frieze, and cornice, 8 feet; and from the top of the cornice to that of the coping is 4 ft. 6 in.; whilst the attic pilaster at each end rises three feet above the coping. The diameter of the half-columns is 3 ft. 6 in.; and the intercolumniations rather more than two diameters. The several members have been adapted principally from the remains of the Temple of Mars Ultor, the three columns, (called) of Jupiter Stator, and the Pantheon at Rome. The half-columns, with their superincumbent architrave, frieze, and cornice, being the prominent parts of the design, the other architectural ornaments, as the mouldings round the windows, &c., are purposely kept down, and executed in low relief. On the fascia is inscribed "The Royal Institution of Great Britain." The windows of the attic story are entirely concealed behind the cornice, which is partly hollowed out at back for that purpose. The cost of this tasteful embellishment was £1853.13s., which sum has been subscribed by the members of the Society.

The Royal Institution originated chiefly with the ingenious Count Rumford: the meetings commenced in the year 1800, shortly before which the proprietors obtained a charter of incorporation, for the

* The late Earl Spencer was also among the number who established the Royal Institution, of which he was chosen the first president.

purpose of facilitating the introduction of useful mechanical inventions and improvements, and for teaching, by courses of philosophical lectures and experiments, the application of science to the common purposes of life; whence the motto of the Institution: "*Illustrans commoda vitæ.*" No society formed for the promotion of science was ever better patronized in the outset; for, scarcely had the plan been organized, when subscribers crowded to enrol their names, and within a few months of its formation it numbered on the books upwards of 11,000 members, under the various denominations of Proprietors, Life, and Annual Subscribers. The house of the Institution is spacious and well appointed. On the ground floor, the principal apartments are a newspaper room, a reading library, and a cabinet of minerals. On the first floor is the apparatus-room, communicating with the theatre, which will accommodate 900 persons. On the same floor is the library, 14 feet high and 48 feet long, with a gallery for the convenience of reaching the upper books. It contains many valuable historical, classical, and scientific works; and one of the early additions to the collection was by the Society's purchasing the library of Mr. Thomas Astle, the antiquary, which contained many rare works on topography, antiquities, parliamentary and reminiscence history. Here is also a repository of models of ingenious and useful machines; and, on the basement story is a laboratory, fitted upon a scale of magnitude and completeness not before attempted in this country. In this apartment is the vast apparatus, with which Davy discovered the composition of the fixed alkalies. The apparatus is of immense power, and consists of 200 separate parts, each composed of 10 double plates, and each plate containing 32 square inches; the number of double plates being 2,000, and the whole surface 128,000 square inches.

It is gratifying to add that the Royal Institution has, from its earliest existence, enjoyed the merited celebrity of introducing some of the most important investigations in the experimental sciences of our time; and its objects have been of a higher class than those contemplated by Rumford. Dr. Garnett, the first lecturer on chemistry, was succeeded by Davy, who, in 1801, came to London, and on April 25, in that year, gave his first lecture here: in the year following he was appointed Professor of Chemistry; and within the walls of this Institution he began his brilliant career of chemical philosophy. Whilst he was thus employed, he was reaping equally verdant, though less durable, laurels as a lecturer: his style was peculiar and impressive,

though not elegant; his eloquence florid, but powerful and appropriate; his experiments brilliant and original, and his reasoning refined and wonderfully acute.—Sir Humphry Davy was succeeded by Mr. Braude, the present eminent Professor. There is likewise a second Chair of Chemistry, named the “Fullerian,”* which is ably filled by Mr. Faraday; so that the Institution has from its first establishment been honourably associated with the advancement of chemical science. The munificent founder of the latter Chair also established a Professorship of Physiology, to which Dr. Roget was first appointed, and has been succeeded by Dr. R. E. Grant. There are besides a Chair of Botany, filled by Dr. John Lindley; and a Professorship of Natural and Experimental Philosophy, now vacant.

The Institution has, since its foundation, undergone a very considerable change in its constitution. Some years ago, in consequence of the low state of the funds, the majority of proprietors relinquished their proprietary claim, and became shareholders for life only; the dissentients from such terms selling their respective shares to the Institution for a stipulated sum. By this means, and some personal bequests, the funds were materially improved; but, we believe the establishment to be principally supported by annual subscriptions. Of late, the Royal Institution has acquired fresh fame as the scene of Professor Faraday’s Experimental Researches in Electricity, the success of which has few parallels in the records of modern science. Added to this, the recent architectural embellishment of the Institution is an act of liberality at once complimentary to the taste and spirit of the Members. The scientific world have likewise been benefited by a *Journal* published at the expense of the Royal Institution, in a less costly, and consequently, more available form than that of the average of “Transactions” and “Proceedings.”

* From its founder, the late John Fuller, Esq., of Rosehill, Sussex, a munificent patron of science, the favourite object of his liberality being the Royal Institution. He first gave £1000 to the funds. He then invested £3,333 to found the above Chair of Chemistry, with a salary of £100 per annum. He next invested the like sum to establish the Chair of Physiology. He also invested £3,000, which is to amount by interest, additions, or otherwise, to £10,000, and then to be available for the Institution; making Mr. Fuller’s bequests a total of £10,000. He had, in 1828, founded a gold medal of the value of ten guineas, to be given to such members of the Royal Institution as distinguish themselves by their labours in chemical science. He liberally presented one of these medals to each of the following individuals; viz. Sir H. Davy, Dr. Wollaston, Mr. Hatchett, Mr. Brande, Mr. Faraday, Mr. Children, and Mr. F. Daniell; and proposed, in future, that one of these medals should be presented biennially.

THE WISH.

What shall I wish thee? shall I wish thee health,
And length of days, with countless stores of wealth?
To wish thee these alone, would ne’er succeed,
With these alone, thou would’st be poor indeed.

What shall I wish thee? shall I wish thy name
May stand emblazon’d in the scrolls of Fame?
To wish thee this, alas! would only prove
An idle wish, and be no test of love.

What shall I wish thee? shall I wish that Truth
May guide thy footsteps ’mid the snares of youth?
To wish thee this, is wishing’s happiest thought,
And wishing this, is wishing as I ought.

If wishing, only, were the Muse’s task,
And, but to wish, would give thee all I’d ask;
I’d wish thee all that tongue or pen can tell,
In this one honest wish,—I wish thee well.

L. H. C.

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE TURKS.

BY DR. BOUE’.

It is very remarkable, that, throughout the whole of Turkey, the traveller meets with scarcely any beggars: indeed, almost the only ones we saw were a very few poor Turkish women. There certainly are poor, for misfortune and improvidence exist everywhere, in a greater or less degree, but they are in much smaller numbers than in the rest of Europe; as living is very cheap, and it is very easy to get sufficient money for purchasing the necessaries of life: besides, for this reason, the poor can be more easily assisted by their relations, or by other people. In general the men are too proud to beg on the roads; but, if forced by absolute necessity, they would rather become *Haiduks*, or highway robbers, and ask money, pistol in hand. At present there are no robbers excepting on the borders of the kingdom of Greece and of Montenegro; and even there a very few stations of *gendarmes* are sufficient to secure safe travelling for the merchants; indeed, if twelve or fifteen men are enough to protect twenty leagues of hilly country, one may safely say that the country is quite secure. The soldiers at the stations do not even always demand a *Backhish*, or *pourboire*; but the payment of a few *paras* is not much for a traveller when it secures his safety. One circumstance which struck me forcibly, was, that I nowhere saw people employed gleaning in the fields after the crops had been cut down. When one establishes his bivouac at a distance from a village, he occasionally commits the trifling theft, when the maize is nearly ripe, of taking a few ears of it to be roasted at the fire; great quantities of maize next the roads are also eat by the horses in travelling along, as the fields have no inclosures.

The whole population of Turkey exhibit a great deal of good sense, and the traveller is also surprised to find so few

persons of coarse manners. Everything is done without noise and speeches; and the masters of the post-houses, too often unpolite in other countries, are here quite ready to attend to their duty. The Greeks, on the contrary, talk a great deal more, and sometimes seem to be quarrelsome.

The population is very healthy for various reasons: their mode of life is simple, and all weakly children die early for want of medical advice; there are scarcely any preserved in life by those artificial means which tend so much to increase the population in Europe, especially in large towns; and besides, healthy children are much more likely to be the offspring of healthy than of sickly parents. For the same reason we observe so few insane people, and persons who squint; as both these affections arise from weakness in the nervous system. The chief causes of insanity, love, and religious fanaticism, have little influence in Turkey, owing to the mode of life. For like reasons, and owing to the absence of many of the factitious wants of Europe, cases of suicide and duels are hardly known: indeed it appears, that the Servians who emigrate from their own country into Hungary, wisely retain their dislike to those two evils of modern society. "Suicide, however, excites no very great sensation, as life is held cheap; as for duels, the Turks think it no disgrace to avow their love of life, and refuse this mode of settling between right and wrong; although our wisest legislators are still obliged, in a certain degree, to allow the practice in the present corrupt state of society. It is the general custom to marry pretty young. The *goutre* is a rare disease, and there are few blind people, or when cases of blindness occur, they generally arise from accidental causes, ill-treated diseases, or the frequent ravages of the smallpox. Vaccination is employed in Servia and some of the large towns of Turkey. There are few maimed or bandy-legged people.

The number of cutaneous diseases seems to be small, and much less than in Asia Minor. With the exception of the Jews, the other inhabitants are, considering their state of civilization, pretty cleanly; the fashion of shaving nearly the whole head is a good one in this respect. The chief diseases are intermittent and typhoid fevers, nervous affections, and inflammatory diseases; to these the plague is to be added in the maritime towns.

As the Turks have more leisure and more factitious wants than their Christian fellow-subjects, they are liable to lowness of spirits, and hypochondriacal and other nervous affections, from which the Christians are quite exempted. On the other

hand, the stoicism and good temper of the well-bred Turk, and his love for children, and all kinds of animals, are well known. He also possesses the noble quality of faithfully keeping his promise, and to such an extent is this relied on, that the most important transactions are settled by merely shaking hands with each other; a practice which has also been partly adopted by the Christians in smaller matters. I may add that the general ignorance of writing has induced the Turks to make use of a particular apparatus for calculating sums of money, &c. By means of small pieces of wood, cut into various shapes, they transact their business as well as our best writers. In many of the inns, instead of a writing-table, these pieces of wood are to be seen hanging up at the corner of the innkeeper's room.

In regard to the social life, in the interior of the country, at a distance from the maritime towns, in which one finds, in a greater or less degree, European fashions and entertainments, each family is obliged to seek its chief pleasure in its own circle; for entertainments are seldom given, or only at certain fixed times, or at marriages, &c. The men meet every day in coffee-houses and public places, and take a walk together: the ladies remain at home, visit each other, or occasionally walk together. For these reasons an unmarried European finds himself too isolated, and has great difficulty in reconciling himself to the different mode of life.

Periodicals.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. 126.

[THIS Number is rife with interest for all grades of its readers. We have a comprehensive paper on the State and Prospects of Asia; a Glance at Canada, in a review of Sir F. Head's *Narrative*, and Lord Durham's Report; and a controversial paper on the Oxford Theology. Leaving these mighty matters of political thunder to others, we recommend the reader to rely on the remainder of the Number for high gratification: the subjects being Andalusia; the Sperm Whale and its Fishery, (in which a hitherto scarcely appreciated book is justly dealt with); and a striking Memoir of Thomas Telford, of whose genius, however, our country will for ages present some noble monuments. From the first of these papers (by Mr. Southey) here is a vivid sketch:]

Gibraltar.

The north side of Gibraltar rises bluffly from the sands of the neutral ground. It bristles with artillery; the dotted port-holes of the batteries, excavated in the

rock, are called by the Spaniards "los dientes de la vieja," the grinders of this stern old Cerbera. The town is situated on a shelving ledge to the west. As we approach, the defences are multiplied: the causeway is carried over a marsh, which can be instantaneously inundated. Every bastion is raked by another; a ready-shotted gun stands out from each embrasure, pregnant with death,—a prospect not altogether pleasant to the stranger, who hurries on for fear of an accident. At every turn a well-appointed, well-fed sentinel indicates a watchfulness which defies surprise. We pass on through a barrack teeming with soldiers' wives and children. The main street, the aorta of Gibraltar, is the antithesis of a Spanish town. Lions and Britannias dangle over innumerable pot-houses, the foreign names of whose proprietors combine strangely with the Queen's English:—"Mannet Ximenez—lodgings and neat liquors." In these signs, and in the sner signs of bloated faces, we see with sorrow that we have passed from a land of sobriety into a den of gin and intemperance: every thing and body is in motion; there is no quiet, no repose, all hurry and scurry, time is money, and Mammon is the God of "Gib," as the name is vulgarised, according to the practice of abbreviators and conquerors of "Honey." All the commerce of the Peninsula seems condensed into this microcosm, where all creeds and nations meet, with nothing in common save their desire to prey upon each other. Adieu the mantilla and bright smile of the dark-eyed Andaluza! The women wear bonnets, and look unamiable, as if men were their natural enemies, and meant to insult them. The officers on service appear to be the only people who have nothing to do. The town is stuffy and sea-coaly, the houses wooden and drugged, and built on the Liverpool pattern, under a tropical climate.

Gibraltar would be intolerable to an unemployed man, as a permanent residence. The eternal row-dow-flow of the drums, the squeaking of the wry-necked fife, the *ton de garnison*, the military exclusiveness of caste, the dagger distinctions of petty etiquette, the tweedledums and tweedlees of Mrs. Major This, Mrs. Commissioner That, Miss Port-Captain A., Miss Civil Secretary B., embitter the *dolce far niente* of a southern existence. Gibraltar, nevertheless, to the passing stranger, abounds in wonders of art and nature,—in the stupendous bastions and batteries, the miles of galleries tunneled into the mountain, the Dom-Daniel cave of St. Michael, the glorious Catalan bay, the terrific precipices, the heaven and earth

sweeping panoramas from the heights,—the hospitality—(a stranger is a God-send)—the activity, intelligence, industry, and taste, which have rendered every nook and corner available for comfort, ornament, and defence. This elaborate hive of busy men is stamped with all the virtue and vice, all the strength and weakness of the *Heracles* of England,—of her power, knowledge, and system of colonization. Her conquest was not marked by any simultaneous erection of temples to her creed. A hundred years were scandalously suffered to elapse, in which millions were expended in gunpowder and masonry, before a church was erected in this sink of Moslem, Jewish, and Christian profligacy.

Gibraltar is a second land of promise to the Jews, where they congregate, in styes, like the unclean animal which it would be cannibalism in them to eat. The Spaniards, dreading their religious contamination, and still more their connection with the Moors, stipulated, at the peace of Utrecht, that the English should not admit them. Their quarter is sufficient to engender the Gibraltar fever, which punishes our non-observance of treaties. The disputes of physicians rival the odium theologium. The medical world on the rock is divided into endemics and epidemics, contagionists and non-contagionists. Much depends, as in chancre, on the length of the foot in office: thus General Don, to whom Gibraltar was a pet, maintained that it came from the West Indies; and there was no disputing, as was said of Adrian's poetry, with the commander of thirty legions: whenever the fever raged, boards of health met and agreed, while the multitude died "*como chinches*." This fever is endemic, and is occasioned by the want of circulation and the offensive sewers at low tide. It is called into fatal activity by some atmospheric peculiarity: the average visitation is about every ten years. The *alameda*, or public walk, one of the lungs of Gibraltar, is ornamented with statues and *granium trees*, which, indeed, they are. General Elliott is surrounded with more bombs than he was during the siege, while Nelson forms his companion, emerging, like Jonah, from two huge jaw-bones of a whale. At one end is a shadowy, silent spot, where the bones are laid of those who die in this distant land. This *alameda* was kept up by a small tax laid on the tickets of the Spanish lottery which were sold in the garrison. When English lotteries were abolished in England, it was decreed by the supreme wisdom of Downing-street that Spanish lotteries should be discontinued in Gibraltar. The tickets

are now sold a mile off, at the lines, to the loss, as was foretold, of the funds by which the garden, a source of health and recreation to the garrison, was supported. Forsyth mentions a club instituted at Senna expressly—*eo nomine*—for the commission of absurdities and extravagancies. We have had, and have, "the thing." The surface of the rock, bare and tawny in summer, starts into verdure with the autumnal rains. More than three hundred classes of plants flourish on this almost soilless crag. The real lions of Gibraltar are the apes, whose progenitors delighted the wisest of sovereigns (1 Kings x: 22). They haunt the highest crags, have all the caprice of Crockford dandies, are very exclusive, and seldom visible, except when an easterly wind affects their delicate nerves, and drives them to the west end. These exquisites are perfectly harmless. The Gibraltarians, who never see any of their dead bodies, imagine that the deceased are carried by a submarine way (probably the one St. Isidore thought the sun took), to be buried on Apes Hill in Africa, as the good Turks of Constantinople are taken over into Asia for sepulture.

Next are some noticeable remarks on the

Union of Africa and Europe.

Africa, no flat line of desert sand, rises abruptly out of the sea, in a tremendous jumble backed by the eternal snows of the Atlas. Two continents lie before us; we have reached the extremities of the ancient world; a narrow gulph divides the lands of knowledge, liberty, and civilization from the untrodden regions of danger and mystery. Yon headland is Trafalgar, where Nelson sealed, with his life-blood, the empire of the sea. Tarifa lies beyond; and the plain of Salado, where the cross triumphed over the crescent. The white walls of Tangier glitter, on the opposite coast, resting like a snow-wreath on dark mountains: behind them lies the desert, the den of the wild beast, and of wilder man. The separated continents stand aloof; they frown sternly on each other with the cold injurious look of altered kindness: they were once united; a dreary sea now flows between, and severs them for ever; a thousand ships hurry past, laden with the commerce of the world; every sail is strained to fly those waters, deeper than ever plummet sounded, where neither sea nor land is friendly to the stranger. Behind that point is the bay of Gibraltar; and on that grey rock, the object of a thousand fights, the lion sentinel of the straits, the red flag of England, on which the sun never sets, still braves the battle and the breeze: far

in the distance the blue Mediterranean stretches itself away like a sleeping lake. Europe and Africa recede gently from each other; coast, cape, and mountain, face, form, and nature, how alike!—man, his laws, works, and creeds, how different and opposed!

The straits are narrowest at Tarifa, and do not exceed twelve miles across. Though nothing is to be received with greater caution than all early accounts of the width of waters, which generally were mere guess work, the gradual widening of these straits is historically certain. That the two continents were united is proved by geological evidences. Tradition refers the cutting through the Isthmus to Hercules, that is, to a canal opened by the Phœnicians, who were acquainted with those of Suez and Sesostris. Scylax, who wrote five centuries before Christ, estimated the breadth at half a mile; Euctemon, who wrote a hundred years after Scylax, at four miles; Turraius Gracilis, a Spaniard, who lived on the spot three centuries later, and is quoted by Pliny (iii. Pref.) at five, Livy and Cornelius Nepos at six, Procopius at ten, and Victor Vitensis at twelve. The elevated coast on each side has rendered further enlargement impossible. A rapid current constantly sets in from the Atlantic, and is perceptible beyond Malaga. Notwithstanding this constant influx, and the outpourings of rivers, from the Ebro to the Nile, the waters of the Mediterranean diminish;—thus Murviédro, once a sea-port, is now an inland town. Dr. Smith, in 1684, suggested an under-current, which we imagine to be contrary to the laws of hydrostatics, while Dr. Halley convinced himself, from a series of experiments, that the loss of water from evaporation exceeded the supply, by the rate of 5,280 millions of tons per summer.

PASSAGE OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

(Continued from page 26.)

HAVING entered the *Hospice*, we were immediately shewn into our chambers, and, of course, a thorough change of clothes was necessary. The servant waited for our wet garments, to dry them at the kitchen fire, and likewise brought us some fresh ones; for as knapsacks do not contain a wardrobe, we were obliged to throw ourselves on the monks' generosity. Equipped in regular monastic garb, we descended to the strangers' room, where a large party of travellers of all nations had assembled round a blazing wood fire. Supper was soon served, and consisted of boiled meat, potatoes, eggs, and dessert of dried fruits,

with wine and cheese. The Superior did the honours, and when we had finished, we again drew round the hearth, and began to talk of our respective ascents, each endeavouring to out-do the other in the account of the difficulties surmounted. Music succeeded; some young Frenchmen (the passengers of the *char-à-bancs*), turned to the piano, and accompanied themselves in some little romances; then we in turn took our places, and "Rory O'More," "The Charming Woman," and some other very home-sounding melodies, made us almost forget we were so far from "merrie England," and about 8,000 feet above the level of the sea. We must confess it was a source of much wonder to us how on earth the piano ever got there; probably it was taken up in pieces, and put together at the convent. We were told it was the present of a French lady of title: it differed from any we had before seen, in the keys of the flats and sharps being white, and those of the naturals black. There was also a very good collection of music on the instrument. The respective operas of *Sonnambula*, *Norma*, and *La Gazza Lutra*, several pretty songs of Madlle. Louisa Puget, and, above all, a set of quadrilles "Le Postillon de Ma'm Ablou," to which all the *etudiants* and *grisettes* of Paris were dancing when we left that capital. We took a survey of the room during the concert: it was about twenty-five feet long by eighteen broad, with a polished wood floor and wainscot sides. Several views of the convent, taken from different points, adorned the walls: one represented the passage of Napoleon; and another, a neatly executed water-colour drawing of the Hospice itself, on the left of the fireplace, is the work of a lady, a Mrs. Campbell, we believe. There was likewise a fine engraving, from a painting of Landseer, representing the dogs of the Alps, and which, we learnt, was presented by one of our countrymen who has made these mighty mountains his constant study,—the ingenious Mr. Brockedon.*

On retiring to bed, we found all our garments quite dry, and the domestic waiting for orders: we had, however, none to give; and hastily undressing, having first ascertained if all the double windows were fastened, we crept underneath the eider-down coverlets with which all the beds

were furnished, and were soon asleep. By the way, it would be as well if there was some mode of keeping these same eider-down quilts from rolling off in the night, which they always do on the least motion. We were, however, not so cold as we had anticipated we should be.

And having thus safely arrived at the end of our journey, we will detain the reader but a short time with a description of the convent itself. It was founded in the year 968, and is undoubtedly the most elevated habitation, not only in Europe, but over all the ancient continent, being 8,608 feet above the level of the sea.* In the height of summer, the least breeze makes the cold quite unpleasant; and the thermometer descends almost every evening, in this season, to freezing point, and below it if the wind be northerly. All the necessaries of life, as bread, wine, flour, cheese, dried fruits, and wood for fuel, are brought at a great expense from the neighbouring valleys.

The ecclesiastics who live in the convent, are, at present, (1839) twelve in number, and are regular canons of the order of St. Augustin. Their active humanity saves many lives every year, and the hospitality with which all strangers are received, reflects the highest honour on the order to which they belong. Every one is treated with the greatest affability, and the sick find all the relief that medicine or surgery can afford them, without distinction of rank or sex, country or religion. For all this care and attention nothing is demanded of the traveller, but to inscribe his name in a book kept for that purpose; still, few of the visitors leave the convent without putting a contribution in the *trunk* of the church, as the expenses are very great: although, like other mountain convents, this is allowed to make an annual collection in the neighbouring parts of France, Switzerland, and Italy. When any sudden snow-storm occurs, the monks leave the house, and, accompanied by the dogs, prosecute an earnest search for any unfortunate traveller it may have overtaken. When the snow has covered any object to a great depth, the fathers take long poles, and sounding in different places, discover, by the resistance which the end of the pole meets with, whether it be a rock only, or a human body. In the latter case they soon

* Mr. Brockedon's elegant work, *The Peaks of the Alps*, is one of the finest illustrated works executed in our time. It contains subjects selected for their beauty, sublimity, and interest, from sketches made during journeys undertaken for the exclusive purpose of the work. These journeys and researches occupied Mr. Brockedon many years; during which he traversed the Alps nearly sixty times, and crossed the great barrier to Italy by above thirty different Passes. It is truly gratifying to witness such enthusiasm rewarded by success, besides the establishment of a lasting reputation for the artist.—*Ed. L. W.*

* The most elevated point of the Great St. Bernard, (according to Mrs. Starke,) is Mont Velan, supposed to be more than 10,000 English feet above the level of the Mediterranean sea; and the Hospice, according to Saussure, is 8,074 Paris feet above the same level; though subsequent computations make it only 6,150 Paris feet. In a description of the Hospice, in Chambers' *Edinburgh Journal*, No. 371, its height is stated (from Saussure,) at 7,542 French feet. We can scarcely reconcile these discrepancies.—*Ed.*

disengage it from the snow, and have often the glowing heartfelt satisfaction of restoring to "light and life" one of their fellow-creatures.

When the monks are compelled to be out in the open air in severe frosts, and the depth of the snow prevents their walking fast enough to keep the blood in circulation, they strike, from time to time, their hands and feet against the great staves shod with iron, which they always carry with them, otherwise their extremities would become torpid and frost-bitten. Scarcely a winter passes, however, that some traveller or other does not perish, or have his limbs bitten, with the frost. In all these cases, the use of spirits, strong cordials, or sudden warmth, is highly pernicious; rubbing the body with snow, or immersing the limbs in ice, being the only remedy. An Englishman of the name of Woodley, who accompanied M. Bourrit in his ascent of Mont Blanc, was compelled to keep his feet in ice and salt for thirteen days: another companion lost his sight for three weeks, and a third suffered a long time from having his hand frost-bitten.

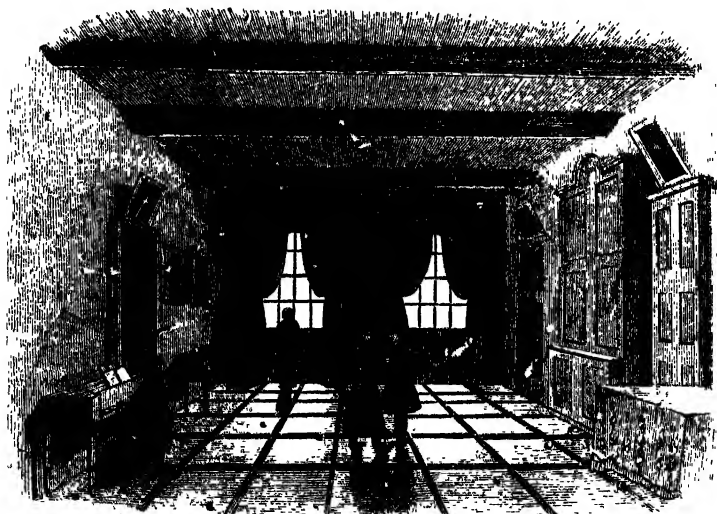
Every year seven or eight thousand persons traverse the Great St. Bernard, and sometimes six hundred have passed in a day. In the year 1782, there were five hundred and sixty-one travellers, who consumed four oxen, twenty sheep, and three sacks of flour. From 1798 to 1806, one hundred and fifty thousand persons lodged in this convent; besides which, for a whole year, it had a regular garrison of six hundred men. In the year 1799, the Austrians climbed these mountains, and attempted

to destroy the *Hospice* and the *poste*. They fired all day from the rocks, but the French, who had possession of the convent, kept up such a well-directed fire of musquetry and small artillery, that the Austrians could not force it; the troops who were at St. Pierre also hastened to the assistance of their brethren in arms, and soon put the Austrians to flight. A singular spectacle this for the fathers to behold from the windows of the convent! It was, doubtless, the first, and, we hope, will be the last of this nature.

From the time of Augustus, the route of the Roman legions destined for Helvetia, Gaul, and Germany, was across the Great St. Bernard. The troops of Anlus Cocinna, the captor of Aventicum, traversed it in 69, on their way to encounter Otho in Italy; an army of Lombards in 547; and others under Charlemagne, his uncle Bernard, the cruel Margrave Boniface, and the archbishop of Milan. During the wars of Charles of Burgundy, also, it was sometimes crossed. About the end of the ninth century, an army of Saracens coming from Piedmont passed the St. Bernard, and took possession of St. Maurice. Between the spring of 1798, when the French penetrated into Switzerland, and the year 1801, more than one hundred and fifty thousand soldiers ascended this mountain. Between the 15th and 21st of May, 1800, the passage of Buonaparte took place, which we have before spoken of. A monument to the memory of General Dessaix, who fell afterwards at Marengo, is erected in the church of the convent.

ALBERT.

(To be concluded in our next.)



(SALOON IN THE HOSPICE OF ST. BERNARD.)

New Books.

NOTES OF A WANDERER, IN SEARCH OF HEALTH. BY W. F. CUMMING, M.D.

[It sometimes happens that invalids are the most entertaining tourists: witness the very elegant "Diary of an Invalid," and several other excursions "in search of health." We have not time to discuss the pathology of travel, but merely to state the fact: change of scene, easy locomotion, and the society of agreeable companions, we know, often enable us to shake off *ennui* of the world, and relieve the effects of too severe application to professional pursuits. It has been stated that medical practitioners are comparatively free from ordinary diseases, in consequence of their good exercise, and their hilarity of mind, when they go home with their fees in their pockets. The case was otherwise with Dr. Cumming, who, having suffered much from inflammatory attacks of the chest, in Paris, consulted M. Andral, (whose reputation for a superior knowledge of the thoracic diseases is well-known throughout Europe,) and was advised to smoke stramonium, drink the mineral waters of Bonnes, in the Pyrenees, and winter in Italy. The Doctor, however, only followed this advice by joining a friend in a tour through Italy, which country being "in point of climate not the El Dorado it is, in England, generally considered," our pulmonary invalid wintered in Egypt. He subsequently visited Greece and Turkey, and made a voyage "up the Rhine and down the Danube;" and the first impressions of his route form two very attractive volumes. Leaving to other pens the importance of Egypt, as a new state growing upon the confines of Asia and Africa, Dr. Cumming urges that sufficient consequence has not been heretofore attached to Egypt as a resort for the invalid, and especially recommends the climate of Upper Egypt, where the atmosphere is eminently pure, dry, and exhilarating. The work throughout is of a discursive and familiar character; although, treating of Italy, and Egypt, and Greece, the author does not address himself to the scholar or the antiquary, nor aim at elaborate disquisitions on politics, poetry, or pyramids; but he rather aims at a record of his own impressions and sketches, of peculiar interest to the invalid, and has, accordingly, realized a *Diary* plentifully sprinkled with novelty, and characterized throughout by an amiable spirit of observation and record.

Our extracts must be proportionally discursive with the Journal itself. The

author left Paris on May 27th, 1836. At Dijon is recorded an excellent piece of advice: "I took nothing in the shape of food, except a cup of coffee before starting, and a bowl of beef-tea on the road. The grand secret in travelling is, to abstain from wine and animal food. The less a man eats, the better will he stand the fatigue." The Doctor, of course, visits the hospital]

Hôtel Dieu, at Lyons.

an establishment of vast extent, and containing even more beds than the Hôtel Dieu in Paris. The wards are lofty and spacious, and nearly all the beds were occupied. Several of the physicians were making their rounds, dressed in black silk gowns; but there was no crowd of pupils following them, as in the hospitals of the capital. The "*Chirurgien Major*" lives in the establishment. His appointment is for ten years, during which time he is not permitted to marry. The whole duties of the hospital are performed gratuitously by 300 "*Freres et Sœurs de La Charité*." The yearly revenue is two millions of francs, according to the porter who was my guide throughout the building, a sum appearing almost incredible. Some of the attendants were young girls of twenty. It was strange to see them in the sombre garb of the order of La Charité. They receive no pay, being merely clothed and fed: make no vows on entering, and are not obliged to remain longer than they choose. The "*administration*" can dismiss them at a moment's warning; but after fifteen years of service, they obtain a black cross, which entitles them to a perpetual asylum, from which they cannot be removed without some grave misdeemeanor.

There is certainly something very striking in some of the effects of the Catholic faith. In what other religion, for instance, do we find so many of its professors devote their whole lives to unrequited services of charity and benevolence? Here are 300 persons, male and female, voluntarily submitting to the strict discipline, the irksome confinement, and disgusting drudgery of a large hospital, without other fee or reward than that derived from the approval of their own breasts. That many of them betake themselves to the office to secure the means of living, I do not doubt. Others, by way of atoning for past sins, and many from a disgust at the world, or from disappointed hopes; but unquestionably there must be some who act from higher motives than these. A man may go into the splendid churches of the Catholic faith—he may witness the gorgeous processions and the rich ceremonial of its

worship, and exclaim that all is vanity and empty pomp—that there is nothing betokening the influence of religion in the heart;—but when he beholds the practical working, if I may so speak of the creed, especially as it is to be seen in the great hospitals and other charitable institutions, he certainly must acknowledge, that, if a sentiment of piety prevail less generally in France than elsewhere, there is no nation on earth where, among a portion at least of its inhabitants, the visible fruits of religion are so zealously cultivated and so richly developed. I can hardly conceive an office more irksome (unless to a mind overflowing with benevolence) than that of an hospital nurse. In England, it is one that is highly paid, and yet its duties grudgingly performed. In France, on the contrary, the Sisters of Charity do everything without pay, and, so far as my observation has extended, with a cheerfulness and tenderness to the sick, not elsewhere to be found. Indeed this is not to be wondered at, for in every relation of life, what we do voluntarily is done with a better and readier grace than services rendered for gain. In the one case, it is the heart that prompts—the love of money in the other. What a contrast does the life of the *Sœur de la Charité* exhibit, when compared with the useless and drone-like existence of the nun.

Avignon.

The *garçon* of the inn conducted me to the "*Hôtel des Invalides*," a retreat for the old soldier, similar in its constitution to that of Paris. It has accommodation for 1000 veterans, and a large garden for them to exercise in: its walls are adorned with the campaigns of Bonaparte, and the names and dates of all his great victories are there recorded. It is an inexpressible satisfaction to an Englishman that he may travel from one end of France to the other, and see no trophy erected by the vanity of the nation at the expense of his country's honour. Almost every other people of Europe see monuments to remind them that they were once under the iron grasp of Bonaparte. Every stranger who visits Paris has these "tristes souvenirs" before his eyes. There is the *Pont d'Jena*, the *Pont d'Austerlitz*, for the Prussian and Austrian; triumphal monuments to commemorate the battles of *Borodino*—*Madrid*—the *Pyramids*—and a hundred besides; but nowhere is to be seen one solitary memento of a victory gained over Great Britain. While England can boast of her Trafalgar Square, and Bridge of Waterloo, France must be content with the litter recollections that these names inspire. Nothing would wound me

more, or more effectually take from the enjoyment of foreign travel, than the sight of objects that would for ever remind me of my country's defeat; but happily for every Englishman, he may wander from the rising to the setting sun, without fear of these unwelcome intruders on his peace.

[The folly of an Englishman who "gave himself the airs of the great Mogul," at the *Table d'Hôte* at Marseilles, elicits the following remark:]

I would ask no worse sign of a man's head or heart, than to see him attempt a display of consequence, in presence of a number of strangers, more especially such strangers being of a nation different from his own.

[The Doctor embarks at Marseilles on board the *Pharamond* steam-boat.]

The captain is a very agreeable man, a Frenchman, who has made several voyages to India. The engineer is an Englishman, and all the machinery made in England. This appears to be generally the case in the French steam-boats, and is a flattering testimony to the superiority of our mechanical industry. The captain told me that the mere duty levied by France on the machinery of this vessel amounted to the enormous sum of 33,000 francs!

Genoa.

The dinner was most abundant, well dressed, and more à l'Anglaise than in France. Vegetables were served along with the meat, which is never done by the French; and I saw salt-spoons, for the first time since I left England.

Our tourist embarks at Leghorn, and journeying onward, visits

The Leaning Tower of Pisa.

Our guide assured us that the tower was built *designedly* with a slope, and he described it as a *bizarrerie* of the architect. I cannot believe this. Sir John Leslie, in his lectures, on giving an account of this tower, used to attribute its stability to the cohesion of the mortar, which was sufficient to maintain it erect, in spite of its being *out* of the condition required by physics; to wit, that "in order that a column shall stand, a perpendicular let fall from the centre of gravity must fall within the base." Sir John described the column of Pisa to be in violation of this principle; but from designs shewn to us on the spot, the perpendicular *does* fall within the base. What may be the real merits of the case I know not; suffice it for me, that it is one of the most curious and unique structures I have ever seen. It is built entirely of marble, and has several huge bells on its top; some of

them weighing 11,000 lb. They are tolled only on particular occasions, one of which will be on the 17th, when the whole town will be illuminated. The preparations are already nearly completed. All the great houses, bridges, streets, &c. have immense wooden frames erected round them, for holding the oil-cups. These are placed in countless millions, and describe every variety of device and shape. I was puzzled as to the manner of lighting them all; for, to apply a taper to each in succession, would be an endless task. It appears that a thread, dipped in turpentine, is wound round the wicks of the lamps. The being set fire to, the flame spreads with the rapidity of gunpowder, and has the effect of producing a simultaneous illumination.

(To be continued.)

LORD BROUGHAM'S HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF STATESMEN.

(Concluded from p. 29.)

[We return to this attractive work for the sake of a few miscellaneous extracts, from various sketches.]

Irregularities of Genius.—To genius irregularity is incident, and the greatest genius is often marked by eccentricity, as if it disdained to move in the vulgar orbit. Hence, he who is fitted by his nature, and trained by his habits, to be an accomplished "pilot in extremity," and whose inclinations carry him forth "to seek the deep when the waves run high," may be found, if not "to steer too near the shore," yet to despise the sunken rocks which they that can only be trusted in calm weather would have more surely avoided.

Test of Greatness.—The true test of a great man—that at least which must secure his place among the highest order of great men—is his having been in advance of his age. This it is which decides whether or not he has carried forward the grand plan of human improvement; has conformed his views and adapted his conduct to the existing circumstances of society, or changed those so as to better its condition; has been one of the lights of the world, or only reflected the borrowed rays of former luminaries, and sat in the same shade with the rest of his generation at the same twilight or the same dawn.

Oratory of Lord Chatham.

All accounts represent these effects to have been prodigious. The spirit and vehemence which animated its greater passages—their perfect application to the subject-matter of debate—the appositeness of his invective to the individual assailed—the boldness of the feats which he

ventured upon—the grandeur of the ideas which he unfolded—the heart-stirring nature of his appeals—are all confessed by the united testimony of his contemporaries; and the fragments which remain bear out, to a considerable extent, such representations; nor are we likely to be misled by those fragments, for the more striking portions were certainly the ones least likely to be either forgotten or fabricated. To these mighty attractions was added the imposing, the animating, the commanding power of a countenance singularly expressive; an eye so piercing that hardly any one could stand its glare; and a manner altogether singularly striking, original, and characteristic, notwithstanding a peculiarly defective and even awkward action. Latterly, indeed, his infirmities precluded all action; and he is described as standing in the House of Lords leaning upon his crutch, and speaking for ten minutes together in an undertone of voice scarcely audible, but raising his notes to their full pitch when he broke out into one of his grand bursts of invective or exclamation. But, in his earlier time, his whole manner is represented as having been beyond conception animated and imposing. Indeed the things which he effected principally by means of it, at least which nothing but a most striking and commanding tone could have made it possible to attempt, almost exceed belief. Some of these sallies are, indeed, examples of that approach made to the ludicrous by the sublime, which has been charged upon him as a prevailing fault, and represented under the name of *Charlatanerie*—a favourite phrase with his adversaries, as in later times it has been with the ignorant undervaluers of Lord Erskine. It is related that once in the House of Commons he began a speech with the words—"Sugar, Mr. Speaker,"—and then, observing a smile to pervade the audience, he paused, looked fiercely around, and with a loud voice, rising in its notes and swelling into vehement anger, he is said to have pronounced again the word "Sugar!" three times, and having thus quelled the house, and extinguished every appearance of levity or laughter, turned round and disdainfully asked, "Who will laugh at sugar now?" We have the anecdote upon good traditional authority; that it was believed by those who had the best means of knowing Lord Chatham is certain; and this of itself shews their sense of the extraordinary powers of his manner, and the reach of his audacity in trusting to those powers.

It remains to speak of Lord Chatham as a private man, and he appears to have

been, in all respects, exemplary and amiable. His disposition was exceedingly affectionate. The pride, bordering upon insolence, in which he shewed himself encased to the world, fell naturally from him, and without any effort to put it off, as he crossed the threshold of his own door. To all his family he was simple, kindly, and gentle. His pursuits were of a nature that shewed how much he loved to unbend himself. He delighted in poetry and other light reading; was fond of music; loved the country; took peculiar pleasure in gardening; and had even an extremely happy taste in laying out grounds. His early education appears to have been further prosecuted afterwards; and he was familiar with the Latin classics, although there is no reason to believe that he had much acquaintance with the Greek. In all our own classical writers he was well versed; and his time was much given to reading them. A correspondence with his nephew, which Lord Grenville published about five and thirty years ago, shewed how simple and classical his tastes were, how affectionate his feelings, and how strong his sense of both moral and religious duty. These letters are reprinted in a work now in the course of publication by the family of Lord Chatham, because the answers have since been recovered; and it contains a great body of other letters both to and from him. Amongst the latter, are to be found constant tokens of his amiable disposition.

Lord Thurlow.

The aspect of Lord Thurlow was more solemn and imposing than almost any other person's in public life, so much so that Mr. Fox used to say, it proved him dishonest, since no man could be so wise as he looked. Nor did he neglect any of the external circumstances, how trifling soever, by which attention and deference could be secured on the part of his audience. Not only were his periods well rounded, and the connecting matter or continuing phrases well fitting in, but the tongue was so hung as to make the sonorous voice peal through the hall, and appear to convey things which it would be awful to examine too near, and perilous to question. Nay, to the more trivial circumstance of his place, when addressing the House of Lords, he scrupulously attended. He rose slowly from his seat; he left the woolsack with deliberation; but he went not to the nearest place, like ordinary Chancellors, the sons of mortal men; he drew back by a pace or two, and, standing as it were adance, and partly behind the huge bale he had quitted for a season, he began to pour out, first in a growl, and then in a clear and louder

roll, the matter which he had to deliver, and which for the most part consisted in some positive assertions, some personal vituperation, some sarcasms at classes, some sentences pronounced upon individuals as if they were standing before him for judgment, some vague mysterious threats of things purposely not expressed, and abundant protestations of conscience and duty, in which they who keep the consciences of kings are apt to indulge.

Lord Mansfield.

It is more necessary to dwell upon the history of this great man, because a practice has prevailed of late years in the profession which he adorned, and even upon the bench which he so much more than any of his predecessors illustrated, of treating him with much less respect than was his due.* The narrow minds of little men cannot expand even to the full apprehension of that excellence with which superior natures are gifted, or which they have by culture attained. They are sufficiently susceptible however of envious feelings to begrudge virtue the admiration which it has justly earned; and jealous that any portion of applause should be drawn away from the puny technicalities of their own obscure walk, they carp at some trifling slips which may have been made in the less weighty matters of the law, the only portions their understandings can grasp. It has thus grown into a kind of habit with some men, very respectable in their own department, to decry Lord Mansfield as no lawyer, to speak lightly of his decisions, and to gratulate themselves that he did not intrude yet greater changes into our legal system by further departure from strict rules. But a more enlarged view even of the rigorous doctrines of our jurisprudence, will at once brush these cavils away, and shew the truth of a position ever denied by the vulgar, both gowned and ungowned, that great minds may be as correct in details, as powerful to deal with the most general principles.

Mr. Fox.

*** In most of the external qualities of oratory, Mr. Fox was certainly deficient, being of an unwieldy person, without any grace of action, with a voice of little compass, and which, when pressed in the vehemence of his speech, became shrill almost to a cry or squeak; yet all this was absolutely forgotten in the moment when the torrent began to pour. Some of the under tones of his voice were peculiarly sweet, and there was even in the shrill and piercing sounds which he uttered when at the more exalted pitch, a power that thrilled the heart of the hearer. His pronunciation of our lan-

guage was singularly beautiful, and his use of it pure and chaste to severity. As he rejected, from the correctness of his taste, all vicious ornaments, and was most sparing, indeed, in the use of figures at all; so, in his choice of words, he justly shunned foreign idiom, or words borrowed, whether from the ancient or modern languages; and affected the pure Saxon tongue, the resources of which are unknown to so many who use it.

If from the orator we turn to the man, we shall find much more to blame and to lament, whether his private character be regarded or his public; but for the defects of the former, there are excuses to be offered, almost sufficient to remove the censure, and leave the feeling of regret entire and alone. The foolish indulgence of a father, from whom he inherited his talents certainly, but little principle, put him, while yet a boy, in the possession of pecuniary resources which cannot safely be trusted to more advanced stages of youth; and the dissipated habits of the times drew him, before the age of manhood, into the whirlpool of fashionable excess. In the comparatively correct age in which our lot is cast, it would be almost as unjust to apply our more severe standard to him and his associates, as it would have been for the Ludlows and Hutchinsons of the seventeenth century, in writing a history of the Roman empire, to denounce the immoralities of Julius Cæsar. Nor let it be forgotten, that the noble heart and sweet disposition of this great man passed unscathed through an ordeal which, in almost every other instance, is found to deaden all the kindly and generous affections. A life of gambling, and intrigue, and faction, left the nature of Charles Fox as little tainted with selfishness or falsehood, and his heart as little hardened, as if he had lived and died in a farm house; or, rather, as if he had not outlived his childish years.

Mr. Windham.

To convey any notion of the oratory of Mr. Windham by giving passages of his speeches is manifestly impossible. Of the mixed tenderness and figure in which he sometimes indulged, his defence of the military policy pursued by him while in office against the attempts made to change it the year after, might be mentioned; the fine speech, especially, in which, on taking leave of the subject, after comparing the two plans of recruiting our army to a dead stick thrust into the ground and a living sapling planted to take root in the soil, he spoke of carving his name upon the tree as lovers do when they would perpetuate the remembrance of their passions, or their

misfortunes. Of his happy allusions to the writings of kindred spirits, an example, but not at all above their average merits, is afforded in his speech upon the peace of Amiens, when he answered the remarks upon the uselessness of the Royal title, then given up, of King of France, by citing the bill of costs brought in by Dean Swift against Marlborough, and the comparative account of the charges of a Roman triumph, where the crown of laurel is set down at twopence. But sometimes he would convulse the House by a happy, startling, and most unexpected allusion; as when on the Walcheren question, speaking of a *coup-de-main* on Antwerp, which had been its professed object, he suddenly said, "A *coup-de-main* in the Scheldt! You might as well talk of a *coup-de-main* in the Court of Chancery." Sir William Grant having just entered and taken his seat, probably suggested this excellent jest; and assuredly no man enjoyed it more. His habitual gravity was overpowered in an instant, and he was seen absolutely to roll about on the bench which he had just occupied. So a word or two artistly introduced would often serve him to cover the adverse argument with ridicule. When arguing that they who would protect animals from cruelty have more on their hands than they are aware of, and that they cannot stop at preventing cruelty, but must also prohibit killing, he was met by the old answer, that we kill them to prevent them overrunning the earth, and then he said in passing, and, as it were, parenthetically—"An indifferent reason, by the way, for destroying fish." His two most happy and picturesque, though somewhat caricatured, descriptions of Mr. Pitt's diction, are, that it was a state-paper style, and that he believed he could speak a king's speech off-hand. His gallantry in facing all attacks was shewn daily; and how little he cared for allusions to the offensive expressions treasured up against him, and all the more easily remembered because of the epigrams in which he had embalméd them, might be seen from the way he himself would refer to them, as if not wishing they should be forgotten. When some phrase of his, long after it was first used, seemed to invite attack, and a great cheer followed, as if he had unwittingly fallen into the scrape, he stopped, and added, "Why I said it on purpose!" or, as he pronounced it, "a purpose;" for no man more delighted in the old pronunciation, as well as the pure Saxon idiom of our language, which yet he could enrich and dignify with the importations of classical phraseology.

From what has been said of Mr. Windham's manner of speaking, as well as of his variously embellished mind, it will rea-

dily be supposed that in society he was destined to shine almost without a rival. His manners were the most polished, and noble, and courteous, without the least approach to pride, or affectation, or condescension; his spirits were, in advanced life, so gay, that he was always younger than the youngest of his company; his relish of conversation was such, that after lingering to the latest moment he joined whatever party a sultry evening (or morning, as it might chance to prove) tempted to haunt the streets before retiring to rest. How often have we accompanied him to the door of his own mansion, and then been attended by him to our own while the streets rang with the peals of his hearty merriment, or echoed the accents of his refined and universal wit! But his conversation, or grave, or gay, or argumentative, or discursive, whether sifting a difficult subject, or painting an interesting character, or pursuing a merely playful fancy, or lively to very drollery, or pensive and pathetic, or losing itself in the clouds of metaphysics, or vexed with paradox, or plain and homely, and all but commonplace, was that which, to be understood, must have been listened to; and while over the whole was flung a veil of unrent classical elegance, through no crevice, had there been any, would ever an unkind or ill-conditioned sentiment have found entrance.

[One of a few portraits appended to the *Sketches of British Statesmen*, by way of contrast, is that of Dr. Franklin: it is very brief and slight, but has some piquancy, such as the remark that "the experiments by which the identity of lightning and electricity was demonstrated, were made with a sheet of brown paper, a bit of twine, a silk thread, and an iron key." The work is produced in good library style, and is illustrated with clever portraits.]

Scientific Facts.

PHOTOGENIC DRAWING.

We quote the following very interesting account of this New Art from the *Athenæum* of Saturday last:

The interest excited by the new art—Photogenic Drawing—still continues. Mr. Cooper, the chemist, has prepared photogenic drawing paper, and Mr. Ackermann a photogenic drawing box, for the use of amateurs and artists. In the meantime, discovery goes forward. Mr. Talbot, in his first Report, paragraph 7, refers to shadow pictures, formed by exposing paintings on glass to solar light. This idea has been carried out by Mr. William Havell, who has, in this way, produced some admirable

etchings, and who last week obligingly addressed to us a full explanation of his process: "A square of thin glass," Mr. Havell observes, "was placed over the well-known etching by Rembrandt of 'Faust conjuring Mephistopheles to appear in the form of a bright star.' I then painted on the high lights with thick white lead mixed with copal varnish, and sugar of lead to make it dry quickly; for the half tints I made the white less opaque with the varnish, and graduated the tints off into the glass for the deep shadows. I allowed this to dry, and the following day, Feb. 27, retouched the whole, by removing with the point of a knife the white ground, to represent the dark etched lines of the original; the glass thus painted, when placed upon black paper, looked like a powerful mezzotint engraving. I placed a sheet of prepared paper upon the painted surface, and, to make the contact perfect, put three layers of flannel at the back, and tied the whole down to a board. There happened to be a bright sun, and in ten minutes the parts of the glass exposed had made a deep purplish black on the paper. On removing the glass I had a tolerably good impression, but the half tints had absorbed too much of the violet ray. I immediately painted the parts over with black on the other side of the glass, which answers to the practice of engravers in stopping out when a plate is bitten in too fast by the acid—this may be wiped off, renewed, or suffered to remain, at pleasure. There is no advantage in letting the glass remain too long in the light, as it deepens the middle tints, and does not blacken the shadows in the same proportion. The fixation with salt entirely failed; but with the iodide of potassium succeeded very well. The effect of the drawing may be heightened at pleasure by touching the lights with strong iodide of potassium, and the darks with a strong solution of the nitrate of silver dropped upon tin with a camel's hair pencil; this instantly turns black: with these the drawing may be invigorated, and the whole will resemble a mezzotint print or a rich sepia drawing. A blackened etching ground readily suggested itself, it having been done many years ago, but I preferred a white ground, made of white lead, sugar of lead mixed with wax and copal varnish: this may be laid on very thin with a silk dabber, or thick by repeating the process; or the various opacities may be introduced according to the subject and effect proposed. Transfer the outline in soft pencil, by rubbing on the back of the paper, and proceed to etch with the etching point, a knife or any hard point to make the bolder lines. Thus, with the glass placed on black paper, the work will look like a spirited drawing

with pen and ink, or under the hands of the engraver, a highly-finished engraving. If the semi-opaque ground be prepared, various middle tints will readily be obtained, and, by touching the high lights with opaque white, or with black at the back, a variety of effects may be produced similar to the double lithography. These processes may be applied to original designs, copies from paintings, portraits, figures, or landscapes; to circular letters, to the multiplying of manuscripts, with illustrations in any part of the page, &c., without the aid of engravers, printers, or presses. Any number may be produced at the same moment of exposition to the light; every pane of glass in the windows of a house may be occupied, by having a back-board to fit the frames, and layers of flannel, or wadding, to make the contact perfect; and the house being darkened is the more favourable for the preparation of the paper and fixation of the photogenic drawings. Its present difficulties and defects are the paper requiring some niceties of manipulation, and only one side of the sheet can be employed. All these will be vanquished, for we shall have paper made of a quality and size favourable to the reception of the process. At present, I have found the Bank note post paper the best—probably it may be worth while to make two pages adhere together, as the paper is very thin. Then there is the drawback of fixing and drying, &c., and few of each subject can be done in the course of the day, unless there be duplicate glasses; yet, as the preparation on the glasses never wears out, causes no dirt, may be altered, improved, and retouched at any time, and only requires care not to break them, the art is perfectly available to those who wish to publish a limited number of illustrations with manuscripts, where it would not be worth the expense of employing engraving or printing; but it is doubtful if it can ever be made to rival the beauty of the former, or the facility of the latter. There are many other applications of this photogenic process, provided any very transparent substance be made sensitive to the operation of light, such as horn, isinglass, or goldbeater's skin. This being accomplished, the transfer of prints, letter-press, or types will be very easy." While on this subject, we may observe that some of our contemporaries continue to argue respecting the discoveries of Mr. Fox Talbot and M. Daguerre, as if a doubt yet existed as to priority. There can be no doubt on the subject. Mr. Talbot himself states that for four or five years his attention has been directed to the subject; whereas there is abundant proof that M. Daguerre had made great progress in his discovery—had

indeed produced many drawings, more than a dozen years since. But we repeat, that the processes are entirely different, and the results different; and having seen specimens of all, including, among the best, those of Mr. Talbot, Sir John Herschel, and Mr. Havell, we distinctly state that those of M. Daguerre far excel any which have been produced in this country.

NEW SENSITIVE PAPER.

On March 21, were read to the Royal Society the following notes respecting a new Sensitive Paper, by H. F. Talbot, Esq.

The method of preparing the paper here referred to, consists in washing it over with nitrate of silver, then with bromide of potassium, and afterwards again with nitrate of silver; drying it at the fire, after each operation. This paper is very sensitive to the light of the clouds, and even to the feeblest daylight. The author supplies an omission in his former memoir on photogenic drawing, by mentioning a method he had invented and practised nearly five years ago, of imitating etchings on copper-plate, by smearing over a sheet of glass with a solution of resin in turpentine, and blackening it by the smoke of a candle. On this blackened surface a design is made with the point of a needle, the lines of which will of course be transparent, and will be represented by dark lines on the prepared paper to which it is applied, when exposed to sunshine. The same principle may be applied to make numerous copies of any writing.

Varieties.

Jessamine.—The village of Mieshij, in Arabia Felix, is celebrated for the quantity of "yasmîn," or jessamine, which grows there; the flowers, stripped off its stalks, and strung upon thread, are daily carried to Mokhû, where they are eagerly purchased by the women, as ornaments for their hair.

"The Americans."—It is to be wished that the people of the United States would adopt some national designation more exact than this. They have really no more right to call themselves "the Americans" than we or the French have to the exclusive title of "the Europeans." But there is at present no other choice but the vulgar and disrespectful phrase of "the Yankees." *Quarterly Review.*

A Change.—About a century and a quarter since, coachmen were regaled with the delicious perfume wafted from the flowerbeds of the gardens belonging to the houses in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury. (See Ainsworth's *Jack Sheppard*.)

Oddities.—In *Nicholas Nickleby*, No. 13, is a droll incident of "a tipsy man who fell through the cellar-flap of an empty house a week before quarter-day, and wasn't found till the new tenant went in;" and another of Mrs. Nickleby's recollections of "a young gentleman who unfortunately went out to Botany Bay in a cadet ship—a convict ship I mean—and escaped into a bush and killed sheep, (I don't know how they got there) and was going to be hung only he accidentally choked himself, and the Government pardoned him."

Society.—The best of all society is everywhere the most difficult of access: the scum floats on the surface.—*Quarterly Review*.

The Plantain is to the South American what potatoes are to the English and Irish peasant, and dates are to the Arab, affording him sustenance through a great part of the year, whilst the leaves are used for thatch for houses, plates, clothes, &c.

Small-pox is a disorder that sometimes spares more than it destroys, and imparts an expression to be sought for in vain in the smoothest complexion. We have seen pitted cheeks, which we would not exchange for dimples and a satin skin.—*Ainsworth*.

Love is very materially assisted by a warm and active imagination, which has a long memory, and will thrive for a considerable time on very slight and sparing food.—*Nickleby*.

Head-ache.—A dilapidated wit observed on the morning after a debauch, "had Leander practised swimming with half the perseverance of my head, he'd never have drowned."

The Fuegians shoot birds with bows and arrows, the latter being pointed with obsidian. They use a driedichen as tinder, and procure fire by the friction of two pieces of pyrites, a fire-stone with which their country abounds.

Old Antiques.—Lord Onslow has in his possession some handles of his dessert knives and forks made from the fragments of stakes reported to have been placed, by Julius Cæsar, at Shepperton, to defend his passage there across the Thames.

Turnpikes.—Defoe appears to have escaped the prejudice against Turnpikes on their first institution; for, writing of them in 1714, he says: "this custom prevailing, 'tis more than probable that our posterity may see the roads all over England restored in their time to such perfection, that travelling and carriage of goods will be more easy, both to man and horse, than ever it was since the Romans lost this island." Had Defoe lived in our times, he would, probably, have foreseen the success of railways.

Steamers.—It seems that we are to build Steamers for the Old World. A large steam-boat has just been launched in the Thames, for Russia; and more than one large man-of-war steamer is actually building in the West of England for the service of France.

A Polish Library is in course of formation by the refugees at Paris. It appears that the extensive library at Zaluski was founded in France under similar circumstances. Poland has, during the last century and a quarter, been strangely robbed of its libraries by Russia. The immense imperial library at St. Petersburg is entirely composed of the spoils of Poland; for, in 1704, Peter I. took from the town of Mittaw 2500 volumes, which formed the nucleus of the imperial collection. In 1772, Catherine II. seized the library of Prince Radzivil, at Nieswiez, composed of 17,000 volumes. In 1795, the public library of Zaluski, computed by the Russians themselves at 260,000 volumes and 11,000 MSS., was carried from Warsaw to St. Petersburg. And, in 1831, the University of Warsaw lost 200,000 vols.; the Philomathic Society, 20,000; the Library of the Council of State, 36,000; and that of Prince Czartoryski, at Pulawy, 15,000. If we add to these the libraries of all suppressed monasteries, we have a total of 700,000 volumes, by which Russia has been enriched at the expense of Poland.—*Corresp. Times*.

State Prisoners.—In the reign of Henry I., state prisoners in the Tower of London were allowed 2s. a day for their subsistence—a large sum in those times, and generally suited to the rank and dignity of the captives.

The Crocus.—The original English variety is not found in any part of the country, with the exception of the Nottingham meadows.

Photogenic Etching, by Mr. Willmore. — The glass being first covered with varnish, is etched out by a graver, the same as with copper-plate; and this is exposed to light with the prepared photogenic paper behind, when the effects of a very beautiful etching are immediately produced.—*Times*.

Ancient Chapel.—In a Chester newspaper is mentioned the discovery of an old chapel on the site of the monastery of Grey Friars in that city. It had been for many years filled with rubbish, and was thought to be a cellar; and it is somewhat strangely added, that nothing has been discovered which could lead to the date of the foundation of the building, although it is stated that "the whole is in admirable preservation."

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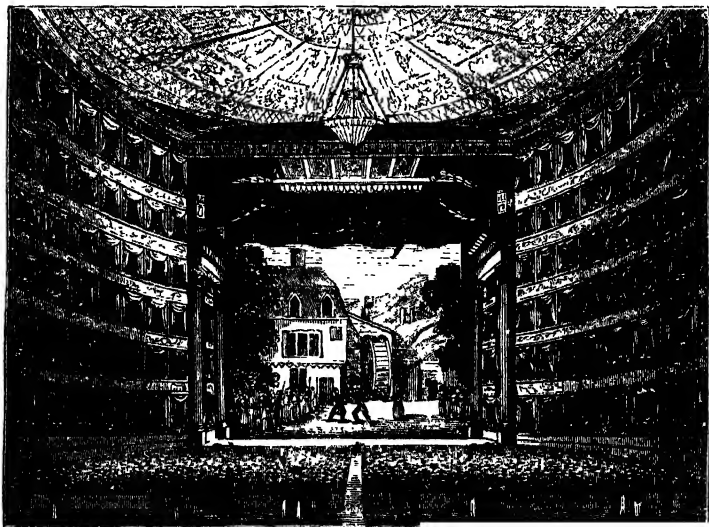
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RECOLLECTIONS OF MILAN.



THE CORONATION MEDAL.



LA SCALA.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MILAN.

It was a fine day last autumn, when we first arrived at Milan. The roguish *velturier* we had engaged to convey us from Novara, had lingered so on the road, eating boiled chesnuts, and talking to any friends he met, totally unmindful of his passengers, that we were not sorry when our conveyance rolled easily along the stone carriage tracks of this elegant city. The vehicle itself was something, in appearance, between a skilby hackney-coach and that species of carriage which we remember to have purchased, in our juvenile days, at the toy-stalls of our fair, for a halfpenny; and which consisted of a little box on wheels, with four sides tapering towards the bottom, and furnished with a little square window; the colour being yellow, ingeniously dotted with red at certain intervals; with a hole in the front boot to put a bit of string through, in order to drag it after us.

Our only *compagnon de voyage* was an old priest—a worthy fellow with whom we divided some hard-boiled eggs we had bought at Verecil for sustenance on the road; and who, in return, gave us much useful information as to how we should employ our time to the best advantage whilst staying at Milan. From his recommendation, we put up at the *Albergo della Croce Bianca*, a neat, clean, and comfortable inn, situated in the *Corso di Porta Verzellina*; and we were far from being displeased with our accommodations. The master was a good-tempered Italian, the *garçon* spoke tolerable French; and the charges were extremely moderate, being the greatest advantage of all; for we were travelling *en étudiant*, with all our little stock of wealth around our waists in a leathern girdle, and we knew, the longer this was made to last, the more we should be able to see for it.

We dined that day *à la belle étoile* in the inn-yard. The inn itself was a miniature resemblance of a London coaching-hotel, having galleries on three sides of the square, formed by its buildings, which were covered with grape-vines in full luxuriance: this, we own, was different from England. The tables were laid at the end nearest the entrance to the house, and we enjoyed a novel and pleasing repast. In the card of the hotel, we were promised *cucina finita tanto a pasto che a conto, vini squisiti d'ogni qualità anche esteri*; and we had no reason to complain. Travellers were arriving and departing during the whole time, while the evening was so calm and lovely, that the flame of our candles never once wavered, although they were unprovided with shades.

"And now," we said, having finished

an excellent dinner, "we will go to *La Scala*." Probably, we were the first travellers that ever walked three hundred miles to go to the opera, but such was one of the great objects of our tour to Milan from Geneva: indeed, we always had a play-going propensity, a lingering fondness for the dirty doorways of a play-house, and a perfect veneration for the check-takers and box-keepers, which latter class, we used to think, must be the happiest men in existence, because they saw the play for nothing every night. But an unexpected difficulty presented itself: the *garçon* thought that caps were not admitted to the pit—we must have hats. Here was a dilemma: we had only two old blue Macintosh caps, bought in England, and we could not go bareheaded, so must hire some hats for the evening. Accordingly, we set out in search of a shop where we could be supplied with them, and having found one, entered into a bargain with the *marchand*, to allow us one a piece upon payment of two francs each; after much haggling and misunderstanding, it is true, for our Italian and his French were about upon a par. Subsequently, this adventure amused us; for we had been misinformed by the *garçon*, so that when we got into the theatre, ours were the only hats there, almost every one wearing a *casquette*.

We had walked two or three times backwards and forwards from our inn to the theatre during the day, so that we might not lose the way in the evening; and this was a good plan, for Milan is rather intricate to strangers, very few of the streets running in right lines. The doors opened at seven, and the opera commenced at eight. We paid two francs and a half (French) for entrance to the pit, and passing along a low corridor, lined by the Austrian guard in their very funny blue pantaloons and half-boots, found ourselves in this renowned *salle*. Perhaps, the first feeling on entering *La Scala* is that of disappointment—at least, we experienced it so: it is not until you have looked around you, and become aware of your own insignificance in the area, that its vast dimensions are apparent, and then you perceive that it is indeed magnificent. There is, however, one drawback: it is badly lighted, one chandelier alone throwing its lustre over the whole interior, and that, we thought, by no means so large as the lustre at our Astley's. All the light is thrown upon the stage—the audience being in comparative gloom. This, of course, greatly deteriorates the splendour of the theatre, but rather adds to its appearance of immensity. The decorations were clean and light, having been newly furnished for the coronation of the Emperor of Austria.

By a fortunate coincidence, for we had wished it might be so, the opera was the divine *Sonnambula* of Bellini. We have always thought the music of this opera the most pathetic and heart-touching in existence. Perhaps, associations, (and how strongly are we governed by them!) may have flung a further charm over it. Many scenes—many lights and shadows of our past life, important and varied as an existence of not many years can comprise, have been so closely connected with the music and representations of our favourite opera, that we never hear it without a thrill of intense emotion—a feeling that we can scarcely define as allied to pain or pleasure, so equally do they mingle. Every passage—every bar—calls up some recollection of bygone times: from the joyous "*Viva Anna!*" of the commencing scene, to the beautiful "*Ah! non giunge*" of the finale, "memory will bring back the feeling" of past hours; which, although sometimes "fraught with sadness," we would not willingly forget.

But there were other associations connected with *La Scala* that awakened a lively interest in us. It was here poor Malibran carried all before her: this was the scene of her greatest triumphs, and here is her name still venerated. A handsome bust has been placed in the *foyer* of the theatre to her memory, since last autumn; but this *souvenir* was not needed. The names of Anna and Fidelio are so coupled with her own, that as long as those operas are played, she will not be forgotten.

The ballet came between the first and second acts of the opera, and was called "*I Figli di Edoardo III.*," founded, as the reader may suppose, on the murder of the young princes in the Tower—an odd subject for a ballet truly! The costumes, however, were exceedingly splendid and correct; but there was too much pantomime, everybody moving at once to the time of the music, which had rather a droll effect, especially when the stage was full. The princes were saved just in time, by some character we could not understand at all; and the ballet concluded with a view of St. Paul's illuminated, and the Coronation-procession up Ludgate-hill! A great many of the audience left as it finished, but we remained during the whole performance, and were highly gratified. Several of the company hear us were speaking of Ernesta Grisi, who had lately made her *début* here. We heard her afterwards at Paris: what successful points she made, she had evidently been tutored in, most probably, by her fair relative Giulia.

On returning home, we had another treat, and one that we shall long remem-

ber: it was the view of Milan cathedral, by moonlight. Its dazzling whiteness, its rich architecture, and its fair and costly proportions, made it appear as the creation of some brilliant dream. We will not attempt to describe it, for the beauty of its outlines in the calm moonbeams cannot even be imagined. Upon the whole, we thought this evening worth the entire trouble of the journey, not only from Paris, but from our own retired village in Surrey.

[The theatre of *La Scala*, built after the designs of Piermarini, is deemed, with respect to architecture, the most beautiful opera-house in Europe; and, except the great theatre at Parma, and that of S. Carlo at Naples, it is the most spacious. The stage-decorations, also, are splendid and classical; and the orchestra is, generally speaking, the best in Italy; but the circumstance most creditable to this, and, indeed, to every other, theatre on the Continent, is that perfect decorum which enables ladies, though unattended, to go, return, and even walk from box to box, without the slightest chance of receiving an insult.—*Mrs. Starke.*]

As a *souvenir* of our journey, we append the beautiful Medal, struck in commemoration of the recent coronation of the Emperor of Austria, at Milan. It is the production of L. Manfredini, and is a most successful specimen of his exquisite art. The figures are bold and effective; the reverse representing the Emperor kneeling to receive the iron crown, (*corona ferrea*.) from the hands of the Archbishop.

ALBERT.

THE REV. SAMUEL HOOLE,

Only son of John Hoole, the translator of Tasso and Ariosto, died, at an advanced age, last month, at Tenterden, in Kent. In early life, he ranked among the literary characters that adorned the last century; and, for some years before his death, had outlived all the persons who frequented the *conversazioni* of Dr. Johnson. In 1782, Mr. Hoole published *Modern Manners, or the Country Cousins*; and about the same period, another poem, called *Edward the Curate*; and though both productions have been long since fast sailing down the stream of oblivion, yet, fifty years ago, they obtained for the author an ephemeral celebrity. Within the last ten years, Mr. Hoole published some volumes of sermons, which have been much approved. By the will of Dr. Johnson, Mr. Hoole was enabled to take from his library and effects such books and furniture as he might think

* The engraving is the size of the medal. An impression, in bronze, of this handsome work, has lately been presented to the British Museum, by Mr. Smith, of Lisle-street, Leicester square.

proper to select, by way of memorial of that great personage. In pursuance of which, he chose a chair in which Dr. Johnson usually sat, and the desk upon which he had written the greater number of the papers of the *Rambler*; both of which Mr. Hoole used constantly, until nearly the day of his death. Among the virtues of the deceased may be enumerated a great liberality of sentiment with regard to religion; strict integrity in the payment of debts; an inflexible regard to the obligation of his word; an abhorrence of falsehood under any circumstances; a remarkable firmness and decision of character; and an exercise of charity from a principle of duty. A slight acquaintance with mankind shews us that these virtues of the severer cast are generally met with in persons more admired than beloved; thus, it must be acknowledged that Mr. Hoole was cold and repulsive in his manners, and altogether unsocial. In 1802, he was appointed chaplain to the East India Company, and resided in that character at Poplar, where the Company has an extensive hospital and chapel: and, upon the formation of Poplar (which had been a hamlet to Stepney) into a parish, he was appointed the rector. Mr. Hoole first drew the vital air in a hackney-coach, which was conveying his mother to Drury Lane Theatre, to witness the performance of the tragedy of *Timanthes*, which had been written by her husband. He was educated at the Merchant Tailors' School, and afterwards went to Oxford. He married, in early life, the only daughter of Mr. Arthur Young, the author of *A Warning to Britain*, &c., by whom he had no issue; and many years after, he married Catherine Warnford, of Dorking, by whom he has left a son.

R.

PASSAGE OF THE GREAT

ST. BERNARD.

(Concluded from page 40.)

THE bell rung for breakfast at half-past seven the next morning, and, on descending to the refectory, we found most of the party of the preceding night assembled. *Café-au-lait* and *Mout* formed our repast; and, when that was finished, our fellow-travellers prepared to start, on their descent back again to Martigny. The mules were, accordingly, ordered; and, in a quarter of an hour, we found ourselves alone in the convent, as we had determined to stay there a day longer, not having sufficiently recovered from our scrambling journey of the day before, to venture on the walk to Aosta. It was Sunday, and a solemnity of a peculiar kind was about to be held in the *Salle des Voyageurs*, in consequence of which the superior politely requested we would remove

to the monks' refectory. We, of course, acceded, and were not sorry for the change, as it gave us an opportunity of passing the day with the holy fathers themselves. One of the youngest, a communicative and intelligent person, told us many anecdotes about the dogs, and stated that their sagacity was much overrated by the world in general. He added, that the anecdotes of their carrying children on their backs, &c., so current amongst us, were mere fables; and that it was their fine sense of smell, chiefly, which enabled them to track out the travellers.* Their chief employment at the convent is as follows:—from the beginning of November to the end of May, the *Marronnier* goes half-way down the mountain every afternoon, (as already mentioned,) to render assistance to such travellers as have lost their way. The snow is sometimes very deep over the path, and the absence of all land-marks renders the passage difficult to discover. It is then that the dogs are of such use in scenting out the track; and also, it is true, in discovering the bodies of such unfortunates as may have perished in the storm, an accident which unhappily occurs but too frequently. We expressed a wish to see the dead-house of the *Hospice*, and one of the fathers immediately offered to guide us to it. Wrapping ourselves well up, we quitted the convent, and passing about a hundred yards through the snow, we came to a small square building about ten feet high, with a floor lower than the level of the ground. The door was locked, but, on looking through the window at the end, we could plainly see the dismal groups that filled it. All were in the same dresses, the same attitudes even, in which they had been found; for the temperature is so unfavourable to anything approaching to putrefaction, that the bodies will keep three years recognisable, and at last they gradually dry up and decay. It was a ghastly sight, however. In the course of our profession, we have been taught to look on death with hardened apathy; we have seen him in all his shapes, from the crowded dead-house of the hospital to the green and festering display in the *Morgue* at Pa-

* The St. Bernard dog has a deep furrow in the nose, which makes it appear double. Mrs. Starke, who does not enter for marvels, relates that one of these dogs saved the lives of fifteen travellers. In the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*, (Menageries, vol. i.) it is related that one of these dogs "saved the lives of twenty-two persons (!) who, but for his sagacity, must have perished." "These wonderful dogs have been usually called mastiffs, probably on account of their great strength; but they strictly belong to the subdivision of spaniels, amongst which are found the sheep-bird's dog, the Esquimaux dog, and the other varieties distinguished for intelligence and fidelity." We suspect the progenitor of these tales of the Alpine mastiffs to be the well-known French print of a dog carrying the poor boy, &c., on his back to the gate of the convent.—Ed. L. W.

ris; from the worn-out victim of consumption to the mangled corpse at the coroner's inquest; but the sight of these unhappy ones moved us strangely as the associations connected with their death came forcibly on our mind. The vain struggling against the fatal drowsiness—the accumulating snow—the roaring bound of the tremendous avalanche, crashing and splitting all before it—and the rending of the mighty glacier,—all bore share in their destruction. We returned silently to the *Hospice*, each unwilling to interrupt the other's reflections.

In the afternoon we attended service in the chapel, as a kind of little compliment to the monks; and they seemed pleased at it, for we heard few visitors did so. We afterwards noticed the monument of General Dessaix; it is very handsome, and must have taken some time and expense for its transportation. The interior of the chapel is excessively neat and well arranged, and several peasants had ascended from the neighbouring villages to assist at the ceremonies, in spite of all the snow, which still fell heavily. About two o'clock, a plain, well-cooked dinner, was served in the *refectoire*; and in the evening we all supped together, in company with some English travellers, who had just come up from Aosta, and who commenced abusing everything in the convent, because there were no carpets in the bed-rooms, and they could not get their shoes blacked! Poor fellows! who was there to look at them; and if there was, who cared whether they had their shoes polished or not?

The next morning, at six o'clock, we were up and on the road, or rather track, to Aosta. It was still snowing, but not so heavily as the day before, and a thaw was producing a melancholy drip from the penthouses of the convent. We had, nevertheless, a most magnificent spectacle occasionally presented to us. Every now and then, the fog before us cleared away for a few seconds, and we saw the snowy Alps glittering in a bright sunshine far below our feet, and backed by a lovely blue sky; but this glorious scene never lasted beyond half a minute. About fifty yards below the *Hospice*, we passed a rough stone cross, and we were in Italy! An undefinable sensation crept over us at this point of our journey. There was nothing surrounding us save lofty and barren mountains of granite, but in an instant we conjured up Florence, Naples, Rome, Venice, and Milan, in dreamy grandeur before us. We were in Italy—the land of bright skies, and citron groves, and olives, and barcarolles: we were in Italy—the cradle and nursery of music, painting, and architecture; and we were about to exchange the rustic *chalets* of Switzerland, for the more elaborate edifices of the south, and

the dreams of nature for the works of art. As we descended, pastures gradually appeared; then a solitary cottage; next a hamlet; and then a little more cultivated land, which kept increasing until the *l'allée d'Aoste* broke upon us in all its luxuriant grandeur. The change had been most fairy-like; a sultry heat had taken the place of the bitter cold we felt at starting; vines were growing in all directions around us as far as the sight could reach, arranged in beautiful amphitheatres along the hills, or clinging in festoons from tree to tree, far more elegant than the stunted and raspberry-looking dwarfs of the *Côte d'Or*. The afternoon sun was declining amidst clouds of deep-red gold as we entered Aosta, throwing a fine light along its lovely valley, and all looked bright and beautiful. We only hoped to meet here with half the true hospitality we had found amongst the eternal snows of the Great St. Bernard.

ALBERT.

PRESERVATION OF NATIONAL EDIFICES. •

THE Ancient Public Buildings of a nation are the most important memorials of the arts, the sciences, and the history of its people. This is sufficiently manifested by the interest that attaches to the vast ruins of Egypt, and the more florid and elaborate works of ancient Greece and Rome. These are not merely objects of curiosity and study to the architect and antiquary, but are visited with avidity by all classes of travellers; and their national and historical peculiarities are matters of minute discussion amongst scholars of all countries. If Great Britain, and the other northern parts of Europe, do not offer to the traveller and architectural antiquary buildings of equal interest, or of such classical associations, it must be evident that they contain others, equally valuable to the man of science and the general historian. The splendid cathedrals and monastic churches of the middle ages are unparalleled in their scientific principles, in their endless novelty of design, in their picturesque and artistic combinations, by any of the pagan edifices of more ancient times. Even these, however, are old, and, like buildings of more remote eras, are fast decaying,—are successively crumbling beneath the slow, but certain, operations of time, and the more rapid battering and spoiliations of man. The French government have recently appointed a commission, to investigate and report on the present state, and former characteristics, of the antiquities of their nation, and have also appropriated an annual sum of money to preserve and repair them. This is honourable and commendable: and we are much gratified to learn that some members of

our own legislature are, at length, roused to a due sense of the value and interest of our *indigenous antiquities*; and that parliamentary measures will be adopted to inquire into such matters. Although too late to recover what is lost, there is still scope to effect much good; to check the progress of a disease which may be said to prey upon our character as a nation, and to class us amongst the barbarians of an uncivilized community.

A CORRESPONDENT.

Popular Antiquities.

PALACE OF THE BISHOPS OF CHICHESTER.

THE Bishops of Chichester resided formerly in Chancery-lane, where is still an avenue called *Chichester-rents*; and, between *Cursitor-street* and *Bream's-buildings*, is an old house lying rather back from the street, and having some low shops before it, which is said to have been the Palace of those Prelates. In this house Cromwell signed the warrant for the decapitation of King Charles; after which it was called for some time "the House of Blood;" but it is now commonly known by the name of "the Red House." Some of the apartments are rather spacious; but the fabric has been subject to so many different modern innovations, that it would be difficult for any one but an antiquary to pronounce, for certain, any of the rooms as genuine remains of the ancient Palace. The Bishops of Chichester still exercise ownership over *Symonds-inn*, which, it is believed, is the only portion they possess in this part of their primitive domains. One of the tenants of that inn having been a few weeks ago much annoyed by want of water, made a complaint to the Bishop of Chichester upon the subject; and, though there were several intervening interests between the tenant and his lordship, the Bishop, with an urbanity honourable to him no less as a prelate than as a gentleman, paid immediate attention to the application, and did not desist until he had done all in his power to get the inconvenience removed. Dr. Otter has been long esteemed for liberality of sentiment in matters of religion, as well as for the exercise of many private virtues.

A CORRESPONDENT.

THE CAMDEN SOCIETY.

"Camden, the Nourice of Antiquitie,
And lantern unto late succeeding age,
To see the light of simple veritie
Buried in ruines (through the great outrage
Of her owne people led with warlike rage.)
Camden! though time all monuments obscure,
Yet thy just labours ever shall endure."

SPENSER.

DURING last year, an Association bear-

ing the above name, was formed "for the publication of early Historical and Literary Remains," or, in other words, for the printing of *inedited MSS.*, and the reprinting of such Documents, Letters, ancient Poems, &c., as are little known, yet are valuable materials for the Civil, Ecclesiastical, or Literary History of the United Kingdom; although such undertakings would not be commercially profitable to a publisher. The works are not to be printed in the usual costly bibliographical or rather bibliomaniacal style, but "in the most convenient form, and at the least possible expense that is consistent with the production of useful volumes." To secure a wide extension of this excellent design, the annual subscription is limited to one pound, and each subscriber is entitled to one copy of every work printed. The number of subscribers is limited, (by motives of economy,) to 1,000: there are already enrolled 900; and, before the 2nd of May, (the anniversary of Camden's birth,) and the first General Meeting, the list, it is expected, will be filled.

The Society consists of a President, (Lord Francis Egerton,) a Council, and Auditors; with Secretaries in the principal cities and towns of the kingdom, and in Paris and Vienna. In the list, we find the Duke of Sussex, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and the Presidents of the Royal Society and the Society of Antiquaries; the leading Fellows of these Societies, and Patrons and Professors of Literature and Art throughout the kingdom, generally. Members are invited to contribute or recommend works for publication, the management of which is entrusted to the Council, who appoint competent editors of the respective works. It is proposed to issue five volumes during the present season: four of these are before us, and have already been thus noticed by a correspondent of the *Times*, in a communication detailing the main objects of the Camden Society, whence the following is abridged:—

The first, and perhaps the most important, is *The Historie of the Arrivall of King Edward II. in England, and the finall Recoverie of his Kingdomes from Henry I. in A.D. 1471.* Written by an Anonymous whoe was living at the same time, and a Servant to the said King E. II., which has been very ably edited by Mr. Bruce, the treasurer of the Society, from a transcript in the handwriting of Stow, the chronicler, preserved among the Harleian manuscripts. This work is exceedingly valuable, having been written upon the spot, immediately after the event which it relates.—"All the other narratives either emanated from partisans 'of the adverse faction,' or were written after the subsequent triumph of the

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House of Lancaster, when it would not have been prudent, perhaps not safe, to publish anything which tended to relieve the Yorkists from the weight of popular odium which attached to the real or supposed crimes of their leaders." The Restoration of Edward IV. being "an almost unparalleled event," fully justifies the selection of this work as the opening volume of the Society's design.

King Johan: a Play in two parts. By John Bale; edited by J. Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A., from the MS. of the Author in the Library of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, is very interesting, "inasmuch as it contains many of the elements of historical plays, such as they were acted at our public theatres 40 or 50 years afterwards, as well as some of the ordinary materials of the old moralities, which were gradually exploded by the introduction of real or imaginary characters on the scene. Bale's play, therefore, occupies an intermediate place between moralities and historical plays; and, being the only known existing specimen of that species of composition of so early a date, is deserving the special attention of literary and poetical antiquaries."

The Alliterative Poem on the Deposition of King Richard II., which has been edited by Mr. Wright, the author of *Queen Elizabeth and her Times*, from a MS. in the public library in the University of Cambridge, is a curious contribution to our civil and literary history. "The poem bears internal evidence," says the editor, "of having been written after the time when the king fell into the hands of his enemies, and before the intention of deposing him was publicly known. In its style, it is an imitation of the popular poem of 'Piers Plowman,' of which it seems to have been intended as a continuation; and it possesses much of the energy and spirit which characterize so strongly that famous satire."

The Plumpton Correspondence. A Series of Letters, chiefly domestic, written in the reigns of Edward II., Richard III., Henry V., and Henry VIII., ably edited by Mr. Stapleton, from Sir Edward Plumpton's book of letters. "The volume, which is a goodly quarto of some 400 pages, may be said to rival in some degree the well-known *Paston Letters* in the insight which it affords us into the state of society, and the domestic life of our ancestors during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. We have letters describing the law-suits in which the celebrated Empson had contrived to involve Sir Robert Plumpton, the then head of the family; and by which we may trace the progress of the suit, which, step by step, reduced the unfortunate knight to such straits, that at the commencement of the next reign, though he had the satisfaction

to see Empson beheaded, he found himself a prisoner in the Compter and dependant for subsistence on the bounty of his son. We have also, among others, some sad roguish letters from Edward Plumpton, secretary to Lord Strange, to Sir Robert Plumpton, praying the knight to assist him in his project of marrying a widow well to do in the world. We have sporting letters and letters of business, and we have letters, on the business which comes home to every man—his religion."

The fifth and remaining work of this season,—a Collection of Anecdotes and Traditions, illustrative of Early English History and Literature, edited by Mr. Thomas, from MS. sources,—is in the press; as is the sixth volume—Political Songs in Latin, Anglo-Norman, and English, written in England in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; edited by Mr. Thomas Wright. A promising list of works has also been suggested for publication.

The spirit in which the Society has been framed, and hitherto conducted, augurs well for its success and utility. Among the list "suggested" is Sir John Hayward's *Annals of the First Four Years of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth*, a very desirable work, notwithstanding Camden's excellent digest of the event of Elizabeth's times. The other "suggestions" are of works illustrative of Ecclesiastical History, and Latin poems, chiefly of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. We hope that Topographical History will not be forgotten in the Society's choice.

London Exhibitions.

THE INVISIBLE GIRL.

As the Committee of the Gallery of Practical Science have thought fit to revive this tantalizing wonder of some thirty years since, it may be interesting to quote, from Sir David Brewster's *Natural Magic*, the following explanation of its mechanism. The inventor was an ingenious Frenchman, one M. Charles; and so popular was his exhibition, that "the Invisible Girl" is commemorated in a niche which many *visibles* would be proud to occupy—she is enshrined in the amber of lyric poetry; she has committed

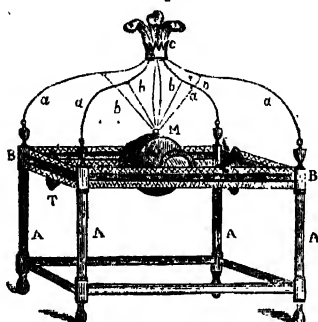
"flirtation with the muse of Moore."

The machinery is shewn in Fig. 1, in perspective, and a plan of it in Fig. 2. The

* Who does not remember "Lines to the Invisible Girl." By the way, this revival of Exhibitions appears to be a taking thought of the *entrepreneurs* of the day. One or two Locomotives, now exhibiting, are but resuscitations of the Velocipedes of our time; and "the Eccaleobion" is but a repetition of the art of Hatching Chickens by artificial heat, shewn in Piccadilly some fourteen or fifteen years since.

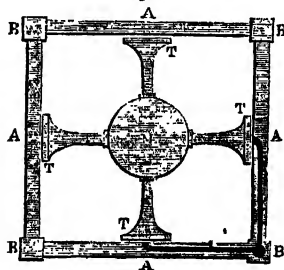
four upright posts, A, A, A, A, are united at top by a cross rail B, B, and by two similar rails at bottom. Four bent wires, a, a, a, a, proceeded from the top of these

Fig. 1.



posts, and terminated at c. A hollow copper ball M, about a foot in diameter, was suspended from these wires by four slender ribands, b, b, b, b, and into the copper ball were fixed the extremities of four trumpets, T, T, T, T, with their mouths outwards.

Fig. 2.



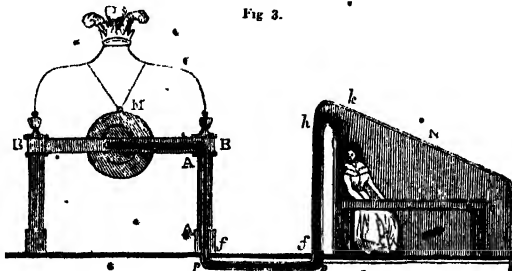
The apparatus now described was all that was visible to the spectator; and although fixed in one spot, yet it had the appearance of a piece of separate machinery, which might have occupied any other part of the room. When one of the spectators

was requested by the exhibitor to propose some question, he did it by speaking into one of the trumpets at T. An appropriate answer was then returned from all the trumpets, and the sound issued with sufficient intensity to be heard by an ear applied to any of them; and yet it was so weak that it appeared to come from a person of very diminutive size. Hence, the sound was supposed to come from an invisible girl, though the real speaker was a full-grown woman. The invisible lady conversed in different languages, sang beautifully, and made the most lively and appropriate remarks on the persons in the room.

The ball M and its trumpets communicated with nothing through which sound could be conveyed. The spectator satisfied himself by examination that the ribands, b, b, were real ribands, which concealed nothing, and which could convey no sound; and, as he never conceived that the ordinary piece of frame-work, A B, could be of any other use than its apparent one of supporting the sphere M, and defending it from the spectators, he was left in utter amazement respecting the origin of the sound; and his surprise was increased by the difference between the sounds which were uttered and those of ordinary speech.

Though the spectators were thus deceived by their own reasoning, yet the process of deception was a very simple one. In two of the horizontal railings, A, A, Fig. 2, opposite the trumpet mouths T, there was an aperture communicating with a pipe or tube which went to the vertical post B, and descending it, as shewn at T, A, A, Fig. 3, went beneath the floor f, f, in the direction p, p, and entered the apartment N, where the invisible lady sat. On the side of the partition about h, there was a small hole, through which the lady saw what was going on in the exhibition room, and communications were, no doubt, made to her by signals from the person who attended the machine. When one of the spectators asked a question by speaking into one of the trumpets T, the sound was reflected from the mouth of the trumpet

Fig. 3.



THE INVISIBLE GIRL.

back to the aperture at A, in the horizontal rail, Fig. 2, and was distinctly conveyed along the enclosed tube into the apartment N. In like manner the answer issued from the aperture A, and being reflected back to the ear of the spectator by the trumpet, he heard the sounds with that change of character which they receive when transmitted through a tube, and then reflected to the ear.

The surprise of the auditors was greatly increased by the circumstance, that an answer was returned to questions put in a whisper; and also by the conviction that nobody but a person in the middle of the audience could observe the circumstances to which the invisible figure frequently adverted.

New Books.

THE BOY'S COUNTRY BOOK.

EDITED BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

[THE plan of this little volume is to sketch the real life of a Country Boy, as written by himself, and to exhibit "the amusements, pleasures, and pursuits of children in the country." We opine the editor to be the hero of the design, which he has worked out with an amiability and success which must render his "Country Book" universally popular. It must not, however, be regarded as a manual of the everyday sports and pastimes of boyhood, for their details are but slightly touched upon. It abounds rather in the artless philosophy of childhood, and paints its pleasing scenes, its joys and sorrows, its varied passions and motley incidents, in a spirit of *naturalness* which must be charming to every reader—from "the whining schoolboy" to him "with spectacles on nose." To one of the latter class, of long experience in the stern realities of life, we know an instance of this little work having yielded a few hours of pure delight. The interest of the book is no secret, although it is most ingeniously kept up by the author; for, who can be insensible to the happiness of home, and the fancied woes of school; the indulgence of some and the sternness of others; and a thousand other impressions upon the waxen minds of youth. Such influences are chronicled by the author with close fidelity, yet without trifling; and in a generous and kindly tone, which is admirably tempered with inviting precept throughout.

The Country Book is arranged in chapters, commencing with an account of the birth-place of the Boy, on the borders of the Peak of Derbyshire, the *characters* of the village, his playmates, and the acquisition of a "knowledge of all sorts of sports, mischief, climbing, rabbit-keeping, birds'-

nesting, fishing, &c." Speaking of the unreal dangers of boyhood, the author relates:]

A certain hardihood and daring, acquired in boyish country life, are often the hurriers of future destination. The celebrated Lord Clive, when a simple village lad, was found astride on a spout on the top of the church steeple. The story of Lord Nelson's laddish wanderings in the country, when he was asked by his uncle if he had no fear of strolling so far, and his reply, that "he never saw fear," is well known. I do not mean however to advocate rashness in children, or carelessness in parents; a watchfulness on the part of parents and guardians is always necessary, and every child should be taught not to run wilfully into peril; but it seemed right for me here to intimate that undue caution and overweening fearfulness are equally erroneous, as producing timidity of character, or ignorance of much that is of inestimable value. What a world of knowledge and of beautiful ideas we should have lost had not Shakspeare rambled about the country in his boyhood.

[In the second chapter appears Peter Scroggins, the pony, an important actor in the little drama of life; and then we have "the collieries" neatly described, and a journey into the Peak related; next our Boy's village associates, and the village trades; birds'-nesting and gardening; pleasures of different seasons; horsemanship, rabbit-keeping, and dogs; juvenile mechanics; "days at my grandfather's;" fireside amusements; school-days; and our Boy grown up. With these matters are pleasantly narrated stock stories, lively anecdotes of peculiar persons, examples of good and bad qualities, with studies of character, homely reflections, bits of verse, facts in natural history, and interesting odds and ends, all which features give the charm of variety and originality to almost every page. The portraits of boys are freshly drawn from the play-ground and the field; they are not mere book heroes, but sketches from the life. A few extracts may impart some idea of the healthy tone in which this unpretending little volume is written, as well of its fascinating attraction. Here is a beautiful passage on]

Gardening in Boyhood.

It is a delightful occupation; the freshness and acuteness of the enjoyment of a garden are never so truly experienced as at that age. Who does not recollect the delight and luxury of that time. Everything then is perceived with a clearness and minuteness never afterwards known. Coming years bring rival cares and attachments, and the heart never more launches itself so singly and entirely on its objects.

Every plant, every leaf, nay, every indentation of leaf, and every speck and spot on stem, leaf, or flower, is marked on the mind with wonderful vividness. How strongly did we then perceive the beauty of every seed that we received to set. The round and rich brown sweet-pea, the polished and speckled lupin, the dark gunpowdery grains of the larkspur, the crumpled nasturtium, the long black sunflower. What treasures were then our vegetable snail-shells, cock-combs, hares-feet, sedums, London-pride, and foxes-tails, or red amaranths! With what vigour and enthusiasm did we then bring forth our tools on a fine spring morning; dig over all the fresh mould, and plant lupins, sweet peas, everlasting peas, mignonette seeds, and many others; and what a joy it was to water them, and break down the crusty surface as the sun baked it; and to be up in the morning and discover any young plant as it peeped out of the earth; O! those were days of dear delights, cheaply purchased! There were mustard and cress to be sown in circles, or in the letters of our names: and when our lupins, and sweet-peas, and larkspurs grew, how we watched every inch of their progress, and every leaf as it expanded itself, and every bud as it reared itself higher and higher in the air! and when out came the flowers, red, and white, and purple, and flesh colour; and the bees were humming on our own flowers on a sunny summer's-day; actually gathering honey from our *own flowers*! I leave it to every one to imagine, or to recollect for himself the depth of those delights, very sure that he can recall none more exquisite. There is many a proud and happy gardener in this country, where gardening is so much pursued and enjoyed; but the proudest and happiest is the boy-gardener, or his sister.

I shall speak hereafter of Ackworth School, when I come to school-days; but I must here say, that of all the gardens of children that I have seen, none can compare with those of the lads there. Their garden-ground is situated at the lower end of their play-ground, and consists of a square piece of land, lying between the end of the school and the great garden of the establishment. As there are 180 lads, the gardens are 180 in number, each being about three yards long, and a yard and a half wide. They lie parallel to each other, with a walk between each; so that every boy can have the pleasure of walking past every garden, without trespass or annoyance to any one.

These gardens are kept with admirable neatness, and in summer present out gay scene of varied colours and sweet odours. Here the lads spend a great deal of their

time gardening or reading. Every one has a *weat trowel*, with which he contrives to do all his work, digging, raking, transplanting, and what is more, he builds a little wall along each side of his garden, which prevents the soil from getting into the walks. These walls are made of earth, mixed with water into a stiff mud, and well tempered, as clay is for brick-making. The walls are made about four or five inches high, and five wide, and when dry resemble very much a rim of stone. The greatest care is taken to make them straight and smooth. Very often the upper, outer edge is rounded handsomely off, or it is left quite sharp; but these little walls are always smoothened by the trowel dipped in water, and the cracks carefully filled and smoothened over in the same manner, so that they have the neatest appearance imaginable. Besides these walls, they also build the most ingenious little houses in their gardens, of the same material; perhaps two feet high, as tool or seed houses, or as the occasional deposit of a book. These are sometimes made square at top,—top, sides and all being mud; others are neatly thatched, and all have regular doors, often porches, and always little glass windows. Standing amongst their gay shew of flowers, they have the funniest little fairy-land look imaginable. Other boys again have farm-houses, with cattle stalls in the farm-yard and sheds, with cribs and cattle and houses all cut very cleverly in wood. There are pools of water, and ducks and geese and swans upon them; and other boys amuse themselves by erecting a Tower of Babel, or a Solomon's Temple.

It is obvious that one of these works must cost a great deal of time, invention, and labour; but then it is a source of endless pleasure, especially as while it is going on it is a matter of great curiosity to the whole school, and many are the plans and improvements suggested; and much is the enjoyment derived from the owner's companions joining him in all his schemes and labours. Every one who sees these gardens is struck with admiration, both of the particular ingenuity of these things, and of the general beauty of the whole. All boys who have gardens might adopt this practice of the Ackworth lads with great advantage, and would find a world of pleasure in erecting these mud castles, which I never saw raised anywhere else.

Pleasures of Boyhood.

Every season brings its pursuits, independently of the common sports of children; and the pleasantness of nature, and

* Of the common sports of children I have nothing under this head, as they belong to the country

the newness of life, give them a perpetual zest. Man is a being that must be pursuing some object; the boy in the country has a thousand objects of beauty and curiosity to call forth his attention and his ardent spirit, and he is happy as the day is long, at the same time that he is laying up a store of health and strength for years of care, and grave duties that will come as he grows up. Let those talk of the miseries of childhood that will, I never knew misery in mine; and woe to him that makes the glad heart of infancy sad! He sears the bud of future promise—he is making that woful which God intended to be glad as the angels in heaven. The wisest and the best of men, let them have grown great, and learned, and honourable as they might, have always looked back to the shining days of their early youth, ere care had made its nest in the heart, and said with a sigh, "O that I were a boy once more!" But as we can only be boys once, the only way is to enjoy ourselves as boys in the best and most rational manner that we can.

HOME SERVICE. BY BENSON EARLE HILL.

[THE author of this very agreeable work enjoys the reputation of being one of the most accomplished story-tellers of the day; and we know him to merit this celebrity. His former work, the "Recollections of an Artillery Officer," including his adventures in Ireland, America, Flanders, and France, obtained extensive popularity, which must be increased by the "Home Service; or, Scenes and Character from Life, at Out and Head Quarters." Both works are alike redolent of wit and humour, and that peculiar art of telling a story well, which goes far towards a jest's prosperity. The neatness and finish of his anecdotes are surprising; yet they do not tire by their minuteness, but invigorate by their epigrammatic smartness; the point telling in the right place and at the proper moment. Indeed, it is long since we have read such capital anecdotes as the "Home Service" contains: the narrator has certainly been favoured by circumstances; for a military life, heightened by a *penchant* for the stage, must surely be one of the gayest phases of existence. There is, besides, throughout these volumes a tone of *bonhomie* which is admirable setting for its *vivâ voce* gems of the first water: *e. g.* a few specimens.]

and town boy alike. Yet these are as much influenced by the changes of the seasons, as any of the sports or amusements of grown people. At one time one particular play is in vogue, at another time another play: marbles, kites, shuttlecocks, hoops, etc., as every one must have noticed, make their periodical appearance as regularly as the London season of the fashionables, the opening of theatres, operas, and exhibitions, or the hunting, shooting, and racing seasons of the country gentleman.

A Sea of Troubles.—"Confound it George!" said I to a younger brother of mine, "do leave off that eternal allusion of your's, 'When I was up the Mediterranean;' it reminds me of an old purser I once had the misfortune of being condemned to meet every day for some weeks, who made it a point to prelude his tiresome relations with, 'When I was in the Arches of Peligo.' Do, my dear fellow, favour me now and then with some adventure unconnected with the everlasting Mediterranean."

Rural Etiquette.—Mrs. W—, having a *presentiment* that Mr. Hill intends favouring her with a visit this day, announces that her hour for chocolate is from one till two.

Pitifully Nervous.—A broken down lady, having set up as a cake woman, used to glide down bye-lanes at night, feebly tinkling her bell, and murmuring under her breath, "Muffins! I hope to Heaven nobody will hear me!"

A Simile.—I was once given a letter of introduction to a charming talented (?) old maiden, never prepared for the fact that I should find her visage decked with so Nestor-like a beard, that, when she ate green pea-soup, she must have looked like a river-god.

Shakspeare's Cliff.—Stupendous as it still remains, must have lost a considerable portion of its altitude since the days of the Bard, and, certainly, much more since the time of Lear; a fact easily ascertained by the immense quantity of chalk which has rolled down from its original station into the sea, forming almost a natural pier of some extent.

Sick of Concert.—On leaving Ledger's reading room at Dover, I was about to ask some question of the worthy proprietor, when an elderly gentleman, whose appearance bespoke a hale constitution, entered, and inquired if Mr. Ledger had a copy of Buchan's Domestic Medicine for sale.

"I have not," replied the obliging bookseller, "but will procure it for you, from London, by return of post, sir."

"You are very kind," returned the would-be customer, "but I wished to consult it this very day, on a matter of serious import to me. I am sorry to appear so troublesome, but do you think you could borrow a copy for me? I will leave treble its value in your hands, to insure its safe return—but I do wish, very much indeed, to see it to-day."

"I have a copy, at your service, sir," said Dr. Broadrip, stepping forward, "and will send it immediately; let your boy run to my house, Ledger!"

"Sir, I am infinitely obliged to you," bowed the unknown.

The Doctor's residence was within a few doors of the library, and the required volume was speedily procured. It was placed in the hands of the stranger, who, with a million of thanks, retired to peruse its contents. The moment he had quitted the shop, Mr. Ledger said:—

"Doctor, I am surprised at *your* lending such a work—you, a physician, a regular practitioner, supplying the gentleman with a book with which he will perhaps cure himself, and rob you of a patient."

"You are mistaken," friend Ledger," replied the Doctor, "it was to insure a patient that I lent him Buchan; he will, as he reads, persuade himself that he is labouring under half, if not all the diseases described, and will very shortly be obliged to consult me, on his newly-discovered maladies."

The event proved the truth of the Doctor's prediction. The stranger brought back the volume the next day, looking in a state of nervous excitement; and, after sundry expressions of gratitude to the lender, asked the librarian if he could recommend him to a physician, as he dreaded a serious illness. Ledger named Dr. Broadrip. The gentleman was delighted to find in his medical adviser the disinterested possessor of Buchan; and many a golden guinea chinked in the purse of the prophetic Broadrip, from the hoards of this "*malade imaginaire*."

Odd Housewifery.—Mrs. Montgomery was the only—the motherless daughter of the stern General Campbell, who early installed her in the duties of housekeeper, and expected this giddy puss to give in her accounts with the precision of a Mrs. Decorum; but it sometimes, happened that, in setting down the articles purchased, and their prices, she "put the cart before the horse;" her gruff papa never lectured her verbally, but wrote his remarks on the margin of the paper, and returned it for correction. One such instance was as follows:—"General Campbell thinks five-and-sixpence exceedingly dear for Parsley." Henrietta instantly saw her mistake; but, instead of formally rectifying it, wrote against the next item—"Miss Campbell thinks *twopence-halfpenny* excessively cheap for fowls;" and sent it back to her father.

Hamlet.—I remember being much amused at seeing old Copeland, who had played Polonius, assist in digging his daughter's grave; and, when sent off by his companion of the spade and mattock, to fetch a stoup of liquor from Youghan, throwing a black gown over his working dress, and advancing as a priest at the head of the funeral procession.

Captain Thomson, who personated the

Ghost, was a precise elocutionist, and pronounced "Adieu, Adieu, Adieu!" with so Gallic an accent, that a wag shouted—"I say, you are taking French leave of us!"

The family of the "top lawyer of the place" frequently attended our balls. On the brothers arriving once, without any of their sisters, their remarkable name gave somebody an opportunity for complaining that there were "so many Knockers, and not one belle."

Marking Linen.—My friend M——, who was a fine fellow, and had seen most of the Peninsular campaign, kindly invited me to the mess. Washing my hands in his room before dinner, I observed an unusual collection of letters embroidered at one end of the towel he handed me—on making out the characters, I found, instead of his name at full length, which I at first supposed it was, that the inscription ran thus—"We the Artillery of the First Division." I requested an explanation, and learnt that his family had been much amused, whilst perusing the letters he wrote from the seat of war, by his frequent phrase—"We the artillery," &c.; and that he having hinted how acceptable a new set of shirts, table cloths, towels, &c., would be, they had forwarded to him the desired linen, every bit of which the fair hands of his female relatives had marked in the same whimsical manner which I found upon the towel.

Portical Supper.—Moore's Oriental Romance was new; writing down its title, I sent for it, to the Circulating Library at which I subscribed, by the very maid whose "carrots and geraniums" flourish in my first series. After a long absence she returned, saying—"Please, zur, Mrs. Routh wunt ha none till the next ship da come in; and at Merryweather's, awver the Change, it be three shillings a pound." "What d'ye mean, girl? I sent you to Rees's!" "Iss, zur, zur, and thur I went; but a tould I that were my mistake, and zent I right." "Why, surely, he couldn't understand—" "Oh, a did though, well anough, zur, thof I'd a lost the peaper, I zed the neame playn out to'n." "What name, child?" "Why, arrow-root, zur." Fancy "Lalla Rookh" warm with sugar, to be taken at bed-time.

Cause of Insanity.—"You see, sir, (said the landlady of the Crown Inn, at Slough) there is a little pinnacle at the very top of the brain, about as long as this," and she held up the little finger of her right hand, marking the length of the first joint, by crossing it with the fore-finger of the left; "it comes to a point as fine as the top of an extinguisher, and, if any poor soul gets into trouble, or loses a dear friend, why this little pinnacle loses its

balance, and falls over"—here she crooked her minute digit, "and the weight of it upon the brain drives the patient mad. Poor dear man! his little pinnacle will never be upright again." Although this good woman might be in error, she shared her mistake with many a philosopher, who has considered the pineal gland as the seat of reason.

Troy Liquefied.—Learning from the papers that Yates was starring at Bath, I resolved to pay a visit to that gay city. I found him in unusually good spirits, and every way satisfied with the result of his trip. I attended the theatre, and had the gratification of seeing the prominent characters of Brutus and Cassius sustained by men in whose fate I felt a deep interest. Warde enacted the high-souled Roman; Yates, the lean and hungry conspirator.

A trifling circumstance occurred, which occasioned considerable amusement to those near enough to be aware of the fact, but almost paralyzed the exertions of the actor for the rest of the evening. Yates, in his first scene, had to deliver the passage—

"I, as *Aeneas*, our great ancestor,
Did, from the flames of Troy, upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of
Tyber," &c.

This, by some unaccountable nervousness, he gave as follows—

"I, as *Aeneas*, our great ancestor,
Did, from the flames of Tyber, upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Troy"—

It happened that the venerable Mrs. Piozzi was sitting in the stage box, close to the Proscenium, and such a ludicrous perversion of her darling Shakspeare could not pass unnoticed; in her enthusiasm, she cried aloud—

"Text, Mr. Yates, text; *flames of Troy, waves of TYBER*, if you please."

This unexpected correction nearly swamped poor Cassius; he seemed half disposed to laugh, or fly the field, and let Mrs. Piozzi finish the part for him; but an assurance in an under tone from Warde, that the lady's prompting had not been observed by the audience, induced him to proceed; and having, in the course of the scene, perfectly recovered his self-possession, he addressed, most pointedly, to the companion of Johnson, the speech running—

"I'm glad that my *weak words*
Have struck but this much show of fire from
Brutus."

Periodicals.

THE SPORTING REVIEW.—No. 4.

A Hint in Season.—A large statue was made at Rome to crown the top of one of the pillars there; it was a work of art of

which Phidias or Chantrey might have been proud, being "*factus ad unguem*:" the utmost anxiety was evinced that not a scratch should be inflicted to disturb the smoothness of every limb and feature. Bulls and edicts were issued, forbidding any person, on pain of death, to utter a word (lest the attention of the workmen, engaged in raising it, should be diverted from their object) until it was safely placed on the top. The statue was wound up, and up, and up, *oberly*, slowly, and safely, before a countless multitude of spectators, all anxious, breathless, and silent as the marble itself. The upper part of the heel of the statue just reached the upper part of the capital; a few inches more would have raised it to surmount it and to take its stand; but the tackles were *block and block*, and no apparent power could elevate it one hair's breadth higher. The pause, the silence (for even that was more profound than before, inasmuch as now not a cog-wheel *clicked*, not a rope *complained*, not a pulley rattled), the dismay, the anxiety were all at last dispelled and interrupted by a British sailor singing out, at the top of his voice, "Why don't you wet the ropes, you lubbers?" He was immediately arrested and taken off towards the prison; but before his incarceration, he had explained his meaning, and was in consequence led back to the scene of action, or, as it was now, of inactivity; for there was the statue stuck fast. *Jack's* advice was soon taken, the ropes were wetted, and, by their consequent contraction, the statue was raised, and soon set up in its proper position! Thus, be it observed, "*throwing cold water*" on our neighbour's exertions, however paradoxical it may sound, needs not always signify our wish to impede, but, sometimes, rather to secure success.

Badmington and Raby. By Nimrod.—I remember a sentence from my pen going the round of the newspapers, and it was merely to this effect:—That "the houses of most great men were very much alike, except when the dinner bell rings, and the difference is then often a wide one." That all's right at Badmington, the seat of the Duke of Beaufort, when the clock strikes seven—and the bell confirms the fact—the character of its noble owner renders it unnecessary to proclaim: but a word or two upon the interior of this grand mansion, may not be unprofitably employed; at all events, it will be interesting to the greater part of my readers. Some idea of its size may be gathered from the following fact:—From my bedroom door, at the end of the long gallery, to the door of the billiard room on the ground-floor, by which the various sitting-

rooms are approached, can be little short of the eighth of a mile; and I estimate the distance thus—I had eighty-three steps of stairs to descend, and, curious as may be the coincidence, just so many yards of level boards to travel over in the various passages, and the hall. No wonder, then, that a friend of the Duke's observed to him, that a handy cover-hack would be very useful at Badmington, both at dressing-time and bed-time. I remember stating in my Yorkshire tour, the dilemma I was in, at Raby Castle, when lost in the labyrinth-like passages of that stupendous pile; in short, it was not until after two days' experience that I could be sure of not making a wrong turn in the one mansion or in the other.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW. No. 139.

Public Characters.

We notice this Number, chiefly for its opening paper—*Public Characters*; wherein the author (Lord Brougham) resumes his walk "through the mighty gallery of portraits which the reigns of the last two Georges furnished out." The figures contemplated upon two former occasions, (in the substance of the "Historical Sketches" noticed in our last,) were, for the most part, those of the greater men of their age;—"men whose genius has raised or adorned their country, and whose superiority, not merely to the bulk of mankind, but to the men whose names sound in the mouths of the multitude, is at once confessed as soon as they are mentioned." To commemorate such lights of the world is, however, in the reviewer's estimation, only half the office of history, and not, perhaps, the most useful portion of it: "for, it may be more advantageous to preserve the lineaments of men, whose place is less ambitious, whose merits are more unpretending, but whose virtues, for that very reason, are the more easily emulated, and thus may produce a wider and more salutary influence upon the fortunes of future times." In further illustrating this position, some *home truths* are plainly told; as, "the habit of looking down upon useful mediocrity is not founded in any reason, and is apt to produce hurtful consequences;" with the great vulgar, "a strictly honest man passes for little, if he be a middling genius, and have not the faculty of making his name much heard in the world." These are merited shafts at what is vulgarly termed *popularity*, the emptiness of which, we are willing to believe, has fallen within the reviewer's experience. To this defence of "useful mediocrity" succeed the sketches; the first of the series being *Mr. Justice Holroyd*, one

of "the most able, most learned, and most virtuous men that ever, in any age, adorned the profession of the law."

He possessed a clearness and quickness of apprehension, a rigour and firmness of understanding, a just and becoming confidence in his own opinion, that shone through his natural modesty—a modesty singularly graceful, and allied to a most amiable and gentle nature, which neither the contentions of the former could roughen, nor the severest of studies harden." His conduct at the bar, which was perfection, is thus sketched: "No man was more respectful to his leaders, when a junior; none less assuming when he led. But, though never wanting in courtesy, whichever station he filled, he never failed firmly to assert his own opinion, whether as to the law of the case, or the discretion of conducting it, when he had a leader; nor to act with the entire resolution that belonged to his responsible position, when he led himself. In every instance, however, the cause and the client were observed to be his sole object. To advance them was always his aim; to put himself forward, never." "Of his valuable arguments, and of his learned and luminous judgments, the monuments remain in the 'Term Reports,' for the last thirty years of his life; of his eminently expressive countenance, at once sagacious, thoughtful, and mild, a likeness remains in Reynolds's portrait and print. It is only speaking the sense of all Westminster Hall, to add, that, as his loss was deeply felt by the profession, so it will be very long indeed, in all probability, before such a great luminary of the law shall arise to shed a light over its dark precincts, and to exalt the glory of the bar."

In the sketch of *Mr. Justice Park*, which succeeds, the art of legal book-making is denounced, as well as a less creditable practice, namely, the advertising of a *quasi* work, to shew that its author has attended much to one branch of the law; although such work never appears. "But none of these advertisements are anonymous; the names of the learned authors are affixed in large characters, very legible, on the blue covers of the 'Term Reports,' and other books, which are wont *vulgariter per ora* of legal men. Some men have lived awhile on such compositions; their whole authorship being confined to writing four lines of an advertisement, and its direct profits, to the payment of a few pounds for the printing of treatises, of which the conciseness is more remarkable than the honesty."

We hope to return to this very interesting paper: meanwhile, an anecdote or two must suffice. "The term 'solicitor' is often used as more grateful to the ear than

plain attorney. Not so thought T. Lowton, who, being examined as a witness, when the soft-spoken counsel asked, 'You are a solicitor, sir, I believe,' would answer, somewhat gruffly, 'No! I am an attorney.' In fact, a solicitor is in Chancery, an attorney in courts of law.—"A general retainer of 1,000 guineas was brought to Topping, to cover the Baltic cases then in progress. His answer was, that this indicated either a doubt of his doing his duty, on the ordinary terms known in the profession (one guinea particular, or five guineas general retainer), or an expectation that he should do something beyond the line of his duty, and, therefore, he must decline it. His clerk then accepted the usual sum of five guineas, and he led on these important cases for the defendants."

Varieties.

Earthquakes.—Out of twenty-two recent shocks of earthquakes in Savoy, only seven took place in the daytime, and not one when the weather was rainy.

Thames Salmon.—An old fisherman of Brentford, lately stated, before the magistrates, that he recollected a haul of thirty-six salmon, between Old Brentford and Isleworth. The destruction of spawn was now, however, so great, that the quantity of fish was astonishingly diminished.—*Times*.

Linnaeus.—Louisa, the last surviving daughter of the great naturalist, Linnaeus, died at Upsal, on the 21st ult., aged 90. She has left some fortune, which goes to the two great grandchildren of Linnaeus, Widow Martin and Mrs. Ridderbjelke.—*Ibid*.

Hampton Court Palace was built by Freemasons, as appears from the very curious accounts of the expenses of the fabric, extant amongst the public records of London. The following items are extracted from the entries of the works performed between the 26th February, 27 Henry VIII., to March 25th, then next ensuing :

Freemasons.

- Master*, at 12d. the day, John Molton, 6s.
- Warden*, at 5s. the week, William Reynolds, 20s.
- Sellers*, at 3s. 8d. the week, Nicholas Seyworth (and for three others), 13s. 8d.
- Lodgemen*, at 3s. 4d. the week, Richard Watchet (and twenty-eight others), 13s. 4d.

The clerk of the works received 8d. per diem, and his writing clerks 6d. each.—[From an elaborate yet amusing paper on the Architecture of the Middle Ages, by Sir F. Palgrave, in the *Edinburgh Review*, just published.]

Candour.—The late Charles Stothard, one day, when called upon, as in duty

bound, to admire the broad and splendid contents of a non-professional portfolio, carefully and respectfully examined the first specimen, and then quietly turned its face downwards, so as to display the cream-white surface of the back, adding the simple remark, "A very fine piece of Bristol board!"—*Ibid*.

Amateur Architects.—The gentlemen's work in the book-plate, bears the same relation to the sketch of the operative draftsman, than the ladies' work in the "Repository" bears to the genuine caps and shoes of the combed.—*Ibid*.

Royal Exchange Competition.—The Gresham Committee offer premiums for three designs: for the first, £300; for the second, £200; and for the third, £100; but they add, "the successful competitor to whom the first premium is awarded, shall not be considered as having, necessarily, a claim to be entrusted with the execution of the work; but if not so employed, and his designs are carried into execution, a further sum of £500 shall be paid to him; the Committee retaining possession of all the drawings for which the premiums have been given." It is then added that neither the architect of the Gresham Trust, nor his partner, intend sending in any design; (*) but it is not stated in what manner the accepted designs will be made available by the Committee. Surely, this is advertising for materials, not designs. *Fair competition* for public edifices, is, undoubtedly, advantageous to all but jobbers; and, in the same proportion, *work competitions* are injurious.

Gustavus III.—It was the observation of a man well versed in courts, and who had seen much of all the princes of his time, (Sir R. Liston,) that Gustavus III. was almost the only one of them who would have been reckoned a clever man in society, had he been born a subject.—*Lord Bringham*.

The New Houses of Parliament.—Nearly the whole length of the river-wall is founded: at the north end, nearest Westminster Bridge, several heights of granite have been laid; but the other end has been delayed from an additional depth being taken out for the removal of decayed wood, shells, and soft ground, which have been filled with concrete. The wall is apparently of great strength: puzzolano is employed to strengthen the mortar. The works are within a coffer-dam, nearly 400 yards in length, which has so effectually resisted the highest tides, that the workmen seem quite unconscious of any danger, although the foundation of the wall is many feet below the bed of the river.

Hallam's History of the Middle Ages was the last book of any importance read by Sir Samuel Romilly. Of this excellent work he justly formed the highest opinion, and recommended the immediate perusal of it to Mr. Brougham as a contrast to his dry *Letter on the Abuse of Charities*, in respect of the universal interest of the subject. Yet, Sir Samuel undervalued the *Letter*, for it ran through eight editions in one month.

Interesting Age.—Beautiful is the girl of twelve, who is neither child nor woman, but something between both, something more exquisite than either! Her beauty awakens no feeling beyond that of admiration. The charm of innocence breathes around her, as fragrance is diffused by the flower, sanctifying her lightest thought and action, and shielding her, like a spell, from the approach of evil.—*Mr. Ainsworth's "Jack Sheppard,"* in *Bentley's Miscellany*,—much improved of late, especially in the poetical department.

Inscription on a Fountain in the principal square of Rio Janeiro:—

"Ignifero curru populus dum Phœbus adurit,
Vasconcellus aquis ejicit urbe sitim;
Phœbe, retro propera, et cœli statione relicta,
Præclaro potius nitere adesta viro."

"While Phœbus is riding in fiery car,
And fearfully scorching the earth at his will,
The horrors of thirst Vasconcello afar
Expels from this city of favoured Brazil.
Oh! Phœbus desist, relinquish thy throne,
And make the design of the hero thine own."

The History of English Party is certainly that of a few great men and powerful families on the one hand, contending for place and power, with a few others on the opposite quarter, as it is the history of the Plantagenets, the Tudors, and the Stuarts. There is nothing more untrue than to represent principle as at the bottom of it; interest is at the bottom of it, and the opposition of principle is subservient to the opposition of interest.—*Lord Brougham.* (A home truth, powerfully told.)

"*New Locomotive.*"—"The Aellopodes," which is now shewn as a novelty, originated, in principle, with a coach-maker of Bristol several years ago. In both cases, the motion of the carriage is obtained from the rider's own weight; in the Aellopodes, by his *stepping* on the treddles; and in the Bristol machine, by his *sitting* as in a saddle; "the only effort he is required to make for the rapid propulsion of the vehicle being the easy motion used in a trot on horseback." From an experiment with the latter on Durdham Down, (of kite-carriage celebrity,) the rate of 25 miles per hour, on a slight descent, has been accomplished; and to ascend a hill very little exertion is necessary.

Sherry, as we drink it in England, is an artificial wine: twenty vintages, differing in age, flavour, and colour are mingled, till a neat article is made up.

The Soanean Museum will be open to the public on Thursdays and Fridays during the next three months, tickets being obtained on previous application.

Encroachment of the Sea.—The coasts of Upper Normandy lose a foot every year, on an average, by the action of the sea.

Ghost Stories.—A person declares that he has seen a ghost, and infers the probability of various ghost stories from the fact. *Your* never having seen a ghost, in no way, disproves *his* fact; nor do all the arguments which you can bring against the probability of such a fact, disprove it to him who knows it, so far as his impressions can be trusted, to be a fact. It is, therefore, not by reasoning from *your* premises, that you will effect any good in disproving *his*. The only thing to be done is, to put him in a way of being convinced that similar impressions have been fallacious, beginning with the most palpably absurd, and ascending by degrees till you arrive at the trail of his own folly.

The English Dockyards extend over nearly 500 acres: Deptford covers 30 acres; Woolwich, 36; Chatham, 90; Sheerness, 50; Portsmouth, 100; Plymouth, 96; and Pembroke, 60.—*Kent Herald.*

The London Monument.—Defoe quaintly describes the Monument as "built in the form of a candle," the top making "a handsome gilt flame like that of a candle." Were he now alive, he would, probably, liken some of our recent columnar designs to a rushlight.

Obituary.—The newspapers announce the death of John Galt, the Novelist, at Greenock, on the 11th. He had been, for some years, much indisposed from a succession of paralytic attacks. His circumstances are stated to have been, of late, "anything but easy." How painful is it to reflect that one, whose writings have yielded the world exhaustless delight, and have cheered many a sorrowing mind, should himself pass from among us smarting under the "whips and frowns of fortune."

On April 30, will be published, with Twelve Engravings,

*PART I. OF THE LITERARY WORLD,
In a neat Illustrated Wrapper, Price 8d.

. Answers to Correspondents will be found on the Wrapper of Part I.

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A JOURNAL OF POPULAR INFORMATION AND ENTERTAINMENT.

CONDUCTED BY JOHN TIMBS, ELEVEN YEARS EDITOR OF "THE MIRROR."

No. 5.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1839.

[Price 2d.]

BADEN-BADEN.



THE CONVERSATION-HOUSE.



THE CONVERSATION-HOUSE ASSEMBLY-ROOM.

THE LITERARY WORLD.

BADEN-BADEN :

THE CONVERSATION-HOUSE.

PLEASURE-SEEKING Reader, are you in quest of a tour? if so, go to Baden, "the Eden of Germany," as it has been called by one who was not a native. In about three weeks, the season will open; so, be on the alert: for, three seasons since, in the middle of August, or rather more than ten weeks from the commencement of the season, 10,278 persons had visited Baden; although the whole quantity of house-room in the town, with the exception of a few palaces, is calculated for its ordinary number of inhabitants only, amounting to little more than 5,000. "The existence of huge hotels, containing two and three hundred sets of apartments, all of which are deserted in the winter, will explain part of this riddle. But, the real secret lies in the intense determination of all the natives, who possess anything in the shape of a dwelling, to make money by surrendering to strangers what little house-room they have to spare, for a period of about six months in the year; although, by so doing, they and their children, and their servants, and their domestic animals, are often compelled to huddle together at night, in some little avenue or passage, or upon and under the stairs of their dwellings. What can be the incitement to all this sacrifice? The desire to share in the two millions of florins (£170,000) which are yearly scattered by the visitors among the members of this little community."

There can be but one opinion as to the beauty of the situation of Baden, called Baden-Baden, to distinguish it from places of the same name in Switzerland, and near Vienna. It occupies nearly the centre of the grand-duchy of Baden, at the distance of about five English miles from the Rhine and Rastadt; thrice as far from the bijou town of Carlsruhe; and on the verge of the far-famed Black Forest, and the Bergstrasse, or high-road from Frankfort to Switzerland. It would be difficult to find a more favourable situation for a bathing-place; and Baden-Baden is, therefore, justly considered as the queen of the Spas of Germany; Carlsbad claiming to be the monarch of them all.

The town is irregular and old-fashioned in its construction, and is built chiefly on the slope of a hill, owing to the narrowness of the valley. It was much frequented by the luxurious Roman visitors in the days of Antoninus and Aurelius; the latter having a colony here, which he called *Colonia Aurelia Aquensis*. It was for six centuries the abode of the Margraves of Baden, who, at

one time deserted it for Rastadt in the flat plain of the Rhine: at present, the Grand Duke of Baden usually passes the summer months in the villa which he has here.

"Life at Baden, during the bathing season, may be best described by a short French phrase: '*C'est toujours jour de fête.*'" The very first movements of the throng, at the earliest part of the morning, are gaiety; and this presents itself, under some garb or other, at every hour of the day until midnight, to whatever part of this delightful place you may happen to wander. But, the centre of attraction is the public promenade. Here a magnificent building, commanding attention by its lofty Corinthian colonnade, affords a hundred excuses for the assemblage of the many thousand idlers, who devote just one hour, in every four and twenty, to the one great object, health; and two-thirds of the remaining time to pleasure and dissipation. As these, more than the operations of bathing and drinking the mineral water, are the motives which sway the majority of those who visit Baden, where they squander, among the inhabitants, two million of florins in the course of the season, no means have been left untried by the authorities, to multiply them, and secure their attainment. To the late Grand Duke Charles the visitors are indebted for the largest share of their present gratifications. That Prince, having purchased a large tract of land to the south of the town, lying between the Ohlback and the foot of the Friesenberg and other hills, erected the present *Maison de Conversation* (or Conversation-House), connecting with it on either side, a gallery terminated on the left, by a public library and theatre, and by a grand *Restaurant* and gambling-rooms on the right. A gravelled terrace stretches in front of this imposing edifice, throughout its whole length of 140 feet; and before it, is a square lawn, with a circular sheet of water in the centre. Quadruple lines of chestnut trees encompass on three sides the grass-plat, and form as many shaded and well-frequented walks, along the exterior of which, ranges of little Bazaar shops, or light *boutiques*, have been established, filled with gewgaws of all sorts, and from all parts of the world, served out by smartly dressed, good-looking young women, clad in the costume of their respective countries. Behind, and near the western extremity of the Conversation-Haus, stretches the Park or *Jardin Anglais*, as the Prince Founder desired it might be called. Pleasing and agreeable promenades are formed through this labyrinth, which insensibly ascend the nearest acclivities, and lead to many resting-places, particularly the *Sokraterhalle*, or Hut of Socrates. From this spot

a most enchanting view is obtained of the town, stretched in the shape of an amphitheatre before us; with the dark forest and the ruins of the old Castle, as the left prospectum, and the valley of Lichtenthal, with its Cistercian abbey, as the one on the right; while the *Tenfelkanzel*, or Devil's chair, forms the vanishing point of this beautiful vista."

The Conversation-House is the most splendid establishment of the kind in Germany: in its fine, large assembly-room, halls are given once or twice a week; the gaming-tables are open and occupied day and night; and the *Restaurant* is little inferior to those of the Palais Royal, at Paris, where dinners are served *à la carte*. In its reading-room are Galignani's *Messenger*, the *Times*, and other English papers. In the afternoon, when dinner is over, the walks and colonnades in front of the Conversation-House are crowded with company sipping coffee and ices, or smoking: the whole space is then covered with chairs and tables, and a band of music is stationed close at hand. The whole Conversation-House, including *Restaurant*, gaming-tables, theatre, and shops, is let out to a company of speculators, who, it is said, pay for the exclusive privilege of opening gaming-tables, 40,000 florins annually; and agree to expend, in addition, 250,000 florins on the walks and buildings.

The Hot Springs, to which Baden owes its fashionable celebrity, are thirteen in number: they are impregnated with salt, alum, and sulphur, and rise from a spot to which the name of "Hell" has been given; in the coldest weather, snow never rests upon it; the temperature of the springs varies from 37° to 54° of Reaumur, (115° to 153° Fahrenheit,) and their discharge is stated to be above 11,420,000 gallons per annum. Water from the hottest source is conveyed through the town in pipes, to supply the different baths, and loses but little of its warmth in the passage; but the supply greatly exceeds the demand; so that some of the sources are used by the townspeople to scald their pigs and poultry, and to save them the trouble of plucking their chickens. A handsome temple is erected over the principal spring, (one of the hottest as well as most copious sources,) to serve as a pump-room for those who choose to drink the waters; and invalids repair hither, for this purpose, as early as 4 or 5 o'clock in the summer.

Baden is by far the most beautiful of the German baths in situation; even surpassing, in this respect, the Brunnen of Nassau. The surrounding country, with-

out the sublimity and grandeur of Switzerland, is distinguished by a pleasing and romantic wildness; it is, as it were, a prelude to the Alps. The neighbourhood will afford almost endless gratification in the beauty of its prospects, and the number and variety of the rides and walks, cut for miles in every direction through the forests and up the surrounding hills. Whatever be the taste or disposition of the visitor, he will assuredly find something to please him here. If disposed to be gay, there are balls and concerts, and many of the luxuries of a capital; and, when tired of the bustle of the promenade and saloon, he may plunge, by twenty different paths, into dark woods or deep valleys, and, in ten minutes, enjoy solitude, so complete that he may fancy himself far from the haunts of men.

The number of English visitors has increased so much of late, that the place assumes the appearance of a settlement of our countrymen. This influx has had the effect of diminishing its advantages of cheapness and retirement; so that, within a few years, the price of everything has been raised nearly one half. The place has likewise been chosen for a winter abode; although the fogs occasionally make its climate, to some constitutions, insufferable. A splendid suite of apartments for a family may be obtained, for the winter, at the rate of £30 or £40 sterling: butchers' meat is rather more than 3d. and better 8d. a pound. A hare may be purchased for about 1s. 6d.; a fine hannah of venison for about 4s.; and the best red and white wines of the duchy for about 8d. a bottle.

Among the *curiosities* of Baden must not be forgotten the "new castle" of the Duke of Baden, remarkable for its dungeons, in which, according to popular belief, sat the Secret Tribunal (*Vehmgericht*), such as that so well described by Scott, in *Anne of Geierstein*, and by Göthe, in *Götz of Berkhingen*. It must be remembered, however, that the famous Vehme, of Westphalia, held its meetings, not in the dark, nor in dungeons, but in broad day, and in the open field; so that, in this case, reality robs romance of its delightful terrors.

EARLY ATTACHMENTS.

BY THE LATE JOHN GALT.

THAT months of youth are years of time,
Old hearts in fading bosoms tell:—
On friendships formed in that sweet prime,
Why does remembrance love to dwell?

• Hand-book for Travellers on the Continent
Second Edition.

Why are the ties of riper life,
That pride and reason ratify,
But similes deemed that snap in strife?
And transient birds that rest and fly?
Few sunny hours in vernal days,

Where Hope her fairest promise lays,
And thrive their callow fancies best.

LACONIC INSCRIPTION.

THE following lines were found, in 1813, engraven on a stone, among the ruins of the Friary, at Guildford:—

*Sed sapiens fore vis, lex serva quæ tibi mando
Quid, dicas, et ubi, de quo, cui, quomodo, quando.
Nunc lege, nunc ora, nunc cum fervore labora,
Tunc erit mora brevis, et labor ipse levis.*

Translation.

If you are willing to be wise,
These six plain maxims don't despise:
Both *what* you speak and *how* take care,
Of, and to *whom*, and *when*, and *where*.
At proper hours, read, work, and pray,
Time then will fly, and work be pay.

R. W.

SCIENCE AND THE FAIRIES.

WHEN Father Time was in his prime,
Some thousand years ago,
Ere his beard was long, or his pinions strong,
Or his locks as white as snow;

In our merrie land there dwelt a band
Of tiny joyous elves,
Who owned no order or command
From any but themselves.

And each one lived in a cottage ornée,
Of these elfin gamesome things,
That the tiger-moth thatched with his plume so gay,
And glazed with a dragon-fly's wings.

They danced all night in the moonbeams bright,
And quaffed their cowlip wine;
Then hid their heads in their moth's-down beds,
Ere day began to shine.

And they revelled long with their dance and song,
Till a strange gigantic dame,
A visit paid to their forest glade,
And Science was her name.

Her lungs were air-pumps of wondrous size;
Her breath blew forth in steam;
And with oxyhydrogen her eyes
Like meteor sparks did gleam.

With triple cranks and rack-work neat,
Her limbs and joints did move;
And her vital powers were raised to heat,
With a Dr. Arnott's stove.

The fairies gazed on this fearful sight;
Then swift through the summer air,
In a dreadful fright, they all took flight
To the realms of my lord knows where.

They have gone for aye, for since that day
They no longer in England dwell;
Lone is the glade and the leafy shade,
And forsaken each quiet dell.

And Science still her march keeps on;
But since that epoch dread,
Our legends old to their graves have gone,
And Romance herself has fled.

ALBERT.

"HALF-PRICE TO THE PLAY."

TO "go half-price" to the theatre, as the phrase is, rarely, perhaps never, enters into the thoughts of the greater number of those who take unto themselves the title of the *politer* circles. The thing, though in itself certainly one of the *diviner impulses*, is considered barely genteel. With others, again, the dread of inconvenience—sharp elbows and rude men in still ruder great coats—keeps them at a very respectful distance from the "doors," at their second opening at nine in the evening. The good folks must enter, forsooth, at their knuffled ease, secure a roomy seat, (and without a struggle for it,) in the very centre of the house, and, moreover, quietly fudge an extra "place" whereon to plant their out-of-door equipments. Supposing it to be an elderly gentleman that entertains these fancies, if his toes be trodden on but once, the poor drama need no longer look for his patronage; he will even check, with a disapproving growl, any approach to the subject on the part of the young gentleman who "keeps company" with his daughter. Disarrange the shawl of the lady visitor of this class, and the stage becomes immoral and of evil tendency from that hour forward. People of a more discriminating intellect, will fairly enough own that they have a prejudice in favour of a well-conducted stage,—very much so.—Liston was capital in their time!—but the manners of the "men" of this age are too bearish to be bearable!—Oh, Thalia!—but we pause,—it were useless to speak of these as faithless admirers: their foolish hearts have been caught by the fluttering of thy fan—the rustling merely of thy robes—or, at most, the dancing of thy ringlets; they have never gazed with an understanding soul upon thy countenance. Who would not doubt the feeling entertained towards "the play," by those who stand on such nice points, and must needs insist on having all the means, comforts, and appliances, of their own drawing-rooms, to render the theatre at all palatable? Give us the man, woman, or child, who, on the contrary, will laugh a wet afternoon to scorn, and, in genuine love of the entertainment, look at the crowd at the doors in the light of a party of friends.

Such mere endurers, so to speak, of the sock and buskin, as are here alluded to, cannot be expected to stomach the inconveniences which may attend a late arrival at the theatre doors. But there are those to whom the hour of "half-price" beats a *reveille* of their happier feelings. The theatre is the only companionship to him whom fortune has denied "a troop" of friends, and who scorns the shallow fellowship of the bowl. There are those who,

homeless, so far as a home comprehends higher attributes than mere warmth and shelter, who, toiling, as too many do, without either hope or object, find, as a reward of their daily drudgery, that the aspect of their own doors, on their afternoon return to them, is unendurable,—who cannot encounter the solitude of their own fireside; there are many of such as these, from whose hard lot, the scenic representation—the woes or afflictions of ideal life, the merry pit, and the gay aspect of the encircling boxes, has become a needful refuge and relief. The hour passed in another existence, as it were, sends them back to their own, and to repose with refreshed spirits; and furnishes other matter for their unfriended hearts to feed upon than the narrow circle of their own thoughts and sorrows.

Peace, then, to the *manes* of the manager whose fertile brain, or kindly feelings, first divided the evening into two parts, and said, “there shall be a second price!” It was a happy idea—one that ensured a large bequest of enjoyment to thousands. Hail! to the better system of England in this particular. They do *not* manage these things better abroad, where, as is well known, there is no recognised “half-price.” On the Continent, an owl-like race of beings emerge from their obscurity towards the dusky hour when theatre doors are thrown open, whose business it is to purchase and resell the checks given on quitting the theatre: but one does not like the system. The idea is bad enough at home of paying vile shillings and sixpences for the privilege of going in “to see” *Lady Macbeth*! How much worse would it be, when, as it were, vacating a throne “in the clouds” whence we have “mocked” (like the poet’s own “spirits of the wise”) the doings and the misdoings of the busy world displayed on the scene—how much worse would it be, at such a moment, to be plucked down from one’s high estate of lofty imaginings, by a pitiful offer—of “ninepence for your check, your honour!”

Now, to resume our benediction. May the manager—the great manager—rest at peace in his cold grave at Christmas, when, thanks to him, we set the dismal and the dull at defiance, leave Jane Shore and George Barnwell to younger amateurs, and arrive, in the nick of time, for the fun and frolic of our friends Clown and Pantaloon;—their’s are “old familiar faces,” though inclining to the grotesque. We have allegory enough and to spare, in every-day life; but though used to strange antics in that quarter, it certainly never yet fell to our lot to see Harlequin dancing a college hornpipe on Gornhill proper,—or an elderly gentlewoman rising from the flag-

stones of King William-street, City, to transmute the Mansion-house into a Palace of Faerie. Yet, are these the only sights worth a sixpence for a month after the New Year. Prosperity and bumpers, (at half-price,) therefore, to those well-deserving lessees, who, continuing this good old custom, welcome us as late visitors, while away two weary hours, and then, making their bow or dropping their courtesy and their curtain, pleasantly bid us good night.

But the subject has hurried us beyond discretion: we are in the house before passing even the ordeal of the “pay-place.” Retrace your steps, then, reader, and for a moment imagine yourself at home. You have dined alone—the afternoon has worn away insensibly, for with feet on fender, or lengthwise upon the sofa, you have been wrapt in the perusal of the newest novel. Now, here’s the rub. With the climax of the tale, comes an anti-climax in your feelings: your lamp burns neither dim nor blue, the fire still dances upward in jocund flames; puss paws peacefully on the hearth, instead of putting on any of those mysterious appearances usual on extraordinary occasions;—everything outward is at peace, but the inner man is disquieted and restless. And why? For the reason good, that you have finished your book too early, and now feel as does the tipsy man who has the melancholy ill-luck to get sober before bed time. Some immediate excitement is necessary.

What is to be done, and how to dispose of yourself till night. In a happy moment “the play” fits across your mind—imagination is once more aroused at the bare idea; it is time enough for second price, and in a few minutes you are abroad, with “the Garden” before you, and a host of vendors of “house bills” close behind.

The doors open to receive you; and now, if tall enough to overlook the heads of those in front, or short enough to peep conveniently below, you perceive the money-taker in his round box, bricked up in the wall, as it were; and reminding children at Christmas-time, (when they see his head in the halo of a strong light,) of their astronomy—and they forthwith ask papa if it is not “like the man in the moon?” The chances are, however, that the man in the moon will be yawning, or looking at a very large silver watch, with a rattling chain; and in the latter case he will be heard to declare that it wants full ten minutes to “the time.” It is evident the folks in front are teasing him. But here comes something that will restore his good humour, or put an end to his drowsiness: the small crowd respectfully make way: and two plates, face to face,

with a pewter pot on the top, to keep them together, are handed into "the moon." This is an event certain of exciting the sympathy of everybody present, though betokening a certain delay. Next arrives a wild-looking character from the interior of the house, bringing down a supply of checks, and the latest news from the police station within; you learn with infinite satisfaction that there are three pickpockets in charge already—and that the whole of the first scene passed in dumb-show, as the pit was occupied with a boxing match between two of its members. This news is sufficient to excite an impatience among "the public" without to get into the scene of action within; they think they have waited long enough already; and when "the man in the moon" is presently heard to hum an operatic fragment—a sort of gentle chirping over his ale—it is half taken as an insult, and the impatience becomes very manifest.

The public in waiting straightway begin to act according to the humour in which that respectable body may happen to be at the moment. If it be a "pensive public," sighs and groans are heard on all sides;—if sullen, the disapprobation is expressed by a storm of kicks and thumps off everything at hand susceptible of sound; or if, on the contrary, the crowd be good-tempered, a little gentle "chaffing" transpires with the men in office.

The policeman at the pay-place has to encounter the brunt of all. If a novice, ten to one but he comes off second best in an encounter of wits with the three smart-looking great-coated gentlemen in front, who came early—and want particularly to get in before the ballet comes off. If an older hand, "the police" evidently looks at the crowd in the light of children in a hurry to be helped at dinner, and assures them they will have plenty of it, meaning the play, all in good time. The smart-looking gentlemen can make nothing of him at all.

Then, in the pauses of sighing, groaning, kicking, thumping, and ridicule, a discussion will arise as to the natural history of some newly-imported actress. One party, who has seen her in the provinces, assures us the lady is above the ordinary petticoat height; while another, who has the courage to mention that his mother lives next door to the young lady, considers her as very short; and a third speaker opines that she is neither short nor tall, but "just the height a woman should be, if they understood him;" in fact, the fair actress is near as may be the same height as Miss Natcher, of the Bowery theatre, New York. This simile,

of course, settles the question, and, for a few moments, no one seems inclined to moot any fresh subject before such an authority as the last speaker. But an observation is at last ventured on—and this leads to a discussion to which all within hearing pay particular attention, for want of something better to do: among the rest, an elderly gentleman, (who is escorting his two maiden daughters,) and has been very quiet hitherto, determines, at least, to throw some light upon the matter: his opinion is evidently of weight, and now it is coming. He hems thrice, and opens his case deliberately, fully intending to plant the adversary on the horns of a dilemma,—when, alas! a sudden noise is heard, the bar is thrown down—the rush ensues—the elderly gentleman's speech is cut very short indeed; and the chances are that nobody had the politeness to wait to hear what he had to observe.

We enter, at last—the theatre is warm and lustrous—the boxes are as full as they will be (and, how beautiful three or four young and fair faces break upon us, as we look around the lower circle, where they sit, rapt, and smiling at the play!)—there are no more fashionable visitors to come in, to disturb our first scenes—no more place and box-keepers slamming doors, and shouting forth the arrival of the "first" or "second company!" The house is full of sound of the right sort; and the audience full of curiosity; we lose not a word—nor is the hat blown off one's head by cold blasts from the stage when the drop scene rises—an accident likely enough to occur early in the evening. What, though the opening of the tragedy or comedy, as it may happen, be over, yet are the busy fourth and fifth acts before us—the very pith and marrow of the play.

There can be no doubt that at this moment the illusion is most complete. The numberless adventitious circumstances, which go to the making up of the modern drama, have passed away unseen by the new comer. The scene before him has not struggled into life gradually, and it is his own fault if any doubt remain as to the comparative reality of the life he has left without the doors and that now passing before him. He has not sat before the curtain, to witness the music congregate, in the shape of individual fiddles, flutes, and hantboys; nor heard the hammering of the stage-carpenter, nor seen the sweeping of the boards—or, perchance, the doe-skin boots of some actor who has approached too near the front—nor caught the eye of the stage-manager, peeping to see how the house fills,—till with these reiterated common-

places, the 'enchantment has become broken into shatters, not to be pieced together again at will, or at the sound of the bell tinkling a note of preparation, for the cloud to rise between us and the world of fancy beyond.

But, happy they who come with us. How the actors have warmed in their parts! Boxes, pit, and gallery are not in existence for them; they are living, laughing, struggling, intriguing, or despairing, realities. 'Tis but an instant since we stood in the streets of modern London, and now time has 'travelled backwards, and the scene is "England"—the England of the old Chronicles—and taking fearful council together are the victims of the tyranny of the wonderful Macbeth. Here is an opening—

Malcolm. Let us seek out some desolated shade and there

Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macduff. Let us rather Hold fast the mortal sword; and like good men, Bestride our downfall'n birthdom: each new morn, New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out Like syllable of dolour.

—What a promise amply fulfilled, of blood-curdling horrors.

Or other scenes, perchance, arouse another mood of mind. The place of action is a library of the last century. We have followed a lady of fashion from her chair into the mysteries of a bachelor's apartments. —She is fair and young:—we find her hovering round temptation unworthy of her better nature, yet all but prepared to fall a victim to that laxity of discourse and imagination which has grown upon her by mere force of dwelling on licentious subjects, when offered in the disguise of "the faults of others." The masterpiece of Sheridan's wit at once instructs and delights us:—the interview is interrupted—Lady Teazle is behind the screen—"honest" Surface is on thorns—and Sir Peter himself, good tempered and unsuspecting, is chuckling at the idea of Joseph's virtue and "the little French milliner!"

And, after all, when the farce is nearly brought to a conclusion, and the green curtain threatens extinction to the pleasant and imaginative existence before us, we may still discover our fellow "half-price" visitor. While all around him are faint and yawning, he is as fresh as ever; and when, in the last scene, the pit, impatient for its ale, its oysters, and its bed, rises to make an abrupt exit before the last joke is cracked, the last chorus sung, or the young people decently united after their dramatic difficulties,—we recognise our man in the brisk and indignant tone in which he insists upon it that the pit shall keep its seat, and once more un-

cover its head! He is prepared for another act, at least—and this, we contend, is the proper state of visual and mental digestion in which to leave the theatre.

Q.

OBSERVANDA.

(From a Correspondent.)

ROMANTIC MARRIAGE.

THE father of the present Viscount Ashbrook, when very young, and residing with his family in the Queen's County, was struck with the beauty of an Irish peasant girl, named Elizabeth Ridge, who was in the habit of punting a ferry-boat across a stream in the vicinity of Castle Durrrow. The love-sick youth took every opportunity of enjoying the society of his beloved water-nymph; but carefully concealed from his parents the impression she had made upon his bosom. He then held an ensign's commission in some regiment which was quartered near the castle; but he was too young to think of matrimony; nor was the object of his affection either old enough, or sufficiently educated, to become his wife. She had been reared among the Irish peasants, had been unused to shoes and stockings; was scarcely acquainted with the English language, and was wholly uninformed in matters of the world; but the young ensign fancied that, in spite of these disadvantages, he could perceive an aptitude of mind, and soundness of intellect, united with great amiableness of temper, in addition to her personal perfections. Under these circumstances, he conceived the romantic idea of submitting her to the superintendence of some respectable female, capable of rendering her, through the influence of education, an associate suitable to his wishes and to his rank. The lovely ferry-girl was, accordingly, placed under the tuition of a lady, at whose house Captain Flower occasionally visited her; and where he marked from time to time, with all the enthusiasm of a romantic lover, her progress in various polite accomplishments. Elizabeth Ridge remained in this situation about three years, when the efflux of time, as well as some domestic occurrences, enabled Capt. Flower to reap the reward of his constancy and honourable conduct by a matrimonial union. And the blushing daughter of the Emerald Isle became ultimately the Viscountess Ashbrook, and lady of the castle, beneath whose walls her early charms had, like the rays of the rising sun, beamed for a time unnoticed only to become more effulgent and more admired. By the viscount she had several sons and daughters: among the former, the present viscount, and among the latter, the mother of the present Lady Wetherell.

MRS. SALMON'S WAX-WORK.

It is curious to mark the change of things and the progress of refinement. Dr. Clarke was, in the middle of the last century, one of the most eminent physicians of the day. He lived in a style adapted to his celebrity; and having a wife and family, was anxious to secure for the former some suitable provision in the event of his dying before her. Life insurances were at that time unknown, and the doctor purchased Mrs. Salmon's Wax-work Exhibition, at the east corner of the Inner Temple Lane (now a hair-dresser's shop), then in great repute, and visited not only by persons from the country as one of the "lions of London," but resorted to as a lounge by the fashionable and the gay. The doctor resided in a house where now stands the banking-house of Messrs. Praed and Co.; and, upon his decease, his widow removed to the opposite side of the street, and took possession of the rooms containing the Wax-work, where she continued till her death; always highly respected, not only by her neighbours, but by all the survivors of her husband's numerous friends. At a very advanced age, Mrs. Clarke was seriously injured by falling upon the steps of the altar after receiving the sacrament, which confined her to her bed for many weeks; and during her severe illness, her son (the present Sir James Clarke) testified his filial duty by a constant and unremitted attention to his venerable parent. For many years before this accident, the exhibition of Wax-work had ceased to attract, and had become no longer a source of profit; but Mrs. Clarke could never be prevailed upon to quit it, and reside with her family. The old lady was inflexible in this determination, and remained in the same rooms to the day of her death.

LORD BYRON.

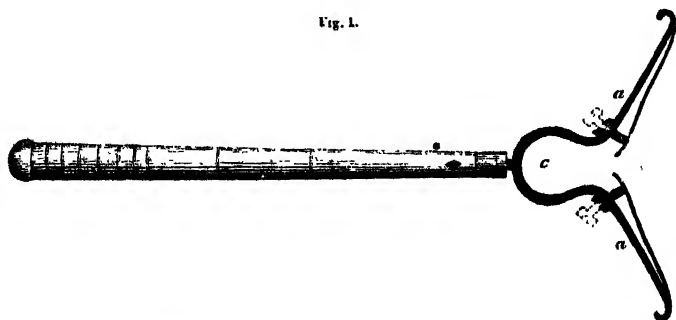
No one knew how to apologise for an affront with better grace or with more delicacy than Lord Byron. In the first edition of the first canto of *The Childe Harold*, the poet thought proper in a note to advert to two political tracts which had been lately published—one by Major Pasley, and the other by Gould Francis Leckie, Esq., a gentleman not unknown in the literary world; and concluded his remarks by the words "ignorance on the one hand, and prejudice on the other." Mr. Leckie, who felt rather offended at the severity (and, as he considered, injustice,) of the observations, wrote a letter to Lord Byron, complaining of the affront. Lord Byron did not reply to the letter; but, in about three weeks afterwards, called upon Mr. Leckie, and begged him to accept a very elegantly bound copy of a new edition of the poem, in which the offensive passage was omitted.

Popular Antiquities.

THIEF-TAKING INSTRUMENTS.

THESE two curious instruments for catching thieves were found, a few years since, among a collection of old iron from Aylsham Bridewell, in Norfolk, which has not been used as a prison since the last enlargement of Norwich Castle. The Bridewell, (according to the inscription carved in oak,) was erected in the reign of King Henry the Eighth, by R. Marsham, and Joan, his wife. The date upon the arch of the door is 1543; and, from the ornament of crockets, there can be little doubt that these irons are of the same date as the building itself. The instrument, Fig. 1, has a wooden handle nineteen inches and a half long, and has two iron springs, which

Fig. 1.

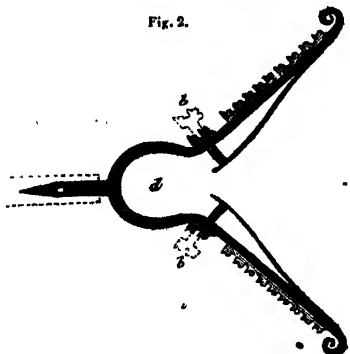


move towards the dotted line *a, a*; and Fig. 2, by the springs, to *b, b*. The space *c*, in Fig. 1, received the arm or lower part of the leg: that of *d*, in Fig. 2, is large enough to seize a thief by the lower part of the

thigh. This had formerly affixed to it a pole, about seven or eight feet long, and was very necessary to draw a thief in a retrograde motion out of a hole, when attempting to make his escape.

Dr. Johnson, in his *Dictionary*, says, the word *Catchpoll* is from *catch* and *poll*, a sergeant or bumbailiff; but, if any conjecture

Fig. 2.



be allowed, may it not be derived from *catch* and *pole*, the instrument being fixed to a long pole?

The "*Cachipollis*," described in Wiclif's New Testament. (Dedid of Apostles, c. xvi.,) were sergeants under the magistrates, but are thus described in the glossary: "*Cacche-poles*, bailiffs, lictors, from *catch* and *pole*, because these officers, in executing their office, lay hold of the man's neck."

Such irons appear to be still used by the Swedish and Danish watchmen; for the watchmen of Stockholm, like the brethren of Copenhagen, are described as perambulating the town at night, with a curious weapon, like a pitchfork, each side of the fork having a spring barb, used in securing a running thief by the leg. The employment of it requires some skill and practice, and constitutes no inconsiderable part of the art and mystery of thief-catching.

For the preceding *curiosities* and their explanation, we are indebted to a communication to the *Archæologia*, vol. xxii.; by J. A. Repton, Esq. F.S.A.

Scientific Facts.

HAIL-STORMS PREVENTED.

M. ARAGO has proposed a plan for discharging clouds, in cases of storms, of the electric fluid which they contain, and thus preventing the frequent occurrence of hail-storms, which, it is known, are generally produced by two currents of clouds, charged with positive and negative electricity, crossing each other. It consists in an improvement upon Franklin's experiment of the kite, with which he obtained an electric spark from a cloud, and afterwards Dr. Romas, of Nerae, and Messrs. Lining and Charles, of the United States, produced electric flashes, three and four feet in length.

M. Arago recommends that a small balloon, properly secured, armed with metallic points, and communicating with the ground by a rope covered with metallic wire, like a harp-string, should be kept permanently floating in the air at a considerable height over the spot which it is wished to preserve from the effects of lightning or hail; and he expects that by such an apparatus as this, a cloud might have its electric contents entirely drawn off without any damage being caused, or that, at least, the intensity of a hail-storm would be greatly diminished. The experiment is so simple that it is well worthy of a trial.—*Galignani's Messenger*.

BOTANICAL MICROSCOPE.

At the last monthly illustration of the Society of Arts, Mr. Quekett detailed some attractive facts respecting the application of Ross' oxyhydrogen microscope to botanical subjects. The lecturer pointed out, by the aid of numerous coloured drawings of the various sections, as well as specimens of numerous varieties of wood, their mechanical properties and organization. Some were so hard as to resist the action of an edged iron instrument, and others so soft as to be easily compressed by the hand; whilst a contrast as striking was seen in the colours. The tissue and organization of the various woods were next described. Rice-paper is made by the Chinese from a plant composed almost wholly of cellular tissue, and is removed from the tree like the unrolling of papyrus. Amongst various experiments, one was shewn with a cross-cut piece of wood, about two feet long by four in width, supported on four legs, and which, on being moistened, by the contraction of the wood forced itself forwards, the legs being so fixed as to prevent a retrograde movement. Various specimens of wood, as thin sections of bamboo cane, bird's-eye maple, fir, mahogany, &c., were exhibited by the oxyhydrogen microscope, and it was remarked that there was not the least mistiness or faintness of outline, so common in the application of this chemical agent to microscopic purposes.—*Abridged from the Times*.

LEGUMINOUS PLANTS.

On the 9th inst., Professor Johnson delivered to the Royal Society of Agriculture an interesting lecture on the leguminous plants, which he commenced by observing, that, from the earliest period of history, or even tradition, the seeds of a tribe of plants known by the name of pulse had been used as food. They derive the term *leguminosæ* from the character of the seed-vessel, vulgarly called a pod, but by botanists a legume, the individual varying from a diminutive vegetable to a stately tree. Amongst other peculiarities, they are very susceptible to

changes of temperature, and the inclination which is produced by the retraction of the stem, is called the sleep of plants. The most extensive tribe is the papilionaceous, so named from the resemblance of its flowers to the figure of a butterfly. Many of their seeds, as the bean and pea, contain much more nutriment than grain, and a variety called lentils is still more nutritious; but the laburnum and other poisonous varieties of cytusus belong to this class. Many of their productions are of great commercial importance, both in medicine and the arts. From a pea-plant (*glycyrrhiza glabra*) is obtained the inspissated juice called liquorice. Manna is the production of another species common to Persia and Tartary; and gum tragacanth is obtained from another called the milk vetch. Dragons' blood and kino, celebrated for their astringency and value in dyeing, are the product of others; as also, the red and yellow sanderswood. Gum lac is obtained from a species of *butea*; indigo from several species of *indigofera*; and soy is the product of a species of *dolichos*—all of which are butterfly plants. Another extensive tribe of the leguminous plants is the *mimosa*, including the sensitive plant of our hothouses, and the acacias of our greenhouses and conservatories. Although the genera are small, the tribes are very numerous, as upwards of 400 varieties of *acacias* are known; and which, as a great many come from Australia, are likely to be considerably increased in number. One of their most important products is gum arabic, of which 450 tons are annually imported from the East Indies and the Levant. An extract from the bark, which is very astringent, is now, however, largely imported as a substitute for oak bark and other materials used in tanning.—*Times*.

New Books.

LITERARY CONGLOMERATE.

[THIS is a very amusing volume of some six hundred pages, "or a Combination of various Thoughts and Facts, on various Subjects," read by the author, Mr. B. R. Duncan, to the Literary Institution in Bath, the contents being—Essays on the Choice of Subjects in Painting; Foreign Travel; a Gentleman's Day in ancient Rome; Motives of War; on Hair; Human Drink, Smoking, and Snuff-taking; Somnambulism; Sculpture; Instinct; Migration; Voice of Birds; Spiders; Balance of Destruction and Preservation of Animals. The title of the work is by no means felicitous; the author tells us that he calls his work "Conglomerate" not only because it is composed of various

subjects, but also because it is the *detritus* of various authors: good; but have not the million, for whom this book has many intrinsic attractions, a somewhat droll application of the term "conglomerate" to a strange confusion of ideas—an interpretation by no means characteristic of the well-arranged materials of the volume before us. Nevertheless, the author turns his "geological title" to playful account, dedicating the work to those eminent geologists, the Rev. Dr. Buckland, and W. Conybeare, observing:—"I have no doubt that your geological eyes will detect many *slips and faults* in my *strata*; and possibly you may have some difficulty about the *chronology* of some of my *depositions*, but I trust you will use the critical *hammer* with gentleness, and not consider all that I have collected as mere *rubble*." We add a few *specimens*.]

English Art.—A great advance in all the fine arts has been, within a few years, manifested among us. Sir Thomas Lawrence, in his first Address to the Royal Academy, says, "The rising school of England ought to do much, for it proceeds with great advantages. It has the soundest theory for its instruction, the brightest example for its practice, and the history of past greatness for its excitement." The liberality with which noblemen and gentlemen allow their finest pictures to be publicly exhibited, the patronage of the arts displayed by King George the Fourth, in the establishment of the National Gallery, have already a perceptible influence on the productions of our modern artists, and warrant our just anticipation of a brilliantly glorious day of good sense and good taste; when music, poetry, sculpture, and painting, shall all co-operate, in different ways, to one great and glorious end—the improvement, the gratification, and the exaltation of the best feelings of our nature.

Foreign Travel.—Would travellers give the public only such observations on men and things as their previous education and studies entitle them to speak of with judgment and taste, we should not have so many silly details of vagabond inanity. Had Burney criticised the governments, and Williams the laws of foreign countries, instead of their music and paintings, the world would probably owe them little obligation for their remarks. I remember an Oxford cook, who published his travels in France, and wisely confined his criticism to the markets and the kitchen. As travellers write best on their own favourite topics, I think Mr. Wyndham did very wisely in selecting the best from each traveller in his *Compilation of Travels in Spain*.

A Gentleman's Day in Ancient Rome.—Having now traced the steps of my Roman from his up-rising to his going to bed, I will consider in what particulars he may be said to differ and in what to agree with a modern gentleman in London; for we must not forget that Rome was the luxurious capital of an extensive empire.

His hours of rising were earlier. As many a Roman was probably like Horace,

Parcus Deorum cultor et infrequens,

I will say nothing of their devotion as a subject of comparison. His visits to the forum must be paralleled by our London gentleman's attendance on the House of Commons, or occasional visits to the law-courts or the club-rooms for news. His visits of ceremony and to friends were at a much earlier hour than those of modern days: our cricket, tennis, and billiards, must be set off with his sports in the *strolæ*; and our horse-races against the sports of the circus. Their theatres were a mid-day amusement, and the dramas, represented there, more resembled our operas than our plays.

Our breakfast and luncheon, corresponding to the Roman dinner, are like his comparatively slight repasts. Our use of linen precludes the necessity of frequenting the bath, as he did, every day; but our dinners, which follow, are not more luxurious; though, to our ideas, they may be much more enjoyable in point of taste and comfort. The Roman position in beds would be found very unsuitable to our present mode of eating: as they had no knives or forks, they helped themselves, as the Turks do at present, with their fingers. Their cookery and wines, however different from ours, were probably no less gratifying to their palates. Their dancing, and music, and dice, correspond to our evenings' amusements.

Thus, we see that, due allowance being made for variety of climate, religion, and government, the life of a Roman gentleman was but little different from that of a gentleman in our own metropolis.

By closer comparison, a still more minute resemblance might undoubtedly be shewn between the ancient and modern Romans than with Englishmen. Printed books and newspapers render it unnecessary for multitudes to assemble in public porticos and squares for daily information of passing events. The absence of commerce may have given to ancient Rome rather the air of modern Paris than of London. Religion wore an air of pomp which Protestantism has renounced, but to which modern Rome adheres. The general intent of feasting and public exhibitions being everywhere the same, namely, to indulge appetite, and kill time and thought,

a general resemblance in the modes of effecting these purposes is observable in all countries. Extended science, and art, and mechanical skill have, however, given splendour and variety to the establishments of our own times; and the advance of science and literature of the present day has added dignity of thought and refined intellect to entertainments altogether new, which the scientific lectures frequently delivered within the walls of numerous institutions abundantly exemplify.

Periodicals.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW. No. 139.

Public Characters.

WE resume (from page 63) our notes from Lord Brougham's masterly Sketches, with *Lord Tenterden*. "Like most English lawyers, he married early in life, and lived wholly in his own family; associating less with his brethren at the bar than any man of the day. But his hours of relaxation were not passed in idleness. The classical acquirements, in which he surpassed most men, formed the solace of his leisure; and, to the end of his life, he not only had a high relish for such pursuits, but wrote Latin verses with peculiar eloquence and perfect ease. What is far less rarely met with,—especially added to such tastes and such acquirements,—he was well versed in natural philosophy, particularly in the various branches of mechanical science. Nor, did any one out of the trade better understand all the details of machinery, in examining which his accurate mind took a peculiar pleasure." Of Lord Tenterden's singular defect, the Reviewer says: "his temper was naturally bad: it was hasty, it was violent; forming a marked contrast to the rest of his mind. But, it was singular with what success he fought against this, and how he mastered the rebellious part of his nature. It was, indeed, a study to observe this battle, or rather victory; for the conflict was too successful to be apparent on many occasions." On the Bench it rarely broke out; but after such an occasion, "it was an edifying sight to observe Lord Tenterden, whose temper had been visibly affected during the trial, addressing himself to the points of the cause, with the same perfect calmness and indifference with which a mathematician pursues the investigation of an abstract truth; as if there were neither the parties nor the advocates in existence, and only bent upon the discovery and elucidation of the truth." It is allowed that his eminence as a judge was great: "yet it is certain that, for some time, he formed no very remarkable exception to the rule. He

took no general and comprehensive view of a case; he examined its details part by part; he did not, like a leader, get up on an eminence, and from thence survey the subject in all its bearings; nor was he aware of the relative importance of its different portions. But, in order to perform his office, he would select one particular compartment, and he would choose not the most difficult. To this he bent his attention, and seemed a good deal troubled, and even impatient, if it were drawn away to other points not within the limits which he had chosen to trace. It is remarkable, not only how this habit wore off, instead of being confirmed and extended; but also how great a start he made in improvement after he had been five or six years chief of his court; and, on the occasion of a long and severe illness, that seemed to render his retirement from the Bench inevitable. His temper was softened; his attention became more comprehensive; he viewed things more upon an enlarged scale; his industry was not relaxed,—increased it could not be; and, during the last seven or eight years of his time, he exhibited a very eminent instance of great judicial capacity. At all times, his law was safe, and accurate, and ready; but he could now deal far more ably with facts. He never was without great influence on the jury, but as he could now enlighten their minds more fully, his weight was increased." To witness his scientific acquirements, as displayed in presiding over a complicated patent case, "was a very great treat, whether to a lawyer or a man of science. It was a singular exhibition of legal, combined with mechanical, skill,—each keeping within its own proper sphere, but each conspiring with the other to obtain the full investigation of the cause in all its bearings, and its clear elucidation to the jury. He it was, too, who at first leant against the absurd, unjust, and mischievous refinements, by which almost all former judges conceived it fit that they should display a constant acuteness to defeat the claims of a Patentee, upon the unreflecting notion of his right being a monopoly, and the public interest being damaged by it; wholly forgetting that his genius and labour had been first given to the public in reversion to purchase the temporary possession of that monopoly." Of the few defects of Lord Tenterden, the greatest was his different measure of patience and courtesy for different classes,—even for different individuals. "It could not be said of him that he was no respecter of persons:" though his conduct, in this respect, was confined to a mere accident of outward behaviour and manners; no, thing beyond that. "When on one occa-

sion, he had, with some roughness, addressed to a witness, who was looking another way, an advice not unusual with him, and not very delicately couched, 'to hold up his head, and speak out like a man,' it was amusing to observe the fall of both countenance and voice when the witness turned upon the judge the face of the Chairman of the Honourable East-India Company."

To the portraiture of Lord Tenterden succeeds that of *Lord Ellenborough*, whence we have only room for an anecdote or two. "He had no mean power of ridicule—as playful as a mind, more strong than refined, could make it; while, of sarcasm he was an eminent professor, but of the kind which hacks, and tears, and flays its victims, rather than destroys by cutting keenly. His interrogative exclamation in *Lord Melville's* case, when the party's ignorance of having taken accommodation out of the public fund was alleged—indeed, was proved—may be remembered as very picturesque, though, perhaps, more pungent than dignified. 'Not know money? Did he see it when it glittered? Did he hear it when it chinked?' On the Bench, he had the very well-known, though not very eloquent, *Henry Hunt* before him, who, in mitigation of some expected sentence, spoke of some who 'complained of his dangerous eloquence.' 'They do you great injustice, sir,' said the considerate and merciful Chief-Justice, kindly wanting to relieve him from all anxiety on this charge. After he had been listening to two Conveyancers for a whole day of a long and most technical argument, in silence, and with a wholesome fear of lengthening it by any interruption whatever, one of them, in reply to a remark from another judge, said: 'If it is the pleasure of your lordship that I should go into that matter.' 'We, sir,' said the Chief-Justice, 'have no pleasure in it any way.' When a favourite special pleader was making an excursion, somewhat unexpected by his hearers, as unwonted in him, into a pathetic topic—'An't we, sir, rather getting into the high sentimental latitudes now?'"

The two distinguished Scottish lawyers, *Erskine* and *Blair*, follow: of the former it is felicitously recorded: "He was, in all respects, one, the charms of whose social converse were unbounded, of a demeanour that every instant shewed his noble birth; in manners, of perfect ease, polish, and grace; of a temper the most sweet, and of spirits the most joyous and gay, without ever being boisterous, turbulent, or obtrusive; of conversation, the most various, never refusing a serious turn, though delighting in every species of mirth, from

refined comedy to broad farce—he was the life and soul of every circle with which he mixed. Affable to those below him; full of firmness and independence to his superiors; altogether, without a particle of envy, or jealousy, or gall, in his whole composition—no wonder that he was the darling of the age and the country in which he lived; and was most happily and most justly described by one who knew him well, as ‘the best beloved man in all Scotland.’* Mr. Blair, so long Solicitor-General, and afterwards Lord President of the Court of Session, is characterized of an indolent nature; although “his indolence was rather the *vis inertia* that often attends genius, than the ordinary listlessness or aversion to labour, that marks little minds.” Such were his earnestness, gravity, and sustained dignity, that his sway over the Bench was supreme. “And there are many now alive who may recollect, that when the Court found themselves compelled to decide against him, they faltered, paused, would fain have avoided the hard necessity,—seemed distrustful of their own opinion, and all but apologized for taking so extraordinary a liberty with such a great legal authority.”

The sketches of English characters are then resumed with a portrait more historically attractive than its immediate predecessors—that of “a distinguished person, who presided over the councils of this country for a longer period than any other minister, excepting Walpole and Pitt; and for a period incomparably more glorious, in all that is commonly deemed to constitute national renown.

“*Lord Liverpool* was Prime-minister of England for fifteen years, after having filled, in succession, almost every political office, from Under-secretary of State upwards; and passed his whole life, from the age of manhood, in the public service, save the single year that followed the death of Mr. Pitt.” Then follows a rapid sketch of this eventful ministry, “in which party ran higher and took a far more personal turn than at any other period of our political history;” whence it is scarcely adapted for our pages, save in this singular coincidence: “having signalized his outset in political life, by a supposition which he propounded as possible—a march to Paris—this was then deemed so outrageous an absurdity, that it became connected with his name as a standing topic of ridicule; yet he lived to see the impossibility realized, was Prime-minister when the event happened, and did not survive the dynasty

which he had mainly contributed to restore.”*

Another extract, and we pause; and surely, in this there is “more than meets the eye.” Having spoken of the personal good fortune of Lord Liverpool, in escaping the vulgar outcry against the unpopular acts of his administration, the Reviewer adds: “Such was the happy lot of Lord Liverpool; such are the comforts which a respectable mediocrity of talents, with its almost constant companion, an extreme measure and discretion in the use of them, confers upon its possessor in lieu of brilliant reputation, with its attendant detraction and hate. While the conqueror mounts his triumphal car, and hears the air rent with the shouts of his name, he hears, too, the malignant whisper appointed to remind him, that the trumpet of fame blunts not the tooth of calumny; nay, he descends from his eminence when the splendid day is over, to be made the

* Elsewhere, in this Sketch, there occur a few piquant observations, which we cannot resist quoting, on account of the experience of their writer: the passage is a lesson for parliamentary wits.—“A wit, though he amuses for the moment, unavoidably gives frequent offence to grave and serious men, who don’t think public affairs should be lightly handled, and are constantly falling into the error, that, when a person is arguing the most conclusively, by shewing the gross and ludicrous absurdity of his adversary’s reasoning, he is jesting and not arguing, while the argument is, in reality, more close and stringent, the more he shews the opposite picture to be grossly ludicrous,—that is, the more effective the wit becomes. But, though all this is perfectly true, it is equally certain that danger attends such courses with the common run of playful men. . . . Nor, is it only by wit that genius offends: flowers of imagination, flights of oratory, great passages, are more admired by the critic than relished by the worthy baronets who darken the porch of Boodle’s—chiefly answering to the names of Sir Robert and Sir John; and the solid traders,—the very good men who stream along the Strand from Change towards St. Stephen’s Chapel, at five o’clock, to see the business of the country done by the Sovereign’s servants. A pretty long course of observation on these component parts of Parliamentary audience, begets some doubt if noble passages (termed ‘fine flourishes’), be not taken by them as personally offensive. The examples are smartly told.—such fine passages as Mr. Canning often indulged himself, and a few of his hearers with; and which certainly seemed to be received as an insult by whole benches of men accustomed to distribute justice at Sessions. These worthies, the dignitaries of the empire, resent such flights as liberties taken with them; and always say, when others force them to praise—‘Well, well—but it was out of place. We have nothing to do with King Priam here—or with a heathen god, such as Æolus;—whose kind of folk are very well in Pope’s Homer and Dryden’s Virgil; but, as I said to Sir Robert, who sat next me, what have you or I to do with them matters? I like a good, plain man of business, like young Mr. Jenkinson—a man of the pen and deak, like his father before him—and who never speaks when he is not wanted,—let me tell you, Mr. Canning speaks too much by half. Time is short—there’s only twenty-four hours in the day, you know.” This is a delicious *morreux*, quite à la Tomkins and Jenkins.

* The late Lord Kinaird, in the House of Commons, himself amongst the most quick and delightful, as well as honourable, of men.

victim of never-ending envy, and of slander which is immortal, as the price of that day's delirious enjoyment; and all the time, safety and peace is the lot of the humbler companion, who shared his labours without partaking of his renown, and who, if he has enjoyed little, has paid and suffered less."

Chary as we have been of space, we have not left ourselves room to speak of the remainder of the paper, some ten pages portraying Lord St. Vincent, "almost as distinguished among the statesmen as the warriors of his age." There is besides, a parallel sketch of Nelson of riveting interest; which we lingeringly leave for another occasion; trusting ere long to have the good fortune of meeting in another form this masterly contribution to contemporary history. Its surpassing interest is the best security for the fulfilment of our promise of return.

THE SPERM WHALE FISHERY.

THE patron who does us the honour to take up this article, as a gentle preparative for an after-dinner nap, may, perhaps, pardon us for reminding him, that the light of his lamp is borrowed from the largest of known living animals; that the oil which turns his night into day once formed part of a being whose heart sent out ten or fifteen gallons of blood at every stroke, through an aorta measuring a foot in diameter; and that the creature whose gigantic frame was nourished by this flood of life gamboled on the broad back of the ocean, rejoicing in his strength, till the pigmy man, whose head and hand give him dominion over every other living thing, made war upon him in his own dominion, and left the enormous mass inanimate, "floating many a rood." Nor is every one acquainted with the dangers and privations borne by those who seek the monster in his remote watery kingdom. A South-Sea-whaling voyage often exceeds three years, and hardly ever occupies less than two; and to the sailor employed in this fishery, Sheridan's beautiful lines may, without exaggeration, be applied—

"The wand'ring tar, who not for years has press'd
The widow'd partner of his day of rest,
On the cold deck—far from her arms remov'd—
Still hums the ditty that his Susan lov'd;
And while around the cadence rude is blown,
The boatswain whistles in a softer tone."

And here we may notice the high and palmy state to which this branch of our trade has now attained, and how good a nursery for seamen it has become. From the port of London alone an average of seventy sail of fine ships, of a burthen

ranging from three to four hundred tons, are annually on the look-out for spermaceti whales. The crews of these ships, which are fully provisioned for three years, and sail from London at all times of the year, consist of from twenty-eight to thirty-three men and officers—including the surgeon—who occasionally condescends to keep an eye also on the culinary department, which, after all, seems to us to be a very commendable species of mixed practice. All the men are, in point of fact, co-adventurers with the owner; for they go on the lay—that is, they have a certain share of the produce, instead of the ordinary money-payment. As, for obvious reasons, there are in such expeditions "no more cats than can catch mice," the mariner who has been afloat in one of these ships is pretty sure to turn out a crack specimen of his genus—a smart fellow, case-hardened to any climate, expert in all his professional duties, but proverbially so in the use of the oar—endued with imperturbable nerves and quick decision, eagle-eyed, and lion-hearted. The love of distinction, self-interest, self-preservation—all the motives, in short, that can stimulate to exertion, are brought into play. The ardour with which this dangerous sea-hunting is pursued seems to take the strongest possession of the men's minds; and one of their most usual modes of making a heavy hour light is sketching their favourite ship, whales in various attitudes, and the hairbreadth escapes of their companions and themselves, upon the tooth of one of the monsters whom they have seen die, pierced with almost as many darts as the "monstreux Phrygétère," killed by Pantagruel, "chosc moult plaisante à veoir."—*From the Quarterly Review.*

[In this paper, (an admirable review of Mr. Beale's *Natural History of the Sperm Whale*), we are happy to see that reference is made "to the pride every honest Englishman must feel in contemplating such a character as that of Mr. Enderby," in whose "bold and enterprising mind" originated "the grand speculation of sending ships round Cape Horn into the Pacific, in order to extend the sperm whale fishery." This occurred in 1788; and the example has been followed with vigorous success; for not three years have elapsed since a vessel belonging to the same vigorous speculator returned from the sperm fishery six months sooner than she was looked for, with a cargo of £25,000 value, being the largest known in the fishery for many years; and, as the men were co-adventurers, each received for his share the large sum of £150.]

THAMES ANGLING.

"Old Father Thames" has been too much slighted by the brethren of the angle. Those who can revel among northern lakes, or beside the pleasant rivers which run through the valleys of North Wales, would lead others to forget that health, amusement, and enjoyment, are to be found within a morning's drive of their homes in the metropolis. Philosophy teaches us to seize the lesser advantage when the greater is beyond our reach. There are many who dearly love the gentle craft, to whom a long absence from the leading occupations of life is difficult or impossible. We, city men, have, upon our own most glorious river, all which the most eager and devoted angler can desire—sport in plenty, if he be not over fastidious. Let his basket weigh a hundred-weight, we can shew him where he may fill it from sunrise to sunset, and may tell him that, be the weather fair or foul, and though "the wind bloweth where it listeth," he is certain not to be altogether disappointed. Or, if his notions be more ambitious, and his aim be to exhibit skill, we may tell him where trout, as fine as ever strained the sinews, or gladdened the heart, of the angler, are in the keeping of the king of rivers: that gigantic chub inhabit the silent nooks which skirt his banks; and that pike, such as "Holy Dee" never held, are fattening upon his wealth; to say nothing of enormous barbel that will give him half an hour's play between the strike and the landing-net.

But, if the Thames affords rare and true sport to the angler, how vastly does it surpass all other rivers in those sources of enjoyment which equally influence, exhilarate, and delight, the votary of the craft. His "idle time is never idly spent." Upon the breast or by the side of the "most loved of all the ocean's sons," we revel among luxuries of which nature is nowhere more lavish. Walk where we will, scenery, gentle, joyous, and beautiful, greets the eye and gladdens the heart; at every turn, we hear the ripple of some one of the thousand streams that pay tribute to the river king—streams

"To whose falls—
Melodious birds sing madrigals,"

Upon the banks of the Thames the noblest of British worthies have lived, flourished, and died. Philosophers, statesmen, poets, historians, painters, dramatists, novelists, travellers, politicians, brave soldiers, and gallant sailors, have given a deep interest to almost every house, lane, and tree, along its sides. Fancy may hear "a chorus of old poets," from many a sequestered nook; women, celebrated for beauty, or made immortal by virtue, may

seem to move again along its mossy slopes, and imagination picture the pomp and glory of the olden time, when

"Kings rode upon its waves."

Scarcely can we stand on a spot which is not hallowed ground; or contemplate an object unassociated with some triumph of the mind. Thus the angler, while enjoying his sport, is revelling with nature or with memory—the present or the past:

"The attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers,
Becomes herself harmonious."

Times.

Varieties.

Errors of the Plural are sometimes very ludicrous. "Waiter, where are my negus?" said an impatient coffee-room visitor.

Wolf-hunt.—A wolf of extraordinary size and ferocity was lately turned out in the park of Fontainebleau before a pack of hounds, and, after a long run, killed by one of the *piqueurs*, with a *couteau de chasse*.

Nelson was nothing on shore—nay, had weaknesses, which made the sea air as necessary, if not to his mental condition, at least, to his renown, as it is to the bodily health of some invalids.—*Lord Brougham*.

Grocers' Currants are a kind of small clustering grape, extensively cultivated in the Greek Islands. The bushes are planted in drills, and watered by streamlets led in from the mountains. No crop is so productive to the proprietor; a hundred acres of currants yielding a clear profit of £3,000 a year, £40 the acre being the usual rent. In their native country, they are often called *corinths*, of which name currants seems a corruption. They are dried in the sun, and shipped for John Bull's Sunday pudding.—*Notes of a Wanderer*.

Excursion to Egypt.—The sum of £100, from landing in Egypt to quitting it, including a voyage to the second cataract, and a five months' residence, is a large and liberal allowance.—*Ibid*.

Parrot.—Sir J. Trevelyan had a parrot which sung the *Pretty Girl of Derby* in correct tune, and pronounced all the words articulately.—*Literary Conglomerate*.

Red Herrings.—The word *heer*, whence our Saxon word herring, signifies an army in German and Anglo-Saxon.

Smoking.—In Hamburg, 50,000 boxes of cigars have been consumed in one year; each box costing about £3 sterling; so that the sum of £150,000 has been puffed into the air, in a year, in one city of Germany only!—*Literary Conglomerate*.

Freemasonry.—The connexion between the operative masons, and those whom, without disrespect, we must term a convivial society of good fellows—who, in the reign of Queen Anne, met at the "Goose and Gridiron, in St. Paul his Church-yard," appears to have been finally dissolved about the beginning of the eighteenth century. The theoretical and mystic, for we dare not say ancient, freemasons, separated from the Worshipful Company of Masons and Citizens of London about the period above-mentioned. It appears, from an inventory of the contents of the chest of the London Company, that, not very long since, it contained "A book wrote on parchment, and bound or stitcht in parchment, containing an 113 annals of the antiquity, rise, and progress of the art and mystery of masonry." But this document is not now to be found.—*Edinburgh Review.*

Design of Circular Windows.—The cathedral of Lausanne exhibits a very fine circular or omarigold window, in the south transept, filled with painted glass, representing the signs and planets; and its counterpart may be found in the cathedral of Soissons. And it is likely that all such circular windows were originally planned for the purpose of receiving similar representations.—*Ibid.*

English Architecture.—In one style alone, may England seemingly advance a claim to originality and surpassing beauty. The fair vaulting exhibited in the roofs of King's College Chapel, and its two descendants at Westminster and Windsor, appear to possess a finer and more peculiar character than any similar existing example on the Continent. But "Clans," the architect of King's, and, therefore, the parent and inventor of this style, was a German.—*Ibid.*

South of France.—Life, in this invalid-visited corner of the earth, is very short; scarcely more than thirty years. Indeed, it appears, to admit of little doubt, that the climate of the southern coast of France, deceitfully brilliant and mild, is little favourable to the human constitution.—*Ibid.*

Stature of Man.—Lancashire and Yorkshire, it is well known, furnish the tallest specimens of Englishmen; a sufficient answer, if one were needed, to the notion that manufacturing industry has a general tendency to produce physical deterioration.—*Ibid.*

French Law.—A district of about a dozen contiguous departments of Southern France, (comprising Auvergne, Lyonnais, and Dauphiné), would seem to be the *pays de cocagne* of lawyers,—a land where *laids* drop, like ripe figs, into the mouth of the eater. In

the beggarly, little department of Sôserre, on the southern declivity of the Cevennes, there is one law-suit per annum for every sixty-nine inhabitants, men, women, and children!—*Ibid.*

Whiskey.—On a beautiful island in Loch Lomond, is a lunatic asylum for the reception of those whose intellects have been consumed by the fire of whiskey.

Quintuple Rainbow.—On the evening of April 4, this rare phenomenon was witnessed at Nismes, forming a complete semicircle, the diameter of which ran from the equinoctial point to the south-yes! The colours of the principal or internal bow were red, orange, yellow, and green, continued quite down to the horizon, and very vivid; the external or false rainbow filling a wider space, but with rays of light less brilliant. Three imperfect bows of a purple colour, tending to violet, were seen in the interval, near the summit of the principal bow, but much less distinct.—*Times.*

The faculty called the imagination has caused more absurdity and misery in the world than many persons are aware of.

Positiveness.—To oppose a positive man is, generally, to confirm him in his opinion.

The warmth with which some disputants point out simple misnomers, reminds one of the indignant retort of Carl upon the charge of being tossed in a blanket at Eton.—"Here, (quoth he) Scriblerus, thou leezest, for I was not tossed in a blanket, but in a rug."

City Expenditure.—The income of the City of London in 1837 is stated at 542,229l. 12s. 4d., which vast sum supplied the municipal wants of 122,395 persons, forming only one-twelfth of the inhabitants of the metropolis, and the City of London containing only 17,315 houses; the said sum averaging 31l. 6s. 3d. per annum for every house.

American Railways.—The total length of the lines finished up to December, 1838, was 2,803 miles.

Obituary.—The *Times* records the death of Robert Millhouse, the Nottingham poet, author of *The Destiny of Man*; he died in that town on the 13th instant. He leaves a widow and three children; for whom "something ought to be done."

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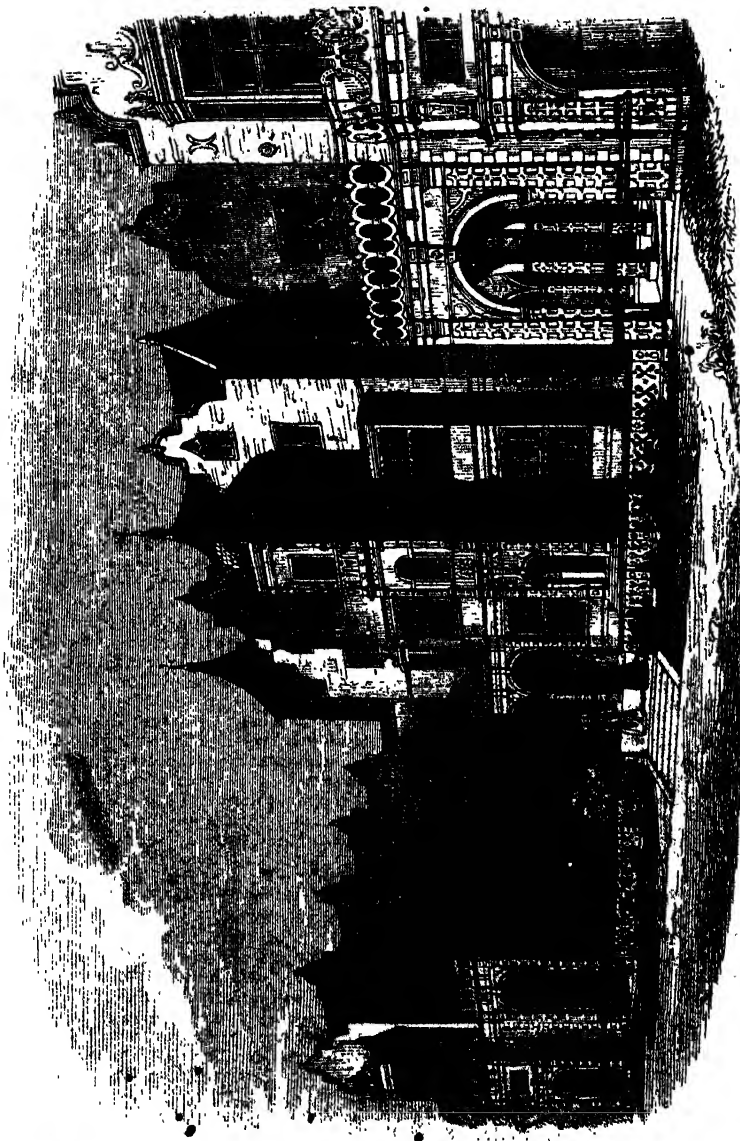
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SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1839.

[Price 2d.

ELIZABETHAN ARCHITECTURE.



HOLLAND HOUSE, KENSINGTON. (SOUTH FRONT.)

ELIZABETHAN ARCHITECTURE:

HOLLAND HOUSE.

OF Holland House, at Kensington, one of the most picturesque architectural antiquities of the environs of our metropolis, there already exist many popular representations; but, we are not aware that either of them is successful in conveying an adequate idea of the richness and elaborate beauty of this interesting structure. With this impression, the preceding illustration has been selected from the first portion of a splendid work just published by Mr. C. J. Richardson, the architect; whose object is, by assembling the best examples of Elizabethan Architecture in this country, to shew that although the style "is not unfrequently condemned as barbarous, deformed, and ugly," it does not merit this sweeping condemnation; for, admitting the Elizabethan style to be deficient in unity and simplicity of character, and the grotesqueness and even barbarity of many specimens; "in the more valuable examples which remain, the unbiassed eye will detect many beauties, great originality, much boldness and freedom of design and execution."

It is gratifying to find that Mr. Richardson's work, *Architectural Remains of the Reigns of Elizabeth and James the First*, originated in his judicious appreciation of the contents of Sir John Soane's Museum; and, as we were among the first to popularize the value of this munificent bequest to the nation, it affords us peculiar satisfaction to record this early instance of its value to artists, lovers of art, and the improvement of national taste. Mr. Richardson having, with a nice professional skill, inspected the volume of very curious and original drawings by John Thorpe, in the Soanean Museum, with the consent of the Trustees, made correct tracings of the whole collection, with a view to their publication, as highly attractive illustrations of the principles and practice of domestic architecture during the brilliant reigns of Elizabeth and James I. Of this period, Thorpe was, *par excellence*, "the architect;" unfortunately, we have no contemporary in this especial branch of art who can be placed in a parallel with Thorpe. On first inspection, his drawings seemed to justify Dallaway's remark, that there were few celebrated houses erecting in Thorpe's time, in which he was not engaged: "besides plans and views of dwellings for the gentry, and even tradesmen, town and country mansions for all classes, the collection contains plans of no less than five palaces erected by him for Elizabeth's ministers." The author has ascertained, from undoubted authority, that

Thorpe was architect to her celebrated minister Lord Burleigh, and built for him the two palaces at Theobald, in Hertfordshire, and Burleigh, in Northamptonshire. Besides the plans of both the buildings, he has left us the plan of Wimbledon, built for Sir Robert Cecil; the plans of Holdenby and Kirby, built for Lord Chancellor Hatton, in Northamptonshire; and Buckhurst, in Sussex, built for the Earl of Dorset." Such was the origin of Mr. Richardson's work, which at first, he proposed to confine to Thorpe's tasteful labours; he has, however, extended his design to a complete illustration of the style, by delineations of the finest examples in the country. The subject is very attractive, and its interest has, doubtless, been revived by the adoption of the Elizabethan style for our new Houses of Parliament; so that we consider Mr. Richardson's work sure of success. The portion before us is beautifully executed; the examples being exquisitely lithographed; and the interiors being coloured, or rather illuminated, for they have much of the nicety and finish of the antique taste; the size of the work is 22½ by 15½ inches. Much taste is displayed in the selection of the minor class of illustrations, as fire-places, ceilings, staircases, furniture, &c.; and in the borders of the plates, from friezes and other ornaments peculiarly characteristic of the Elizabethan style.

With the historical interest of Holland House, situated about two miles from the metropolis, on the north side of the Great Western Road, we presume the reader to be somewhat familiar. The mansion appears to have been erected by Thorpe, about the year 1606, for Sir Walter Cope. It afterwards came into the possession of Henry Rich, Earl of Holland, his son-in-law; whence it was first designated Holland House. The Earl, who was a political waverer in the troublous times of Charles I., was twice made a prisoner in this house; first, by Charles, in 1633, upon occasion of his challenging Lord Weston; and a second time, by command of the parliament, after the unsuccessful issue of his attempt to restore the king, in 1648. He lost his life on the scaffold, in the cause of monarchy, in 1649; and within four months from his death, Lambert, then general of the army, fixed his quarters at Holland House; which, however, was soon afterwards restored to the widowed Countess. Its celebrity as the residence of Addison, who became possessed of it by his marriage with Charlotte, Countess Dowager of Warwick and Holland; and the death of the illustrious Essayist here, in 1719; need not be detailed. About the year 1762, the property passed by sale to the Fox family;

here Charles James Fox passed many of the earlier years of his life; and his nephew, the present Lord Holland, is now the owner of the estate. It is altogether, whether as a fine example of picturesque architecture, placed in a park-like domain of considerable beauty, or as a site of historical fame and association with literature and art—a place of very great interest. The present noble owner, alike distinguished for his statesman-like devotedness, his varied proficiency in literature, and his warm patronage of genius,—maintains the antique character of the mansion and its appendages, in taste which it rejoiceth us to record.*

The general plan of Holland House is that of half the letter H; the prefixed engraving representing the southern front, according to its ancient appearance, with the stone ornamental parapets, (now removed,) over the bow windows. Walpole informs us that the mansion was completed and materially altered by Henry Rich, Earl of Holland, who employed, for that purpose, the most eminent artists in their respective departments. The entrance tower, although it is not shewn in Thorpe's plan, is considered by Mr. Richardson as an after-addition by him, as its style and details exactly correspond with the rest of the structure. The brick-work is throughout of a deep red; and the pilasters and their entablatures, the window dressings, and the coping, are of stone. Mr. Richardson likewise gives a view of the east front, or side toward the garden: on the lower story was placed wooden trellis-work; the interior of the arcade was stuccoed and painted in imitation of trellis-work to match. On this side was an approach to the chapel, through gilt iron gates from the arcade.

Of the interior, we find, in Mr. Richardson's letter-press, some minute details. The entrance-hall, the two staircases, and the parlour leading out of the principal staircase, are the only parts of the building on the ground floor still retaining their original character. The one-pair floor contains the gilt room, the library, and a sitting-room on the opposite wing; the rest of the interior is in the style of Inigo Jones, and supposed to be by him.

"The Great Chamber, or Gilt Room, is approached from the entrance hall by a richly ornamented staircase. The decorative parts are the work of Francis Cleyn, a favourite artist, who was employed largely by the Kings James I. and Charles I., from whom he derived an annuity of £100, settled on him during his natural life, and which he enjoyed till the civil war.

* As in the recent erection of a lodge, with a pair of metal gates, in appropriate Elizabethan taste, curiously wrought, and richly emblazoned.

"The ceiling of the room was originally painted by him in the same style; but, falling down during the minority of his present lordship, it was removed. Even with this great loss, the room presents a complete and elegant specimen of the style. The paintings are masterly. The figures over the fire-places fully deserve the praise bestowed by Walpole as being not unworthy of Parmigiano.

"In the centre of the panels are painted alternately crosses, crosslets and fleurs-de-lis, charges in the arms of Cope and Rich; they are surmounted by an earl's coronet, with palm or oak branches in gold shaded with bistre. The figures over the fire-places have the flesh painted, the rest is gold shaded; the lower columns are painted black, the upper, Sicuna marble; both have gilt ornaments at the lower part of the shaft, and their caps and bases gilt: for the rest, all the prominent mouldings, the flutes, caps, and bases of the pilasters are gilt; the cina recta of the great entablature has a painted leaf enrichment with acorns between, the latter of which are gilt.

"The busts in the room have been placed there by his present lordship. Over the fire-places are those of King William IV., and George IV. when Prince Regent. On the left side of the plate, the first is Lord Holland; then follow Francis Duke of Bedford, Henry first Lord Holland, and the Duke of Sussex: on the other side are busts of John Hookham Frere, the Duke of Cumberland (of Culloden), Napoleon, Henry IV. of France, the Right Hon. Charles James Fox, by Nolckeus, a duplicate made for the Empress Catherine of Russia; and in the bow recess are models of Henry Earl of Pembroke, and Thomas Winnington, Esq. The shield, on the left, bears the arms of Rich; over the folding doors, leading into the drawing-room, are the arms of Warwick; on the right, the arms of Cope and Rich. The present ceiling is flat, level with the upper part of the entablature.

"Leaving the principal staircase on the ground-floor, the door on the left leads into the Ancient Parlour. It is supposed to have been painted in a similar style to the great chamber up-stairs. The same architecture is continued all round: the doors are panelled on a less scale, with the small pilasters and pediment in the centre. The entrance to the room is on the right of the chair. The carved enrichments throughout are of most excellent design and capital execution.

"In a plate of this apartment is represented a chair, part of the ancient furniture of the parlour, and mentioned by Horace Walpole as the work of Francis Cleyn; it is painted white, and gilt; the

seat is formed recessed in the centre to receive a circular cushion. The table at which the figures are seated is from the hall at the Charter House; the one in the distance is from St. Peter's church, Sandwich."

We need scarcely add, that every liberal mind must rejoice in the preservation of such beautiful examples of art as Holland House, and edifices of the same class, which it is Mr. Richardson's aim to present to the public in pictorial record: and this he has, as yet, accomplished in a style altogether corresponding with the superb character of that style which he so laudably seeks to commemorate.

HOLY THURSDAY CUSTOM.

PERHAPS, of all customs, that are, or have been, tolerated by the authorities of a city, none excels in singularity that observed by the populace of Norwich, on Holy Thursday.

It is then customary for the children, accompanied by the clergyman, churchwardens, and overseers, to go the rounds of their respective parishes; and it is as customary for a pail of water to be placed at the corner of every street, lane, or alley, accompanied by a good stout man or woman, for the laudable purpose of throwing it over the clergyman or warden, or both, as soon as they approach the spot; this sport is repeated as often as opportunity offers, and as every yard, court, lane, or alley, on either side the street, rejoices in one or more pails, &c., escape is out of the question. A great sensation is created by the appointment of a pastor unacquainted with the custom, and the wardens good-naturedly enough contrive to keep him in ignorance. Fancy for one moment, his look of horror as, dripping with the liquid, he beholds the contents of a second pail hissing in rapid flight upon his devoted head.

The warden, overseers, and beadles, come in for their share; but, being aware of the custom, they contrive to fall into the rear, and, by politely yielding precedence to his reverence, escape with a partial wetting.

How this pastime originated, I have never been able to learn; but it is considered by the natives to be one of the most ancient in the city. ANTIQVARIUS.

EPIGRAM.

"THE letter Bonald wrote to me, last night,
I row has almost turned my brain with fright."
"What say, that thing of flesh, that chicken heart,
Does he suppose and want to make you start?"
"He says, he does!"—"Returning as I am a sinner,
Let's curse me with his company at dinner."
R. A. DAVENPORT.

OBSERVANDA.

(From a Correspondent.)

DISTANCE FROM THE SUN.

GOLDSMITH, in his *Animated Nature*, observes, that the inhabitants of the earth ought to consider themselves peculiarly happy in being placed at what the learned doctor considers, an appropriate distance from the sun. But it may be said, on the other hand, that if the other planets are inhabited by reflecting animals, the inhabitants of each may, with equal reason, believe themselves particularly privileged and favoured by Providence. Those of Mercury may, at this moment, be piquing themselves on being in the immediate proximity of the sun; whilst the inhabitants of Saturn, or the Georgium Sidus, are, perhaps, no less happy in being at what they consider a comfortable distance from the same luminary.

EPITAPH.

THE purest source whence joys parental flow—
A son of early promise sleeps below!
Like a spring morn beam'd forth his opening ray,
Cheering and light, but darkened ere 'twas day.
Too cruel Death—ah! why, with anger wild,
O'erlook the parent, and demand the child?
But God ordains—and be his will obeyed
In earth as 'tis in Heaven. Dear, hallowed shade!
Hadst thou been granted life's accustomed span—
Had boyhood's hopes been realised in man—
We who, perhaps, now blindly mourn our lot,
In joy's excess had higher claims forgot;
And 'mid the pleasures of an earthly doom,
Lost the bright prospect of a world to come.

CONVEXITY OF THE EARTH.

ON vessels approaching the shore, the higher objects are seen first; and philosophers have not failed to mention this phenomenon as a proof of the convexity of the earth: but the argument is by no means conclusive. The earth is nearly 25,000 miles in circumference; and it may be doubted, whether there would be sufficient convexity between any two visible objects to account for the phenomenon. In addition to this, it may be observed, that this phenomenon is more apparent at some times than at others; and if a person on shore, seeing the masts of a ship before the hull at a few miles distance at sea, is to be regarded as a proof of the convexity of the earth, the same argument would, of course, be applicable to objects on extensive plains on land, but which does not appear to be the case. Perhaps, as this appearance is more observable near the shores than at open sea, it may serve to show that the sea rises from the shores in the same manner as water rises from the edges of a full vessel.

THE DISMAY.

THE wardrobe of Stella presented one day
A scene of confusion and dreadful dismay.
Miss Tippet, on waking, in horror had spied
Some smart *interpresses* close by her side.

"What a shame!" said the pride; "what eternal disgrace!

I fear I shall never again shew my face;
To have lain side by side for I know not how long,
The world will be sure to make out something
wrong."

Then she shrieked; and while sobs with her shrieks
were mingling,

In a fit a *Physiognomist* she fell in a twinkling.

Alarmed at the tumult, up instantly rose
Mum, Bounce, and furbelows, bobbins, and bows,
Bas de sole, corps de jupes et de caleçons a cotte,
Pelerius, collures, and the devil knows what.

The nameless offender meantime lying quiet,
But little supposed himself cause of the riot;
Till convinced of the truth, he soon found from the
clatter,

That a wardrobe in anger is no joking matter.
"Nasty thing!"—"Well, I'm sure!"—"Mr. Impu-
dence!"—"Dunce!"

Were symptoms of rage that all reached him at once.
"We shall all be defiled by the creature," cried one—
"Cried another. "For my part I'll not be undone—
That I won't, till I let the wretch know to his cost,
That a bombazeen's virtue's not easily lost."

Poor Culottes bore in patience this vituperation:
He vowed, he protested, in justification,
It was Betty's mistake that had caused the alarm;
On his word, on his honour, he meant them no harm;
He never had wronged ruffle, bonnet, or lace;
And as for Miss Tippet, he saw not her face;
Though once in his life, to his shame he confessed,
He took a sly peep at some ringlets undressed.

Fair reader! what bosom with anger can rave high,
When a beau on his marrow-bones calls out *peccavi*?
What flounce or what shawl then could pardon refuse,
When a young galligaskin so tenderly sues?

Then wonder not, ladies, to hear that the wardrobe
Laid aside all intention 't'adopt any hard mode;
Nay, so much did he move them that many—but
hold!

The secrets of wardrobes should never be told.
Suffice it to say, 'twas agreed on at last,
Nem. con., to forget and forgive all the past.
And that, all things considered, if it suited his pur-
pose,
He might stay with them longer without any more
fuss.

While Culottes, for their kindness, protested most
duly,

They ne'er should have reason to call him unruly.
But for fear that he ever should prove a marauder,
Miss Petticoat offered to keep him in order.
The two since that day've been so linked one to
t'other,

That to tell them apart often causes great pother;
Thus Jerry will frequently wear petty-coats,
Whilst madam, *pax accident*, takes up culottes.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THIS princess very much disliked the idea
of her death being looked forward to by her
cousin, the King of Scotland. Upon one
occasion, when James sent his barber, Sir
Roger Aston, to her with a message, (but
which was, perhaps, with no other view
than to see how long she was likely to
live,) Elizabeth had him placed in the
lobby, where the hangings were so turned,
apparently by accident, as to give him an
opportunity of seeing her dancing to a
little fiddle, in order that he might tell his
master, by her youthful disposition, how
likely he was to come to the speedy pos-
session of the crown he so much thirsted
after.—*Court and Character of King James*,
by Sir A. W., 1651.

ON A LADY NAMED HIDMAN.

My first 'mid mountain snows on Jura's tops,
Sprightly and gay the scanty verdure crops;
Offspring of what in early Jewish times,
Has led to expiate a nation's crimes.
My next—but, ah! what language can portray
A creature varying as the diamond's ray;
To whom all epithets alike belong,
Good, bad, tall, short, wise, simple, weak, and strong!
Together joined, a name will straight appear,
Which boasts in Dorking's vale a lady fair;
In whom my first's gay sprightliness we find
With all the virtues of my next combined.

THE FANCY-WORK MANIA.

THERE has been, for some years past, a
most fearful malady raging in England
with great violence, of whose pathology we
find no description in any work upon Prac-
tice of Physic, ever published; neither has
any unknown medical man written a treatise
on it, illustrated by wood-cuts, to en-
lighten his professional brethren, and let
people know, in a genteel manner, where
he lives. It chiefly attacks young ladies,
and especially those residing in schools;
from which latter reason we have been in-
duced to call it *epi-academic*. We allude
to the mania for fancy-work—the cruel
torturing of several of the simplest and
most unassuming articles in the world,
into shapes they do not resemble, and uses
they were decidedly never intended for,
except to collect particles floating in the
atmosphere. We were led into this train
of thought by calling one morning at a
ladies' school, where we had a message to
deliver to the mistress of the establishment
from the mamma of one of the pupils. After
knocking twice at the door, and seeing
sundry heads bob up over the front blinds,
and then bob down again with most extra-
ordinary celerity, we were allowed to enter,
and were shewn into a room that was the
perfect picture of a school-parlour. There
was a cabinet-piano, (not for the pupils,)
and a pair of globes; some chalk copies of
French heads; a vase of dead flowers in
greenish water on the table; and some
worsted ones in a paper basket on the
cheffonier, planted in a bung wrapped
round with frizzled green paper; straw
spill-cases on the mantel-piece, and paste-
board card-racks at the sides, adorned with
little square views of gentlemen's seats,
cut out of the last year's pocket-books,
and stuck on with gum: these things, to-
gether with a small table, on which were
displayed a stuffed bird, two blown-glass
ships, a pen-wiper made of little round
bits of coloured cloth, and a transfer card-
case, completed the furniture of the room.
The mistress chanced to be engaged for a
few minutes—school-mistresses always are
when you call; during which time we in-
spected the trifles of the room; listened
to the jingling of the practising piano

through the wall, and then sat down on the sofa, and began to think what a multiplicity of variations this mania had assumed since its first appearance.

Our first recollections of fancy-work ("in its mildest form," as doctors say of the small-pox,) were confined to samplers—not elaborate rug-work, but the old-fashioned standard performance you still see in the back parlours of little tradesmen's shops in country towns, hung up over the chimney-piece, between two crockery dolls, and affording a resting-place for two porcupine quills and a peacock's feather. There was some use in them; at least as far as the letters went: the eccentric birds and Adams and Eves underneath the alphabet had no particular end, it is true, but they seem to have been essential to the proper formation of the true sampler, in the opinion of the maker. The next start was that of the pincushions: little bits of cardboard of divers mathematical shapes, were covered with gaily coloured silks, and being sewed together, were furnished with bran entrails. Considerable variation took place in their style. The basket shape held out for a long time against any innovation; it was green on one side and puce on the other, with pink edges, and for a long while very popular; but the hearts and parrots gradually superseded it. These in turn gave place to the black velvet butterfly, and all fell before the guitar, which had the advantage of real bodkins for strings, whilst the pins were arranged in vandykes round its sides.

The introduction of Bristol-board characterized a new era in the middle ages of fancy-work, and invention ran clean out of its mind in furnishing patterns for fresh contrivances. Oh! how the young ladies of our acquaintance did begin to rule, and cut, and measure every piece of card that came into their hands. Firstly, four oblong bits were edged with blue ribbon, and a consumptive butterfly, with crooked antennæ, was painted on each: next, all these pieces were stitched together, and then being furnished with hinges of ribbon, and a fastening of the same material, it was called a netting-box. But taste improved, and with it the fashion of the articles. Two large pieces were now edged with gold paper at three-pence a strip, some of the most extraordinary conchological specimens ever met with, were painted on its yet fair surfaces; all the blue ribbon binding came over again, and it arose from its maker's hands a portfolio. After this, six trapeziums were linked round a hexagonal foundation; a curved slip was fastened on for a handle, and the performance rested as a card-basket on the fashionable litter table, where the wedding cards were always laid at top, the "return

thanks" underneath, and those of the "petty genteel" of the neighbourhood at the bottom.

About this era, a series of complicated symptoms arose to perplex those who were engaged in watching the progress of the disease. An unaccountable propensity for old grape-jars suddenly occupied the minds of all the young ladies in England. These unwieldy affairs were rented out of dirty warehouses where they had remained undisturbed for years; and, after being well scrubbed, were painted green and furnished with gilt knobs. They were then covered with flowers and butterflies cut from old chintz bed-curtains, and their manufacturers fondly imagined they resembled china jars. After this, short straws were bought in bundles at the bonnet shops, and all sorts of droll contrivances fashioned from them; which lasted just as long as the little boys of the family chose not to pull the said straws out, one by one, and suck up their tea through them; or, by reversing the current of air, form a delicate congeries of bubbles on the surface of their milk and water. The paper dahlias enjoyed also their share of the transient sunshine of popularity; and they were only supplanted by the feather tulips. These, in turn, were weighed down in the scale of favour by the transfer work, and what havoc then began! what spoiling of lithographs, and varnishing of table covers, and breaking of bottles, and leaving their corks out, and drying up of their contents. And every young lady had such dear, sticky fingers, that it was quite delightful to shake hands with her—you were fairly detained for a minute in their thrilling and adhesive grasp, whether they would or not.

When we first saw the perforated cards, we predicted very fatal consequences, and we were right. For some time, their first unassuming square shape was confined to the structure of "housewives," and sticking-plaster cases, where the plaster was cut in strips, and twisted in and out a slit card like basket-work, and the following very interesting lines written, in a album hand, on the cover:—

"If knife or pin my favourite's thumb offend,
Fly! little case, thy kind assistance lend."

or some others equally pathetic. And then what a train of sentiment—what a series of romantic ideas these lines called up. The subdued murmur of pain; the remorseless steel; the vital fluid starting from its confinement; the "flight" of the little case to your assistance; the delicate application of your tongue to the shining mass of block silk and isinglass; and the smile of approval as it was transferred to the wounded part, and a handkerchief twisted round it. All this was delightful—*mais revenons à nos moutons*, which being trans-

lated for the benefit of the few who do not speak French, means "we spoke of perforated cards." When ingenuity could devise no fresh shape to stitch them into, the perforations themselves got into favour; and needles, followed by coloured threads, were pushed in and out, the little holes, and this was called embroidering them.

These, and all the foregoing variations of fancy-work, were soon doomed to be eclipsed by a more powerful and attractive occupation—we mean working canvas with what we inadvertently, and in the innocence of our hearts, thought was worsted, but which we were told was German wool. Its rise and progress was fearfully rapid, and up to the present period it has baffled all remedies. It began its career modestly enough in the patterns bearing the form of wreaths and garlands of flowers, which depended gracefully from the frames of the linen-draper's windows. But all this was too tranquil to last long. By degrees we observed grim brigands peering over plains of Chalis from behind rocks of Gros de Naples; Grecian horsemen and fierce Arabs were riding at a fearful pace across a country of blood and ribbons; and grave Turks were smoking their hookahs in divans composed of "the last Spring patterns." Everybody now began to transfer these images to canvas. Old four-legged stools were covered, worked, and denominated "ottomans;" irregularly-shaped pieces were embroidered in zigzag lines, and then sent to the shoemakers to have soles put to them, in order to form slippers for old lady friends; bags and bell-pulls have already run a long career; even large rugs for the fire-place have not wearied their indefatigable workers; and the last young lady we saw engaged in this industrious pursuit was beginning a work, a stair-carpet, in small forget-me-nots, to extend from the hall up to the third floor.

ALBERT.

THE LATE ROBERT MILLHOUSE, THE NOTTINGHAM POET.

It is rarely that we find, even among the "short and simple annals of the poor," any personal record of such touching interest as the following sketch of the late Robert Millhouse, whose death was noticed in our last Number. In our "brief chronicles of the times" will be found many a memoir of genius struggling with the stream of this working-day world, till, exhausted and worn out, he sinks into the oblivion of untimely death. But, in such records, (that is, if the truth be told,) how commonly do we see the lustre of genius dimmed by some habitual infirmity, which the kindly few may call "the infirmities of genius," but which the sordid world sets up as an

extenuation for its cold and cruel treatment. Here, let us not be mistaken: we are not offering any palliation of the vices of the poor sons of genius, or of those "sons of song," who, living in an ideal world of their own, like players in the mimic scene, but too often neglect or forget the moral ties and duties of the every-day life around them. Our present purpose is, indeed, a more pleasing duty; for the character of the poet Millhouse needs no such extenuation: for, on the other hand, a rare instance of genius and poverty, unsullied by vice, and of manly virtue fighting, for a time, with adversity; yet, with feelings blunted in the struggle, and a frame physically worn out, parting from a world, in which, under other circumstances, he might have occupied a more exalted station.

Robert Millhouse was born at Nottingham, on October 14, 1788, of poor parents; so that all the riches he enjoyed was the wealth of genius. He was the second of ten children: he was sent to toil at six years of age, in the Nottingham manufactories; at ten, he was, like other boys, put to work in the stocking loom; he received no education beyond that of reading and a little writing in a Sunday-school, and this chiefly through the patronage of the late Mr. T. Wakefield; and, about this time, he was one of six boys chosen to sing in St. Peter's church, Nottingham. In early boyhood, he was a great lover of nature; he did not join in the noisy sports of this period of life, but rather sought recreation in escaping from the pent-up resorts of the town of Nottingham, to the rural walks and delightful scenery of the environs. His elder brother relates that when Robert was sixteen, he was so struck with the impressive lines, "The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces," &c., beneath a plaister mantelpiece statue of Shakespeare, that he asked if it was "Scripture;" and craved to read the *Tempest*, on being told it was taken from that play. He never read with avidity, in such intervals of labour as he could, though often at the loss of natural rest, other plays of Shakespeare; Milton's *Paradise Lost*; and the poems of Gray, Collins, Goldsmith, Parnell, Thomson, and Beattie; and he purchased Dryden's *Virgil*, and Pope's *Homer*. This indulgence of reading not only fostered in Millhouse a fine poetical fancy, but cherished a spirit of stern independence, which one of his biographers, (in a Nottingham journal,) describes as "self-will, spurning control."

At the age of 22, Millhouse was drawn in the Nottingham militia, then called the Royal Sherwood Foresters: he joined the regiment at Plymouth, and Dublin, and shortly after, his first composition appeared in a letter to his brother, being a few "Stanzas to a Swallow," caught on some lined

twice: this was followed by others, "On finding a Nest of Robins," and, according to the *Nottingham Review*, these early performances first appeared in that journal.* His first poem was, with the assistance of friends, printed in 1810; and his second work, *Nottingham Park*, in 1812.

In 1814, on the militia being disembodied, Millhouse returned to the stocking-loom, at Nottingham. But, his natural and improved taste for poetry, soon rendered confinement irksome, and, in 1817, he was pleased at being placed on the staff of the regiment. In 1818, Millhouse married; and, in the following year, he published *Picciatola*, with some minor pieces, chiefly under the patronage of the amiable Duchess of Newcastle, and his steady friend, Mr. T. Wakefield. By way of preface to this poem, Dr. Luke Booker, Vicar of Dudley, wrote an elegant essay on the poetical talents and moral character of Millhouse. Next appeared *Sonnets*, and *Blossoms*; and, in 1826, the *Song of the Patriot*, dedicated to Dr. Bowring. The latter poem Millhouse composed in the loom, and wrote it down at intervals, or, at the cost of sleepless nights. It was accompanied by a few sonnets, two of which we quote:—

"THE LOT OF GENIUS.

To feel a conscious dignity within,
And be despised amidst a crowd of fools;
Too proud by slavish purposes to win
The paltry favours of Oppression's tools.
Born to no heritage but that of mind—
To waste in penury the sand of life;
To look on wounds without the power to bind;
To lift a cobweb-shield to baffle strife;
To labour with a patriotic zeal,
And meet with calumny from thankless men;
And trust to after ages to repeal
A nation's apathy, and critic's ban;
Agas—which rear base plies to mock the dead,
And shame the sons whose sires denied them bread.

IMAGINATION.

There is a power within the human mind
Whose track the eagle knows not, when alone
He soars in freedom from his mountain throne,
And leaves the lightning and the storm behind:
The antelope outstrips the desert wind,
Yet marks it not—the lion from his own,
May roaring, deem the forest all his own,
Nor in the solitudes its pathway find:—
Who shall prescribe Imagination's bounds?
The ocean waves are barred at its control;
It heaves the Andes from their giant moulds,
And points its flight to where the Planets roll;
Pursues the comet in its wondrous rounds,
Yet pines in vain to reach the unknown goal."

In 1827, Millhouse published his poem of *Sherwood Forest*; wherein are gracefully

* At Nottingham are three newspapers: the *Journal*, begun in the reign of Queen Anne, a number of which, for 1714, printed on two octavo leaves, is in the present proprietor's possession; the *Review*, in extensive circulation for twenty miles round; and the *Messenger*, conducted by a man of genius, and admired for its talent and taste.—*Sir R. Phillips's Personal Tour*.

—the wild forest where he wone.—MILTON.

reflected the beautiful scenery of that romantic country, with which he had held sweet converse from boyhood. Alas! happy imageries are such first impressions—and how forcibly contrast their freshness and sunlight, and their flowing fancies, with the more laboured yet often less successful exertions of the after-life of the man of letters! In such early productions the thoughts and feelings are mirrored as in a clear lake, the surface of which is too often ruffled by the storms of real life, or its brightness darkened by the shadows of coming sorrows. If there be a paradise on earth, it is the youth of genius; rarely its maturity; and rarer still, its close.

Here is the opening of

"SHERWOOD FOREST.

Twelve moons have waxed and waned,—the infant year
Hath wept her tears into the violet's bell,
Recalling them in sweetness—summer fair
Hath pierced the bottom of the forest dell,
And left a smile there; and the moaning swell
Of autumn gales has made the green leaf sear;
And wintry tempests rung creation's knell,
And shrouded her in snows, since withering care
Threw o'er my dearest themes oblivion and despair.
It shall no longer be—the spell is broken—
For other years may find me still the same;
Shall penury blot out the glorious token,
Bestowed, as herald of a virtuous fame?
Wait we for leisure? Time has quenched the flame
Of greatest hearts, that idly begged his aid,
Trifling from day to day; and many a name,
Wanting the great resolve, has lost in shade
The talent heaven above for noblest purpose made.
What should ambition be? A generous zeal,
Kindled by honourable glory, when
The sim of genius is alone to heal,
To soften and improve the hearts of men;
To lead from Ignorance, and from the den
Of Rapine and Misrule; to point the mind
To love of country, to direct the ken
To Truth, to Virtue, and to Heaven, and bind,
Far as the influence reach, the wounds of human kind.
The rest is infamy, where'er it fall—
Prince, Statesmen, Chief, Philosopher, or Bard;—
To stop the ear when mourning subjects call,
To plan destruction for a name to guard
With sword the villainous, or to retard
And cover truth with falsehood, or entwine
Vice with a serpent-witchery, and award
To deeds accursed, the smooth, the flattering line,
And gild perdition's fruit, and call its taste divine."

Who does not participate in the sentiments of the next passage?

"There is a melancholy fills the mind
When fancy backward looks on ages past;
And, though it bear some pictures not unkind,
The general view looks sombre and agast;
These caves, where twenty centuries the blast
Hath told Time's progress may have screened the brave

And bent a house of gentleness, that cast
A sigh, a tear, a hand to help and save,
Or strewed with flowers the sod that marked the
Martyr's grave.

And so it is, look backward where we may,
We find no age that blood hath not defiled;
And none so innocent, but that a ray
Of noble virtue through the darkness smiled;
For most of this we need not search the wild,
And ask the savage what his sires have told;

To polished clans the savage is a child;
Look to the classic chronicles of old,
And those which after times with sword and fire
enrolled."

Next is a powerful apostrophe to liberty; though, probably, tinged with some of the sternness to which we have referred as one of the poet's characteristics:

Woe and destruction to that wretched land,
In the sad hour of danger, and of fight,
Whose chief defence is bondsmen; and their strand
is filled with fierce invaders in their might:
For what have they to lose? The proud delight
Of Freedom never to their breasts can flow;
They to their homes have but a second right;
The love of country little do they know,
Nor feel those ardent throbs which generous laws
bestow.

Such the effects of Slavery on man;
Whose chains unnerve the sinews of the brave,
And make pale fear the captain of the van,
Who ceaseless points to an unworthy grave.
If freedom come, unlooked for, to the Slave,
Weak are his counsels, and his skill in arms
Fails, when the battle calls him on, to save
His country, or his kindred, and alarms
Unknown to freeborn man, his dastard soul disarms."

The next quotation, from the third canto, shews that the mind of the poet deals not only in stern realities, but is largely imbued with one of the tenderest feelings of which our nature is susceptible—gratitude:

"Where yonder time-worn oaks the tempest brave,
Their arms wide-spreading Clumber to adorn,
And round Newcastle's noble mansion wave,
Like speechless chroniclers to years unborn,
Once bloom'd serene, as blossom on the thorn,
The earliest patron of my minstrel lays;
But all too soon her matchless bloom was torn
By that foul despot, whose cold hand decays
The rarest gems of earth, nor melts in virtue's rays.
Alas! the needy vainly dropp'd the tear,
Tears may not satisfy the yawning tomb;
The sweetest flowers that usher in the year
To vernal frosts surrender up their bloom;
And e'en the beams of May-tide's suns consume
Their vestal loveliness, yet give to weeds,
That vex the peasant, a protracted doom;
Secure they lift their heads, and cast their seeds,
Which Autumn gales diffuse and plenteous growths
succeed."

Here is a touching view of life and lonely man:—

"Oh! what is life? A rainbow in the storm!
And what is man, creation's boasted lord?
Ruh! amidst his joys, obtrudes her frow;
His life—pulsation, and his breath—a word;
His days—"a span," yet on that span a horde
Of withering cares, in ceaseless ambush, tend—
To snatch earth's jewel's in their grasp abhorred,
The heart of sympathy, the dearest friend,
While knaves, through ripening age, go prowling to
their end."

In 1828, Millhouse appears to have been still working at the loom, for our esteemed friend, Sir Richard Phillips, called upon the poet in the autumn, and found that he was "one of the strike" of frame-work-knitters at Nottingham, and was "suffering for his fidelity to his brethren, every kind of privation. He justified this strike, and displayed, with great

energy of eloquence, the wretched situation of himself and others. It appeared, however, that the friends of his talents shielded him from many of the inconveniences suffered by his brethren, though I have no doubt that his loyalty to the cause would lead him to make personal sacrifices to the common stock." Sir Richard then quotes the poems of Millhouse, adding, "is it to be supposed, that such a man would be a party in a strike for wages, if the circumstances were not of the most urgent character? It much gratified me to find that Mr. Millhouse enjoys the zealous friendship of several respectable persons in Nottingham; among whom are Mr. Thomas Wakefield, who is engaged in every good work; the Howitts, husband and wife, who may, without feeling envy, patronise any poet of their time; and also of Mr. Thomas Bailey, (likewise a poet,) whose affluence and public spirit qualify and stimulate him, on all occasions, to do his duty."

In 1834, Millhouse quitted the frame, and applied himself solely to literary composition, as a means of subsistence. But his prospects were soon overcast with domestic troubles; his wife died, leaving five children out of eight, and he fell into pecuniary difficulties; from the latter he was wrested by a subscription raised among the benevolent persons of Nottingham. He next obtained a situation in the Savings' Bank of the town, with a salary of £20 a year, which he received till within three months of his death, when it was reduced to four shillings a week. Meanwhile, he had commenced his chief poem, the *Destinies of Man*, in his favourite Spenserian measure. The work, is a pocket volume, of about 100 pages, is before us, but we have not space for its analysis: it is full of poetic power, with innumerable touches of pathos, and refined sentiment, so that a reader, unacquainted with the history of the author, would but with difficulty believe it to be the production of an uneducated man. In excellent taste it is dedicated to Mr. Wakefield, who, we are happy to hear, continued, to the last moment, the helping friend of the poor poet. The conclusion of the poem is as follows:—

"Oh Wakefield! now accept the finished pile;
Which had not been but for thy generous hand;
For it has been matured beneath thy smile—
Sanctioned by thee the daring task was planned:
Three winters' storms have swept across the land;
Three springs have poured their incense to the
skies;
And thrice have summer gales the wild rose fanned;
The groves as oft have worn autumnal dyes—
Since, cheered by Heaven and thee, the dome began
to rise.

And, be it told 'n centuries to come—
For not alone do thy friendship find—
That he, whose bounty smoothed the poet's doom,
Was, in his sphere, the patron of mankind:

That, in his softened feelings were combined
A virtue firm, and sympathy sincere;
Which not in sect, or party, was confined;
That, to his worth, distress let fall a tear,
And poverty, from grateful hearts, taught envy to
forbear."

In 1836, Millhouse married again; and, for a time, his prospects were brightened. His friends, Mr. and Mrs. W. Howitt, had now removed from Nottingham, and settled at Esher, in Surrey.* But, they had not forgotten the poor poet; for, before us is a letter from Mr. Howitt, dated May 23, 1837, addressed to Mr. Britton, as "an active member of the Literary Fund Society," and requesting him to communicate to the committee the condition of Millhouse. It appears that he had just lost a patron, who had employed him some time—that he could not get employment at his own business, and that his sole dependance was the Savings' Bank salary of £20 a year. He requested Mr. Howitt to procure him some literary engagement, to furnish prose or verse for the periodicals, so as to realise about £30 a year more. Unfortunately, Mr. Howitt's little connexion with the periodical press, and his absence from the metropolis, did not enable him to benefit Millhouse in the manner proposed; besides which, Mr. H. thought, as we ourselves do, that Millhouse's talent was not just in demand in the periodicals: it was not so common enough.† "It has occurred to me," adds Mr. Howitt, "that the Literary Fund Society knowing his case, might be disposed to vote him an annual sum which might enable him to follow out his poetical bent, and keep him from utter poverty. Without some resource of the kind, I see no other prospect for him. His trade, at the best, does not bring in more than 10s. a-week, and is now in a dreadful state. He would be glad to be employed, I believe, in any respectable situation, and has no idea of this application; but, on considering his case, it appeared to me, that without that active and versatile talent which the magazines require, there is little hope for him. Poetical talent he decidedly has, and has shewn it in his *Destinies of Man*, *Sherwood Forest*, &c., which have been reviewed in most of the periodicals with great praise; and his notion of an income is so limited, that it seems to me the Society might set him perfectly at his ease without any annual stretch of liberality." This reasonable plan of setting genius free was, however,

not carried out, probably, from its not according with the laws of the Literary Fund Society; but, we know that the parties interested in the poet's behalf, fulfilled their part, and that before and after this application, he received several grants from this excellent institution.

Towards the close of 1837, Millhouse was taken ill, and was, for some months, confined to his bed. He, however, rallied in June last, but in witnessing the coronation festivities at Nottingham, he took cold, and thenceforth never left his bed. During his long illness, he was attended, in the right Samaritan spirit, by Dr. Howitt, with as much care and kindness as any of his wealthy patients. In November last, came a ten-pound note from the Literary Fund, to cheer the poet's double winter, and brighten his hopeless hours. A subscription was also raised for him, and paid to him every Saturday, so that he never was in actual want; although a strange report got abroad, that he was starving! Foremost in this benevolent band, stood his fellow-poet and townsman, Thomas Raggie.

But, the lamp of life was now fast flickering out, and the present spring beamed upon him but as dreary winter. He just lived to see the budding buds, and hear the wild notes of the season, from his chamber—the joy of nature which he had so often commemorated in song—and he "fell asleep" on the 13th of May, in his fifty-first year, at his abode in Walker-street, Sutton; leaving a widow and two infants, besides three young children by his first wife. He was interred in the New Cemetery, wherein his friends purpose erecting a tablet to his memory. And, doubtless, they will do so; for the uniformity of their kindness exceeds all praise; and, it is high credit to the people of Nottingham that they have not, for a moment, neglected their genius. Meanwhile, we feel confident, that for the widow and children, some provision will be made, so as to set them in the right way to earn their own living. Although Nottingham is no far place of business as to be well compared to a bee-hive, genius is fostered there; and the "music of the frames," as the noise of the manufactories is called, has not created in the people a disesteem of the music of the soul. By the journal which records poor Millhouse's death, we perceive that the amiable and estimable James Montgomery has just delivered at Nottingham, a course of lectures on poetry: we have already mentioned the native poets, the Howitts, Bailey, and Raggie; and the ingenious Thomas Miller, who, we believe, sprang from the same district, is yearly rising in public esteem as a poet and novelist.

* Whence have been dated *Rural Life in England*, and the *Day's Country Book*, two of the most delightful works of their time.

† It will, however, be remembered, that Millhouse occasionally contributed to the *Annals*, but we know not at what rate.

[Since perusing the above, we have seen the neatly-written *Memoir of Millhouse*, in the *Literary Gazette* of Saturday last; from which we learn that "private bounty unremittingly supplied Millhouse's necessities"; that he lived in a very comfortable house, decently furnished; and, though naturally anxious, yet he never suffered from privation or want. He was steady and sober, and rigidly honest."]

New Books.

DRS CUMMING'S NOTES OF A WANDERER.
(Concluded from page 43.)

[RETURNING to the Pharamond at Leghorn, the Doctor steams to Naples, *Hotel Crocetti*.]

The front windows look upon the Mediterranean, from which the hotel is separated only by the road. To me the sole objection is, that it is on too exclusive a scale, being almost entirely frequented by the wealthier class of English; neither has it a *table d'hôte*, as in the *Hotel de Commerce*, so that, though living in Naples, one sees as little of Neapolitans, or of strangers (except in the streets,) as if he were at home; indeed, there is nothing in this house to remind me that I am in a foreign land. The servants speak excellent English; our dinners are cooked and served in the English style, and my native tongue is current for almost everything. The weather alone proclaims my southern abode, and nothing can surpass its loveliness. The sun is too powerful for walking the streets without an umbrella, but in the house the temperature is delicious, the thermometer ranging from 72° to 75° Fahrenheit.

Ascent of Vesuvius.

June 21.—This day is an epoch in my life. I saw the sun rise from the summit of Vesuvius. It was grey morning ere we reached the summit, and the torches were no longer necessary. At length, after three-quarters of an hour of arduous climbing, I was fairly on the top—the last of the party by a considerable time. Callander did the same thing in twenty-seven minutes. What a rugged scene I trode upon! masses of lava of every size and shape,—smoke, or rather vapour, was issuing from innumerable crevices in all directions. Some straw stuffed into one fuming hole immediately took flame. Here and there I trode upon places so hot as to cause me immediately to withdraw my foot. The old crater discharged neither flame nor smoke; but all around, the white vapours were rising in greater or lesser volume. Every now and then a hot and stifling puff would blow in my face,

reminding what one might suppose a "blast from hell." There was a sharp and biting wind which made the whole party take refuge in their cloaks. The Frenchmen were loud in their admiration of the graceful folds and glowing lines of my tartan plaid. At twenty minutes past four our Cicerone prepared us for the rising of the sun. A brilliant fringe of gold and purple gave notice of his approach. Five minutes afterwards he rose, in unclothed majesty. Oh, it was a scene to behold! and never shall its effect pass from my memory. We descended into the circular hollow of the old crater, which may be three-quarters of a mile in circumference; from its centre, the vent from whence the last eruption issued, descends. On approaching the edge, one can see down only about 100 feet. The actual depth cannot be ascertained. The diameter of its mouth I should calculate to be about 80 or 100 yards. The view of Naples, the sea, and the surrounding country, was surpassingly fine. Our guides had brought baskets of refreshments, and, before descending, I breakfasted on two eggs cooked by volcanic heat.

Beggars in Naples.

This is the land of beggars. I have seen more within the past week than in any year of my life. It is deplorable to see the number of men, women, and children, crowding the streets and highways, beseeching charity. The burden of their prayer is always *maccaroni*, which is to the Neapolitans what potatoes are to the Irish, and rice to the Asiatics—their bread of life, in short. There can be no worse symptom of the government and resources of a country, than to see it overwhelmed by shoals of beggars. An opposite inference may be drawn from the absence of paupers. During a tour of 3,000 miles in the United States of America, I saw only one beggar. This is one of the great boasts of the Yankees, and well it may be so. At length, thought I, with a certain feeling of satisfaction, I have found an American who deigns to solicit charity; but on dropping a piece of money into his hat, and asking where he was born, to my mortification he replied, with the most genuine brogue, "In the North of Ireland, ye're honour."

Here is a short cento of Notes upon

Rome.

From the Borghesi we drove to the studio of *Bien Aimé*, a sculptor of high repute. Here were a number of statues and marble groups, one of which, a virgin weeping over her dead dove, the loveliest object that I ever beheld. We next visited Thorwaldsen, to whom I was introduced. He is an eccentric-looking venerable old man, and

was engaged on the colossal statue of a horse. His figures being chiefly of a gigantic class, lose much of their effect when seen in the studio. He has a bust of Sir Walter Scott, sculptured when he was in Rome. It is not nearly so good as Chantrey's; but Sir Walter was not in his usual health at the period of its execution. There is also a full-length statue of Byron, with the poem of *Childe Harold* in his hand. Our next visit was to the Barberini Palace, to see the portrait of Beatrice Cenci, by Guido Reni. Nothing can surpass the perfect beauty and loveliness of this portrait. The Coliseum is the Prince of Ruins, and worth all the others in Rome put together. What matchless grandeur and elegance it combines! It was begun by Vespasian, and finished by his son Titus. The circumference is 1,700 feet. On one side, the original height remains, but there is a great deal of dilapidation on the other; and actually many palaces have been built at the expense of this still noble edifice. The area is now consecrated ground, and has a figure of the Saviour on the cross in its centre. This pious fraud has alone saved the whole ruin from being carried away for building materials. A great many flowers grow on the side of the building, and also some large shrubs, approaching indeed to trees. They enhance the picturesque exceedingly, but will unquestionably hasten the decay of the ruin. Although the associations connected with the Coliseum are certainly not of a sentimental or pleasing order, the ruin is one of such solidity, elegance, and innate majesty, that it can dispense with the aid of poetic halo. The memory indeed may be shocked, but the eye cannot fail to be charmed.

They have a singular mode of reckoning time here; the new day beginning the moment of sun-set; an hour after which it is one o'clock; two hours later, two o'clock; and so on, up to the time of the next sun-set, the hour before which is necessarily twenty-three o'clock. This seems a ridiculous enough fashion, for as the sun never sets twice at the same hour, they must be for ever altering their clocks. The same system prevails at Naples. During the dominion of the French in Italy, they abolished this singular custom, but it was revived as soon as things returned to their ancient footing.

There is a method of fishing in the Tiber that I have not seen elsewhere. A long pole having a bag-net at each end of it, is constantly going round, and so arranged, that it is made to revolve by the current like a mill-wheel. When one net is in the water, the other is, of course, in the air, directly above. A person is always on the

watch in a sentry-box in the platform, provided with a receiving net at the end of a long stick, by which he catches the fish that would otherwise be restored to the river by the revolution of the pole. According to *Jean*, all the sturgeon in the Roman market are caught in this manner. I have frequently watched for half an hour at a time, but have never seen a successful revolution of the nets.

Florence.

Visited the Royal Gallery yesterday,—an immense collection, and containing specimens of the different European schools,—the Dutch, Venetian, French, &c.,—each having a separate chamber; but there is no English school. England, however high she may hold her head in other matters, must be content to stoop it in due humility when the fine arts are in question. This gallery contains the statue of the immortal *Venus de Medicis*. It is of Greek sculpture, and was dug out of the Villa of Adrian; and although found in fragments, has been joined with admirable skill. Nothing can be more perfectly graceful and symmetrical. Its height is only 4 feet 11½ inches English; and yet there is nothing diminutive in its appearance. In the same room are two *Venuses* by Titian,—both on canvas; the one is divine,—the other of a very mortal description. I passed two hours in making a tour of the various galleries, which contain numerous paintings of rare value. The public are admitted indiscriminately. The scavenger, after his morning's labour, may go and feast his eyes on the *Venus de Medicis*. This certainly indicates a liberal government. A populace possessing such advantages can hardly be a brutal one.

Went after breakfast to-day to the Pitti Palace, the residence of the Grand Duke and his court. The public is admitted here, also, without any distinction, and no fees are allowed to be given to the attendants. We visited the Pietro Duro manufactory, and saw the manner of proceeding with the work, and also some finished specimens. One table on which is represented a harp and some flowers, is the most elegant piece of workmanship I have seen: although not so large as a card-table, it was the work of four years; and, in materials and labour, cost the Grand Duke £4,500. Nothing can surpass the beauty and ingenuity of this manufacture, and yet it is difficult to witness it without lamenting the folly of devoting so much time and industry to so useless a purpose. Florence is a very pleasant town, and said to be the cheapest in Italy as a residence. The Grand Duke is much beloved by his subjects, and exercises his unlimited power with moderation and

judgment. There exists no evidence of a grinding or harsh government in his territories. I have only seen one or two beggars in Tuscany. Every one seems to have employment, and the populace are a much better looking race than those of Naples or Rome.

Picturesqueness of Italy.

As a whole, I should not say that Italy was a picturesque country. For a great portion of the year, the power of the sun is such that the grass is withered, and the streams dried up. Hence nature presents a parched and thirsty aspect; and no sky, however lovely and serene, can compensate for the absence of green fields and running brooks—the two most essential features of pastoral beauty.

Arrival at Venice.

We glided swiftly and silently along, till at length the gondola stopped, and we stepped straight into the hotel. Not a sound was heard in the street. There is something very striking, but not unmixed with melancholy, in the death-like stillness of an evening in Venice, more especially after visiting the other large cities of Italy. Naples, Rome, and Florence, are insufferable from noise in the streets during the night. But here not a sound is heard save the splash of the oar, while the gondola steals smoothly along. It is "the rapture of repose," after coming from Florence. Looking out at my window this morning, I was struck with the novelty of the scene before me. At my feet was a large canal of sea-green water, about eighty yards across, and two sloops of seventy or eighty tons burden were moored at the door of the inn. Boats of various descriptions were plying their vocations of commerce, business, or pleasure. There is a row of lofty, though rickety-looking houses on the opposite side of the canal. About 300 yards to the right, is the bridge of the Rialto, and to the left, a number of small canals are seen to diverge at right angles. Thermometer has fallen to 70°, and the sensation of cold is uncomfortable.

We have navigated a great part of the town. A small gondola, with one man, costs four francs a-day. He stands on the stern, working on the starboard side, the oar resting in the hollow of a prop raised about a foot and a half above the gondola. It is strange that the oar, being on one side, the boat does not yaw to the other. It is astonishing with what admirable precision the man steers, passing through the most crowded thoroughfares, and hardly ever coming into collision. It must be an absolute science, and as difficult as to drive four-in-hand in London. By means of a chart, it is quite easy to steer in any direc-

tion. The Grand Canal describes the figure of the letter S, through the heart of the town, the greater part being towards the north. One would at first imagine that legs would be of little use in Venice, but this is not the case; for although the fronts of the houses go right down into the water, all have an exit from behind. In fact, one may traverse every inch of the city on foot, through narrow alleys beautifully paved, many of them not three feet in breadth, and crossing every now and then one of the numberless bridges. I never was in a town, the geography of which appeared so difficult to learn. One gets completely bewildered by the great number of lanes, and the absence of prominent objects to direct the eye.

[Not a word need be added in praise of this very amusing work.]

THE BOY'S COUNTRY BOOK.

(Concluded from page 59.)

[WITH a few more extracts, we take leave of this charming and very original little book; merely adding that the youth of the present day are fortunate in possessing so pleasing a picture of the delights of boyhood.]

Boys' Love of Dogs.

There never was a lad that was not fond of a dog, and there never was a young dog that was not fond of a lad. They seem to take to each other naturally. They are both fond of play, and of companionship; and nothing is more beautiful than to see a young dog, and two or three children, playing and scampering about together. It would be difficult to say which of the group enjoyed it most. The dog jumps and runs, doubles and capers, and plays at bo-peep, with as hearty and right goodwill, and as knowingly as the children themselves. A country lad has an admiration of all dogs—the stately Newfoundland, the graceful greyhound, the sober mastiff, or the cocktailed cur, he admires them all; but the most suitable dog for him, is a terrier or a spaniel. They are of a very companionable disposition. They are as fond of strolling through fields and woods as he is; and wherever they go, they are always hunting about in hedge-bottoms, in copses, and through woods. The terrier is a lively alert fellow, that is particularly on the look out for just the things that the lad is curious about—rats, mice, stoats, weasels, rabbits, snakes, badgers, hedgehogs, and all that kind of subterranean and dingy-haunting creatures. The spaniel is as fond of hunting after rabbits, hares, and game of all kinds; and a water spaniel is very amusing by his readiness to plunge into rivers and pools,

and fetch out sticks, or such things as are thrown in for the purpose. It is good for a lad to have a favourite dog. It is a ready friend that is always at hand, and always delighted to attend and oblige; and it is good for the young heart to have something of the sort to cultivate an attachment to, and defend. The faithful nature of a dog cannot fail to make a salutary impression on the mind of a well-dispositioned boy.

Country Children.

I pity scarcely any ragged, or cold, or solitary lad that I see in the country; the hardships of factory children are the hardships of their lives, but those of country children are but the pinchings of a short season now and then. They are not compelled to take their food as they stand before never-ceasing machines—fit images of eternal torture—in the hot and flocky atmosphere of a mill; they do not meet as strangers from the swarming dens of an overgrown town, but they know each other from their births; the sky is above their heads; the vital air from the hills and the seas rushes over their frames. They walk about at liberty, and go from moderate hours of labour to comfort and sound sleep. The children working in the brick-yards with bare legs, and bodies smeared with clay; or those in the hop-grounds of England, picking the hop-flowers that nod luxuriantly from the tall poles, while other merry children are bringing them to them; the boy who sits for long hours, turning the great wheel of the rope-maker: I ask who can pity them? And where should we find the other country children? Why, in gardens and shrubberies, weeding beds of flowers and ordinary herbs, and carrying away dead boughs and cuttings of trees for the gardeners. We should find them in summer, active in the hay and corn-field; keeping watch, armed with a rod of office tipped with a piece of scarlet cloth, over geese and turkeys with their broods. We should descry them gathering berries on the sunny heaths, and mushrooms from the old pastures. In the autumn, the acorns come pattering down from the oaks for them to gather; the chestnut and the triangular beech-nut lie plentifully in the woods; and the ants exhibit their tawny clusters for their eager hands. They are gleaners abroad, and thrashers of their little harvests at home; helping their mothers to spread out a sheet on the green sward of the open common, and winnowing their little heap of grain in the free winds of heaven. Happy dogs are they all! Pity them, I think! I love them every one, and delight to remember them as making the

country pleasant by their presence. Hark! I seem even now to hear the bird-boys blowing their horns in the distant fields, or a score or two of these country urchins shouting after the harvest-home wagon.

The School-mistress.

In town or country, however pleasant it may be to be running about and playing, it is necessary still to go to school; and whether in town or country, school furnishes some of the most strong and marked days of a lad's life. I went to school as other little boys do, of course, and I dare say I thought it tedious enough to be poring over A. B. C., or learning to spell, when the sky was so blue, and the birds were singing so sweetly out of doors; but I remember nothing of this now: I only remember that my first teacher was Nanny Alldred, or, as it was there pronounced, Nanny Arred, an old woman who lived in a very little house just by our garden; wore a large mob-cap, a broad-striped bedgown, a large check apron, in which she used to go, when school was over, gathering sticks, and always came back with a great load, walking with her tall staff, and seeming so old and tired, that she could never get up the hill; yet every few days she went and came in the same manner. I remember too, that she took great quantities of Scotch snuff, and had three or four large cats, so that in old times she would certainly have been drowned for a witch.

Going to School.

It is when the boy goes to school that he first begins to battle with the world—that he first feels in what a fairy land of love he has been fostered—that he first finds the necessity of putting on some of that rough outside of silent defiance, and of knitting up his heart into the strength of fortitude, that will be so needful for him all his life afterwards; that he is in reality brought by the shock of circumstances to see and to observe the variety of character, the variety of motive, the springs of life and action—it is to him the clear dawn of the actual world.

Ackworth School.

Differs remarkably from all other public schools, in the complete isolation of the children. They have ample and airy playgrounds, but are as perfectly separated from the world as if they were not in it. Owen, of Lanark, himself could desire nothing more secluded. As no vacations are allowed, the children are often three or four years there, and during that time see nobody but the members of the family, or occasional visitors; except in their monthly walk into the country, when they march two by two, under the care of the

teacher on duty, and can have no intercourse with any other children. It is impossible that evil communications, from without, can corrupt their good manners; and within, they are free from the distinctions of wealth and rank which torment the world, and excite many keen heart-burnings in most public schools. There, not a sense of them exists. The utmost equality, the most cordial harmony, prevail. One child is distinguished from another only by the difference of person, of talents, disposition, and proficiency in learning. Happy estate! admirable foundation for a noble and erect carriage; for establishing in the mind a habit of valuing men, not by wealth and artificial rank, but by the everlasting distinctions of virtue and talent. Though the children are thrown entirely upon their own resources for amusement, these resources never fail. Besides ordinary plays, and means of play, there are their gardens; and a gardener and seedman attend in the spring, for every boy to lay in his stock of seeds and plants, which are paid for by the superintendent, their general treasurer. Then there is a flagged walk of some two or three yards wide, and reaching from the centre building to the garden, a considerable distance; a charmed promenade, marking the separation betwixt the boys' and girls' green; where relatives of each sex may meet and walk together, and where *only* they can meet for conversation, being kept as completely apart, in the opposite wings of the building, as in two distinct establishments. It is beautiful to see brothers and sisters, and cousins (a relationship, I fancy, somewhat liberally rendered) there walking and talking, with linked arms, and words that never cease.

Periodicals.

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY

Is, this month, various and amusing, though, with the exception of the Editor's papers, the articles, more or less, lack vigour. *Jack Sheppard* makes excellent progress, and the scenes of the chapters before us are as rich and racy as any of their predecessors. "The Dining Houses in London" is better in design than execution; although the episodal notice of "the night houses" is good. Lover's "Handy Andy" is full of humour. "The Thames and its Tributaries" abounds with pleasant anecdote; and the residue we must leave, for the present, to their merits.

THE FOREIGN MONTHLY REVIEW, No. 1.—[A first Number is scarcely a fair criterion of the capabilities of any Periodical; but,

as far as the present enables us to judge, we should say this new Review promises well. The main subjects of the papers are the Lyric Poets of Germany; Elementary Education in Holland and Belgium, of peculiar interest, at this moment; the Private Life of Napoleon, with new anecdotes; Society and Morals in the United States; Wieland; Augustus II., King of Poland; Dumas's Visit to Sinai; Læppen-berg's History of England; and minor papers, among which the *resumé* of D'Urville's Expedition to the South, is remarkable for its concise yet complete version of this unprofitable affair. The pegs, whereon these papers are hung, are books published on the Continent, and, generally, within the present year. Here are a few anecdotes from the paper on Napoleon:—

There is something very original in the following anecdote of the King of Bavaria, who was much distinguished by Napoleon. He was one evening invited to a theatrical representation at the Tuileries, and a little before the end of the entertainment was received by the Emperor into his own box, which was a high mark of favour. On quitting the theatre, Napoleon took him by the arm, and, as the two monarchs walked on, a crowd eagerly gathered round them. The King's head being full of stories he had heard of the address of the Parisian pickpockets, who, by the help of a magnificent costume and borrowed name, gain access to these *fêtes* at the palace, he became uneasy about his watch and snuff-box; and, when the crowd assembled, slipping his arm from that of the Emperor, he covered his seals with his hand, and observed with the utmost simplicity, "Pardon, sire, but it is as well to be cautious. I do not know everybody here, and no one knows who may be present."—"You are quite right," archly replied Napoleon; the fears of the King not having escaped him; "were I in your place, I should do the same at Munich."

The heart of Napoleon is well shewn in the account of the death of Marshal Lannes, at Essling, who, while sitting in a trench, was shot in both knees by a cannon ball. He was carried to the surgeon, and the Emperor, seeing that he was wounded, hastened to him, embraced and sobbed over him, exclaiming, "Lannes, my friend, dost thou not know me? It is I, it is the Emperor, it is Bonaparte, thy friend, Lannes; thou shalt be saved!" The Marshal opened his eyes, and, with difficulty answered, "Sire, I could wish to live if I could still serve you and France; but, ere one hour elapses, you will have lost one of your best friends." Napoleon, on his knees, wept bitterly, and, half choked, turned to Masséna, saying as Lannes was

borne away: "My heart must have received a terrible shock if I could have thought of anything but my army on such a day."

Touching Reflection (from *Nicholas Nickleby*). It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature, that when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would seem almost as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we dearly loved in life. Alas! how often and how long may those patient angels hover above us, watching for the spell which is so seldom uttered, and so soon forgotten!

Maternal Pride.—Pride is one of the seven deadly sins; but it cannot be the pride of a mother in her children, for that is a compound of two cardinal virtues—faith and hope.—*Nicholas Nickleby*.

Varieties.

The Diorama has been re-opened with two paintings, by the Chevalier Bouton. One is the Interior of the Church of Santa Croce, at Florence, which picture, by the way, was first exhibited here about forty years ago, and was removed about a year and a half since. This revival is a judicious one; for Santa Croce, with its superb monuments of the illustrious dead, is an untiring wonder of art, and a delightful scene for religious contemplation. In this exhibition, the latter is deepened by the effects of light and shade, the church being seen from noon-day till midnight; from the rich glare of sun-light to the "dim, religious" twilight, and the still atmosphere of the "witching time of night." The new picture is a scene of very different character—the gorgeous Coronation of Her present Majesty; from the altar of Westminster Abbey. It is a sure card for the treasury, though its success, as a picture, is qualified by its not possessing the gorgeousness of the real scene, the colouring being, strange to say, less brilliant than the original. It is not so well calculated for the display of minute skill as for broad, general effect, though, in the latter, it is not so striking as might be expected. The peculiar diamic powers of the exhibition might surely have made the scene more brilliant, and the play of light and shadow better defined. Still in the picture will doubtless, as a painting, one more especially to those

persons who had not the good fortune to witness the original spectacle.

Tower of London.—The public are now admitted, to see the armouries, at 6d. each person.

The late Mr. Galt.—A large body of the Greenock mechanics spontaneously attended the remains of Mr. Galt to their last home, "to testify their respect for a townsman of whose literary reputation they were proud, and to whom they felt gratitude for the warm interest he had taken in their intellectual and moral advancement." A portrait of Mr. Galt, painted for the Watt Club, has been hung up in the Town Hall, at Greenock, as a tribute of respect to his memory.

The Iliad of Homer has lately been translated into Sanscrit.—*Foreign Quar. Rev.*

Poland.—The Emperor of Russia has, by an ukase recently sent to Warsaw, forbidden persons selling, or letting out to read, any unauthorized book, pamphlet, or foreign journal, on pain of the whip or bastinado, and exile to Siberia.

The Earl of Essex, who died on the 23rd ult., was Recorder and High Steward of Leominster, a D. C. L., and F. S. A.

Huge Ox.—There is now exhibiting in Piccadilly, a fat animal, who is styled by its proprietor, "The American Mammoth Ox, Brother Jonathan," and is stated to have been brought from New York. His extreme length is 11 ft. 10 in.; girth, 10 ft. 9 in.; height, 5 ft. 11 in.; weight, 4000 lbs.; age, 6 years.—He is *trop grus* for a zoological wonder; and too caricatura for John Bull.

Scientific Soirées.—On Saturday, the Marquess of Northampton gave his fourth and last *soirée* to the Fellows of the Royal Society, and other distinguished *physiciens* and *literati*; nearly 500 of whom were present. Amongst the curious objects shewn to the company was a microscope of intense power, the most interesting illustrations being the circulation of the newt and frog, which, by aid of this instrument, was beautifully demonstrated. On Monday, Earl de Grey, as President of the Architects' Institute, held a *conversazione*, at his splendid mansion, in St. James's-square, which was brilliantly attended; there being present, besides the leading professors, several of the nobility, amidst whom were the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, and the Marquess and Marchioness of Lansdowne and daughter.

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CONDUCTED BY JOHN TIMBS, ELEVEN YEARS EDITOR OF "THE MIRROR."

No. 7.]

SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1839.

[Price 2d.



THE DIVING BELL,

AT THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, REGENT STREET.

THE DIVING BELL, AT THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, REGENT STREET.

"Ariel need no longer sing—

"Full fathom five thy father lies;"

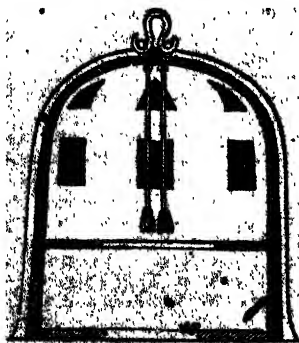
for the Diving Bell would speedily reach him, and all the sooner if his bones were made of coral."—
Miller's Rural Sketches.

THE Polytechnic Institution was opened to the public in the autumn of last year, for the exhibition of novelties in "the Arts and Practical Science, especially in connexion with Agriculture, Manufactures, and other branches of Industry." The premises of the Institution are capacious and well-appointed, and extend from the east entrance in Regent-street, 320 feet in depth, including the mansion, No. 5, Cavendish-square. The exhibition consists, for the most part, of mechanical and other models, distributed through various apartments; as a hall, devoted to manufacturing processes; a laboratory beneath; a theatre or lecture-room above; a very spacious hall; and other apartments.

"The Great Hall" is 120 feet in length, 40 feet wide, and 40 feet high; it is lit from the roof, and about midway around the apartment extends a roomy gallery. The latter contains models and designs, and a pair of huge metallic reflectors; in the foci of which, the softest whisper may be heard the whole length of the room; and meat be cooked by fire at 100 feet distance; which process is exhibited daily.

The floor of the Hall is principally occupied by two canals, containing a surface of 700 feet of water; attached to which are the appurtenances of a dockyard, locks, water-wheels, steam-boat models, &c. At the junction of these canals, at the west end of the apartment, is a circular reservoir, or tank, fourteen feet deep; which, with the canals, holds nearly 10,000 gallons of water, and can, if requisite, be emptied in less than one minute.

Beneath the west-end gallery hangs the *Diving Bell*, as represented in the engraving.



ing. It is constructed of cast-iron, and weighs three tons; is about one-third open at the bottom, and has a seat around for the divers, as shewn in the sectional engraving: it is lighted by twelve openings, of thick plate glass, which is firmly secured by brass frames screwed to the Bell; six of these lights being triangular, and in the crown, and six square, in the side. The Bell is "suspended by a massive chain to a large swing crane, with a powerful crab, the windlass of which is grooved spirally; the chain passes over four times into a well beneath, and to it are suspended the compensation weights," which, by acting upon the spiral shaft, accurately counterpoise the Bell at all depths. It is supplied, by two powerful pumps of 8-inch cylinder, with air, conveyed by a leather hose to any depth.

The Bell is constructed with all the improvements which modern science has suggested; the engineers being Messrs. Cottam and Hallen. It is slightly conical; 5 ft. in height, and 4 ft. 8 in. diameter at the mouth: its thickness is $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. at the top, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. at the bottom: the seat, (which extends nearly round the inside,) and the flooring, or support for the feet, are of wrought iron grating; both being covered with wood, and the seat carpeted, to suit amateur divers, of whom there is a fair proportion. Within the bell is affixed a knocker, (such as we commonly see on street-doors,) under which is painted:—

More Air, Knock Once.

Less Air, Knock Twice.

Pull up, Knock Three Times.

There is likewise affixed a written caution—"Visitors are requested to keep their seats, and their feet on the board." Instead of the strong lenses, or "bull's-eye lights," common in old Bells, the windows are filled with plate glass seven-sixteenths of an inch thick. The leather hose is lined with caoutchouc cloth, and fitted inside with spiral wire. A peculiar provision is made for adding weights to the Bell, and securing them with flanges to the outer rim; and six massive vertical straps meet on the crown in a double ring, by which the Bell is suspended from the crane.

The Bell is put into action several times daily: it will contain four or five persons seated; each pays one shilling for a descent; and so universal is the public curiosity, that ladies and children are frequently occupiers of the seats. The divers first ascend into the Bell, and take their seats; and the air being pumped through the hose screwed into the crown, the Bell is moved over the water by the crane, directly let down within two feet of the

"We understand the Diving Bell is a complete lion, and turns in nearly £1,000 per annum."
—*Railway Magazine*, October, 1858.

bottom of the tank, and then drawn up; the whole occupying only two minutes and a half. We experienced no peculiar sensation until the bell was totally submersed in the water, when the sole inconvenience was what is vulgarly called "a singing in the ear," which "went off" as soon as we quitted the Bell. One of our companion divers was a deaf-mute, who appeared much excited by his novel situation, but more especially with the effect on his ears. It was curious to observe through the windows around the Bell the breathed air, (or carbonic acid gas, which had been compounded by breathing,) rising in countless opaque bubbles through the limpid water; and the agitation caused by the escape of the air at its surface was striking.

In the engraving is also introduced a diver, habited in Deane's water-tight dress, helmet, and belt, and descending by a rope-ladder into the tank: he is supplied with air pumped through a caoutchouc pipe; by means of which also he can float to the surface of the water at pleasure, or cause sunken articles to rise by securing them to the pipe.

NATIONAL EDUCATION.

At length, the long-expected scheme of the Committee of the Privy Council on Public Education has appeared; and the following are the main objects sought to be carried out:—

"To found a school, in which candidates for the office of teacher in schools for the poorer classes may acquire the knowledge necessary to the exercise of their future profession, and may be practised in the most approved methods of religious and moral training and instruction.

"This school to include a model school, in which children of all ages, from three to fourteen, may be taught and trained, in sufficient numbers to form an infant school, as well as schools for children above seven.

"Religious instruction to be considered as general and special.

"Religion to be combined with the whole matter of instruction, and to regulate the entire system of discipline.

"Periods to be set apart for such peculiar doctrinal instruction as may be required for the religious training of the children.

"To appoint a chaplain to conduct the religious instruction of children, whose parents or guardians belong to the established church.

"The parent or natural guardian of any other child to be permitted to secure the attendance of the licensed minister of his own persuasion, at the period appointed for special religious instruction, in order to give such instruction apart.

"To appoint a licensed minister to give such special religious instruction, wherever the number of children in attendance on the model school belonging to any religious body dissenting from the established church is such as to appear to this committee to require such special provision.

"A portion of every day to be devoted to the reading of the Scriptures in the school, under the general direction of the committee and superintendence of the rector. Roman Catholics, if their parents or guardians require it, to read their own version of the Scriptures, either at the time fixed for reading the Scriptures, or at the hours of special instruction.

"To arrange the classes in separate rooms or sections of the same apartment, divided by partitions, so as to enable the simultaneous method to be applied to forty or fifty children of similar proficiency.

"To adopt means to assemble a greater number of children for simultaneous instruction on subjects not so technical as to require a division into classes of fifty.

"To include instruction in industry as a special department of the moral training of the children.

"To give such a character to the matter of instruction in the school as to keep it in close relation with the condition of workmen and servants.

"Besides the physical training of the children in various employments, to introduce such exercises during the hours of recreation as will develop their strength and activity.

"To render the moral training of the children at all times an object of special solicitude."

The next great object is the establishment of a *Normal School*:

"To provide apartments for the residence of the candidate teachers.

"To construct the class-rooms so as to afford the candidate teachers an opportunity of attending each class in the model school without distracting the attention of the children or the teacher.

"To provide means for the instruction of the candidate teachers in the theory of their art, and furnishing them with whatever knowledge is necessary for success in it.

"To appoint a rector to give lectures on the method and matter of instruction, and on the whole art of training children of the poor. To regulate the reading and exercises of the candidate teachers, and to examine them. To determine the order in which they may be admitted to the practice of their art in the school, and at length intrusted with the conjoint management of classes, and to superintend their ultimate examination, subject to the rules of this committee.

"The religious instruction of the candidate teachers to form an essential and prominent element of their studies, and no certificate to be granted unless the authorized religious teacher have previously attested his confidence in the character, religious knowledge, and zeal of the candidate whose religious instruction he had superintended."

"The religious instruction of all candidate teachers connected with the established church to be committed to the chaplain, and the special religious instruction to be committed (in any case in which a wish to that effect is expressed) to the licensed minister of the religious persuasion of the candidate teacher, who is to attend the school at stated periods, to assist and examine the candidate teachers in their reading on religious subjects, and to afford them spiritual advice."

"The candidate teachers in all other respects to conform to such regulations as respects the entire internal economy of the household as may be issued by the rector, with the approval of this committee."

"To provide accommodation in the model school for at least 450 children, who should lodge in the household, viz., 120 infants, 200 boys and girls receiving ordinary instruction, and 50 boys and 50 girls receiving superior instruction, and 30 children probably absent from sickness or other causes."

"To establish a day-school of 150 or 200 children of all ages, and both sexes, in which the candidate teachers may realize the application of the best methods of instruction, under the limitations and obstructions which must arise in a small village or town day-school."

The remaining provisions are a grant of £22,500 to the National Society, and the British and Foreign School Society, for the establishment of their Normal Schools. A Secretary and Inspectors are to be appointed; the duties of the latter being to convey to conductors and teachers of private schools, in different parts of the country, a knowledge of all improvements in the art of teaching, and to report the progress made in education from year to year. —Gratuities are to be granted to meritorious teachers. A sum not exceeding £10,000 yearly is to be expended in grants for the building of schools; in no case more than one-half of the expense of each school being granted.

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF NATHANIEL BOWDITCH.

(Continued from page 23.)

Mr. Bowditch's *last voyage* was made in the ship *Putnam*, of which he

was part owner, and in which he sailed in the combined capacities of master and supercargo. He sailed for Sumatra in November, 1802, and returned in December, 1803. His habits of life and study, when on shipboard, are thus related by one who accompanied him, in his two last voyages, in the capacity of a seaman and mate.

"His practice was, to rise at a very early hour in the morning, and pursue his studies till breakfast; immediately after which, he took a rapid walk for an hour, and then went below to his studies till half-past eleven o'clock, when he returned and walked till twelve o'clock, the hour at which he commenced his meridian observations. Then came dinner, after which he was engaged in his studies till five o'clock; then he walked till tea time, and, after tea, was at his studies till nine o'clock in the evening. From this hour till half-past ten o'clock, he appeared to have banished all thoughts of study, and, while walking, he would converse in the most lively manner, giving us useful information, intermixed with amusing anecdotes and hearty laughs, making the time delightful to the officers who walked with him, and who had to quicken their pace to accompany him. Whenever the heavenly bodies were in distance to get the longitude, night or day, he was sure to make his observations once, and frequently twice, in every twenty-four hours, always preferring to make them by the moon and stars on account of his eyes. He was often seen on deck at other times, walking rapidly, and apparently in deep thought, when it was well understood, by all on board, that he was not to be disturbed, as we supposed he was solving some difficult problem, and when he darted below, the conclusion was, that he had got the idea; if he were in the fore part of the ship, when the idea came to him, he would actually run to the cabin, and his countenance would give the expression, that he had found a prize."

On quitting the sea, in 1803, he was appointed President of the Essex Fire and Marine Insurance Company in Salem, the duties of which he continued to discharge till the year 1823. During this time he was frequently solicited to accept posts of honor and emolument in various literary institutions, in different parts of the country. Though his salary as President of the Insurance Company was small, being only twelve hundred dollars, yet the larger offers from a distance could not induce him to leave his blessed New England home. Thus, in 1806, he was chosen to fill the Hollis Professorship of Mathematics at Harvard University. In 1818, he received a letter from Mr. Jefferson, requesting him to accept the Professorship

of Mathematics in the new University at Charlottesville, in Virginia. Mr. Jefferson said in his letter, 'We are satisfied we can get from no country a Professor of higher qualifications than yourself for our mathematical department.' And in 1820, on the death of Mr. Ellicott, Professor of Mathematics at the United States' Military Academy at West Point, he received a letter from Mr. Calhoun, then Secretary of War, desiring him to permit his name to be presented to the President to fill the vacant chair. Mr. Calhoun in that letter said, 'I am anxious to avail myself of the first mathematical talents and acquirements to fill the vacancy.'

In the year 1806, Mr. Bowditch published his accurate and beautiful chart of the harbours of Salem, Beverly, Marblehead, and Manchester, the survey of which had occupied him during the summers of the three preceding years. So minutely accurate was this chart, that the old pilots said he had found out all their professional secrets, and had put on paper points and bearings which they thought were known only to themselves. They began to fear that their services would no longer be needed, and that their occupation and their bread were gone.

On the establishment of 'The Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance Company,' in 1823, he was elected to the office of Actuary, being considered the person best qualified for this highly responsible station, from his habits of accurate calculation and rigid method, and his inflexible integrity. Immediately on accepting the office he removed to Boston, at the age of fifty, and there spent the last fifteen years of his life. On his leaving Salem, a public dinner was given him by his fellow citizens, as a testimony of their respect. No man, ever left that place more regretted.

It was a hard struggle for Bowditch to break away from the pleasant scenes and associations of his native place. There were his earliest friends, and there his strongest ties. But he felt that he owed it to his family to make the sacrifice of personal attachments and preferences; and for some time he and his amiable consort fondly cherished the hope of returning and spending their last days in the City of Peace.

In March, 1798, just before sailing on his third voyage, he married his first wife, Elizabeth Boardman, who died during his absence, at the age of eighteen. In October, 1800, he was married to his cousin, Mary Ingersoll, a lady of singular sweetness of disposition and cheerful piety, who, by her entire sympathy with him in all his studies and pursuits, lightened and cheered his labours, and, by relieving him from all domestic cares, enabled him to go on, with

undivided mind and undistracted attention, in the execution of the great work on which his fame, as a man of science, rests. He has been heard to say, that he never should have accomplished the task, and published the book in its present extended form, had he not been stimulated and encouraged by her. When the serious question was under consideration as to the expediency of his publishing it at his own cost, at the estimated expense of ten thousand dollars, (which it actually exceeded,) with the noble spirit of her sex, she conjured and urged him to go on and do it, saying that she would find the means, and gladly make any sacrifice and submit to any self-denial that might be involved in it. In grateful acknowledgment of her sympathy and aid, he proposed, in the concluding volume, to dedicate the work to her memory—a design than which nothing could be more beautiful or touching. Let it still be fulfilled.*

It is hardly necessary for me to say that this was a Translation and Commentary on the great work of the French astronomer, La Place, entitled *Mécanique Céleste*, in which that illustrious man undertakes to explain the whole mechanism of our solar system, to account on mathematical principles for all its phenomena, and to reduce all the anomalies in the apparent motions and figures of the planetary bodies, to certain definite laws.

La Place himself, in his Preface, states the object of his work as follows. 'Towards the end of the seventeenth century, Newton published his discovery of universal gravitation. Mathematicians have, since that epoch, succeeded in reducing to this great law of nature all the known phenomena of the system of the world, and have thus given to the theories of the heavenly bodies and to astronomical tables, an unexpected degree of precision. My object is to present a connected view of these theories, which are now scattered in a great number of works. The whole of the results of gravitation, upon the equilibrium and motions of the fluid and solid bodies, which compose the solar system, and the similar systems, existing in the immensity of space, constitute the object of *Celestial Mechanics*, or the application of the principles of mechanics to the motions and figures of the heavenly bodies. Astronomy, considered in the most general manner, is a great problem of mechanics, in which the elements of the motions are the arbitrary constant quantities. The solution

* This noble-minded and excellent woman, whose unfailing cheerfulness and vivacity rendered her admirably suited to be the wife of such a man, died in Boston, on the 17th of April, 1834, in the 53rd year of her age.

of this problem depends, at the same time, upon the accuracy of the observations, and upon the perfection of the analysis. It is very important to reject every empirical process, and to complete the analysis, so that it shall not be necessary to derive from observations any but indispensable data. The intention of this work is to obtain, as much as may be in my power, this interesting result.

It is a work of great genius and immense depth, and exceedingly difficult to be comprehended. This arises, not merely from the intrinsic difficulty of the subject, and the medium of proof employed being the higher branches of the mathematics,—but chiefly from the circumstance that the author, taking it for granted that the subject would be as plain and easy to others as to himself, very often omits the intermediate steps and connecting links in his demonstrations. He jumps over the interval, and grasps the conclusion as by intuition. Dr. Bowditch used to say, 'I never come across one of La Place's "*Thus it plainly appears,*" without feeling sure that I have got hours of hard study before me to fill up the chasm, and find out and shew *how* it plainly appears.'

Dr. Bowditch says, in his Introduction to the first volume, 'The object of the author in composing this work, as stated by him in his Preface, was to reduce all the known phenomena of the system of the world to the law of gravity, by strict mathematical principles; and to complete the investigations of the motions of the planets, satellites, and comets, begun by Newton in his Principia. This he has accomplished, in a manner deserving the highest praise, for its symmetry and completeness; but, from the abridged manner in which the analytical calculations have been made, it has been found difficult to be understood by many persons, who have a strong and decided taste for mathematical studies, on account of the time and labour required to insert the intermediate steps of the demonstrations, necessary to enable them easily to follow the author in his reasoning. To remedy, in some measure, this defect, has been the chief object of the translator in the Notes.'

(To be continued.)

Spirit of Discovery.

FRENCH EXPEDITION TO THE NORTH.

In a few days, the corvette *La Recherche* will sail from Havre for the Feroe Isles. It proceeds thence to Hammerfest, and thence join the Swedish, Norwegian, and Danish, scientific corps, who, in conjunction with the French commission, have prosecuted, during the past winter,

a rigorous course of astronomical, magnetic, and meteorological observations, which the united bodies will continue during the ensuing year.

PROGRESS OF NORTH AMERICAN DISCOVERY FOR 1838.

[We have much pleasure in submitting to the reader the official report of the Expedition, dispatched by the Hudson's Bay Company, to complete the discovery successfully begun by Messrs. Dease and Simpson, in 1837. The furthest point explored was in lat. 68 deg. 43 min. N., and long. 106 deg. 3 min. W., making a total of 120 miles of continental discovery.]

Fort Conference, Great Bear Lake, 1838.

Hon. Sirs.—It now becomes our duty to report the incomplete success of the expedition to the eastward this summer, in consequence of the extraordinary duration of the ice. Much, however, has been done to prepare the way for another attempt next year, and our hopes, instead of being depressed, are elevated by the knowledge so painfully acquired this season.

On the 6th of June our boats were conveyed on the ice to the mouth of Dease's River (then just open), the ascent of which was commenced the following day. With some assistance from Indians we reached the portage leading to the Dismal Lakes discovered by Mr. Simpson last winter, and carried the boats across it without accident. The ice on these lakes was still perfectly solid, and we were provided with iron-shod sledges for the passage; on these we fixed the boats, and, the wind being fair, hoisted sail, which greatly aided the crews on the hauling-ropes. In this manner these frozen reservoirs, which are full 30 miles long, were passed in two days, and we reached our provision-station at Kendall River on the 18th. There we had the satisfaction to find the two men left there by Mr. Simpson, in April, well, and their two Indian hunters successful in the chase. Two of these active fellows consented at once to accompany us along the coast, and proved not only good voyagers, but during our frequent detentions among the ice, killed so many reindeer as enabled us to save nearly half our summer's stock of provisions. On the next day, June 20th, we proceeded to the Coppermine River, which we found still fast. It gave way on the 22nd, and we descended all its "terrible" rapids at full flood, while the ice was still driving. Below the Bloody Fall the river did not clear out till the 26th, and on the 1st of July we pitched our tents at the ocean. Two or three Esquimaux families were seen there, but they took the alarm, and fled over the ice

towards some distant islands. Here, and on various parts of the coast, a fine collection of plants was made by Mr. Dease.

We remained imprisoned in the mouth of Coppermine, awaiting the opening of the ice, till the 17th of July. Our subsequent progress along the coast was one incessant, we may say desperate, struggle with the same cold, obdurate foe, in which the boats sustained serious damage, several planks being more than half cut through. At various points we saw *cachés* of the Esquimaux placed upon lofty rocks, out of reach of beasts of prey; but we did not fall in with any of the owners, who seemed to have all gone inland to kill reindeer after their winter seal-hunt among the islands. Fragments of Dr. Richardson's mahogany boats were found widely scattered; and many articles left by his party at the Bloody Fall were carefully preserved in the native keepings. On the 29th of July we at length succeeded in doubling Cape Barrow. The northern part of Bathurst's Inlet was still covered with a solid sheet of ice; and, instead of being able to cross over direct to Point Turnagain, we were compelled to make a circuit of 140 miles by Arctic Sound and Barry's Islands. On the easternmost of that group Mr. Simpson discovered, at the base of a crumbling cliff, several pieces of pure copper ore, and the adjacent islands had also the appearance of being strongly impregnated with that metal. A series of specimens of all the principal rocks along the coast were preserved. In order to attain Cape Flinders, we had to perform a portage across an island, and several over the ice. On the 9th of August we doubled that cape; and in a little bay, three miles to the southward of Franklin's furthest encampment in 1821, our boats were finally arrested by the ice, which encompassed them for 22 days! so different was the season of 1838 from that of 1821, when Franklin found a perfectly open sea there on the 16th of August.

In June, the early part of July, and the middle of August, we had frequent storms, accompanied by snow and frost, but during the greater part of July and the beginning of August calms prevailed, which, together with the severity of the preceding winter, we consider as the cause of the tardy disruption of the ice this season.

On the 20th of August we were obliged to relinquish all hopes of advancing further with the boats. That our efforts might not, however, prove wholly fruitless, Mr. Simpson offered to conduct an exploring party on foot for ten days. It was at the same time arranged between us, that, in the event of any favourable

movement taking place in the ice, Mr. Dease should advance with one boat. Signals were agreed upon in the event of our missing each other on the way, and should we unfortunately do so, the last day of August was fixed for the rendezvous of both parties at Boat Harbour. That unlucky spot is situated in lat. 68 deg. 16 min. 25 sec. N., long. 109 deg. 20 min. 45 sec. W.; variation of the compass 46 deg. E. Mr. Simpson's narrative of his journey and discoveries to the eastward is annexed.

On the 31st of August we cut our way out of our icy harbour, the grave of one year's hopes, and, having the benefit of fair winds, crossed Bathurst's Inlet, among Wilmot Islands, and safely re-entered the Coppermine River on the 3rd of September. The following day we proceeded to the Bloody Fall, and there secreted our superfluous provisions. The ascent of the Coppermine, (hitherto deemed impracticable,) to near the junction of the Kendall River was accomplished on the fifth day. We deposited the boats in a woody bluff, where they can be conveniently repaired next spring; then, taking our bundles on our backs, we traversed the barren grounds, and returned to winter quarters yesterday.

Here we had the satisfaction to find everything in good order; the buildings rendered more comfortable, and some provisions collected. Our return, so much earlier than we ourselves expected on leaving Port Turnagain, has enabled us to commence the fall fisheries in good time; and though our stock of ammunition and other necessities for the Indians is reduced very low, want no longer stares us in the face, as it did for several months after our arrival here last year. We are most happy to add, that the natives have experienced neither famine nor sickness this season, the only death within our knowledge being that of a blind old man.

September 20.—We have the honour to acknowledge the receipt, this afternoon, of Governor Simpson's despatch of the 28th of February. As things have fallen out this season, it is fortunate that no party was sent down the Great Fish River to meet us; and from the experience we now possess of the coast to the eastward, we are of opinion that a retreat by the Coppermine may be effected when the ascent by the Great Fish River would be no longer practicable.

We feel deeply indebted for the confidence reposed in us, and the ample authority granted by the Governor's circular and previous letters to draw upon the resources of all parts of the country.

This power we have hitherto used in extreme moderation, and we are glad to say that we are not reduced to the necessity of exercising it any further. One of our men leaves us in consequence of a bad complaint, and has been replaced by a servant from M'Kensie's River.

To chief trader M'Pherson, the gentleman in charge of that district, we are indebted for valuable assistance in many ways, likewise to chief factor M'Leod, of Athabasca. Between them our order of last winter for an additional supply of pemmican, dogs, sledge-wood, leather, ammunition, guns, axes, and tobacco, has been completed; while the prompt and kind attention of chief trader Ross, of Norway-house, has fulfilled the private orders of our people, for a part of which we now send to Great Slave Lake.

We are, &c.,

P. W. DEASE, Chief Factor.

T. SIMPSON.

To the Governor, Deputy-Governor, and Committee of the Hon. Hudson's Bay Company, London.

NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY ON FOOT TO THE EASTWARD.

On the 20th of August, the date appointed for the return of former expeditions from these desolate shores, I left our boats, still hopelessly beset with ice, to perform a ten days' journey on foot to the eastward, and my companions were five servants and two Indians: we carried a wooden-framed canvas canoe, and nearly the same other baggage as on the journey to Point Barrow last year, with the addition of a tent for the nightly shelter of the whole party, on a coast almost destitute of fuel. Each man's load, at starting, weighed nearly half a cwt., and our daily progress averaged twenty geographical miles. About the middle of the first day's journey, we passed the furthest point to which Sir John Franklin and his officers walked in 1821. Beyond that, the coast preserved its N.N.E. trending to the encampment of the same night, situate on the pitch of a low cape, which I have named Cape Franklin. From the west to the north-east, a new land, or crowded chain of islands, of great extent, in many places high and covered with snow, stretched along at the distance apparently of thirty miles, and led to the apprehension that we were entering a deep sound or inlet. The main land now turned up to E.N.E., which continued to be its general bearing for the three following days. It is flat, its outline or path leading alternately over soft sand, sharp stones, and swampy ground. At the distance of from one to two miles, the coast is skirted by a range of low stony hills, partially clothed with gull verdure, which sends down to

the seas numberless brooks and small streams; none of the latter, at that season, reached above our waists, though the deep and ragged channels of them shewed that, in the spring, they must be powerful torrents. Two leagues inland, a hill, which I have named Mount George after Governor Simpson, rises to the height of 600 feet, and forms a conspicuous object for a deep journey; on either side, the ice all along lay immoveably aground upon the shallow beach, extending in every direction as far as the eye could reach. The great northern land still stretched out before us, and kept alive doubts of our having explored an immense bay, which, however, the increase in the tides, the quantity of sea-weed, and the shells, and the discovery of the remains of a large whale and of a polar bear, could not altogether dispel. These doubts seemed almost converted into certainty as we drew near, on the fourth evening, an elevated cape, and saw land apparently all around, with feelings of bitter disappointment. I ascended the height, from whose summit a splendid and unlooked for view suddenly burst upon me. The ocean, as if transformed by enchantment, rolled its free waves beneath and beyond the reach of vision. To the eastward, islands of various shape and size overspread its surface, and the northern land terminated in a bold and lofty cape, bearing north-east, at least forty miles distant, while the coast of the Continent trended away to the south entrance of an ice-skirted strait. The extensive land to the northward, I have called Victoria Land, in honour of our youthful sovereign, and its eastern extremity I called Cape Pelly, after the Governor of the Hon. Company. To the promontory where we encamped, I have attached the name of Cape Alexander, after an only brother, who would give his right hand to be the sharer of my journeys. The rise and fall of the tide there was about three feet, being the greatest observed by us in the Arctic seas.

The coast here changes its character; the water becomes deep, and the approach easy, and I have little doubt that the islands contain secure harbours for shipping. Next morning, at the distance of eight or nine miles, we crossed another high cape, formed of trap rocks, in latitude 68, 52, 18, 5 N., the variation of the compass being 63 E. The travelling had become more and more toilsome, our road now passing over some miles of round loose stones, and then through wet mossy tracks, sown with large boulders, and tangled with dwarf willows. At our usual company hours we opened a large bay, studded with islands, which ran on five miles to the S. S. W., and then turned off in a bold

sweep of rounded granite hills, like those near Melville Sound and Cape Barrow, dipping to the sight in the E. S. E., at the distance of thirty miles. The walk round even this portion of the bay, would have consumed three days; the time allotted for outgoing was already expired, and two or three of my men were severely lame from the fatigue of their burdens, the inequalities of the ground, and the constant immersion in icy cold water. I besides cherished hopes, that by making the best of our way back we might, agreeably to my arrangements with Mr. Dease, meet him bringing one of the boats, in which case, with an open sea before us, we could have still considerably extended our discoveries before the commencement of winter. I may here remark, that we were singularly fortunate in the five days of our outward journey, the weather being so moderate and clear, that I daily obtained astronomical observations; whereas, before our departure from the boats, and during our return to them, we had continual storms, with frost and snow, rain and fogs. Close to our furthest encampment appeared the site of three Esquimaux tents of the preceding year, with a little stone chimney apart. We passed the remains of a larger camp, and the remains of several human skeletons near Cape Franklin, but, throughout the journey, we found no recent traces of that few and scattered people.

The morning of the 25th of August was devoted to the determination of our position, and the erection of a pillar of stones on the most elevated part of the point; after which, I took possession of the country, with the usual ceremony, in the name of the Hon. Company, and for the Queen of Great Britain. In the pillar I deposited a brief sketch of our proceedings, for the information of whoever might find it. The situation is in lat. 68, 43, 39 N., long., reduced by C. T. Smith's watch, from excellent lunars at the boats, 106, 3, 11 W., the magnetic variation being 60, 38, 23 E. The compass grew sluggish and uncertain in its movements as we advanced eastward, and frequently had to be shaken before it would traverse at all. Two miles to the southward of our encampment a rapid river of some magnitude discharges itself into the bay, the shores of which seemed more broken and indented than those along which we had travelled. Independently of Victoria Land, and an archipelago of islands, I have had the satisfaction of fully exploring 100 miles of coast, and of seeing 30 miles further, making in all, after deducting Franklin's half-day's journey, already mentioned, about 120 miles of continental discovery. This is, in itself, important, yet I value it chiefly for having disclosed an open sea to

the eastward, and for suggesting a new route along the southern shore of Victoria Land, by which that open sea may be traversed, while the main land, as was the case this season, is yet environed by an impenetrable barrier of ice. Whether the open sea to the eastward may lead to Ross Pillar, or to the estuary of Brack, Great Fish River, it is hard to conjecture, though the trending of the most distant land in view should rather seem to favour the latter conclusion.

The same evening, on our return, we met the ice at Trap Cape, driving rapidly to the eastward; as we proceeded, the shores continued inaccessible. Several bands of buck reindeer were tracked to the southward, along the hills; two which we shot were in far superior condition to those in Bathurst Inlet, and near the Coppermine; a few musk-oxen were also seen, and numerous flocks of white geese (*Anser Hyperboreus*), in general officered by large grey ones (*Anser Canadensis*), were seen assembling on the marshes, and taking their aerial flight to more genial climates. At dusk, on the 29th of August, our tenth day, we regained the boats, and found them still enclosed in the ice, which the north and westerly gales seemed to have accumulated from far and near towards Point Turnagain.

THOMAS SIMPSON.

Port Confidence, Sep. 15, 1838

New Books.

RAMBLES IN THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.

BY LADY CHATTERTON.

[Two elegant volumes of lively, sparkling, and exceedingly pleasant notes, written during the accomplished authoress' residence in Ireland last year; and published with the view of removing "some of the prejudices which render so many people afraid either to travel or reside in Ireland—to shew how many and various are the attractions that misunderstood country contains—and to furnish the most decided proofs that a tour in some of the wildest districts may be keenly enjoyed by an Englishwoman, rendered fastidious by ill-health, and frequent visits to the more refined and luxurious countries of the south of Europe." Nothing can be more attractive than the light, jaunty style in which these notes are penned; chequered as are its gushing thoughts and fancies by many touching traits of the affectionate Irish peasantry, and many a sombre sketch of their comfortless homes. We shall not detail the routes, but take a few random quotations; and, first shall be a journey to Mr. O'Connell's romantic seat.]—

Darrynane Abbey.

A beautiful day.—This morning all was bustle and preparation for our journey to Darrynane; as on this side, for a considerable distance, it is not approachable in a carriage, we had to send our baggage on horseback; two turf-baskets slung across a horse, conveyed it admirably; a bag occupied each, and a small carriage imperial so exactly fitted between them, that, as we afterwards learned, the tidiness of the outfit attracted the attention of some of the hunters on the mountain. The horse, which was ultimately destined to carry me, was ridden by our servant, and the remainder of the party was stowed away in a comfortable jaunting car, which a gentleman in the neighbourhood very obligingly lent us. Thus we took the road for Waterville, eleven English miles from Cahirciveen; and had a prosperous journey, without much to interest, the road being comparatively flat; and, though a fine day, yet it was not sufficiently clear to give a distinct outline of the mountains.

Waterville lies at the bottom of the extensive bay of Ballinskelligs; which, peaceful as it now looks, is said to be the most dangerous on this coast; and the harbour, which goes by the same name, formed, I think, by a small island, has been, as a guide told us, "outlawed," that is, as he explained, declared to be "unsafe." Not a great way from Waterville, is a fine sandy beach, called, I think, Ina, where the Cahirciveen races are held. The property about Waterville belongs to

Mr. O'Connell, but is now in the possession of Mr. Butler, who has a house close to the little river by which Lake Currane is connected with the sea. On this river is a valuable salmon weir, worth from three to four hundred a-year. Fish is very abundant in Lake Currane. I think the circumference given to it by mine host of the "Sportsman's Horn," Mr. Quirk, at Waterville, was fifteen miles. It is very wild and desolate; not a tree near it; and bounded, near its eastern extremity, by barren and lofty mountains. There is an island in it, on which are the ruins of some churches; but I could hear nothing of the remains of a round tower, spoken of in the Killarney Guide. We were told a legend of this place, similar to those we had heard elsewhere, and which shews that it is to superstition the ruins of Church Island are chiefly indebted for their preservation.

We rambled about among the scattered houses at Waterville, and ascended a height which overlooked the lake, and walked on the smooth sandy beach, whilst our luncheon was preparing at Mr. Quirk's. It consisted of cutlets and bacon, excellent bread and butter, potatoes of course, and whiskey ad libitum. The charge, for three people, was only 1s. 6d. Being thus fortified, I mounted my horse, and we started for Darrynane; another had been procured for my maid; the rest of the party proceeded on foot.

We gradually ascended, having a fine view over the bay. On the mountain before us, numerous workmen were busily



[DARRYNANE ABBEY, COUNTY OF KERRY.]

employed in making a new road from Waterville to Darrynane; in the prosecution of this fine work, gunpowder is made use of to blow up the rocks, and the frequent blasts resounded finely as we proceeded. From the summit of the pass there was a noble view of Darrynane Bay, the Isle of Scarriff, and some rocky islets between it and the shore; farther on, the Kenmare river, with the Cow, Bull and Calf, the Allihies mines, and, in a far distance, a glimpse of the ocean beyond Dursay-head.

Here we dismounted, and scrambled up a height in hopes of seeing the hunting party which we occasionally heard. We could, however, see nothing of them, although the sound of horns and the cry of dogs echoed amid the rocks: but we were amply compensated for the walk, by the additional extent of the view. It now reached far up Kenmare river, and embraced a part of Bantry Bay. The ridge which runs into the sea, beyond Ballinskelligs, lay on the right. It is called Coom-a-shista; and the cliffs on its western side, opposite Valencia, are said to be remarkably fine, superior in height and perpendicularity to any on the coast of Ireland; we greatly regretted that we had not seen them, which we might have done during our stay at Cahirciveen, had we been sooner aware of their magnificence.

On our descent, we passed a perfect Pagan Altar, which we examined and sketched. After the great pass was effected, we had a smaller hill to cross before Darrynane became visible. At last we reached an entrance to the grounds, and saw the old grey house, amid a grove of trees, near the sandy shore of a beautiful little bay. This apparent entrance to the place is not, however, the real one; it is the approach to a public road, by which funerals pass to the old abbey.

As the sun had not yet gone down, we went direct to the ruins of the abbey. It is situated in a sunny and well-protected nook, on a peninsula, which is, I believe, occasionally an island. The pasture of this peninsula is excellent, and our guide told us, it is intended soon to be used as a deer path: "He will only," said our guide, "have to build a wall across here; as on the other three sides it is *walled in* by the sea." The abbey was built in a most retired, lovely spot, close to the sea; a part of the walls still remains, and within these is a large monument of the O'Connell family. By the inscription on this tomb, we learnt that Dan. O'Connell and his wife, who died in 1770, were interred here by their son Maurice O'Connell, the uncle of the present possessor, from whom he inherits the estate; there

is, also, an epitaph on Maurice O'Connell, which I regret that I did not copy, as we were afterwards told that it was written by the present proprietor, at his uncle's request, during the old gentleman's life time, whose motive was, to prevent the fulsome compliments which otherwise might have been paid him.

Darrynane-house is situated in a beautiful spot, facing the south, and overlooking a little bay, where the waves come rolling upon the smooth sands. The plantations near seem to thrive, well protected as they are from the northern blast, by a fine range of rocky heights. The house is an irregular pile of building, having received various additions at different times; the interior is most comfortable, and affords the extensive accommodation which the hospitality of its proprietor renders necessary.

The drawing-room is a spacious apartment, on each side of which is a row of windows commanding beautiful views. It is well furnished, and adorned by a fine bust of the owner's lovely daughter. The tables are covered with the latest publications, and numerous good prints, and caricatures. Near this room is the library, full of well-chosen books.

The walls of the dining-room are covered with family portraits; and on a slab at the end, opposite the fire-place, are some old spear and hatchet heads, of a mixed metal, which were dug up not far from Darrynane.

The next morning I took a delightful walk before breakfast on the sand-hills, at whose base the house is situated, and whose slope, covered with fine grass, forms the grounds beyond the plantation.

The view over the bay is beautiful:—its fine sandy beach—the rocky mountain which forms its western boundary—the magnificent sea breaking in heavy billows against it—the indented shore of Darrynane—the islands at its entrance, and ocean beyond, create a splendid landscape. The enjoyment of such a scene was rendered perfect by the sunshine and brilliancy of the finest day we have had this year.

On returning, we had a delightful drive to Darrynane; alternation of exercise certainly rests the frame, for afterwards I felt so refreshed, that, in spite of all the fatigue I had undergone, I was able to accompany the gentlemen in a walk to the heights on the sea-coast, beyond the abbey.

We wished to try and reach a pagan altar, which was described as being perfect, and situated in a lovely spot, by the sea-coast; it was said to be near a fine waterfall, which descended into the sea,

and backed by a high precipitous rock, covered with luxurious ivy. We had not time to go so far; but our disappointment at not being able to see the ancient monument was fully atoned for, by the view of a splendid sunset from the headlands of the bay. I never beheld such a magnificent sight, or one where the wild and fantastic shapes of mountains, rocks, and islands, seemed to combine with the ocean and sky in strange, yet beautiful, harmony. The varieties of colouring, the sound, and, above all, the elevated, the heavenly feelings it inspired, are quite beyond description.

As it was our last morning at Darrynane, I rose very early, and went out before breakfast to take a sketch of the place. I also walked to the tower in the upper part of the grounds, which has been lately erected, and saw a curious labyrinth of walks in the plantations.

Soon after breakfast our steeds arrived, and we took our departure, much pleased with our agreeable visit, and with all we had seen at Darrynane.

DIARY OF THE REV. JOHN WARD.

[Our facetious diarist appears to have been vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon, from the year 1662 to 1681, although this Diary extends from 1648 to 1679. The manuscript is contained in seventeen duodecimo volumes, in the original binding; and they, probably, formed part of the late Dr. Sims's Library. They were discovered a short time since by Dr. Severn, in the library of the London Medical Society, and are now first published by permission of the Council. The contents are of very varied interest; for the worthy vicar not only had the cure of the souls of Stratford, but also of their bodies, for to his reverend profession he added that of a medical practitioner; he, moreover, lived in habits of intimacy with, and in attendance on Shakspeare's immediate descendants. Hence, his Diary was expected to yield a more circumstantial detail concerning Shakspeare's life than any hitherto published: but, this hope is not fulfilled; it contains one solitary page; though, it must be admitted that "a single paragraph of the confessedly scanty records of Mr. Ward is more genuine, important, and exact, than the crude conjectures and vague suppositions of a host of critics, antiquaries, and biographers. In the absence of all documents of a date so near the time of Shakspeare as those of the reverend vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon, his Diary must be deemed the most credible authority yet published, as it is

the only record extant of the income enjoyed by the poet while living, and of the illness which terminated his existence." The "Diary" is edited by Dr. Severn, who has prefixed a biographical sketch of Mr. Ward, whence, we learn that he was of good Northampton family, and that his father fought for the Royalists, on Naseby Field. It is curious to observe that even so late as in the seventeenth century in England, it was common to blend the two professions of religion and medicine; and Ward was an example. He took his degree of M.A. at Oxford, and there associated with the resident medical practitioners: he lodged with "one Stephen Toone," from whom he learned the various processes of pharmacy, and he received instruction in the plants of the materia medica from Bobart, then keeper of the physic-garden, at Oxford. Ward next came to London, and lodged at the Bell in Aldersgate street, "to be near Barber Chirurgeons' Hall," in Monkwell-street, at that time the only place in London where public anatomical lectures were delivered. Mr. Ward, while in London, associated much with apothecaries and chemists, and he has minutely recorded their processes of preparing medicines. "From February, 1661, till 1663, the period of his settling at Stratford-upon-Avon, he employed his time in collecting information which might serve to render him qualified to practise medicine when he had obtained a living in the country; a combination of the two professions in one individual being at that era not unusual; the bishop of the diocese possessing the power of granting to the clergy licenses to practise medicine, as well as to evangelize their flocks." Upon his appointment to the vicarage of Stratford, he immediately engaged in medical practice, though he still continued a student of the classical literature. "His memoranda present a more lively, interesting, and exact picture of the state of medical practice, and the method of performing surgical operations, than can be collected from works printed at the time." They are, of course, tinged with the superstitious errors of the age, and its peculiar conceits; but they must be acceptable to the "curious reader." Other portions of the Diary consist of anecdotes, facetiae, with miscellaneous notes on theological, historical, and philosophical subjects, rich in quaint conceit, and abounding in good sense, characteristic traits, and knowledge of the writer's times. Dr. Severn has prefaced the Diary by a few pages on Shakspeare—his Name, Youth, Property, Last Illness, and Death; his Marriage License Bond, and his Friends. We pass over all these to come to the

Diary itself, and commence our extracts with that which relates to

Shakspeare.]

Shakspeare had but two daughters, one whereof Mr. Hall, the physician, married, and by her had one daughter married, to wit, the Lady Bernard of Abbingdon.

I have heard that Mr. Shakspeare was a natural wit, without any art at all; hee frequented the plays all his younger time, but in his elder days lived at Stratford, and supplied the stage with two plays every year, and for itt had an allowance so large, that hee spent att the rate of £1,000 a-year, as I have heard.

Shakspeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson, had a merie meeting, and itt seems drank too hard, for Shakspeare died of a feavour there contracted.

A letter to my brother, to see Mrs. Queeny,* to send for Tom Smith for the acknowledgment.

Miscellanea.

Dr. Conyers dissected a person not long since, that died for love in London; and they found (at least as they fancied) the impression of a face made upon his heart.

When Sir Thomas More was prisoner in the Tower, they took from him all his books; whereuppon hee shutt up his windows, and being askt why, he answered, "It was time to shutt up shop when all the ware is gone."

One used to call washing days execution days, in regard they were so troublesome.

One querying another, whether a thousand angels might stand upon the point of a needle, another replied, "That was a needles point."

In the reign of Queen Marie, one Walter Rippon made a coach for the Earl of Rutland, which was the first that ever was made in England.

One said wittily of wooll, itt must needs bee warme, consisting all of double letters.

In ancient historie, if wee will have anything of truth, wee must have something of falsehood; itt is as impossible to find antiquitie without fables, as an old face without wrinkles.

150,000 houses in London before the fire. About 15,000 or 16,000 dy yearly in London when no plague, which is thrice more than in Amsterdam. The excise in London comes to about 12,000 pound a-yeer, about a fourth part of the excise of England. London stands on 460 acres of ground. Lost in books 150,000 li. att the fire of London. London bridge is 800 foot long, 60 foot high, and 30 broad; itt hath a drawbridg in the middle, and 20 foot between each arch.

* Probably Shakspeare's daughter Judith, who lived to be seventy-seven years of age.

The Egyptians kept their wives at home by allowing them no shoes.

Sternhold was of the bedchamber to King Henry the 8th. I have heard that Hopkins was a fidler at Witny. Cleveland made an epitaph uppon John Hopkins; itt was thus:—

Here lies John Hopkins, here I say,
Lo, here hee lyes for ever and for aye.

Old Bryan, of Woodstock, a taylor by profession, and a fidler by present practice, of age 90, yet very Ayely, and will travail well.

George Green, of Woodstock, 90 years of age, that will mowe and doe a good day's work still.

Cripps, of Woodstock, 90 years of age, that works all the yeer as other men doe, bath as much wages; hee is wondrous viracious, and the two last very hard laborers all their time.

Thomas Cock, *alias* Hawkins, 112 years of age, when hee died. Woodstock men frequently long lived.

Goody Jones, of Woodstock, and old Bryan, two such old people as itt is thought England does not afford, nor two such travailors of their age.

One living in a house supposed to be haunted, and paying a dear rent for itt, was askt how hee durst live there? He said, "Two saints in heaven vext him more than all the divels in hell," meaning St. Michael and the Virgin Mary, their festivals being the time when hee usually paid his rent.

I was at Rayston's shop in Ivie Lane, Febr. the 8, 1661. Hee printed the Marquis of Winchester's conference with the King: hee printed most of the Royalists' works, as Hamond's, Taylor's pieces, and others.

Old Sampson, the chymist, told mee that hee made the aqua fortis with which Sir Walter Rawleigh did precipitate gold to enrich an oar, which he presented to King James, proffering to bring the same from beyond sea, but could not perform his promise.

Wee have utterly lost what was the thing which preserved beer so long, before hops were found out in England.

Theology, Politie, &c.

This life is begonne in a crye, and ended in a groane.

Some says too sharply of physitiens, that the sun sees their practice, and the earth hides their faults.

Some men have a charter to say anything and prove nothing.

If there bee anything in the world that excels, it is man; if anything in man, it is reason; if anything in reason, it is religion.

One said, we must praise God on a ten-

stringed instrument; that is, by observing the Ten Commandments.

Those countries where the sunne is hottest are usually fullest of serpents and noxious animals; so ingratitude is most found there, where mercies are most abundantly showed.

An ounce of mirth with the same degree of grace, will serve God more, and more acceptably, than a pound of sorrow.

There is not the word brig in all Scripture, whence observe, that the rivers of Palestine were either so shallow, that they were passable by fords, or else so deep, as only to be ferried over.

Builders and writers, for the most part, spend their monie and time in the purchase of reproof from envious contemporaries, or self-conceited posteritie.

Warre is an appeal to heaven, when justice cannot be had on earth.

If there be any true happines in knowledge, it is certainly in knowledge of the true happines.

Active men, like millstones, if they have no other grist to grind, grind themselves, and sett fire to one another.

A resolution is a free custody, but a vow is a kind of prison, which restraind nature hath the more desire to break.

God is the sunne; our consciences are the sunne-dials by which wee must sett the clock of our conversation; our tongue must strike nothing but what our conscience dictates.

Wee poor men steal into our graves with no greater noise than can be made by a sprigg of rosemary or a black ribband; nobody takes notice of the glowworm that creeps out of the hedg bottom; no comett or prodigie tolls us the bell of our departure.

The good name of a man is like a Venice glasse, which one dropp of poison will break; or like a sheet of fair paper, which one dropp of ink will defile.

Some men have sluices in their consciences, which they canne open or shut at pleasure.

The pangs of death are often less than that of the toothach.

Carnall joy is short, butt like the crackling of thorns under the pot.

Spiritual joy is like the fire on the altar, itt hath ever something to feed upon.

The old world was so soild with sinne, that, if I may so speak, God was pleased to lay itt a soaking.

Bees are sometimes drowned in their owne honie, so is some men's logick in their rhetoricke.

Medicine, Surgery, &c.

I have heard of a physician that used constantly to fast, or else be drunk once every month, for the preservation of his health.

If a man have a round-forehead, hee is subject to follie and lightnes. If a man have a sharp chin that stands forward, and a little forehead, he is brutish and stupid, like a hogge, whose image hee bears.

A man in Oxon cured of madnes by throwing him into water, and almost drowning him, who yet was so melancholy mad as a little before to attempt to drowne himself; the man is now alive and very well; inquire his name.

Wheresoever the word "brasse" is found in Scripture, itt should be translated, "copper," for brasse is an artificial thing made of calaminar stone and copper.

The people of England double in every 200 years, and quadruple in every 400.

Persons that have full and goggling eyes seldome see farre or long, as Mr. Quiny, Mr. Bishop; on the contrary, eyes that are like pigges, and inward plact, see farre.

Hatts invented since the reigne of Queen Elizabeth. Round knitt capps were the auncient mode before hatts came upp, and a capper of Bewdley then was a very good trade.

In King Richard the 2d's time, gunnes were first found out by an Almaine.

Periodicals.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, NO. XIV.

[The present Number has a few gems of reflection, such as are rarely seen in any contemporary writer: they are home truths, thrust at some of those weak points which, more or less, chequer every grade of society; and they are so humorously coloured as almost to seduce some persons into honesty.]

Selfishness in Love.—Is selfishness a necessary ingredient in the composition of that passion called love, or does it deserve all the fine things which poets, in the exercise of their undoubted vocation, have said of it? There are, no doubt, authenticated instances of gentlemen having given up ladies and ladies having given up gentlemen to meritorious rivals, under circumstances of great high-mindedness: but is it quite established that the majority of such ladies and gentlemen have not made a virtue of necessity, and nobly resigned what was beyond their reach: as a private soldier might register a vow never to accept the order of the Garter, or a poor curate of great piety and learning, but of no family—save a very large family of children—might renounce a bishopric?

Time's Paces.—Notwithstanding all that has been said and sung to the contrary, there is no well-established case of morning having either deferred or hastened its approach by the turn of an hour or so for the mere gratification of a splenetic feeling against some unoffending lover: the sun

having, in the discharge of his public duty, as the books of precedent report, invariably risen according to the almanacks, and without suffering himself to be swayed by any private considerations.

The Widow and her Daughter.—"My dear mamma," said Kate, stealing her arm round her mother's neck, "why do you say what I know you cannot seriously mean or think, or why be angry with me for being happy and content? You and Nicholas are left to me, we are together once again, and what regard can I have for a few trifling things of which we never feel the want? When I have seen all the misery and desolation that death can bring, and known the lonesome feeling of being solitary and alone in crowds, and all the agony of separation in grief and poverty when we most needed comfort and support from each other, can you wonder that I look upon this as a place of such delicious quiet and rest, that with you beside me I have nothing to wish for or regret? There was a time, and not long since, when all the comforts of our old home did come back upon me, I own, very often—often than you would think perhaps—but I affected to care nothing for them, in the hope that you would so be brought to regret them less. I was not insensible, indeed. I might have felt happier if I had been. Dear mamma," said Kate, in great agitation, "I know no difference between this home and that in which we were all so happy for so many years, except that the kindest and gentlest heart that ever ached on earth has passed in peace to heaven."

London Exhibitions.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

"THE Exhibition"—the seventy-first—was opened to the public on Monday the 6th inst.; her Majesty having visited the same on the previous Friday. Taken as a whole, the collection is honourable to British art, and must be alike gratifying to patrons and the public. We shall enumerate as many of its gems as the crowded state of the rooms allowed us to inspect. *The opera-house has its *crush-room*; but, at "the Exhibition," every apartment might, with propriety, have been so denominated.

The Portraits, as usual, are more numerous than the historical subjects: for, as in Kneller's time, it is more profitable to paint the living than the dead. The President has five portraits; and the Academicians, Phillips, seven—Briggs, eight—and Pickersgill, a like number. All are admirably painted, and certainly shew advances in the character of this branch of art.

The principal Historical Pictures are

striking; as, *the Storming of Seringapatam*, by Sir David Wilkie, introducing a fine whole-length portrait of Sir David Baird. The old ballad of *Robin Hood and King Richard* has furnished MacIise's best painting, the colouring of which is admirable. Charles Landseer has a grand picture from Hume's *History of England*, the execution of which denotes the painter to have advanced in this class of art. Phillips, R.A., has beautifully painted, from *Waverley*, Flora Mac Ivor receiving the letter from her brother Fergus on the morning of his execution at Carlisle. And, Hart, R.A., has a touching picture of the Execution of Lady Jane Grey.

Edwin Landseer exhibits no less than seven first-class paintings; the most attractive of which will, probably, be *Van Amburg in the Lion's Den*, on the stage of Drury Lane Theatre, with the Court as spectators; "painted expressly for her Majesty." The same artist's portraits of beautiful children, pet dogs, and sportive deer, are delightfully animated.

In classic story, Etty, R.A., comes forth in brilliant colouring with an *Endymion*, and the *Rape of Proserpine*; richly imbued with the effect of the old masters. Turner, R.A., has five pictures mostly of this class, and glowing with poetical effect. He has also a very interesting painting of the fighting *Temeraire* tugged to her last birth, to be broken up in 1838. Among the classic landscapes are three exquisite views in *Italy*, painted by Collins, R.A., during his recent sojourn there; and a charming picture of the *Bay of Naples*, by Uwins.

Here we halt for the present; but shall return to this pleasing collection.

Varieties.

WE notice, with regret, the death of Mr. Thomas Haynes Bayly, the author of several popular songs, prose tales, and sketches. Mr. Bayly died at Cheltenham, on the 22nd ult.

M. Thiers.—A Paris bookseller has, it is said, bought the continuation of his *History of the French Revolution to the Empire and Restoration*, for the sum of 200,000*l.*—*Times.*

Spots on the Sun.—Three clusters of spots are now traversing the left side of the face of the sun; two of which are particularly large, the nuclei in each spot being vividly distinct. The whole may be seen with any kind of pocket-telescope, or spy-glass, the eye being protected with a piece of blackened glass.—*Times.*

National Education on the Principles of the Established Church.—There have been

as many as 6,778 schools established on the principles of the National Society, affording education to 597,000 children. The results of the Queen's letter have far exceeded those of the King's letter, in 1823; inasmuch as by 10,200 parochial returns, the receipts accruing therefrom have amounted to £24,800.

Emigration under the auspices of Government, appears to have slackened very considerably during last year; the total number of persons emigrating from Liverpool in 1837, being 32,046; whereas, in 1838, the number did not exceed 13,411.

Southwark.—Mr. R. Lindsay, F.S.A., in the third edition of a tract on the "Etymology of Southwark," enumerates no less than ninety-seven different authorities on the name of this ancient suburb; which he considers to have been a very flourishing station, and an extensive cemetery, during the dominion of the Romans in this island.

The Picknick Papers.—Mr. Davy, who accompanied Colonel Chesney up the Euphrates, has recently been in the service of Mahomet Ali Pacha. Pickwick happening to reach Davy while he was at Damascus, he read a part of it for the Pacha, who was so delighted with it, that Davy was, on one occasion, summoned to him in the middle of the night, to finish the reading of some part in which they had been interrupted. Mr. Davy read, in Egypt, upon another occasion, some passages from these unrivalled papers, to a blind Englishman, who was in such ecstacy with what he heard, that he exclaimed he was almost thankful he could not see he was in a foreign country, for that, while he listened, he felt completely as though he were again in England.—*Lady Chatterton*. (This is popularity.)

"Do you call yourself a gentleman?" said an Oxford bargeman to a Christchurch man, who, from the opposite side of the Charwell, had beaten him to a standstill, in slang. "I do," replied the gowmsman. "Then I'm blowed if I arn't a lord," exclaimed the other, walking away in despair.—*Sporting Review*.

Strolling Players.—Oh! those were glorious days—we saw and we believed. Alas! we had never then witnessed Hamlet putting a patch on his own coat, or seen the fair Ophelia stitch a pair of thrice-darned silk feet to worsted leggings; we knew not then that those purely white petticoats, which shewed the rich pink beneath, were made of the same material as the old cobbler's window-curtains, and cost but two-pence per yard. We believed that the bumpers they drank were of real wine; that they slept in crimson tents; nor could

we scarcely believe our eyes when we first saw the Queen of Denmark turn out from a tailor's, where she and her royal husband lodged, and in a vile earthen jug fetch a halfpennyworth of small beer.—*Miller's Rural Sketches*—a charming book.

Sugar.—During the short period that the Empress Josephine enjoyed the title of wife to the most capricious of men, the sugar-cane was grown upon a pretty extensive scale in the royal gardens at Paris; and from the produce of the canes so cultivated, a small sugar-loaf was made and presented to the Empress, who, it is well known, was a most enthusiastic promoter of horticulture and botany. On the late revival of the beet sugar manufacture in France, a pyramid of the novel produce was placed before Charles X. at a grand entertainment at the Tuileries.

South Polar Voyage.—The two boomships, *Terra* and *Hecla*, which are fitting out at Chatham, for Captain James Ross' scientific expedition to the South, will not be ready for the voyage till August.

Waterloo Bridge.—Few persons know that, taking one year with another, the average number of suicides committed from this place is about thirty.—[We extract this statement from a paper on "the Thames and its Tributaries," in *Bentley's Miscellany*; the writer of which is, however, in error when he describes Lambeth Palace to have been "the residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury ever since the Norman Conquest." The fact is, (according to Lysons,) Hubert Walter, in 1198, was the first archbishop resident at Lambeth; though "many of the acts of the metropolitan were performed at Lambeth, in the chapel of the church of Rochester, long before the exchange with the archbishop took place," in 1189.]

The highest mountains in Ireland, as ascertained by the Ordnance Survey, now in progress, are Gurrance Tual (Kerry), 3,404 feet; Brandon (ditto), 3,120; Lug-naquilla (Wicklow), 3,039; Gaultymore (Tipperary), 3,008.

Carving.—It is peculiar to the people of New-England, that they are seldom found without a pocket-knife, which they use with dexterity; and boys at school are frequently seen *whittling*, or cutting wood into some shape, for a windmill or other toy. It is a universal trait; and it is said that a gentleman in Havana who invited a large company to dine, gave each man from New England a shingle to cut, that they might not carve his furniture.

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LONDON STREET ARCHITECTURE.



THE CITY OF LONDON LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION, ALDERSGATE STREET.

(NEW FRONT.)

NOTWITHSTANDING this new façade is but a narrow strip, "filling up the gap that used to be between the houses adjoining it," the design of this improvement is pleasing, and presents a successful specimen of ornamental street architecture, which is worthy of illustration. In several parts of the metropolis, old houses have lately been taken down, and handsomely-fronted ones substituted for them; and, although this mode of embellishment be but piecemeal, or effected by instalments, it will afford us much pleasure to notice its progress, so long as it is characterized

by good taste, as in the instance now before us.

The City of London Institution originated in the spring of 1825, with "some gentlemen, principals in, or connected with, many of the first mercantile and banking houses in the city, who conceived the design of forming a Society to aid in the diffusion of useful knowledge among persons engaged in commercial and professional pursuits, and to increase the facilities of acquiring intellectual improvement at a small individual expense. And the encouragement given to the under-

taking has fully shewn that the desire for improvement was not over estimated."

The Society, with the exception of a very short period at its formation, has always been located on its present site. From its progressive increase in numbers and importance, it has been found requisite to extend the accommodations; which has lately been done by rebuilding the premises, at a cost of £5,000. True it is that they possess but a narrow street frontage, indeed, a mere entrance; still, its ornamental adaptation may furnish a useful hint to architects, who have produced much less pleasing effect with more extensive resources.

The Institution at present consists of between eleven and twelve hundred members or subscribers; for whom are provided a Library for reference and circulation; Reading, Class, and Conversation Rooms; Classes for attaining a knowledge of Language and the Sciences; Discussion upon all subjects, except Theology; Lectures on Literature, Science, and Art; and a Museum of natural and artificial Curiosities. The Library already contains upwards of 7,000 volumes, and is daily increasing. Subscribers are privileged to introduce ladies to the Lectures, or they are admitted by subscription. The subjects of the Lectures are of the useful and attractive class: for example, in the syllabus of the present quarter are three Historical Lectures, by Dr. Vaughan, on the Ancient Empire of Persia, as illustrated by the Ruins of Persepolis; and on the History and Antiquities of the Arabs in Spain. We find enumerated, also, a Lecture by Mr. W. Pease, on Practical Geometry; and four Lectures, by Mr. J. Clark, on the Metals.

SONG OF THE MAID OF THE LAST LOVE.

It is the custom amongst the American Indians, when a victim is destined for the stake, to send a young girl to sing his dirge the night before execution, who is called by them "The Maid of the last Love."—*Chateaubriand*.

Youth, take thy latest look
Upon the setting of that glorious sun,
Like his thy brief and early course is run;
Yet, unlike his, thy young career is o'er:
He will rise again, but thou
Never, oh, never more!

Youth, take thy latest look
Upon that flower, its lovely blossoms closing,
Like thee, in still, unbroken sleep reposing;
Yet, unlike thee, 'twill wake again, and pour
Its fragrance on the world; but thou
Never, oh, never more!

Youth, take thy latest look
Upon the brightness of this first night star,
Oh, young and beautiful both of ye are,
And both must set; yet one shall rise, and o'er
The plain extend its rays; but thou
Never, oh, never more!

Youth, take thy latest look
Upon the glories of yon silent sky;
There is a time when it, like thee, must die
Until the Spirit whom our race adore
Commands—when thou and it shall wake
To life for evermore! C.

NOTES ON THE FOREST OF DEAN.

DEAR EDITOR,—The following rough notes from my sketch-book, relating to a district which, until recently, has been almost a *terra incognita*, are much at your service. VIVIAN.

Gloucestershire, May-day.

Decorating Graves.—Every one has heard of the very pleasing custom, almost peculiar to Wales, of planting graves with flowers and shrubs. At the secluded villages of St. Briavels and Newland, in the Forest of Dean, we have observed a modification of this custom. On Palm Sunday all who have relatives buried in the churchyards of these parishes, assemble and strew the graves with flowers; they also form wreaths, and adorn the tombstones. Persons frequently come from a distance of twenty miles or more to render this tribute of respect to their departed friends. In the spring of 1836, in consequence of the lateness of the season, daffodils were almost the only flowers used, and the churchyard of St. Briavels was thickly strewn with them.

Proclamation Custom.—The ceremony of proclaiming the accession of the sovereign to the throne is observed at Coleford, in the Forest of Dean, with more "pomp and circumstance" than is usual in country places. At the proclamation of Queen Victoria, in accordance with ancient usage, a gaudy representation of the crown and Bible was carried before the deputy-sheriff with a profusion of flags. After parading the town, the principal inhabitants ascended a flight of steps on the outside of the ancient market-house, for the purpose of distributing a sort of "largesse" to the assembled multitude below. The proclamation being read, a large number of puns were thrown amongst the people; and before the scramble thus occasioned was finished, a quantity of halfpence, which had been heated, were also showered down. A very ludicrous scene followed: the majority were not aware that the halfpence were hot—we must leave the reader to imagine the rest. This practice is of very considerable antiquity.

The people of this retired district preserve many curious customs, and much of their primitive character. There are very few parts of England—perhaps none—where railroads and spinning jennies have produced so slight an effect as amongst the "foresters."

Iron Mines.—The workings of exhausted iron mines in the vicinity of Coleford, are exceedingly remarkable and extensive. Adventurous persons have gone three or four miles through the tortuous windings of these vast excavations, which remain in the same state of preservation as if the miners had just left their work. Their technical name is *scowles*. A local writer observes: "In some of these spaces there is ore still adhering to the sides; and from this, it is presumed, that the whole of this immense space must have been filled with iron ore. To have penetrated deeper than they did in former times, was in those days, no doubt, impracticable, owing to the water on the base of the hills; machinery not being then in use, nor the method of draining the hills by a deeper level, carrying up the adit: they were, therefore, compelled to leave all below the base entire, either not knowing how to get at the ore, or probably in ignorance whether any more remained under it; and it is only lately, by the perseverance of miners in pursuing a deep adit, that the inexhaustible quantity of iron attainable in the Trusbeach mining property has been developed."

The origin of these mines has naturally given rise to much conjecture. Some have attributed them to the Phenicians, but they were undoubtedly worked by the Romans.

The writer we have already quoted, is of opinion that they were worked by the Britons. "Finding that iron ore could be obtained, with much facility, from the outcroppings on the summit of the hills, it is evident they entered the veins wherever they could find them, their works being easily traced upon the tops of the towering hills, and the immense chasms below the *mine frain*. Their inclined planes on the deep discover that their works must have been beyond conception large; for, in these mine frains, they have taken out every ton of ore they could get at, pursuing the vein as low as possible without being drowned. These workings are only discernible from the excavations which still remain, shewing how deep they went. The number of years they must have been at work is incalculable, whilst it is wonderful to behold the spaces that have lately been discovered, all of which must have contained iron ore. The number of the furnaces must also have been very great. In Cromwell's time there were said to be thirty-six air furnaces working with charcoal, the slags of which are to be found in various parts; but how many years previous to this these mines were working cannot be ascertained; the caverns, however, may be traced from the summits into the deep of the hills, entirely round the Forest of Dean. . . . Soon after

the Norman conquest, this forest became the property of the crown, and the mines were worked by the free miners on their own adventures, subject to the right of the crown to a certain portion of the produce. According to the custom of the mine laws formerly established in the forest, persons born within the hundred of St. Briavels, of free parents, after working one year and a day, became 'free miners;' whilst persons not free, were called 'foreigners,' and had to serve seven years' apprenticeship to entitle them to act as free miners." They are, however, always designated "foreigners."

A great change has recently been effected in the laws of the forest, by an Act of Parliament; and three Commissioners, who are now actively engaged, have been appointed to carry its provisions into effect. The district now swarms with "foreigners."

It is difficult to conceive anything more impressive than a visit to the gloomy recesses and narrow workings of the deserted iron mines, especially if they be entered at night. A stranger would inevitably be lost; and even those acquainted with their sinuosities sometimes become bewildered. Parties are occasionally formed to explore them, and every one should be equipped in a mining dress, and carry two candles in clay "candlesticks." We have heard of one or two narrow escapes. On one occasion, a gentleman, well acquainted with the mines, who was with a party, accidentally lingered behind, and suddenly lost his friends. From some cause he was not missed until they assembled at dinner. A search was immediately made, and, after going for two or three miles underground, he was discovered quietly sitting still: it appeared that he had possessed presence of mind not to stir from the spot where he first lost his way. If he had done so, in all probability he must have perished. The irregularity of ground produced by these excavations of the old time, adds to the picturesque character of the forest; the bold masses of lime-stone are adorned with the holly and the yew, and many wild plants and shrubs.

The mineral treasures of Dean Forest, which have, until very recently, been greatly and strangely neglected, are now becoming fully developed; extensive iron-works have been constructed within the last two or three years, and there is quite a "rage" for colliery speculations. The resources of the district are very extensive. One great obstacle to improvement, the want of good roads, is now likely to be remedied; as, under an Act of Parliament brought forward by Government last year, new roads are in progress of formation. From the irregular and lofty nature

of the country, this is a work of considerable difficulty.

There are but few trees of great age in the forest, tremendous having been committed amongst the timber during the Commonwealth. Most of the large trees, now standing, were planted in the reign of Charles the Second: the district is a most valuable and extensive nursery for navy timber, and the oak is, we believe, harder and more durable than any other in the kingdom. The patriarch of the district is the "Newland Oak," certainly one of the most remarkable trees in the country, which stands in a field near the beautiful and almost unique village of Newland, already mentioned. The girth of this aged monarch of the leafy world, of which there is an engraving in Mr. Ducarel's "De Wythale," is forty-one feet. In Newland churchyard, (the church is a magnificent edifice,) are some rather singular tombs. One of these represents "a man lying on his back, having a lion under his his head for a pillow, and a hound at his feet." The tomb bears the following inscription:

"Here lyeth Jenkin Wyroel, chief forester in fee,
A braver fellow never was, nor ever will there be."

Bennett, in his History of Tewkesbury, says: "Dean Forest was formerly so thick with trees, so very dark and terrible in its shades and various crossways, that it rendered the inhabitants barbarous, and emboldened them to commit many outrages. For in the reign of Henry VI., they so infested the banks of the Severn with their robberies, that there was an Act of Parliament passed to restrain them. A petition was sent from the bailiff and burgesses and commonalty of the borough of Tewkesbury, to Henry VI., stating that the inhabitants had been accustomed to ship all manner of merchandise down the Severn to Bristol, and complaining of the disorderly conduct of the inhabitants of Dean Forest, who, it was said, 'come with great riot and strength in manner war, as enemies of a strange country, and stop and plunder barges of wheat, malt, and flour, and other divers goods, as they pass by their coasts of the forest:' and that the marauders not only despoiled them of their merchandise, but destroyed their vessels, and even cast their crews overboard and drowned them."

Morris Dancing.—This old custom still lingers in this wild tract, and there is generally an annual gathering at Whitsuntide, not only of the morris dancers of Dean Forest, but of Monmouth and the village of Lydbrook, on the summit of that romantic and magnificent rock, Cymon's Funt, one of the finest features of the Wye scenery. Here they celebrate

their revels, and, on some occasions, disputes arise for the maintenance of the post of honour; a circumstance which occurred in 1836, when a serious affray ensued.

We may possibly, at a future opportunity, return to this picturesque district, which is almost completely encircled by the rivers Wye and Severn.

SKETCHES OF EVENING PARTIES.

INTRODUCTORY.

EVER since Dame Nature ordained that man should be a gregarious animal, her mandate has been implicitly followed; and whether at dinners or suppers, public or private, friendly or ceremonial, his propensity to feed in flocks has been "fully established," as the phrenologists would tell us. Hence arises that excessive sale of tinted note-paper, no-coloured sealing-wax, and embossed envelopes, in that season of the year which old Geoffrey Chaucer speaks of

"Whanne that April with his shoures sote,

The droughte of March hath perced to the rote;"

fashion having fixed this period for such gaieties, we presume, chiefly because the weather is then delightfully unsettled, which prevents the young men walking to parties in boots, so that there are plenty of cabs and hackney coaches to make a riot in the street all the evening; and you can go to bed afterwards by daylight, which every one knows is delightfully agreeable on returning home from a ball, weary and cross; with the rushlight in the hall overpowered by the break of morning coming in over the door, and your own thoughts whispering how much better it would have been to have staid at home, and saved the money that your gloves, and cabs, and servants, have cost you.

Nevertheless, we are devotedly attached to evening parties; and if it were not for the "unsettled" next day, we think they would come nearer to the poetry of life than anything else we know of. We do not mean those puddling turns-out in the country, where the tea is made in the room, and you get nothing but quartered oranges, bare boards, young ladies who play quadrilles, red wine negus, and faces you know by heart; but a regular London party, with plenty of new and pretty partners, *ice ad libitum*, a confectioner's supper, and no amateur music to dance to.

We like seeing a small letter with a tiny seal on the table when we return home, and we are especially rejoiced to read that some lady "requests the pleasure" of our company, at an evening party, on such and such an evening. We always accept, and we recommend our friends to do the

same. If you do not mean to go, you can send an excuse afterwards; and if you refuse, very often people get huffed, and do not ask you again. Then, how pleasantly passes the morning of the day in looking forward to the evening. And as evening approaches, what a state of nervous excitement you get into! We always think that the very warm water on the wash-hand stand sends up its steam with a more important air than ordinary; and our very waistcoat, which, in common with other apparel, we have lying in state upon the bed, looks bent upon conquest.

Like other matters, evening parties admit of much variation as to their origin and object. The splendid balls of high life come as a matter of course—a sort of feudal service by which the givers hold their *caste*; but in our own middling circle they arise from many causes. They may be given from jealousy, from ostentation, from compulsion; or, last and least, from hospitality and a desire to entertain. Sometimes they owe their birth to a card club. A few friends meet at one another's houses every week to play a rubber; by degrees, two or three young people are asked for "a little music;" these increase, like snowballs, every meeting, until at last the quiet card-party ends in a regular dance, which has the especial advantage of not requiring any supper beyond cakes and sandwiches, (the baked potatoes are discarded,) because better things are forbidden by the original rules of the club.

Very often after a dinner-party to the great people of your connexion (everybody has great people amongst their friends,) you invite your second-rate acquaintances to a species of afterpiece; which meetings are particularly distinguished by the passage smelling very strongly of soup and orange-peel as you enter, two or three dish-covers on a tray in the hall for the visitors to stumble over, the tongue sandwiches tasting rather warm and juicy, and the gentlemen coming up stairs very funny and eccentric from the dining-room.

Evening parties that owe their origin to anniversaries, christenings, and weddings, differ chiefly from others in the speechifying after supper. It is then always that the host says how proud he feels, how deeply he thanks his friends for doing him the honour of attending, and how happy he shall be to see them all again at the same table on that day twelvemonths—an announcement which calls for much applause from the party-loving portion of the company, and the more exquisite guests tap the handles of their knives on their plates, with occasional variations on the tumblers; while the young lawyers and medical students at the end of the room

thump what would really be the festive board if the table-cloth was removed, with such enthusiasm as to throw all the wine-glasses and decanter-stoppers into fits, and dance them off upon the floor, when the smash is always followed by a gratuitous advice to "pick up the pieces." The toast of the mistress of the house is generally distinguished by the honours, musicaly given of course, which insensibly glide into "For he's a jolly good fellow," the musical attainments of many of the guests being confined to that celebrated chorus alone.

Much goes on in a crowded ball-room besides pleasure and amusement, and few parties were ever given whence all went home satisfied and content with their evening's amusement. The old people have not met with sufficient attention; the young ones have not danced enough; the pretty girls have been eclipsed by some new and fairer stars; the vocalists have not been asked to sing, after bringing all their music books; and the men have lost at cards. Our own dancing days are nearly over, for we are rapidly verging on the thorough old bachelor; we are now content to sit in the recess of the window, and, half enshrouded by the curtains, observe the different plans, and plots, and schemes, and passions agitating those around us; and we have always plenty to engage our attention. From our quiet, unobserved nook we can watch the young men shuffling away when the hostess wishes to introduce them to an out-of-the-way partner; and the young ladies saying, "they do not dance this quadrille," and directly afterwards standing up with the favoured one: we can observe, also, the eagle-eyes of the old mammas in turbans and Irish poplin, fixing a basilisk gaze upon the poor younger sons who are flirting with their daughters on the sofa by the side of the fire-place, and then calling the said daughters away, and telling them they are sitting in a sad draught, when none but in the room can be more devoid of one; and we can see pretty young married women inquiring how long their card-loving husbands' rubber will last, and finding that the game stands two to nothing, or "two, love," in more technical terms, whirling off like incriated tectotums in the "spirit-stirring waltz."

The season of "many twinkling feet" is approaching its climax—rout-seats are at a premium, or-molu chandeliers are on the rise, and the conservatory of the Pantheon teems with *bouquets* from sixpence upwards. Read our slight sketches, and if you find, in the course of your commencing gaieties, one circumstance tallying with our humble ideas upon the subject of evening parties, let us beg, kind reader,

that with regard to the little Periodical that gives them birth, in the eloquent language of the proprietors of perambulating prodigies at the fair, "as you like it, so we hope you'll recommend it." ALBERT.

Naturalist.

PLANTS GROWN WITHOUT AIR.

MR. WARD, of Wellesloe Square, has succeeded in what may naturally be called the worst of all London localities, in growing many species of ferns in a superior manner; and amongst them several that had hitherto baffled all the care, convenience, and skill of the gardener. Mr. Ward's success appears to depend on growing them in air-tight cases, suffering the moisture which their pores exude to be absorbed again by the roots, while they are preserved from external injuries and sudden changes of temperature. How long plants may be found to submit to this mode of culture is uncertain, but one fact is established—that plants have been imported from New Holland, in such cases, that never before reached Europe alive.

PALMS IN EUROPE.

THE largest and finest grown species of palms in Europe are at the Earl of Tankerville's, at Walton-on-Thames, and the progress that these have made within these last five or six years, since the stove was enlarged for them, is astonishing. These palms have long ago extended their roots beyond the limits of tubs or boxes, and have established themselves in what was originally the tan-pit, in which they were plunged; how far their roots may have extended beyond the limits of that bed it is impossible to say.

The following are a part of this collection:—*Zamia pumila*, 60 years old, is 4 feet 3½ inches in circumference in the stem, the leaves being 5 feet 2 inches long. Some years ago, this splendid specimen flowered, and produced an immense number of seeds; but being a female plant, and no male near it, they were, of course, abortive. *Lalania rubra*, 50 years old, 2 feet 6 inches circumference at the stem, has leaves 8 feet long. *Phoenix dactylifera*, 60 years old, 7 feet 4 inches circumference in stem, has leaves 30 feet long. *Corypha umbraculifera*, 60 years old, 8 feet 6 inches round the stem, has leaves 15 feet long.—*McIntosh's Flower-garden.*

HORTUS SICCUS.

In studying botany, it is of advantage to prepare a book of dried specimens of plants; such a book is termed *Hortus Siccus*, a dry garden. Choose from a plant, a specimen having flower, bud, leaf, and,

if possible, seed. Lay it upon thick blossom blotting-paper, placing one or two sheets of the same over it; upon which, unless the specimen be very succulent and thick, lay another specimen, and then more paper. Care must be taken to lay each part of the specimen smooth, flat, and single, upon the paper; cut off any portion that cannot be conveniently retained; and if any bud or flower be too thick, pare off some of the under side to make it lie compactly. When thus arranged, put a heavy weight upon the specimens; after a few hours, carefully shift the position of each specimen to a dry part of the paper, and replace the weight; repeat this, changing the paper, if necessary, until the specimens be perfectly dry. Prepare some thin glue, with a little camphor in it, and secure each specimen to a page in a folio of cartridge or white-brown paper; then write under each the name of the plant, class, order, tree, shrub, herb, country, &c. If any specimen be very full of sap, a hot iron may be passed two or three times over the covering of the paper, taking care not to burn it.—*Harrison's Floricultural Cabinet.*

BLEACHING LEAVES.

THE skeletons of leaves and other delicate vegetable fibres, may be perfectly and safely bleached, by the following means: add to a quart of spring water a table-spoonful of the solution of chloride of lime commonly sold by druggists, and soak the fibre in the mixture for three or four hours, or until the colour disappears; it is then to be taken out, well washed and soaked in pure water, to remove any adherent chloride, and afterwards dried, with free exposure to light and air. It is sometimes, though rarely, necessary to repeat the process twice or thrice. Another good method, but much slower, is to lay the substance on a clean cloth in the open air, exposed to the sun, and frequently sprinkle it with clean soft water.—*Ibid.*

SUN-DIALS.

THERE are few ornaments more attractive in a garden than a sun-dial, which is certain to attract every visitor, during sunshine, to see the hour by the sun, and probably, to set a watch by the day; though it is proper to mention to those not aware of the circumstance, that in England the sun-dial does not give the exact time of our reckoning, which is artificial, except at the equinoxes; being one portion of the day too fast, and another too slow, for our clocks. The French always regulate by the sun, and have, therefore, to be constantly changing their time-piece.—*The Flower-garden.*

HOME-GROWN COFFEE.

THE culture of coffee, as a plant of or-

nement, is exceedingly simple, and where there is room to spare in a large garden, a considerable supply may be obtained from half a dozen trees. Mr. McIntosh, now head-gardener at Claremont, once had twenty-four of these trees in a full-bearing state, and annually procured from them several pounds weight of berries, (seeds,) which, when roasted and ground in the usual manner, supplied the breakfast table with very excellent coffee of home growth. These trees, for want of better accommodation, were grown in a large vinery, from February till October, and required little other attention than that of a liberal supply of water. From the latter end of October till February, they were placed in a pine-stove, as they were very impatient of cold. The fragrance of their blossom, and the beautiful red appearance of the ripe fruit, with successive crops of berries in various stages of growth, had a very good effect. Coffee is propagated most readily from seeds, which will vegetate and grow rapidly; and plants three years old, under good management, will produce fruit for many years.

IGNES FATUI.

PROFESSOR BESSEL records his observation of this meteor, in a calm and misty December night. The phenomenon consisted in numerous little flames, which originated over ground in many places covered with stagnant water, and disappeared after having shone forth a short time. The observation was made on one of the large moors in the Duchy of Bremen, a few leagues from the observatory of Lilienthal. On the ground where the *ignes fatui* were seen, much peat had been dug out, and the surface is, consequently, uneven. There were hundreds of lights, each of which lasted about a quarter of a minute; some were stationary, whilst others moved horizontally, great numbers being commonly put in motion together, by currents of air.—*Charlesworth's Magazine of Natural History.*

THE FUR SEAL.

WITH the existence of the seal trade of the northern regions, we have been for centuries familiar: but this traffic must yield both in extent and importance to that which more recently has been prosecuted in the southern hemisphere; and which has yielded thousands and tens of thousands to the adventurous traders. They consist chiefly of English and Americans, who employ not fewer than sixty vessels of from 250 to 300 tons burden.*

* The South Sea Seal trade originated in Captain Cook's voyage in the *Resolution*, in 1771. Soon after his return, he reported the great number of fur seals seen by him in New Georgia; which information speedily tempted several merchants to fit out their vessels for the capture of these animals

Notwithstanding the extensive and profitable pursuit of this animal, it had not, until very recently, been described by the scientific naturalist. This deficiency has, at length, been supplied by Mr. R. Hamilton, F.R.S.E., in an interesting paper, contributed to the *Annals of Natural History*, vol. ii. No. 8, October, 1838; in which the author premises a word or two respecting the *furs* of seals:

"A slight examination of the recent skins speedily exhibits that two substances, sufficiently distinct, go to form the coat or robe of most seals, as well as of many other animals. These are *hair*, so well known on our own persons, and on most quadrupeds; and a soft *woolly down* or *fur*, which usually lies at the root of the hair, close to the skin, and which is penetrated and covered by the hair. The hair of different species of seals is in very various quantities, and of very different qualities; as is also the fur, positively and relatively. Sometimes the hair is exceedingly coarse and meagre, and accompanied with little or no down, so as to be of no more value to the furrier than the hide of the horse or ox. In other instances, the hair is copious, soft, long, and silky, so that even without down, and still more with it, it is highly esteemed as a fur skin, and is used like those of the fox or sable; and once more, there are certain species in which the relative quantity and quality of the hair are so inferior to that of the fur, that the former is disregarded, and is wholly removed, so that nothing is left but the soft, woolly down. Of this last description is the fur seal-skin of commerce." The skins of seals are very extensively used both by rude and refined nations. They are employed by the former as leather is with us, as articles of dress, and for domestic purposes, both raw and tanned, and sometimes made water-proof. They are also used in their natural state, the fur being retained; and, in this condition, some of them are compared to velvet: they are thus employed by savage tribes, also throughout Russia and Asia, and more sparingly among ourselves. But thirdly, the proper seal fur of commerce is formed of skins, from which the hair is removed by art, leaving the under exquisitely soft and downy covering, which is so highly prized by all nations.

Captain Cook's memorial, already alluded to, in all probability, has reference to the seal yielding this fur. Another and it is estimated that 1,200,000 skins have been obtained from this island in one year. The value of these skins, of course, fluctuates with the market. In the current edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, it is stated that between 1806 and 1823, cargoes yielded five and six dollars a piece in China and "the present price in the English market averages from thirty to fifty shillings."

early notice is from the pen of Lieut. Clayton, who, in 1773-4, commanded the English settlement in Saunders Island, one of the Falklands. In his paper, in the *Phil. Trans.* 1775, he tells us that four kinds of seals were found there, viz. the common seal, the sea lion, the clap-mutch, and the fur seal, which last, he says, has its name from its coat, which is a fine, soft fur; it is also thinner skinned than any of the others; he adds, that from these isles a valuable fishery might be carried on. But, still more to the point, we have the information derived from the late enterprising Weddell, who, with his little squadron consisting of the *Jane* of Leith of 160 tons, and the *Beaufoy* of 65, penetrated, in the year 1823, two hundred and fourteen miles nearer the South Pole than the celebrated Cook, or any other navigator, had previously done. He was a most successful seal hunter, and engaged in several voyages with this single object in view: he invariably and unhesitatingly speaks of the fur seal as one, and as distinct from all others of the southern hemisphere, which he contradistinguishes as *hair* seals. He encountered the fur seal in South Georgia, among the South Orkneys, and in much greater numbers in the South Shetland islands, which he was the first to discover. He expressly states, that "the species of seal which inhabits the shores of these last-named islands is that possessing the fur;" and he adds, "the circumstance of its possessing a valuable fur has not been noticed in any description of the seal which I have met with." Mr. Weddell conveyed to this country, and deposited in the Museum of the University of Edinburgh, two specimens of the stuffed skins of this animal: these are still preserved in excellent order, and, though insufficient satisfactorily to establish all the characters of the animals, yet, as supplying the majority of them, Mr. Hamilton appends to his paper an engraving of one of them, whence the annexed cut has been copied.

"Judging from the specimens, this seal, upon the whole, is long and slender, having much the shape of a double cone, largest at the middle, and tapering at both extremities. The head is broad and rather flat; the external ear is black, narrow, and pointed. The fore paws are precisely in the middle of the animal; their shape is pyramidal, and, in addition to the fore paw, properly so called, there is a strong projecting membrane running from the tip along the posterior margin to the base; they have no vestige of nails. The hind flippers are rhomboidal in their shape, and consist of the fleshy portion with a membranous addition, which, at its termination is divided into five strap-like processes. The coat or robe is composed of hair and fur; the former is very soft, smooth, and compact, of a brownish-black colour, towards the root, and a greyish white towards the tip; it extends considerably beyond the fur, and gives the general colouring to the hide: the fur itself is of an uniform brownish-white colour above, and of a somewhat deep brown beneath, and is quite wanting on the extremities. The colour of the body is of an uniform whitish-grey above, passing gradually underneath into a reddish-white colour, which is deepened in the abdominal region. The upper portion of the extremities is covered above with a short brownish-black hair, which, near the body, passes into the colour of the back. The under portion of both extremities—to the extent of two-thirds of the anterior, and nearly the whole of the posterior—are naked, being quite destitute both of hair and fur. The whiskers are brownish-black, five rows being present. In one of the specimens is a dark marking under the eyes." Annexed are the principal measurements:

	ft.	in.
Length from the snout to the tip of the tail	3	3
Breadth across the back, from the base of one paw to that of the other	1	0

"Nothing," observes Weddell, "regarding



[THE FUR SEAL.]

the fur seal is more astonishing than the disproportion in the size of the male and female. A large grown male from the tip of the nose to the extremity of the tail is 6 feet 9 inches, while the female is not more than 3½ feet."

Our limits forewarn us to refer to Mr. Hamilton's clever paper for the further identification of the fur seal, and other scientific details of the species; and to conclude with a few details of its instinct, which Weddell considers to be little inferior to that of the dog. "When these South Shetland seals were first visited, they had no apprehension of danger from meeting men; in fact, they would lie still while their neighbours were killed and skinned: but latterly they had acquired the habit of preparing for danger by placing themselves on rocks, from which they could, in a moment, precipitate themselves into the water. The agility of the creature is much greater than, from its appearance, an observer would anticipate. I have seen them, indeed, often escape from men running fast in pursuit to kill them. The absurd story that seals in general defend themselves by throwing stones at their pursuers with their tails, may be explained in this way—that when these animals are chased on a stony beach, their mode of propelling themselves is by drawing their hind flipper forward, thereby shortening the body, and projecting themselves by the tail, which, when relieved by the effort of the fore flippers, throws up a quantity of stones to the distance of some yards."—*Voyage towards the South Pole.*

New Books.

RURAL SKETCHES. BY THOMAS MILLER.

[THIS is really a book of the heart—of prose by a poet—and of genuine enthusiasm, tempered with a healthy tone of thought, which it is truly delightful to witness. Our author is no cockney babbler of "fanny fields" and "springy freshness;" nor does he waste his time in laboured conceits on the countless beauties of Nature's broad volume; but, in his little octavo, he tells us his own every-day experience; and "humble although his object may be, he has ever written with a view to implant a deeper love of Nature in the bosoms of his readers." So we find him "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy," and relating that when he was a boy he was fond of solitude, and knew no greater happiness than to wander alone among hills and woods, or by the wild and unfrequented banks of rivers. The same feelings cling to him now; and, though fortune has thrown him into our metro-

polis, in the right spirit of finding "good in everything," he tells those who are so ready to sneer at the scenery around London, that there is many as lovely a scene within two hour's walk of this big city as ever skylark carolled over. The "Sketches" are twenty-one in number, and are throughout redolent of rural life, and sparkling with poetic fancy; their simplicity is untiring, and so life-like are their incidents, that in reading them you forget the crowded city, and are carried, as it were, into the cottages of the personages, and their humble villages. You heed not the busy hum, but are charmed with the refreshing quiet of the smiling pasture, the leafy wood, and echoing dell; and become wrapt in the enjoyment of their pure delights. Here is a page or two from the opening sketch, Home Revisited: on

Rural Sounds.]

I carried the sweet sights and sounds of the woodland with me into the huge city, and many a time, while bending over my lonely hearth, they have come upon me like music from heaven, and I have "blessed them unaware." From the low humming of unseen insects in the air, to the heavy murmuring of the bee, as it flew singing from flower to flower, or was lost amid the drowsy brawling of the brook, had my heart become a treasurer of their melodies. There I first heard the solemn tapping of the woodpecker, measuring the intervals of silence; and saw the blue-winged jay as she went screaming through the deep umbrage, startled by the harsh sounding of the woodman's strokes. Sometimes the grey rabbit stole noiselessly as a spirit past me through the long grass, or the ruddy squirrel caught my eye as he bounded from branch to branch. There the melancholy ring-dove struck up her mournful note, and was answered by the cuckoo, as she stood singing on the tall ash that caught the sunshine by the side of the forest. Then up flew the lark, carrying his "tira lira" heavenward, until he was lost amid the silver of the floating clouds, and the wide azure of the sky rained down melody. Sometimes a bell came sounding solemnly over the distant river (glimpses of which might be seen here and there through the trees), until the deep echo was broken by the dreamy cawing of the rook, or the lowing of some heifer that had lost itself in the wood. Anon the shrill "chithering of the grasshopper" fell upon the ear, or the tinkling of sheep-bells, mingled with the bleating of lambs from the neighbouring valleys; or up sprang the pheasant with a loud "whurr," the sunshine gilding his gandy plumage as he divided the transparent green of the un-

derwood in his hasty flight. Sometimes the rain fell pattering from leaf to leaf with a pleasing sound, or the wind arose from its slumber, muffling its roar at first, as if to awaken the silence of the forest, and bid the gnarled oaks to gird up their huge limbs for the battle.

Nor was it from the deep woodlands alone that all these sweet sounds floated; hill and valley, and outstretched plain, sent forth their melodies until the very air became filled with dulcet sounds, made up of all strange harmonies. The plough-boy's whistle and the milk-maid's song mingled with the voices of children in the green lanes, or the shouts of labourers in the fields, as they called to each other. Then came the rumbling of huge wains, and the jingling of harness, mixed with the measured tramp of some horseman as he descended the hill. The bird-boy swung his noisy rattle amid the rustling corn, or the mower ceased his loud "rasp, rasp," and leant upon his scythe to wipe his brow, or listen to the report of some gun that sent its rolling echoes through the valley. Sometimes the baying of a dog, or the clap of a far-off gate, was mingled with the sound of the hunter's horn, or the crowing of cocks, as they answered each other from the distant granges. The shrill plover wheeled above the wild marshes with its loud screams, while the bittern boomed in hollow concert from the rank sedge. When the village was neared, the humming of human voices came louder upon the ear, or the sounding of the threshers' flail was broken at intervals by the tinkling of the blacksmith, until all was lost amid the gabble and deafening clamour of some neighbouring farm-yard. Many of these old familiar sounds fell pleasantly on mine ear when I revisited home; some of them coming upon me like departed voices, which, although not forgotten, make the hearer start when he finds them so near at hand. They reminded me of scenes gone by,—of companions who are now dead,—of happy hours that can never return,—they came full of foolish regrets, and

"Silly truths
That daily with the innocence of love,
Like the olden age."

[Our author, in the right poetic spirit, anathematizes a few of the "improvements" of the age: he is one of the few lovers of old fashions, and thinks the poetry of travelling is gone. Hear his lament for the

Old Carrier's Cart.]

Next come the old carriers' carts—rickety vehicles, that poke their way from village to town about twice a week; sometimes carrying two or three passengers,

and giving some old woman or other a help on the road with her butter-basket. Oh! how I love to see these old-fashioned conveyances winding along the green lanes of merry England,—their grey, rent, and weather-beaten tilts, rocking above the tops of the hawthorn hedges, the crack of the whip, and the "gee whoa" of the drivers ringing over the quiet fields. But they are daily dwindling away, and I am (perhaps foolishly) regretting the change. To me, however, they are fraught with pleasant reminiscences, little simple adventures, and boyish incidents, that are, perchance, after all, only sweet because they are gone. Well, I have journeyed by them all, have floated drowsily along in the slow-moving market-boat, or little packet drawn by its single horse, been shook in the ponderous wagon, slept all night on the straw, and eaten my breakfast with "Joey." I have rode home by the village carrier in the sweet mornings of summer, when I could alight and gather a handful of flowers, and overtake him again without hurrying, or stop and look for birds' nests in the hedges that were white and fragrant with the blossoming hawthorn; I have rolled along the rapid and almost breathless railways, shot up the rivers in the swift steamers, and been tossed all night on the stormy sea, sat behind four good horses on the stage-coach, and, after all, must confess, that I dearly love the old customs of travelling.

[Next is a glance at the probable changes wrought by

Railway Travelling.]

The old road-side houses will fall to decay, and the picturesque little towns and villages will be forgotten, or only brought to mind while hunting over our old scrap-books. The smiling chamber-maids will arrange their ringlets in vain; the bonny daughters of our hosts think no more of new patterns or new dresses,—there will be none but the village peasants to whom they can display their finery: the dashing young travellers having all gone by the train, the rural beauties of England will be forgotten. The member of parliament will be startled by a whole posse of his constituents just as he is preparing to set out for the House; they having seen on which side he voted the previous night, and jumped into the first train with the intent of threatening to send a new member unless he does their bidding. The thief will be spending his plunder a hundred miles off, while the police are in search of him amid the alleys of London. The plot of our plays will turn upon some young miss, who, sent down into the country in the carriage No. 10, contrived to apprise her

lover, who, safely esconced in No. 1, walked comfortably off with her at the end of the journey.

[A more sombre scene succeeds:]

The Maiden's Grave.

We stood by her grave. It was of a deep black mould—a cold, dark bridal bed for one so lovely! A handful of flowers was thrown in before the coffin was lowered; I saw them lie in the grim depth; and then a foot moved beside me, and a quantity of loose earth fell upon them. It made no noise as it fell upon the flowers. I could have looked down and moralized upon those flowers for hours, so soon crushed beneath that weight of earth, and woven them with the fate of Mary Gray until they would have become a portion of herself; for I deemed that grief might at first alight upon that young heart with heavy weight, crushing its joys as the earth did those flowers, until, one by one, they would shrink beneath the load and die.

At last the coffin was let down slowly into the grave; the burial service was then read, and the earth scattered upon the lid. How that hollow sound went to the heart, striking through the blood with a rapid chilliness, that searched through every vein as it sank deeper! The weeping minister had just repeated the last words of the service, when a dove cooed from a neighbouring tree. I thought of the voice of her own sweet spirit mingling its mournful notes with ours. I stood by until the grave was closed. The white-headed old sexton refrained from trampling the mould down with his feet, but heaped it lightly upon her, and only smoothed it down with his spade. Yes, even he, who had a kindred feeling with Death,—who could exclaim,—

“Come grin on me, and I will think thou smilest,
And bless thee as thy wife. Misery's love!
Oh! come to me!”

even he felt pity in his cold breast, and strewed the earth lightly on a being so lovely.

[A piece of quiet humour follows:]

Country Life.

In a little country-place, a person's circumstances are soon discovered: in London you may be dead and buried before your next-door neighbour knows of it. The grocer soon misses his weekly customer, the baker discovers a falling off in his accounts, and when neighbour Smith inquires after neighbour Jobson, these worthies shake their heads, and “fear that things are not going on as they should do,—what is so much tea and sugar, &c. among so many!—there must be short rations.” On the other hand, if any neighbour has got a new dress, or a new article of furniture, they are all out to see it,

meet in little knots, and argue its value and say something for or against the parties, according to the terms they then chance to stand upon. But in spite of all these things they are always ready to assist each other, often even beyond their power. If a neighbour is ill, and cannot work, they will club their few pence together at the end of the week, and take it in; he or she, when they recover, being ready to make the same return to their neighbour in distress.

[One of our favourite sketches is

The Old Woodman.]

Abraham's mind seems to have taken its tinge from the scenes amid which he has dwelt; sometimes it resembles one of his own glades, open, and bright, and sunny; then again it partakes of the darkness of the deepest scenery that surrounds him; is still, and solemn, and unearthly; mingling with superstition and thoughts of death. But over all there hangs a resignation mighty, and deep, and beautiful, as the shadows sleeping upon the forest grass. A stranger would say he was stern, that his aspect was forbidding, that there was something awful in the deep tones of his voice; complain that he spoke not, only to answer their question, and even then in a brief abrupt tone. But let them meet him often, and remember that for years he has had no companions but those hoary trees and his own thoughts; let them catch the sober hues of his mind, send their thoughts into those deep channels into which his own flow, and they will soon find that the old Woodman has

“Thoughts too deep for tears.”

that he is sensible of the beauty reigning around him, and only looks upon himself as one of his own trees, which must fall whenever the grim woodman, Death, comes with his uplifted axe. His thoughts are mostly of another life; he has outlived all that drew his affections earth-ward, and will hold but little converse on matters that are not as serious as his own nature.

BENSON HILL'S HOME SERVICE.

(Concluded from page 61.)

(MIRTH-LOVING readers, and those who have a relish for cleverly pointed anecdote, wit, and humour, will thank us for returning to this agreeable work. The following passages are as rich and racy as any yet quoted.)

Covent Garden Fund Dinner.—It is usual, on occasions of this sort, for the vice-presidents to sit at the table on the *Dais*, and it is expected that some influential persons will occupy the chairs at the heads of the three long tables provided

for the guests. More I imagine from ignorance than presumption, Mr. A——, a hatter, of Bond-street, sat himself down in the seat of honour at the table at which I dined.

Some son of mischief, who must be nameless, secretly sent a card to Mr. A——, with whom he was not acquainted, nor did that gentleman know from whom it came; on it was penciled, "As H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex intends proposing Mr. A——'s health, a friend thinks it right to prepare him for returning thanks, &c. &c."—The good man could no longer attend to the songs, the bottle, the speeches, for thinking of his own; as he mentally concocted this oration, his lips moved inaudibly; to hold forth in the presence of royalty! it was an appalling responsibility. Yet it may be doubted whether his relief was unqualified by disappointment, when the evening concluded without his having been called on for this great effort; perhaps he suspected the hoax, perhaps he left the hall contemplating the short memories of princes.

Minor Grecians.—"Cooper," said Graham, "have you seen Epidibus?"—"Where?" asked the courteous John, "and what may it be?"—"Why, a tragedy, now playing, with great success, at the Tottenham-street Theatre; and, from its classic beauties, carried over the water to the void ground near the new Bedlam; there I heard it announced for representation by a gentleman, in Roman armour, who, with a truncheon, pointed to a board, on which I perceived the important information—C.H.E.X., 'chex here.'"—"Ah!" remarked Cooper, "these minor theatres will destroy the legitimate drama. Not that I know Epidibus, either in Inebald's or Oxberry's collection—some blunder, of course."—"Yes," said Graham, "the fellow meant that edifying drama called *Edibus*."—"Oh, of course I——" "I see," interrupted Graham, and the conversation was changed.

Veronese Gentry.—I was amused by seeing the Covent Garden play-bills skewered on a pair of dead muttons, seeming to ticket them as "The Two Gentlemen of Verona."

* *Yates beside himself.*—Yates's reading mania did not soon subside. I recollect his saying, with a provoked air—"Benson, I'm haunted by myself! One novel which I hired began with, 'Where is that rascal Yates?'—Then I got Mansfield Park, and opened at random to 'the moment Yates perceived Sir Thomas, he gave, perhaps, the very best start he had ever given during the whole course of his rehearsals.'—Lastly, I tried the *Alcibiad*. It had just struck me that I should really feel surprised at not meeting my own name in whatever I read, when I

stumbled plump upon this line—

'And seems to wonder what's become of Yates.'"

Kingly Presentiment.—It will be remembered that, in the year 1811, the royal family of France, residing in England, were invited to a banquet at Carlton House by the Regent. The Prince, with his usual exquisite tact, had caused a drawing-room to be fitted up for the reception of the Bourbons; hung with blue satin, powdered with fleurs-de-lis—a gracious compliment which was not wasted on the sentiment of the exiles. The Count de Lisle (Louis XVIII.), Count d'Artois (afterwards Charles X.), and all the members of the unfortunate race, had, with one exception, assembled. The dinner hour had arrived. Cipriani was on duty in the entrance-hall; the Prince suddenly appeared, and asked—"Has the Prince de Condé arrived yet?"—"No, your Royal Highness."—"How provoking! We only wait for him," and he rejoined his guests.—Ten minutes passed; at their expiration the Regent again inquired for his expected visitor: still no news of his arrival.—"Cipriani," said the anxious host, "I feel convinced that the Prince de Condé has got into a hackney-coach, and the constables won't let him pass. Do step out, and see if it be so."—The Exon obeyed—sure enough he found the venerable Comte in number two hundred and something; his diamond-buckled feet in the straw, and constables, one to each horse, telling the Jarvey that he must put his fure down in the street. The baton, carried by the official, soon acted as a passport for the rattling vehicle to approach the gates, gladly claiming the arm of his deliverer; his infirm Highness mounted the steps of the palace, where he was speedily welcomed by one of the noblest hosts that ever presided at festive board.—How came the Regent to know so much of hackney-coaches and constables? "It were inquiring too curiously to inquire so." If his maiden daughter, in her teens, once deigned to use a street conveyance, why not her father, in his twenties?

Charles Mathews.—[Of this excellent son of mirth and melancholy, Mr. Hill relates a few traits, more characteristic than any we have yet seen in print. Here is a ludicrous story of Mathews's morbid oddity.]

Having promised to pass a day with Mathews, it was arranged that I should witness his "At Home," at the Lyceum, and that he would take me to Highgate after the performance. The entertainment was "Earth, Air, Fire, and Water," with the "Polly Packet," in which I had the pleasure of seeing my friend in the character of Daniel O'Rourke, and hearing him narrate the "Dream," given by Major

Edgeworth to me, and by me to Mathews, as related in my first work.

Never were audience apparently more delighted, or more profuse of applause than on this evening, and I was therefore ill prepared to find my friend's countenance unusually gloomy, and his manner lacking that cordiality I had so frequently found. Observing this, I proposed relinquishing my intended visit, but that made him look black as thunder.

"You surely wouldn't think of anything so unkind? I have set my heart on your being with me; but, of course, if you're otherwise, or better engaged—"

On my assurance that I could not be so pleasantly disposed of as in his society, we entered the carriage; he threw himself into a corner, and remained perfectly silent. On reaching a portion of our road which, from being Macadamised, permitted conversation the more easily, I ventured to inquire—

"Has anything happened to annoy you this evening? A more delightful or delighted audience I never saw, and you appeared in very first-rate spirits."

"No, nothing has occurred to worry me to-night; it must have been this morning before I was up; I am sure of it; I know it; it can be no other than those infernal—" and here he relapsed into silence.

After passing the turnpike, I again essayed to lead him into conversation, and observed that he must often find the road home lonely, although not dangerous, as I believed it was well patroled.

"And you think *that* renders it safe, do you? Of course it does—every body says so, except one mistaken individual—clever fellow you are—good soul—I know nothing—I'm nobody—"

"Poo! why not tell me what has happened?"

"Why, but mind, don't say a word at the cottage. I want to conceal—to pretend having given away—"

Again he was lost in reverie, and I determined to let him alone, and patiently await the return of his good humour.

At this moment the footfall of a horse was heard, and a figure, well wrapt up in a cloak, as he approached the carriage, signified his propinquity, by giving out, in a deep tone, the announcement of his calling—"Patrole!"

At the same instant, Mathews let down the glass, popped his head out of the carriage, so as nearly to touch the face of the horseman, and, in a tone of the bitterest rage, exclaimed—"CHICKENS!" Then, drawing up the glass, he fell back in his corner, saying—"Now my mind's easy—if that has not astonished him, I'm no judge!"

This was unintelligible to me, and I

imagined that the stalwart equestrian might think the craven phrase of my friend somewhat inappropriate to the body of road-side guardians. The *honest* highwayman I feared would doubt the sanity of the carriage traveller, who popped forth his head, merely to cry Chickens, and then vanish. Luckily, I can't laugh audibly, and the darkness prevented the visibility of my risibility. As soon as I could compose my voice, I asked Mathews to explain.

"I'll tell ye," he said; "I had the most beautiful set of bantams I ever beheld, feathered down to their toes—and Mrs. Mathews was very fond of them, and Charles liked them—and every body liked them, but—however, they were stolen this morning, and I feel persuaded that it must be those fellows on horseback, who pretend to protect your property. One of them, that very one, I'll swear, has put all my pretty chickens and their dam into a sack, and sold them in Covent Garden market, before any body but rogues are up in a morning; and it's natural I should be vexed, until I found an opportunity of carrying conviction home to the beast who bagged my birds."

From the moment when he had thus so strangely given vent to his feelings he became an altered man. His conversation was more than usually brilliant—his supposed triumph had quite composed him for his real loss.

LADY CHATTERTON'S RAMBLES IN THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.

[WITH a few more notes, we reluctantly take leave of this amusing work.]

Irish Peasantry.

I often wonder why there should be so few celebrated characters in a country teeming with talent and genius, where every peasant accosts one in the language of poetry, and with gestures of grace. The very dress, or rather semi-dress, of the country-people is picturesque; the large blue cloak, worn by the women, is sure to be held round their well-made figures in folds so easy and beautiful as to furnish excellent models for the artist and sculptor. Their long beautiful hair is generally braided round their small heads, with a taste and simplicity truly classic; and there is an ease and grace in all their movements, which seem, I think, to denote a feeling of good taste and refinement far above the common level of their class, in other countries. In an intercourse with the common people, a day, an hour, cannot pass without being struck by some mark of talent, some display of an imagination at once glowing and enthusiastic, or some touch of tender and deli-

cate feeling. How strange it is, that such a people should be content to dwell in smoky hovels, when, if they chose to exert themselves and employ the energies which I think they possess, their condition might be improved. But they are generally happy; therefore, why wish to alter their state? They find additional clothing an encumbrance. How often have I heard them say, their Sunday dress gave them cold! and the first illness our old gate-woman ever had, was occasioned by her wearing a pair of shoes and stockings! A poor family were, in what we considered, a most miserable condition; at Christmas, by way of making them comfortable, we had given to each individual a nice suit of clothes; the consequence was, they were all laid up with bad feverish colds! Since this, I have come to the wise determination of allowing people to be happy in their own way; and the more we see of the world, the more convinced must we be, how totally independent of every outward cause and circumstance is happiness;—that it springs entirely from the mind within, the Irish are living and laughing proofs.

It appears also, in this country, that riches—even the mere conveniences and comforts of life—tend to weaken or destroy that talent which seems only inherent in the poorer classes, for we do not so often meet with anything that denotes a very superior intellect among the higher orders.

To my mind, Ireland is a country which, in spite of its miserable and uncultivated state, inspires more solemn and poetical ideas than any of those through which I have travelled. Here the ever-changing clouds assume forms, where airy castles, oceans, mountains, and grotesque shapes of animals and men may be seen with a startling distinctness which I never observed elsewhere.

• *Irish Scenery.*

When, in Ireland, I gaze on the ever-changing colours and aspects of nature, I no longer am surprised that the inhabitants should teem with poetic ideas. Riches and artificial refinement, tend certainly to destroy the impression which the sight of nature produces on the mind. The Irish peasants only sleep within walls; they spend all their waking hours beneath the broad vault of heaven—their view bounded alone by the ocean or distant mountains—no employment, save the cultivation of their potatoe-field—no object in life to divert their thoughts from the observation of sights, and sounds, and the meditative indolent enjoyment of wild and magnificent scenes.

I am particularly struck with the rich

and vivid colouring of the scenery in Ireland; when the sun shines after one of the frequent showers, the whole landscape resembles a highly finished and freshly varnished picture, not by any well-known master, for the composition, to speak technically, is totally different, though I think quite as fine, as any ideal imagery of Claude, Hobbins, or Poussin. The varieties of green are particularly lovely, yet there is never too much; the eye is always relieved by masses of rock of a dark purple or reddish brown, which harmonize perfectly with the light green tender moss, or darker coloured grass.

[The following anecdote illustrates the statement of our "Observanda" correspondent, at page 7].

Educated Guide.

A bare-footed, tattered young fellow, came up to us, and, in excellent English, asked some questions about a ruin. He very good naturedly afterwards came to shew the nearest way to Coom-croun, a little harbour in the Bay of Dingle. On our way, I discovered that our ragged guide was a mathematician. We did not give him credit for much acquirement in this branch; however, to ascertain the point, one of my companions asked him if he knew the fifth proposition of the first book of Euclid, known at school as the "pons asinorum;" he was so perfect in this, and in the 47th prop., that the inquirer would not venture any further, lest he might get out of his depth. We have remarked that the peasantry here are exceedingly disinterested and obliging, and much more intelligent and enlightened than in many places of greater resort. Our intelligent guide had also a considerable knowledge of Irish history and superstitions. As we walked along, he picked up a sprig of shamrock, and said, "Sure thin! ours is a beautiful emblem, and beats the rose and thistle all to nothing."

"Why so?" inquired one of my companions; "the rose is certainly more beautiful."

"It may be so to the eye," replied the poor man; "but it doesn't represent the Holy Trinity, as ours does. A blessed thought it was of the holy St. Patrick, to explain that great and wonderful mystery by this little bit of three-fold leaf."

Varieties.

• *Adrigail, So. Ireland.*—The appearance of the dwellings, of the peasantry was more truly wretched than any I have ever seen. The people, particularly the children, were worse clothed. Some of the young children, completely naked, were

playing about before the miserable hovels. How strange that such rude habitations should send forth a people of such good and refined manners, "who be," as our driver said, "the civillest spoken folks in all Ireland, and have more good will to each other than is to be found in any country on the face of the wide world."—*Lady Chatterton.*

On *Kerry*, the estate of the Marquis of Lansdowne, the white-washed houses shew a spirit of improvement: the tenants pay £4 a year for as much land as will feed two cows, and grow their potatoes. They have built their own houses, but timber and slate are given by the landlord.—*Ibid.*

Freemasonry.—In the British Museum, is a curious MS. of the fourteenth century, which contains the history of a society of freemasons formed under King Athelstane.

Biography.—A series of works, to be called *Biographia Britannica Literaria*, is in progress, under the superintendence of the Royal Society of Literature; by whom an introductory address on Anglo-Saxon literature and learning will shortly be published. This may be considered as the most important labour yet undertaken by the above society: and, if ably executed, will be a national benefit. Two other large biographical works are also announced to appear almost simultaneously—a revised and enlarged edition of Chalmers's well known Dictionary, now chiefly valuable for its names and dates, for it is one of the driest books in the language. This Biography has been undertaken by two first-class London publishers, and, from what we hear of the arrangements, a complete work may be expected. Another fraternity of publishers announce "A New General Biographical Dictionary," in twelve 8vo. volumes, and, consequently, of much less extent than the new edition of Chalmers's. At length, we may calculate on a standard Biography, which, to borrow a prospecting phrase, "has long been a desideratum in our literature."

The Irish Poor.—At Dingle, says Lady Chatterton, "I discovered under a doorway, an old cobbler at work, to whom a little girl had just brought a wooden dish of potatoes. He put away his work; and, before he looked at his supper, the old man stroked the child's dark hair, and smiled upon her. Then, dividing a potatoe, he gave half, and playfully stuffed a bit of his own half too into her little mouth; and yet, I was afterwards told, that this late evening's meal was the first he had

eaten that day. He seldom had more than one. Oh! what lessons of patience and love we ought to learn from the cheerful, enduring, and affectionate Irish poor!

Canal.—The Huddersfield Canal is the loftiest in the kingdom; its summit level being 656 feet above the sea!

Plutarch says, "the strength of nature wrought long in the Britons, for they sometimes lived to the age of 120 years."—*Speed.*

Irish Beggars.—A penny bestowed on one miserable object, always causes the departure of four or five others, to purchase whiskey or potatoes; and, if sixpence* be given, it generally clears away the whole crowd.—*Lady Chatterton.*

Population Census of 1841.—The committee of the Statistical Society recommend to Government the question of age among the questions for the census of 1841; and further, that the number of baptisms and burials entered in the parish registers should be included; and they observe, that the publication, (similar to that of 1831,) of the ages of all who died in England from 1831, to 1840, would be productive of great benefit.—*Athenæum.*

Antiquity of Glass.—Speaking of a window at Pompeii, Sir William Gell says: "it was not only formed of glass, but good plate-glass, highly ground on one side so as to prevent the curiosity of any person upon the roof."

Decorating Graves.—"Mark my hillock with the simple flower."—*Saxon Poem.*

Night-mare.—*Mara* was the Saxons' night-hag: hence they said *Maren rider ham*. And, to this day, some superstitiously take the disease ephialtes, or the oppression of the chest, for a witch, or goblin, and call it the nightmare.—*Antiq. et Orig. Sax.*

Irish Slate.—The slate quarries at Valencia employ about 100 hands; a steam-engine has been erected, to work a sawing and planing machine; the latter is very ingenious and simple in its construction. The flags are sold from 4d. to 1s. 3d. the foot, square, and are chiefly sent to London. After a three days' series of experiments, at Woolwich, confirmed by Bramah's hydraulic press, it has been ascertained, that these flags are the strongest stones known, being stronger than granite and five times stronger than the Yorkshire flag.—*Lady Chatterton.*

The Zoological Society, according to their recent Report, appear to be recovering from their "temporary derangement." True it is that the cost of provisions for

the menagerie has increased; but the number of animals has been larger, and the large elephant has eaten and fattened beyond expectation. Again, the Lords of the Treasury exact an enormous rent from the Society: the north garden is even charged at the rate of building-ground. We hope to see this item abated, especially as the main object of the Society is the improved domestication of animals, notwithstanding that fashion and public curiosity have given it notoriety as a mere exhibition. Elsewhere throughout the expenditure, the Council have retrenched: the salaries and general expenses will be considerably reduced. Every resource of revenue controlled by the Council has improved; and the income from the Gardens has increased during the past year, £1,720. There are now 3,010 members; the Museum contains 1,228 specimens of mammalia; 5,230 birds; 1,000 reptiles; 1,170 fishes; and 83 mounted skeletons.

In the *Athenæum*, the wood-cuts of the Ogham inscriptions in Lady Chatterton's new work on Ireland, are jocosely described as exciting most provoking recollections of a London milk-score.

*May is a sweet kiss, by Heaven,
To his wife the fair earth given;
Pledging that hereafter she,
Now a bride, shall mother be.*

Monk Lewis.

Flowers.—Wave for some minutes over a phial containing ammonia,—a flower, and its odour will be increased.—*Prof. Kickx*, of Ghent; *Athenæum*.

Temperature of Flowers.—MM. Van Beek and Bergsma have been making some curious observations on the temperature of the flowers of the *Colocasia odora*, with the thermometric needles of MM. Becquerel and Breschet. On September 5, 1838, the spadix had acquired the extraordinary temperature of 43° centigrade, while the atmosphere stood at 21°, thereby forming a difference of 22°.—*Athenæum*.

Song of the Swan.—It is very remarkable that the ancient Icelandic bards should have got hold of the fabulous opinion of the swan's being a singing-bird, which so generally prevailed among the Greek and Roman poets.

Crying Drunk.—Mr. Coroner Wakley states that the mandlin tears which some persons shed in moments of intoxication, are the result of softness of the brain produced by habitual inebriety.

Dingle.—In this very primitive place, in the south of Ireland, with a population of 5,000, there is not to be found one regularly bred M.D., or practising attorney. There lives not one lawyer nearer than Tralee and that is twenty-two miles distant, the shortest way, and a hilly road.—*Lady Chatterton*.

Great Britain has more sea-coasts than the United States of North America.

Wives.—So late as the tenth century, a plurality of wives prevailed in the North; one wife being possessed of superior rank; but, as it was her distinctive prerogative to accompany her lord to the grave, or funeral pile, she would hardly be an object of envy or jealousy among the ladies of the present age.

Paper-making Machinery.—On April 25, some very interesting details of "Fourdrinier's Patent" were elicited during a debate in the House of Commons. From a technical description of the invention, by Mr. Mackinnon, it appeared that 1,000 yards, or any given quantity of yards of paper, could be continuously made by it. The patent had been pirated, and that had led to litigation, in which the Patentees' funds had been exhausted before they could establish their rights. They found themselves becoming bankrupts, and thus all the fruits of their invention, on which they had spent £40,000, were lost to them. The evidence of Mr. Brunel, and of Mr. Lawson, the printer of the *Times* newspaper, were read, to prove the invention of the Fourdriniers to be one of the most splendid discoveries of the present age. Mr. Lawson stated that the conductors of the metropolitan newspapers could never have presented to the world such an immense mass of news and advertisements as was now contained in them, did not this invention enable them to make use of any size required. By the revolution of the great cylinders employed in the process, an extraordinary degree both of quickness and convenience in the production was secured. One of its chief advantages was the prevention of all risk of combination among the workmen, the machine being so easily managed that the least skilful person could attend to it. It had caused a remarkable increase in the revenue: in 1800, when this machine was not in existence, the amount of the paper duty was £195,641; in 1821, when the machinery was in full operation, the amount of duty was £579,867; in 1835, it was £833,822. No doubt, part of this increase must be set down to the demand arising from the increased number of publications and readers: still, it was impossible, but for this discovery, that such a quantity of paper could have been consumed. The positive saving to the country, effected by it, had not been less than £8,000,000; and the increase in the revenue not less than £500,000 a year.

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[Price 2d.

SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.



ALFRESCO PAINTING OF ICELAND AND ITS VOLCANOES.

ICELAND AND ITS VOLCANOES.

Mount Hecla; the Geysers; Reykium Springs; Langavalla; Krusivik; Basaltic Coast of Stappen, and Shesell Yökul, &c.

[The annexed engraving represents a pictorial novelty of no common interest and attraction, which has just been substituted for the view of Vesuvius, upon a similarly extensive scale, at "the Surrey Zoological Gardens." The picture has been painted by Danson, and entirely occupies one side of the lake: it is the same erection as that used for Vesuvius, with the additions of the distant mountains, about seventy feet in height, and about thirty feet width of view. The picture is altogether a successful specimen of scenic effect; which it is proposed to heighten hereafter by imitative eruptions on stated evenings, and thus to present a perfect model in miniature of this celebrated *spectacle de la Nature*. The exhibition must altogether be regarded as of a very superior class of representation, which we hope to see multiplied; for no species of knowledge is more calculated to improve the minds and hearts of the people than an accurate acquaintance with such stupendous curiosities of nature as are grouped upon these regions of subterranean heat and surface cold.]

There is not, probably, a more wonder-fraught spot upon the face of the globe than the heart-shaped island of Iceland, lying in the North Atlantic, on the verge of the Polar Circle, and extending from 63 deg. 24 min. to 66 deg. 30 min. N. lat., and from 13 deg. 15 min. to 24 deg. 40 min. W. long. Its north-western extremity, Cape Nord, is about 200 miles from the east coast of Greenland; and its area is vaguely reckoned at 40,000 square miles. It is crossed from east to west by ridges of rugged mountains, whence branch numerous offsets towards the coast, terminating in high and steep promontories; and between these offsets are grass-clad valleys, in which the inhabitants have erected their dwellings. But, the interior of the island is a blank desert, through which one may travel 200 miles without meeting any trace of human existence. "It consists partly of snow mountains, called Yökuls, many of which are also volcanoes; and partly of vast tracts covered with lava, scorin, and volcanic sand. There are also several lakes. The most extensive mass of icy mountains is that called Klofa Yökul, in the south-east part of the island, which lies behind another range of mountains that line the coast, and forms a mass of ice and snow estimated to cover no less than 3,000 square miles. Magnificent glaciers cover the sides of the mountains, beginning at a great height, and sloping with a very rapid descent towards the plains. These icy masses are often rent by the internal heat and eruptions of the volcanoes, and fall down in terrible avalanches upon the plains. The glaciers present the same phenomena of progressive, and, sometimes, retrograde, motion as those of Switzerland, and they throw out before them their moraines of large fragments of rocks. Vast agglomerations of

basaltic pillars are seen in many places, as well as of tuffa, and some mountains are covered with thick incrustations of sulphur.* There are numerous springs which throw up columns of boiling water, preceded by a report like that of artillery. There are also sulphur-springs, floods or bogs of boiling mud, cones and craters of quiescent volcanoes, and columns of dense smoke and steam issuing from many spots. The whole island appears to be of volcanic formation; and so terrific have been the eruptions, that about 56 years since the ashes and effluvia corrupted the water and atmosphere, the fishes were driven from the coast; and pestilence and famine followed, which, in two years, carried off 9,000 people, and destroyed thousands of horses and cattle. Indeed, such calamities appear to have thinned the inhabitants from the earliest times: the present population of Iceland being about 50,000, whereas, in former ages, it exceeded 100,000.

Such are the main physical features of this extraordinary region to the mind of the philosophical traveller, who alone can fully appreciate the sublime phenomena of creation and decay which Iceland presents. But, there is a popular interest attached to these scenes of "the wild and wonderful," which, in conjunction with the spread of education and the diffusion of science, is extending itself amongst all classes. The *entrepreneurs* of "the Surrey Zoological Gardens" have, therefore, chosen well and wisely in their pictorial representation of these sublimities of Nature. The several objects are not placed topographically, but are grouped in what is termed, by the artist, "a modelled *tableau*," of which Hecla may be regarded as the nucleus, or central figure. We shall, therefore, proceed to describe them according to the enumeration at the head of the present page, which nearly presents their respective localities in Nature.†

* Penny Cyclopædia: voce Iceland.

† One hundred and twenty works are stated to have been published on Iceland, but few are known to the English reader; the greater number being in the Danish, Swedish, German, or Icelandic languages—some few in Latin. Shakespeare was not wholly ignorant of Iceland; for, in Henry V. he speaks of "the prick-eared cur of Iceland;" the common dog of Iceland has short erect ears. One of the earliest accounts of the country is by a French doctor, who accompanied a party of traders to the north, in the year 1670; the writer "went to see" Mount Hecla. The next account known to the English reader, is that by one Anderson, a burgo-master, at Hamburg, who, however, picked up his information from masters of ships trading to Iceland. He was succeeded by Horrebow, a Dane, who resided on the island two years. Olafsen and Povelsen surveyed Iceland in 1757; and their account contains much information, mixed with error. Of our own countrymen, Sir Joseph Banks stands first: he was accompanied by Dr. Solander, the Swedish naturalist, and by Dr. Vogt, who afterwards published an account of his journey, which first made the English reader acquainted with Iceland. In

Hecla

is in the southern part of Iceland, and about thirty miles from the coast. It is neither the most elevated nor the most picturesque of the Icelandic mountains, but it has become famous by its tremendous eruptions. Twenty-three of these have been recorded since the year 1004; but this statement is far from complete. Hecla has now been quiet for more than sixty-five years, and remained tranquil more than seventy years before the last eruption in 1772. The summit is divided into three peaks, the middle of which is the highest. The craters form vast hollows in the sides of these peaks, which are mostly filled with snow. The mountain consists mostly of sand and slags; the lava, forming a rugged and vitrified wall, like glazed bricks, seventy feet high, around its base. When Sir George Mackenzie ascended Hecla, in 1810, the vapour of water was ascending from the middle peak, and the heat of the mountain was so intense, that a thermometer placed among the slags rose to 144°. Mr. Barrow did not ascend Hecla, which he compares to the majestic "three-forked" Parnassus. The people in the neighbourhood, it seems, attempt to dissuade every one from ascending. The French doctor, already mentioned, was assured that it was the entrance to the infernal regions, and that the devil was busily employed in handing down the souls of all those who had fallen in battle. Sir Joseph Banks was told that the mountain was guarded by strange black birds, resembling crows, having beaks of iron, with which they would receive ungraciously any one who infringed upon their territory. Sir Joseph found the mountain surrounded for two leagues with scorix, pumice-stone, cinders, and ashes. On reaching the summit, which was calculated, by a Ramsden's barometer, to be 5000 feet,* the cold was extremely severe; and the party had their clothes covered with ice, in such a manner that, to

use his own expression, "our clothes resembled buckram." The surrounding country was formerly inhabited almost close to the mountain, and said to have been uncommonly beautiful and fertile; but the successive inundations of lava have entombed the farms, and the verdant meadows have been almost entirely covered with sand and pumice. In the last eruption, the shower of ashes, &c. was carried by the wind, and fell like rain on the Ferroe islands, 300 miles distant.

The Geysers.

The very appropriate term *Geyser* is derived from the Icelandic *geysa*, "to rage, burst forth with violence and impetuosity." (*Henderson.*) These springs are in the neighbourhood of Hecla. "On entering the plain," says Mr. Barrow, "we were at once in the midst of smoke and steam, rising above and around us, and of boiling springs of bogs and heated mud at every step we took. The ground seemed to be shaking and trembling under our feet, and below we could hear a sort of murmuring or rumbling noise, not unlike that of distant thunder." The Great Geyser is situated on a mound which rises considerably above the plain, and slopes on all sides to the distance of about 100 feet, from the borders of the large basin on its summit; in the centre of which, forming as it were a gigantic funnel, is a pipe, up which the boiling water rises and bursts forth. The basin of this funnel is from four to five feet deep, sloping a little, like a saucer, towards the central tube. Mr. Barrow found the temperature of some water in the basin to be from 180 deg. to 190 deg. Fahrenheit. The sides of the tube were smoothly polished, as was the floor of the basin, which had the appearance of agate. Mr. Barrow considers it difficult to imagine how this perpendicular tube was first shaped, and how the smooth crust, with which it has been lined, was originally laid on—whether at once, or by successive depositions of the siliceous matter. The lining of the basin is of easier explanation: the water remaining therein quiescent, may deposit its silica undisturbed, whilst in the pipe of the funnel it is always bubbling or boiling, higher or lower, or exploding steam and water. "But after all, that which is the most difficult to comprehend is—that the water of the Geyser is perfectly clear, and gives no deposit without the application of chemical tests, and then only in the smallest possible quantity: it may be kept for years in

1789, Mr. (now Sir John) Stanley, with a party of gentlemen, visited the island, and on his return published an account of the boiling springs. In 1809, Mr. Hooker, the botanist, visited Iceland, and published a complete account of Icelandic plants. In 1810, Sir George S. Mackenzie, with Drs. Holland and Bright, travelled in Iceland, and published a volume on their return. In 1814 and 1815, Mr. E. Henderson made the tour of Iceland, and subsequently published two 8vo. volumes. In 1813, Sir Thomas Wilson made a voyage thither, in his yacht, and Lord Stuart de Rothesay, in 1833. Lastly, in 1834, John, son of Sir John Barrow, visited Iceland, and on his return to England, published a very entertaining volume, in which he tests the experience of all previous travellers, and combines the same with extracts from unpublished journals, and his own report.

* Subsequent observations give the altitude at something less than 4,500 feet; but the measurement made by Sir John Stanley gave only 4,300 feet.

• The Bishop or rector of Straholt told Sir Joseph Banks, that it was derived from *glosa-emocere, chutire*. It is so; but the derivation is not obvious. The verb is *pres, gys, pret, gaus, inf. glosa*.—*Dictionary Icelandicum Gergici Hickati, &c.*—Barrow.

bottles without depositing the least sediment." Mr. Barrow then describes the matter deposited on the rim, almost out of the reach of the hot water, which is from the condensed steam or vapour, and delicately efflorescent. The siliceous incrustations that are here formed, extend down the slope of the mound around the brim, and several yards below it. The delicate deposit is siliceous sinter, or travertin; "the only difference of the substance, well known under this name, being, that the one in question is a deposition of flint, and the other of lime. The stream of water that flows from the basin, finds its way down the slope of the mound, and at the foot thereof divides itself into two branches;" on the margin of which, are found beautiful efflorescent incrustations, which sometimes cover the grasses and aquatic plants along the banks of these occasional streamlets. Every adventitious fragment, whether of wood, bone, or horn of animal, is here found in a silicified state; and Mr. Barrow saw here a piece of printed paper, which, with the letters perfectly legible, exhibited a thin plate of transparent siliceous, giving it the appearance of a horn-book. A worsted stocking, by lying on the banks of this stream about six months, had been completely converted into stone, as had also a blue handkerchief, exhibiting the cheques and colours of the original: both were as hard as siliceous itself. The streams, it should be added, are lined with a white close siliceous stone, resembling pure marble, which continues down to their junction with the *Huit-aa*, or White River. Mr. Barrow shot some plovers and curlews, which, on being placed in the basin of the Great Geyser, were sufficiently cooked in twenty minutes, the temperature of the water continuing to vary from 180 deg. to 190 deg. Fahrenheit. The steam from this and from the other Geysers is impregnated with the smell of sulphur: Mr. Barrow filled a bottle with the beautiful clear water, which at the moment certainly had a strong smell of sulphur; but, though firmly corked on the spot, it had lost it altogether on his arrival in England; nor was there the least deposit either of that or any other substance whatever, when the water was submitted by Mr. Faraday, to chemical tests.

At a little distance from the Great Geyser, Mr. Barrow saw two pools of very clear water, the surfaces of which were scarcely disturbed with anything like ebullition, whilst a thin aerial vapour, hardly perceptible, rose just above the surface, and then dissolved into thin air. On plunging a thermometer into one of these pools, the mercury immediately rose to 200 deg.: they were, at least, forty feet deep; and

in many places it was dangerous to approach within several feet of the margin, as the overhanging earth was hollow underneath, supported only by incrustations, which, on being seen obliquely, exhibited a beautiful azure blue colour. Near the margin of these clear springs were some small ones of mud of a deep red colour. Neither a drawing nor description, however, is capable of giving a sufficient idea of the singularity and beauty of this spot.

Mr. Barrow watched anxiously for an eruption of the Great Geyser, and was nearly drowned with scalding water of the temperature of 150 deg., but no eruption then took place. The noise from this Geyser was much louder than that from any other, and resembled the letting off of steam from the boiler of a steam-engine; whilst a rumbling noise was heard from beneath, apparently at a very great distance from the surface. From its situation and its height on the side of the hill, above the other springs, and particularly from its violence, Mr. Barrow considers it to be that same chimney, from this great subterranean laboratory, which Sir John Stanley has named the *Roaring Geyser*; though Mr. Barrow only saw it emit steam and no water, with a ceaseless roaring noise.

Mr. Barrow next notices the *Strockr*, the shaker, or agitator, a large opening or tube, almost even with the general surface of the ground: at twelve or fourteen feet deep appeared water in ebullition, which, on pieces of turf and peat being thrown into it, burst forth almost instantaneously, heaving up a column of mud and water, with fragments of peat as black as ink, to the height of sixty or seventy feet; the steam bursting up with such violence that it seemed to tear up the very earth through which it passed; it continued for eight or ten minutes, and then sunk into the shaft. Near this geyser was another, called the *Little Strockr*, at the head of a group of a dozen springs, two of which only threw up water from two to three feet high, in jets resembling those seen on opening a London fire-plug: but all of them threw out steam, like so many safety-valves; the temperature being about 210 deg. In the vicinity of the Roaring Geyser too are a number of red, grey, and brown mud springs, of the temperature of 195 deg., which made the ground dangerous. One night a servant sat up to watch the Great Geyser, and, at about three o'clock in the morning, he called up Mr. Barrow, who saw the shaft discharge a full column of water and steam, estimated at between seventy and eighty feet high. Mr. Barrow then notices that what he calls steam is not that pure unmixed steam, which vanishes when it

escapes into the open air, but is mixed with a kind of smoke and spray from the boiling water, that require some little time to dissolve, and leave the atmosphere clear. In about four hours from the above eruption, a second rose between ten or twelve feet; in another hour, a third, to the height of thirty feet; and in about two hours more, the fourth eruption rose to about the same height. The appearance of the column, wholly or partially enveloped in clouds of steam and vapour, and the colours changing their hues as the sun or clouds intervene, is a phenomenon too astounding and beautiful for representation.

The power of the Great Geyser appeared to Mr. Barrow to be on the wane: his party agreed that its strongest eruption did not raise the column of water above eighty feet; whilst, by other travellers it is stated as under:

Olaesen and Povelsen	360 feet.
Von Troil	92 "
Sir John Stanley (by a quadrant)	96 "
Mr. Hooker	160 "
Sir George Mackenzie	90 "
Mr. Henderson	150 "

The first is considered by Mr. Barrow to be a gross exaggeration; for "it has been ascertained, by direct experiment, that no momentum given to a column of water, issuing from a pipe, will throw a perpendicular jet to the height of ninety feet: that at Versailles, the *Grand Eau* play only to the height of eighty feet; and that, by an experiment made of applying a double force, they could not succeed in raising the column to ninety feet." Mr. Hooker, Mr. Barrow thinks, may have mistaken the height of the jet by the steam which is carried up with it; and taking a mean of the remaining three, we have ninety-two two-thirds; or, if our estimate of eighty feet be taken into the account, we have eighty-six feet for the average height, which, may, perhaps, be about the truth; although the fact of Sir John Stanley having ascertained geometrically, by means of a quadrant, the greatest height to have been ninety-six feet would seem to put conjecture out of the question. But Sir John Stanley states the *maximum* jets of the New Geyser to be one hundred and thirty-two feet—though not by the quadrant: he observes: "Nature nowhere offers objects bearing a resemblance to the Geysers; and art, even in constructing the water-works of Versailles, has produced nothing that can at all illustrate the magnificent appearance of the Geyser;" "imagination alone can supply the noise and motion which accompany such large bodies of water bursting from their confinement, and must be left to paint what I

have not been able to describe—the brilliancy of colouring,—the purity of the spray,—the quick change of effect,—and the thousand varieties of form into which the clouds of steam, filling the atmosphere on every side, are rolled incessantly."

Von Troil's theory of the Geysers is, that they all proceed as if from one great cauldron; that, in emitting steam, they resemble so many safety-valves of a steam boiler, adds Mr. Barrow; and, if Von Troil be correct, it is not improbable that the strength and frequency of the Great Geyser should be diminishing, each little tube and every fresh aperture carrying off a portion of the steam. Mr. Barrow could scarcely identify this correspondence in the eruptions of the different springs; although he acknowledges that, previous to the eruptions of the Great Geyser, all the diminutive ones were in great activity, as if the fires had been stirred up for some grand occasion. If we receive the above theory, the safety-valves may be the means of preventing a catastrophe, such as the choking up of some of the larger ones might bring on, at any time; namely, a general explosion of that perforated and tremulous crust of earth out of which they all rise, and the conversion of the whole area into one vast pool of boiling water. The Roaring Geyser, though it still roars, like the bellows of a blast furnace, has been so choked by large stones and earth falling into it from the mountain above, that it has ceased to throw out water; and, if stones and earth continue to fall into it, the violence of the steam must make for itself a passage in some other quarter.

Mr. Barrow rightly considers steam as the proximate cause of all these extraordinary eruptions of hot water; the spectator is everywhere surrounded with steam; he sees it—he hears it—he feels it, and he smells it, impregnated with a small portion of sulphur. We know the projectile force of the elasticity of steam to be much increased, by the direction, the smoothness, and the form, of the cylinder; "but, if it be asked where the fire is that produces all the steam and boiling water, no one will be hardy enough to assign a local habitation to that element which Sir Humphry Davy has called, 'an unceasing fire in the laboratory of Nature,'—that first operative cause which heaves up mountains—compels them to vomit forth red-hot lava—rends open deep chasms in the surface of the earth, and supplies the fountains of the Geysers with boiling water and steam." A question may be raised, whether the same fire that supplies steam

* An Account of the Hot Springs of Iceland. p. 44.

for the Geysers, melts the streams of lava that flow from Hecla? The tranquillity of Hecla is against such a presumption.

When Lord Stuart de Rothsay was in Iceland, in 1833, one of the horses of his followers was lost, and its disappearance never could be accounted for. After his return to England, his lordship had a letter from the Governor of Iceland, acquainting him with the extraordinary fact, that the bones of the said horse had been ejected from the Geysers; into which it was, therefore, clear it had fallen unperceived by the attendants. Just as Mr. Barrow was leaving Liverpool, he received (through his father) a request from Mr. Murchison, of the Geological Society, that he would bring home some portion of these bones, "as an evidence of the effects produced upon animal and bony matter, when boiled in a subterranean cauldron of liquid silica." It appears that the Governor had scarcely said so much as above represented, but that the horse had tumbled into one of the springs, and that part of its leg and hoof had been seen by a peasant. The spring proved to be a cauldron, nearly at the boiling point, of water thickened by grey mud, and kept bubbling by the steam forcing itself through it. It being a year since the horse fell in, "the carcass must have long ago been boiled into gelatine." The peasant's account of the horse's leg is generally believed: indeed, the only wonder is, that horses, sheep, and cattle, do not more frequently fall into these pits, enticed by the luxuriant herbage growing around them.

The Reykium and Krusivik Springs

are near the south west coast of the island. The largest jetting spring at Reykium is situate at the base of a beetling mountain, between four hundred and five hundred feet high; it has two apertures, one of which spouts incessantly, from three to twelve feet high, whilst the other rises at least thirty feet, about fifteen times a day, with tremendous noise and velocity, discharging, according to Sir John Stanley, 59,064 gallons per minute. There are several other springs in this district, some of which throw water over the surrounding vegetation, which is thus covered with beautiful incrustations. The steaming apertures are too numerous and too like each other to be separately described; and the banks, of blue, yellow, and red bolus, are variegated with sulphur, and streaks of alum. The whole district is much exposed to earthquakes.

The principal Krusivik Spring is a cauldron of boiling mud, about fifteen feet in diameter, which is in constant agitation, and is often thrown up to the height of six

or eight feet: it is situate in a ridge of white clay and sulphur, upon mountain heights, the latter being beautifully crystallised, and sublimed with the steam which issues from crevices in the rock on every side, and with such violence and noise as to be heard at the distance of several miles. The chances of the crust of sulphur breaking, and the hot clay sinking, renders the walking over this soft and steaming surface very hazardous. Mr. Hooker nearly lost his life, by sinking to his knees in a semi-liquid mass of hot sulphur and bolus, and he narrowly escaped sinking to a much greater depth.

The Langerfells

are hills which, at a distance, resemble mounds of fine sand or ashes. The district is chiefly noticeable for its lake, near which volumes of steam and smoke may be seen issuing. Mr. Henderson describes this plain to be intersected by beautiful serpentine rivers, and a long range of mountains to the eastward, over which Hecla rears its three snow-clad summits.

Stappen and Snæfell Yökul.

Snæfell Yökul (snowy mountain), which rises in one of the western peninsulas, near the village or factory of Stappen, is believed to be the highest mountain in Iceland; and the basaltic coast, with Snæfell in the background, is fraught with attraction for the geological observer. Stappen is very interesting for its numerous caverns, with roofs supported by columns of basalt, "many of which are also found strewed about, some lying horizontally in heaps, with their bases pointed to the sea, some standing upright, and others inclined at different angles, many of them curved, not merely at the joints, where the convex end of one piece is fitted into the concave end of the other, but bent throughout the whole length, like some of those on the island of Staffa, which Sir Joseph Banks has described as very much resembling the ribs of a ship. Mr. Barrow, from stress of weather, could not land at Stappen, which he observes was the more provoking, as there is every reason to believe, from the accounts already published, that the columns of Stappen afford the most convincing proof of their igneous origin, being here found buried in the midst of lava, above, below, and around them. Here the theory of the Neptunists, who long maintained the aqueous origin of basalt, falls to the ground." Sir John Stanley remarked to Mr. Barrow, that Snæfell, "from its very graceful form, and height, and snows, and situation, as the horn of the tongue of land dividing the two great bays of Bræde-fjord and Taxe-fjord, is a much more remarkable feature of the geography

of Iceland than Hecla; on account of its rise from a basaltic base, the contact of its streams of lava with the basaltic columns, and the ferocity with which subterranean fires have broken and tossed about all the country in its immediate neighbourhood." The Yökul, Sir John Stanley apprehends, has been formed by repeated eruptions of lava, &c., from one crater, but the ground must have burnt in many places.

Sir John Stanley and his party made the ascent of the Yökul. The view was magnificent, and to the west the other peak of this high hill presented itself at the distance of about 1,000 yards, "the real summit." The northern view was that of the sea, quiet as a child, as if it could never be in a passion; the east, high-peaked, misshapen mountains, (small, however, compared with the Yökul;) and to the south we saw the sea, Stappen, and its harbour, in which our brig, the *John*, and another vessel, appeared like two small specks. On the north-east hills, beyond an inlet of the sea, bounded the horizon, above which the sun had now got up in all his glory, and threw the shadow of our mountain so defined over the surface of the sea, to the south-west, and above its horizon in the air, that it was some time before we could thoroughly be satisfied that it was not another mountain hitherto concealed from us by the fog." Mr. Baine, one of the party, ascertained the height of Snæfell Yökul to be,

From geometrical measurement	... 4567 feet
By barometrical measurement	... 4534 "
Difference	... 33 "

Mr. Baine also took the elevation of Mount Hecla by geometrical measurement, and made it 4,300 feet, being seven hundred feet less than the height taken by Sir Joseph Banks's party, with a barometer by Ramsden.

The preceding details of the Geysers are somewhat minute, from our anxiety to rid the reader of more than one error respecting their economy. Thus, in a *Cyclopædia*, esteemed for the freshness of its information, the height of the Geyser column is stated at "above two hundred feet," or more than double the average. The height of Hecla is fixed at 5,210 feet, and that of Stappen at 6,282 feet, both numbers being, as we have shewn, considerably at variance with the facts.

SKETCHES OF EVENING PARTIES.

THE MORNING.

THERE is an old and well-known definition of our word *roué*, which describes its etymology as arising from the circumstance of families being generally routed out of house and home at such periods;

and of a verity we think this quaint derivation beats all the tortured Saxon origins of fusty antiquaries entirely out of the field. If ever such a phenomenon did take place as turning a house out of its own window, it must certainly have been the case with the ill-deemed mansion that first endeavoured to cram an hundred people into its three small rooms originally adapted for a third of that number. Old English metrical ballads are extant, describing the very uncomfortable domestic economy of the day appropriated to a general wash, and the scanty culinary preparations thereunto attached; but these are minor evils compared to the overwhelming discomfort of the morning before our evening party.

If you are a quiet-loving man, we beseech you, as soon as you have finished breakfast on this eventful day, get out of the way as fast as you can. Walk in the park—go into the city—up the Coliseum—down in the diving-bell—see the eggs hatched—get blinded by the oxy-hydrogen light—ride backward and forward all day in an omnibus from the Bank to the Yorkshire Stingo—but stay not at home; for as soon as your servant has carried away the cloth, and rubbed the table with a magnified small-tooth-comb brush, to take out the light marks that the hot saucers have left behind, all tranquillity ceases. And now commences the scene of warfare on your household property—the complete *bouleversement* of all your tables, chairs, cheffoniers, and sideboards; the screwing of hooks into the ceiling to hang lamps to; the arrival of the men with the said lamps; the fitting of wax candles to their various destinations, scraping the large ones down with a knife, and winding bits of letters round the small ones; the straining of jellies through inverted flannel foolscaps, with all the other odd contrivances that custom has laid down as imperative to make your guests sick for a week afterwards.

To the quiet, inoffensive male part of the household community, the day preceding an evening's entertainment, is peculiarly disagreeable. Dinner is out of the question for them, as, indeed, for every one else; they may probably get some ends of French rolls, tips of tongues, overbaked pastry, and mould-adhesive blanc-mange, if they are intrepid enough to venture into the kitchen; but that is a fearful attempt, and none but the most fool-hardy will think of doing so. They cannot even fly to their own rooms for safety—all the superfluous furniture goes there as a matter of course, unless their house is not very large; and then the best bedroom is despoiled for the supper-table. This is often done; the wash-hand stand goes into the

attic; the fire-irons into the loft; the fender into the next room in company with the taken-down bedstead, and the drawers are covered over to form a side-board for the wine-glasses and *carafes*. But there is one little thing that always betrays the bed-room, ingeniously as this apartment may be assuming its fancy dress; it is the small red cord of the bell-pull hanging in the middle of the room, which is meant to perforate the little notch in the tester of the bed, or hang by its side. Where the host and hostess sleep that night, is past the reach of our poor philosophy even to dream of, much less to affirm positively; we believe they do not go to bed at all, but sit up and count the plate, and lock up the remnants of cold fowl and barley-sugar baskets, for amusement. Be this as it may, they have some nook they creep into for a little repose towards dawn; because then the whole household slumbers, and the newspaper boy and milkman, after waiting each for a quarter of an hour, rush away in desperation to make up for lost time. Of course, when the house is large enough, all this is done away with, and they are allowed their own beds; still, the room is more or less dreadfully uncomfortable.

But we are anticipating—pardon us, reader; it is a common failing in our nature, and, perhaps, has great reference to parties: we will return to the morning. Time goes on, and brings with it its labours and vexations: the key of the china-closet is lost; the tiresome man does not send the rolls; the olive branches of the house will get at the safe and poke their fingers into the creams, or steal the orange chips; some one before whom you particularly wish to shew off sends a late refusal; or, worse than all, if you have invited a pretty girl, with two cubs of brothers, as necessarily accompanying evils, you find the young lady has the influenza, but the young gentlemen will be delighted to come, and you are overdone with men already. Indeed, you may take it as a general rule, that queer, ugly people, always accept your hospitality, so readily, that their answers generally come in the evening as their invitations go out in the morning. What an annoying thing it is! almost as bad as the known fact, that the strangest looking girls in the room are, to a certainty, the ones that have got the money, and the good-looking ones are either poor or engaged.

At last, however, evening approaches, and with it a short cessation of their troubles to the good people of the house; something like the quiet lull of the elements after a windy day, before it begins to rain. The postman's last bell has rung; the nursery maids have all turned in with

their charges, out of the square; the young ladies have taken home their '*la grace*', sticks and hoops; the governesses are thinking about changing their collars for dinner; the little boys have got tired of their Australian crooked laths, with the out-of-the-way name, that have the singular property when you throw them from you, of returning and knocking the thrower's eyes out; the last clang of the milk-pails has echoed down the areas—all betoken an approach of that period of the day, when

"Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone elings,
Whate'er our household Gods protect of dear,
Are gather'd round us by its look of rest,"

except to the poor party-givers. Perfectly ready to go to bed, they toil up stairs to dress, and begin to anticipate the anxiety of looking personally and individually to the comforts of an hundred people, until four o'clock the next morning.

ALBERT.

Popular Antiquities.

STATUE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THIS statue was formerly placed on the western side of Lud-gate, and is referred to by Defoe, in describing that structure, in 1714, as "a fine figure of the famous Queen Elizabeth." On that Gate being taken down, in 1760, "to open the streets," the



THIS STATUE OF
QUEEN ELIZABETH
STOOD IN THE OLD LUDGATE
TILL 1760 WHEN IT WAS TAKEN DOWN

statue was presented by the City to Sir Francis Gosling, Alderman of the Ward, who caused it to be placed against the east end of the church of St. Dunstan in the West, Fleet-street. On this edifice being taken down in the year 1832, it was sold for £16 10s.; and it has just been remounted in a niche, flanked with two pilasters, above the entrance to the parochial schools, on the east side of the new church, facing Fleet-street. The height of the figure, to the top of the crown, is seven feet, and the width between the pilasters, seven feet. These and the other architectural accessories are in the style of the reign of James I., and form a very pleasing composition, harmonizing with the embellished house to the west; from the design of Mr. Shaw, who, jointly with his father, was the architect of the new church.

By the way, we see that the long talked of alterations in the Guildhall, London, are, at length, completed. The three statues, which formerly decorated the gateway of the Guildhall Chapel, have been placed within the Hall, at the east end. In a late Number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, these statues are stated to represent Edward VI., Charles I., and the Queen of the latter, "although it has generally been styled Queen Elizabeth, to whose portrait, however, it bears not the least resemblance." Defoe describes these statues as Edward VI., James I., and Elizabeth; adding, "this of Queen Elizabeth is so like the Madonas of Italy, that I dare swear if it were there, devotion would be made to it."—*Journey through England*, 1714.

CROMLECH, NEAR MAIDSTONE.

In a field about 300 or 400 yards below the highly interesting Cromlech, called "Kits Coty House," are the remains of another Cromlech of very large size, and which has probably been of a similar construction. There is a popular superstition in the neighbourhood, that it is impossible to count the fragments of this massive and little-known relic of another age, twice alike; and, in good sooth, when we first inspected it in 1834, we began to have some faith in the peasants' story; till, at last, we satisfactorily ascertained that the remains consist of twenty pieces, about eight of which are of a ponderous size—one being nine or ten feet long, nearly seven broad, and eighteen inches in thickness; and this is apparently only a portion of the stone in its perfect state. Great force must have been used to destroy this Cromlech; and it may be presumed that the difficulty experienced in breaking it up, saved its neighbour on the hill above.

VYVYAN.

New Books.

THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF M. G. LEWIS.

[Who does not know M. G. Lewis, "Monk Lewis" we must call him, for he rejoiced in that *soubriquet*, and alike eschewed the formal Matthew and the familiar "Matt." Or, let us borrow an *Ave* from Lord Byron :

"Hail, wonder-working Lewis!"

The editor of these volumes justly observes, that the subject of them was "more talked of than any other man of his day. The author of 'The Monk,' was, to-day, a youth of twenty, utterly 'unknown to fame,' beyond the narrow limits of his own circle; to-morrow, he was the most admired and abused of living writers. And to the day of his death he never lost this unenviable distinction." The publication of his noted work rendered him the friend and associate of the most celebrated men of his day. Yet, there is as strange a discrepancy between his character and his published writings, as we often witness between the public and private character of a politician. There is nothing in English literature so wild, so extravagant, and received rules of art and of criticism (not to mention the recognised modes of morals), as the chief writings of "Monk" Lewis. Yet, from his earliest youth to the close of his worldly career, he was a plain, right-thinking, common-sense man; good feeling and honourable principle marked the whole course of his general conduct in life; and we are repeatedly called upon to admire his exemplary duty and affection as a son and a brother, his kindness and generosity as a friend, and his unblemished integrity as a man and a gentleman. It should, likewise, be mentioned, that he had uniformly "a command of money;" he knew not the straits of genius, but sailed with a prosperous gale through life—beloving and beloved—one of the most humane and generous of his species. The staple of these volumes consists of details of Lewis's early life, in several very agreeable letters, and many unpublished pieces. Of Lewis's later life, the reader will, probably, recollect a most interesting account, in his *Journal of a West India Proprietor*, published a few years since. Our extracts must be miscellaneous, beginning with an anecdote which may be new to the majority of our readers.]

Miss Ray and the Rev. Mr. Hackman.

We must here notice an event, which not only created a great sensation at the time, but strikingly illustrates—al-

though by no means in a favourable light—the moral state of English society at that period. We allude to the tragical fate of Miss Ray, a young lady of great beauty and accomplishments, who then, as is well known, lived under the protection of Lord Sandwich. Notwithstanding the scandal attached to her situation, such was the general propriety of her conduct, so interesting were her manners and demeanour, and so various were her acquirements—particularly in music, wherein she singularly excelled—aided, no doubt, by the deference considered due to her aristocratic, and, in most respects, rigidly punctilious protector, that they gained her the notice and goodwill of many respectable individuals.

It appears that Mrs. Lewis dined at Lord Sandwich's, in company with Miss Ray, on the very day on the evening of which she made her fatal visit to Covent Garden Theatre. During dinner, it was observed by several of the guests, that Miss Ray seemed unusually depressed in spirits. Soon after the ladies had retired to the drawing-room, she modestly expressed her regret at having formed an engagement for that evening to attend the theatre, but promised to return as soon as the principal performance was over.

When the carriage was announced, and she was adjusting her dress, Mrs. Lewis happened to make some remark on a beautiful rose which Miss Ray wore in her bosom. Just as the words were uttered, the flower fell to the ground. She immediately stooped to regain it; but as she picked it up, the red leaves scattered themselves on the carpet, and the stalk alone remained in her hands. The poor girl, who had been depressed in spirits before, was evidently affected by this incident, and said, in a slightly faltering voice, "I trust I am not to consider this as an evil omen!" But soon rallying, she expressed to Mrs. Lewis, in a cheerful tone, her hope that they would meet again after the theatre;—a hope, alas! which it was decreed should not be realized.

Of Miss Ray's origin the accounts are contradictory. Some assert that she was the daughter of a farmer or peasant in Hertfordshire; others, that her father kept a staymaker's shop in Holywell-street, Strand. But Lord Sandwich, as is well known, first noticed her, when very young, at a shop in Tavistock-street, where she served at the counter; and, being struck with the intellectual expression of her countenance, as well as its singular beauty, took charge of her future

education, engaging for her the best masters in every female accomplishment, especially music, which formed his own favourite pursuit at leisure hours. Her docility and progress exceeded even the most sanguine expectations; so that Miss Ray was soon qualified to "come out" as a singer, at his lordship's concert parties; at which, *malgré* his usual formality of manner, he chose, oddly enough, to perform on the kettle-drum. The young *débutante* was applauded from the outset; and the world, in those days, did not express much wonder that one so passionately fond of music as Lord Sandwich, should invite her to reside permanently at his house. Indeed, their great disparity of years, his lordship's grave manners, and the scrupulous propriety and modesty of demeanour always displayed on the part of the young lady, were almost enough to silence the tongue of slander itself.

Accordingly, we find Mrs. Hinchcliffe, the lady of a right reverend prelate, thus expressing herself in favour of Miss Ray: "I was really hurt to sit opposite to her; to mark her discreet conduct, and yet to find it improper to notice her. She was so assiduous to please—was so very excellent, yet so unassuming! I was quite charmed with her; yet a seeming cruelty to her took off the pleasure of my evening."

We shall add another passage, which is of the same tendency: "Miss Ray, in her situation, was a pattern of discretion; for when a lady of rank, between one of the acts of the oratorio, advanced to converse with her, she expressed her embarrassment; and Lord Sandwich, turning privately to a friend, said, 'As you are well acquainted with that lady, I wish you would give her a hint that there is a boundary-line drawn in my family, which I do not wish to see exceeded: such a trespass might occasion the overthrow of all our music meetings.'"

From these two extracts may at once be comprehended the painful situation of this poor girl under Lord Sandwich's roof. Universally admired for her beauty and acquirements, she felt that to his bounty she was indebted for the latter, for without it she could never have obtained education. She was indebted to him also for the use of a splendid mansion, equipages, gress, and all the other advantages which she enjoyed. But the notice she inevitably excited—the goodwill which she constantly attracted—were to her a source of annoyance rather than of pleasure; and too

* In certain districts of Italy the red rose is considered an emblem of early death; and it is an evil omen to scatter its leaves on the ground.

* Cradock's Memoirs, vol. 1. p. 117.

+ *Ibid.*

all did she know, that by entering into familiar converse with any one of his guests, she ran the risk of incurring his displeasure. That she was deeply grateful to her benefactor, her whole conduct displayed; but to argue that there was any *utual* attachment of a different character existing between his lordship and herself, would be nearly as absurd as to think at the wealth of "Auld Robin Gray" could efface the remembrance of "young unie at the sea." But, for a state of society like that of England, the worst was, at beyond the expenses of her education, dresses, and the use of his house, Miss Ray had no provision or settlement whatever from his lordship; and whilst, according to Mr. Cradock's statement, an offer had been privately made to her of £1000. and a free benefit, by the managers of the Opera-house, she durst not even insult his lordship on the subject, fearing probably that he might look on her wish to be independent as a proof of ingratitude, and afterwards even become her enemy. While living in this state of dependance on Lord Sandwich's favour, and almost grudging bounty, Miss Ray made the acquaintance of a gentleman named Hackman, who, although a person of humble origin, held a commission in the army, and was introduced at the house of his lordship by a brother officer, Major Reynolds. From the first interview it appears he was enamoured of Miss Ray, and it is said that they afterwards kept up a private correspondence, and that the attachment was mutual. From the wish to be in circumstances which might enable him to enter the married state with prudence, Hackman exchanged the army for the church, and contrived to obtain the living of Wyverton, in Norfolk.

But while these plans were in progress, Lord Sandwich—though it is alleged he then knew nothing of the attachment or correspondence—found reasons which induced him henceforth to place his favourite under the care of a sort of duenna, and to adopt methods of *surveillance*. Miss Ray was thus precluded from allowing her lover any further encouragement or communication, even had she been disposed to do so; whilst he rashly ascribed to an entire change in her affections that result which proceeded from compulsion.

The catastrophe to this fatal passion of Hackman for Miss Ray was appalling in the extreme, and took place but a few hours after the ominous incident of the *Monk*. The unhappy young lady went, as he proposed, to Covent Garden Theatre, where, it would seem, Hackman previously knew she was going. Already exasperated by Miss Ray's supposed cold-

ness, her lover sought, it seems, to feed his motives of revenge by intemperance; for, during the stage performance, he repeatedly adjourned from the theatre to the adjoining Bedford Coffee-house "to drink brandy-and-water." At the door of this tavern he stationed himself, to watch for Miss Ray, as she descended by the private way into the piazza. Here he awaited the approach of his victim. At last she appeared, walking between two friends, a gentleman and a lady, in search of her carriage. Mastered by a demoniacal impulse—the excitement of liquor having roused his before-exasperated feelings to absolute frenzy—Hackman drew forth a pistol, and shot Miss Ray through the head! The madman instantly directed another pistol against himself; but the ball only grazed his head, and his efforts at suicide were rendered ineffectual by the by-standers. His life afterwards paid the just penalty of his crime, to the offended laws of his country.

On the event of Miss Ray's assassination being conveyed to Lord Sandwich, he stood for a while as if petrified, till, suddenly seizing a candle, he ran up-stairs, threw himself on a bed, and, in an agony, exclaimed, "Leave me for a while to myself—I could have borne anything but this!"

Cold, selfish, and formal, as this nobleman had hitherto appeared, it was impossible for him to avoid being cut to the heart by such a catastrophe; and, although he lived for thirteen years afterwards, he never completely recovered from the shock.

"The Monk,"

On its first appearance, roused the attention of all the literary world of England, and even spread its writer's fame to the Continent. "The Monk," the production of a stripling under twenty, and completed too, in the short space of ten weeks! Sir Walter Scott, probably the most rapid composer of fiction on record, hardly exceeded this even in his later days, when his facility of writing was the greatest. And here, unchecked by the influences of success and fame, attending former works, but on the contrary, striving against the mortifying disappointments which had hitherto always followed his attempts, the dauntless boy, dashes off a work which startles and surprises the public, and rendered his name at once famous! We do not now pause to inquire whether the fame he thus gained was an enviable one, or to answer the question, whether "The Monk" is likely to continue a standard novel in English literature. We merely view the work at present as the achieve-

ment of a youth; and the good fame, or bad, which he acquired, as the reward of his perseverance.

"Crazy Jane."

At Inverary Castle, the ancient seat of the noble family of Argyre, Lewis first felt the influence of a "bright particular star," which, if it did not entirely rule his destiny, certainly held a powerful influence over his future life. It was Lady Charlotte Campbell, the daughter of his host,—a lady no less celebrated for the graces of personal, than she has since been for the charms of mental beauty,—at whose shrine the incense of the poet's heart was offered, and to whom he addressed some of the most touching effusions of his lyric pen.

Many were the summer rambles taken by the young poet in the woods surrounding Inverary Castle, with her whose companionship made the picturesque scenery still more beautiful; and it was during the

"Stolen sweetness of those evening walks
When panted turf was air to winged feet,
And circling forests, by ethereal touch,
Enchanted, wore the livery of the sky,"—

that the encounter with a poor maniac occurred, which gave rise to the well-known ballad of "Crazy Jane." The alarm naturally excited in the breast of a lady, at a meeting so startling—possibly exaggerated by the imagination of Lewis—threw an air of romance over the adventure, which, infused into the poem, gained for it a degree of popularity scarcely yet abated.

(We hope to return to this work in our next.)

CURTIS ON HEALTH.

[We noticed this capital little book on its first appearance, about two years since, and foretold its popularity. Our prediction has been verified, for the present title-page bears the gratifying testimonial, "third edition." The new matter is attractive, and in good keeping with the staple work: here is a specimen:—]

London Improvements.—Many improvements have, within the last few years, been effected in the metropolis; all of which have added to its salubrity, and rendered it a more agreeable place of residence. As a proof of this, I have been informed that many tradesmen who used to reside at a short distance from town, have come to live in London, at their places of business, whereby much time and expense is saved. Among the improvements may be mentioned the widening of streets, the opening of parks and other healthy places of public resort, and the practice of building houses round large open spaces. There is yet much to be done, however, before it can be said that London is as

healthy as man can make it; and I am now about to direct the attention of my readers to some of the more important, yet easily to be accomplished, improvements of which it is susceptible. * * *

In the second edition of this work I suggested the formation of a Public Botanical Garden, with hot-houses, &c., like that at Brussels, for exotic plants, such as spice-trees, the bread-fruit tree, &c., and pointed out, as a very suitable spot for this purpose, the ground in the centre of the Regent's Park, then occupied by Mr. Jenkins, under Government,—one of the most delightful in the park; from the mount in which there are views hardly to be surpassed for beauty; indeed, one of them might be supposed to be a hundred miles from town.

Since the publication of that edition an institution denominated "The Royal Botanic Society of London," has been formed; and already ranks among its members and supporters many noblemen and scientific gentlemen. The object of this society is the establishment, within the confines of London, of extensive botanic gardens, library, museum, studio, hot-houses, conservatories, &c. This plan comprises an Italian garden, with raised terraces, fountains, and parterres, ornamented by balustrading, vases, figures, and works of art; with a casino at one end, and a conservatory at the other. The ground selected for the gardens is the spot above pointed out, as well adapted for them, which contains eighteen acres. The plan of the society appears to be well calculated to promote the study of botany in this country; but I regret to notice that nothing is said in the prospectus concerning the admission of the public to the gardens. This, I conceive, is an indispensable requisite.

The gardens of the numerous squares in the metropolis are not nearly so useful as they might be, owing to the exclusive spirit in which they are managed. Why should they not be opened at stated times to the public generally, in the same way as the Temple and Lincoln's Inn Gardens? Such a measure would be of great benefit. Gardens like those of Lincoln's Inn Fields or Russell Square might become pleasant places of resort to thousands of young people, who scarcely ever see a green field. I am aware that, these gardens being private property, and intended for the use of the inhabitants of the squares, this plan could only be carried into effect with the permission and consent of the parties interested: but I should hope there would be no obstacle on their part. The number of persons frequenting these grounds is very small; those at pre-

sent exclusively entitled to do so appearing to neglect them altogether. There need be no fear, I think, that this indulgence, if granted, would be abused, or lead to the damage of the gardens.

There has been much talk, lately, both in and out of Parliament, about providing places for the recreation of the people. Would Government object to pay a small sum for the purpose of keeping in order all the gardens that might be thus opened, and for making seats and other accommodations for the public; I should also like to see the Zoological Gardens, and all the exhibitions, opened to the public, gratuitously, two or three times a year, on the anniversaries of great national events.

The salubrity of the metropolis would be increased if the practice of interring the dead within its boundaries were abandoned. For this reason, I rejoice to observe that the number of Cemeteries round London is rapidly augmenting; and in a few years they will, I doubt not, entirely supersede vaults and churchyards, — a result highly desirable on many accounts. Of the *moral* benefits arising from the use of Cemeteries, and the admission of the public into them, much might be said, — the advantages, in regard to health, must be obvious to all. The North London Cemetery, at Highgate, is perhaps the most beautifully laid out of any yet formed, although they are all admirable places.

Spirit of Discovery.

FRENCH EXPEDITION TOWARDS THE SOUTH POLE.

CAPTAIN D'URVILLE is well known to the world, and especially to the scientific world, as the commander of the expedition despatched, some years since, by the French government to the South Seas, in search of any traces that might yet exist of the unfortunate La Perouse, and which traces a countryman of our own, Captain Dillon, was fortunate enough, about the same time, to discover in the island of Vanikoro. He has recently been appointed to conduct another enterprise undertaken by the French government, principally for the purpose of exploring the extensive lands discovered towards the south pole of the western hemisphere, and first described by Weddell. The pamphlet before us contains an official report from the commander to the minister of the marine, detailing his proceedings from the time of leaving Rio Janeiro, Nov. 13, 1837, till his arrival at Valparaiso, on the 7th of April following.

Proceeding through the Straits of Ma-

gellan, a route so much but so unjustly dreaded, that Captain d'Urville recommends it from experience to vessels under 600 tons in preference to doubling Cape Horn, the French commander steered direct for New South Shetland, and fell in with the first floating masses of ice on the 15th of January, in the latitude of 59° 30' south. In spite of extremely dense fogs, he reached, on the 22nd, the latitude of 64°, and, on the 26th, came in sight of the Orkney Islands, "whose dreary and mournful aspect exhibits a perfect image of chaos and desolation," and to the northward of which groupe the ships passed a whole week, partly employed in hydrographic observations. The first half of February was spent in attempts to discover passages through the barrier of ice which now opposed their progress, and in the course of these they were several times involved in dangers the most imminent and appalling. At length the obstacles to their passage southward appeared so insuperable, that Captain d'Urville, was induced to renounce any further efforts for that purpose.

"We had," says he, "passed a whole month, surrounded by ice night and day, and frequently by impenetrable fogs into the bargain; we had followed the solid ice-bank for the space of nearly two hundred leagues, without finding any practicable channel, and that at the price of numerous perils; we had traversed without success all the points where Weddell asserted that he had found the sea open; the nights, which had already become long, rendered the navigation extremely precarious; lastly, the crews of the two cutters, exhausted with fatigue and with the cold and damp weather of this ice-bound region, could not think without a sort of mute terror of the prolongation of these hazardous attempts. To all these considerations, so powerful of themselves, I had to oppose but one motive, in reality very weak, since it merely interested my self-love as commander of the expedition, — namely, regret to see all my efforts baffled in the 63d and 64th degrees of south latitude, whereas my predecessors had advanced much farther; joined to the certainty that, by proceeding to the eastward of the Sandwich Islands, or to the westward of those of New South Shetland, I might rapidly reach the 69th, 70th, or 71st degree, as Biscoe, Bellingshausen, and Cook, had done: but I withstood this temptation, convinced that the real object of our voyage was rather to ascertain how far the observations of Weddell were founded, and his route practicable, than to approach a few degrees nearer to the pole, and, in this point of view, our errand was completely performed."

Having again explored the groupe of the Orkney islands, Captain d'Urville steered for those of New South Shetland, and passed within two hundred fathoms of the little volcano on Bridgman's island, where the boats were prevented from landing by the fury of the surf. He then directed his course toward "the southern regions of which mention is made in the accounts of those bold fishermen, who went to catch seals in the New South Shetland islands from 1820 to 1824, but of which we yet possessed no positive information either as to their form, their extent, or even their position." On the 27th of February, the ships came in sight of those mysterious regions, and spent eight days in tracing exactly their configuration for the space of nearly 120 miles, between the latitude of 63° and 64°. "These lands, crowned by immense peaks, are covered with everlasting ice of indefinite thickness. But for the blackish rocks, left bare by the melting of the snow that bounds them towards the coast, it would be difficult to distinguish them from the numerous ice-fields which accompany them. The principal of these lands was named Louis-Philippe's Land, in memory of the king who first conceived the idea of exploring these southern regions.

The ships now pursued their course for the coast of Chill, but, during their passage thither, the scurvy broke out on board both of them with such virulence, that, on their arrival in the road of Conception on the 7th of April, the *Zélie* had forty men incapable of duty, and the *Astrolable* fifteen sick; but, a change of diet on reaching land, speedily produced the most beneficial effects. After a stay of nearly six weeks in the bay of Conception, as well for the recovery of the crews as the repair of the damages sustained by the ships among the ice, Captain d'Urville sailed in prosecution of the further objects of his mission.

Capt. d'Urville concludes with feelingly expressing his regret at having been prevented from gaining for his crews the premium which was offered. "Most assuredly," he adds, "the poor fellows laboured, and suffered, and deserved that reward a hundred times as much as if they had found the sea open, as Weddell pretends to have done; for, in this case, a fortnight's sail, exempt from any dangers, would have been sufficient to carry us to the 75th degree, and to bring us back again. Naturally unconcerned about the future, the seamen cares little for money for its own sake; our's, therefore, soon forgot the premium, after joking upon it for some days. 'But I have not forgotten, and never shall forget, the terrible trials to which I have exposed them.'"

His report, dated on board the *Astrolable*, May 25th, 1838, at sea, is accompanied with a plan of the tracks of the vessels among the ice from the 4th to the 9th of February, and a chart of that portion of the coast of Louis-Philippe's Land, which he had an opportunity of exploring.

Varieties.

Country Scene.

I came unto a launde of white and green,
So faire one had I never in been,
The ground was green, yppoured with daisie,
The floures and the groves likewy,
All greene and white, was nothing eles seen.

There sate I downe among the faire flours
And saw the birds trip out of hir bours,
There, as they rested hem all the night,
They were so joyfull of the daies light,
They began of Maie for to done honours.

And the river that I sate upon,
It made such a noise as it ron,
Accordaunt with the birdes armony,
Me thought it was the best melody,
That might ben yheard of any mon.

Chaucer: *The Cuckoo and the Nightingale.*

Ancient Monumental Inscriptions.

Sancta Maria, Virgo Virginum,
Pray for the Soul of Jone Pynichum.
St. Margaret's, Westminster.

Phillip Lewis resteth under yis Ston,
Yat in lun deseased the day Six and Twenty,
With Agnes his wyf, yat were both on,
The 1400 yere of our Lord and seven and Fifty.
St. Bartholomew the less: Slowe.

Under this Ston William Wever doth ly,
Cityzon, and Elizabeth his wyf hym by,
He died the Eight, and she the Seventh day of Sep-
tember,
Leaving Geoffroy, Mary and Ellin, thar Children as I
remember,
Whose Sowls God receyve to favour and Pease,
Wyth Joyes to lyve, that never sall cease. 1400.
"St. Bridgt"—*vulgo St. Bride, Fleet Street.*
ANTIQUARIUS.

Dry Rot.—For a century and a half our navy suffered from this infectious phenomenon, which, it is now ascertained, may be counteracted by very simple means. A few years since, the experiment was made of sinking in salt water, the Eden, a ship that was absolutely covered with fungus, the certain indication of the commencement of the dry-rot. When raised, every appearance of the disease had vanished; she was sent to India, remained in that climate three or four years, then returned, and on examination, was found to be perfectly sound, and free from every symptom of the dry-rot.

The British Museum.—The Museum, during the months of May, June, July, and August, will be open from 9 in the morning till 7 in the evening; whereas, during the other eight months of the year, the establishment is only open until 4 o'clock.

Favourites are like dyals, no longer look upon than whilst the sun shines upon them.—*Ward's Diary*.

New Zealand Paper-leaf.—The natives of New Zealand call a letter or paper *Buka-Buka*, from the English word *book*, a quantity of paper bound together; so, where paper has been wanting to write a letter, the ample leaf of a plant has been used in New Zealand by Europeans, the white underside, even in its recent state, taking ink or diluted pigment extremely well; whence the modern name of the plant by the natives, *Buka-Buka*.

Architects' Fees.—Mr. Wyatt's charge, when consulted in his own house, we have heard it said, was ten guineas an hour: he seldom made a professional visit in the country under 100 guineas, travelling expenses included; and his charges for plans frequently amounted to several hundred pounds.—*Gardener's Magazine*.

Squirrels.—In Pennsylvania, a law formerly existed, offering three-pence a-head for every squirrel destroyed; and, in one year, (1749,) the enormous sum of £8,000 was paid out of the treasury, in premiums for the destruction of these depredators.—*Dr. Bachman*; *Charlesworth's Magazine of Natural History*.

Learning.—William the Conqueror, perceiving in himself a defect of learning, exhorted his sons to gett itt, saying that without itt, a king was but a crowned asse.

It was said of Lord Strafford, that hee could not have lived six months longer if hee had not been belched; so said the physitions that opend him.—*Rev. J. Ward's Diary*.

Salmon.—Sir William Jardine has in the press a series of splendid illustrations of the Scottish *Salmonidae*, each of which will be the size of elephant-folio, so as to represent the majority of the subjects of the size of life.

"Whole Dutie of Man."—Dr. Barrow is said to bee the author of the "Whole Dutie of Man," and other pieces usually ascribed to Sterne.—(We find this in the *Diary* of the Rev. J. Ward, who died in 1681: it must be an interpolation, though not distinguished as such; seeing that Sterne was born in 1713, or two-and-thirty years after the death of the Diarist.)

Pipe-fish.—It has lately been ascertained that the male pipe-fish are not only destined as protectors of the eggs and of the birth, but have, for this purpose, a peculiar organ in which the eggs are deposited, developed, and hatched, and in which the tender young find sure protection. This beautiful discovery is claimed

by Eckstrom, the Swedish naturalist; but Mr. Yarrell states the same discovery to have been made in 1785, by an Englishman named Walcote, who has recorded the fact in his unpublished manuscript.

Temperature.—On May 5, in the New Kent Road, the thermometer placed in direct opposition to the rays of the sun rose to 112° Fahrenheit; the perpendicular thermometer was at 105°; the one in the shade at 69°; and the night index sank to 46°; making the very great difference within 15 hours, of 66 degrees. Barometer, 29.85.

"The Father of English Geology."—We hear much of the utility and the importance of geology to national interests, and it is, moreover, one of the pet sciences of the day; yet, we read in the *Magazine of Natural History*, that, from an annuity of £100 granted by the crown, Mr. William Smith, "the Father of English Geology," at three-score years and ten, draws his scanty support; with no prospect of producing for the public advantage any part of that mass of information on practical applications of geology, which the experience of fifty years has accumulated,—information, which, it may safely be asserted, no other man can give to the world."

Peter the Great.—The *Handelsblad* of Amsterdam gives the following account of a goblet formerly used by Peter the Great, which was presented to the Hereditary Grand Duke of Russia on his visit to the but in which the Czar resided when he worked in the dock-yard at Saardam:—"The goblet is 142 years old, and is one of six which the Czar gave to the children of the widow with whom he lived in 1697. It had come into the hands of a labourer named Bes, employed in the dock-yard of Messrs. de Lange. This man gave it to the burgomaster, requesting that it might be offered to the Grand Duke, who accepted it with gratitude, drank out of it to the memory of his illustrious ancestor in the cabin he inhabited, and afterwards sent to the burgomaster a sum of 500 florins, to be given to the man who had preserved the relic."—*Times*.

Praise of Ale.—Bishop Still was none the worse a divine for loving a cup of jolly good ale; and, although he was Bishop of Bath and Wells, he seems not to have been over-fond of water: thus he sings:

"A stoup of ale, then, cannot fail,
To cheer both heart and soul;
It hath a charm, and without harm
Can make a lame man whole.
For he who thinks, and water drinks,
Is never worth a dunnep;
Then fill your cup, and drink it up,—
'May he be made a pump!'

• *Miller's Rural Sketches.*

Birth-place of O'Connell.—Lady Chatterton notes: "about a mile before we reached Cahirciveen, we passed near an old ruined house, situated in a grove near the river. I was struck with the lonely and sad air which pervaded the neglected place, and, as usual, I began to imagine and speculate, as to what kind of people had lived within those walls in the olden time. I wondered whether those beings, who had thought, and felt, and laughed, and wept under that old roof, had left any records of their existence, beyond the names which are probably inscribed in the neighbouring church-yard—whether the good or evil they had done, had produced any effect on the surrounding country, where this old house seems to have been the principal place. As we passed the dilapidated gateway which led to the ruined mansion, the postboy drew up his horses, and said: 'That is the house where Daniel O'Connell was born.' My mental questions were partly answered, and yet materials were furnished for far deeper and more important speculations."

Tulip-growers.—The Tripets, grandfather, father, and son, have been celebrated for their taste for tulips, during a century past.—*Gardener's Magazine.*

The World in a Drop of Water.—The microscope has shewn that a drop of water, though it may appear to the naked eye to be perfectly clear, is perhaps swarming with living beings. According to Ehrenberg, a cubic-inch of water may contain more than 800,000 millions of these beings, estimating them only to occupy one-fourth of its space; and a single drop, placed under the microscope, will be seen to hold 500 millions; an amount, perhaps, nearly equal to the whole number of human beings on the surface of our globe!

To Improve Beer.—If it be ropy, draw a small quantity off, mix with it some flour-mustard, pour it back into the cask, and in a few days the ropiness will disappear. To give a full rich flavour to beer, when the casks are bunged down, put into each some wheat, in the proportion of four pints to a 50-gallon cask; and, in twelve or fourteen months, the beer will possess an inconceivably full, rich, mellow flavour: keeping for less periods of time will have little or no effect.—*Railway Magazine.*

Degradation of a Knight.—In June, 1621, was executed, in Westminster Hall, a very extraordinary sentence of degradation passed in Parliament on Sir Francis Mitchell, knight, for the monopolies which had oppressed the inn-holders: his spurs were broken in pieces and thrown away by the servants of the earl-marshal, his sword broken over his head, and himself

declared an errant knave. The king-at-arms sat, during the whole proceeding, at the feet of the lord-commissioners for executing the office of earl-marshal.

New Frog.—Baron Bülow-Rieth, of Stettin, is in possession of a very curious specimen of a frog, imbedded in yellow amber; which appears to be the only known instance of an antediluvian amphibian being handed down to our time with its external characters. That this individual has not been imbedded in the amber by artificial means, appears evident from its differing specifically from all living frogs.—*Magazine of Natural History.*

Disinfection.—Fumigation with aromatic substances, as camphor, &c. is perfectly useless, only serving to conceal the smell, but having no influence either on it or the infectious particles.

The British Army at present comprehends, besides the militia, ninety-nine regiments of regular infantry; three regiments of foot-guards; a rifle-brigade and the Ceylon rifle regiment; two West-India regiments; the royal regiment of artillery, and the corps of engineers and marines.

Pines.—The gigantic pines in the gardens of the Penha Verde, at Cintra, were all planted by the hand of Don John de Castro, the conqueror of Portuguese-India. He was born about the year 1500, bore an eccentric character, and would not allow any fruit-trees to be planted in the same gardens with his favourite pines. These trees have now attained a great height, and produce numerous cones with perfect seeds. A few years since, when Lord G. W. Russell was residing as British minister at Lisbon, his Lordship's children collected a large quantity of seeds from the pine-trees at Cintra, and forwarded them to Woburn, where several hundred plants were raised from them, which have now attained the height of between two and three feet, and are dispersed throughout the different plantations.—*Pineum-Woburnense*, by the Duke of Bedford; *Gardener's Magazine.*

Misanthropy.—Though no man hates himself, the coldest among us having too much self-love for that, yet, most men unconsciously judge the world from themselves, and it will be very generally found that those who sneer habitually at human nature, and affect to despise it, are among its worst and least pleasant samples.

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NEW ZEALAND.



NATIVE VILLAGE AND COVEY FOREST.

NEW ZEALAND.

YEAR after year this beautiful country will become more and more interesting to Europeans, but especially as a field for British colonization; and, notwithstanding some of the recent provisions have fallen short of the expectation of their originators, it is hoped that so desirable an object will hereafter be consummated in such a manner as ultimately to leave no room for regret at the delay.

To Englishmen there can scarcely be said to exist a more interesting region upon the restless waters. These Islands are nearest to the antipodes of Great Britain; they are also the nearest westward to Van Diemen's Land and Australia; eastward to Chili, in South America; and northward to the Friendly Islands and the adjacent clusters of Islands forming the great Polynesian Archipelago; whilst their southward boundary is the unexplored waters of the Southern Ocean. Here is a wide field for British enterprise and philanthropy.

In its detached position from the nearest continents, New Zealand resembles the British Isles. It resembles them in other matters of greater importance. Like them, surrounded by the sea, it possesses the same means of ready communication and of rapid conveyance, to all parts of its coast; and the same facilities for an extensive trade, within its numerous bays and rivers. The temperature of the warmer latitudes in which it is placed, is influenced, or regulated, as in Great Britain, by the invigorating sea breezes, and the whole line of coast abounds with fish. In addition to these natural advantages, the numerous harbours of New Zealand afford a safe and central rendezvous to the immense shipping trade of the whole Southern Archipelago; an expanse not less than 15,000 miles in circumference, studded with myriads of islands, many of them exceeding greatly, in size, the whole British Isles.

Among the stupendous natural features of New Zealand, its vast forests are the most striking. One of these, a *Forest of Cordia*, is represented upon the annexed page. It is situated about forty miles up the Hokianga River, and within its recesses is buried a native village, which is the country residence of Patteoni, the chief of the district: here he plants his potatoes, comera, and maize, which arrive at a perfection never before witnessed. The village lies about two miles from the river; and here H. M. S. Beagle halted on her way to the Bay of Islands, and Mr. Earle, the ingenious draftsman, made the sketch whence the engraving has been

copied;* from a Series of spirited Sketches of New Zealand, lithographed in artistical style, by Messrs. Robert Martin & Co., Long Acre.

The Cowries, of which this forest mainly consists, are very valuable as masts for ships: they are, in seamen's phrase, *sticks of first-rate quality*. They grow to an immense height without a branch, and are the tallest trees in the island.

It has been stated in the *Quarterly Review* that the spars brought from New Zealand have been "found on trial to be of equal gravity with Riga spars, and to possess a greater degree of flexibility as well as of strength, than the very best species of fir procured from the north." "The wood of this tree," (the Cowry,) it is added, "is much finer grained than any timber of the pine tribe, and the trunks are of such a size as to serve for the main and fore-top masts of the largest three-deckers." In a note, it is said, "the *Prince Regent*, of one hundred and twenty guns, is supplied with them; they have also been used in sea-going ships, and the reports of their qualities are most favourable." The same writer also informs us that "the Cowry, though coniferous, is not allied to the pine tribe, but is a species of the genus which Humphius describes under the name of *Dammara*, which affords the pitch or resin used by the natives of the Oriental Archipelago, and which is of a different genus from that tree which in India produces the dammer." He asserts, however, that it is not very abundant in New Zealand, its growth being confined, as far as our knowledge extends, to the northward of Mercury Bay on one side of the island, and the mouth of the Waikato on the other.

[The following account has been extracted from Mr. Lambert's work, on Pines: vol. II. p. 65;]

"The *Dammara australis* may be justly ranked as one of the finest timber trees which New Zealand produces, often arising to the amazing height of one hundred and forty feet, with a diameter, near the base, of four to seven feet. Its trunk is straight and even-grained, rendering it very useful for ship masts. The tree yields, both by incision and spontaneously, vast quantities of a pure and limpid resin, which soon hardens, on exposure to the air. An extensive cabinet-maker has tried this resin, in varnishing, and declares that it is equal, if not superior, to the best copal varnish. This valuable resin is perhaps deserving of attention as an article of commerce. For

* It is probable that the present state and people of New Zealand exhibit more nearly than any other, the condition of Britain when the Romans entered it nearly eighteen centuries since.—*Sharon Turner's Hist. Anglo-Saxons*, vol. i. p. 77.

the branch represented in the plate (in Mr. Lambert's work) I am indebted to the friendship of John Dean Thompson, Esq., commissioner of the navy. It was brought home by Captain Downie, under whose orders two ships were sent by government some time ago for the purpose of procuring timber fit for ship-building. Captain Downie had the kindness to present me with a large mass of the Cowrie resin, contained in a box made of the timber, which in grain resembles the finest deal."

[We shall quote the description given by Mr. Yate, of the Kowdie, or Cowry, as he mentions some new particulars:]

"The first tree which I shall notice is the Kauri (*Dammara australis*, or *Pinus Kauri*). This tree is of the genus *Pine*, and has attracted much of the attention of Europeans, on account of its magnitude, and the excellency of its wood; answering every purpose of house-building, and being excellently adapted from its size, lightness, and strength, for the topmasts of the largest East-Indiamen and men-of-war. It grows, in some of the forests, from eighty-five to ninety-five feet high, without a branch. The trunk of the tree is of immense girth, being sometimes twelve feet in diameter; and when the bark and sap are removed, the circumference of the solid heart of the log is thirty-three feet, being a diameter of eleven feet. It will scarcely be believed, by an English timber-merchant, that I have measured a Kauri tree whose circumference was forty feet eleven inches, perfectly sound throughout, the gum oozing out of it when the bark was wounded, as though it were a plant of only a few years growth. The sap of the Kauri, as indeed of every other tree in New Zealand, is the thickest on the shaded side; that is, on the south and south-west side, or that portion of the plant which faces the south or south-west; it is on that side, sometimes, seven inches thick; while the opposite sides, those facing the north and north-east, have only five inches of sap; and the heart, or solid part of the tree, is harder or more durable than the other side. The sap soon gets, being very succulent in its nature, and when stripped of its bark, is immediately preyed upon by a small brown worm, which reduces a great portion of it to powder. As a shrub, and during its youthful days, the Kauri is not very graceful;

* "I am indebted to my friend, John Barrow, Esq., Secretary to the Admiralty, for the following statement of a comparison which he made between a piece of Cowrie and Riga fir. A piece of Cowrie, one-and-a-half inch square, three feet long, suspended ten inches from the end, bore the weight of 1cwt. 2qrs. 15lbs. at the other end, before it broke. The piece weighed 11lb. 10oz. A piece of Riga fir bore the weight of 1cwt. 2qrs. 11lbs. The piece weighed 11lb. 8oz."

it is crooked and shapeless, and has a few long, narrow, pale green leaves, scattered here and there upon its branches; but when it comes to years of maturity, it stands unrivalled for majesty and beauty. Its top is crowned with the most splendid foliage, and its immense height raises its head far above the other trees of the forest, over which it stands the undisputed monarch, and affords, under its crowp, an unbrageous retreat for many of the more humble plants. Its leaves are small, but very numerous, and not unlike those of the English box. The bark is thick, white, and smooth, and very soon hardens after the tree is cut down; if not stripped a short time after it is felled the task becomes difficult, from the pertinacity with which it adheres to the trunk. The wood is very light in its colour, is beautifully grained, planes up smooth, and otherwise works well. From the trunk of the tree oozes a gum, insoluble in water, and, I believe, in rectified spirits of wine; also a kind of resin, which will answer the purpose of that useful article in ship-building. Both emit a strong, resinous smell: the gum is, however, very fragrant, and is chewed by the natives, for hours together, on account of the taste which it leaves upon the tongue. The gum and resin diffuse themselves over the whole tree. The cone and the leaf are equally tinged with it, and it may be seen exuding from the tips of the leaves on the highest branches. This tree flourishes on the sides of steep hills and in the bottom of deep ravines, and always on a stiff, hard, clayey soil. The roots of the Kauri, as of every other tree in New Zealand, are very much upon the surface of the earth, with here and there a fibre striking deeply into the ground."

(To be continued.)

SKETCHES OF EVENING PARTIES.

THE EVENING.

THE first double knock at the door after nine o'clock possesses a peculiarly nervous and thrilling sound to the mistress of the house, as it echoes along the hall and up the staircase, and more especially if all the candles are not lighted. A most ungenteel hurry then takes place—spills are at a premium, and the lights multiply with extraordinary celerity; while the hostess takes her place at the drawing-room door, and the daughters, (of course provided there be any,) give the last rapid glance at their preparations, and hastily throw up the cushions of the sofa to see that nothing has been left underneath, then rapidly put them down again, and finally each *se remet en position*, with the celerity of the dash kerseymeres you sometimes see dis-

appearing at the wings as the curtain rises at the theatre for the commencement of a grand spectacle. And permit us, reader, as we are on the subject, to give you a gratuitous piece of advice: when you make a call at a house, never inadvertently turn up the sofa cushions, or you and your friends will be sure to be rendered uncomfortable, by an unexpected display of some funny object or another that "the children must have hidden there."

After the knock at the door and its answer, there is a momentary pause of intense anxiety; the new comers are taking coffee in the back parlour, or library, or study, or whatever name the small apartment that looks out upon the leads behind the dining-room is dignified by. Then a sweeping noise is heard coming up stairs, the door is thrown open; there is an announcement—a smile—a hurried press of the hand—the introduction of a friend who was not invited, and the company have begun to arrive. We have often thought when the lady of the house has swam up to welcome us, in all the pride of *tulle* over white satin, bilbity-bobbity gilt balls in her hair, and silk mittens worked with gold thread on her hands—we repeat, we have often thought what a different appearance she made some seven or eight years before, when she donned a pair of old kid gloves, past cleaning even by the 'entirely new process,' and began herself to dust the lustres on the mantel-piece, for fear the servants should knock them off, or wage equally destructive war against the little china teacups and stuffed-bird shades on the *cheffonier*. And yet this is but life, in its simplest and most natural antithesis. The glove that has pressed the hand of your *belle valscuse*, descends gradually from the ball-room to the boxes at the theatre; from thence to the litter drawer of your dressing table, amongst faded flowers, old straps, empty Circassian cream-pots, pieces of playbills, and worn-out razors; and finally the housemaid wears it to black the stoves in:—the dress-coat gradually comes into your office, and then to the cad that hangs about your chambers; or, by reversing the scale, the ball *bouquet* of flowers, which some drunken old Irishwoman has carried on her head through half the gin-shops in London; whilst waiting for 'the market,' rises to such value, that a single leaf presented to you by its last fair owner, puts your self-gratification on the high-ropes all the night.

One of the most ludicrous solemnities in nature is the first quadrille of the evening. The mistress looks with a rapid and searching eye round the room, and, having made sure there are enough, says she thinks they

may form a quadrille. Hereupon a signal is dispatched down stairs for the gentleman who is to preside at the piano, and a thin humble-looking man, something between one of Evans's waiters and an open-air preacher, with an oblong music-book under his arm, slides sideways along the room up to the piano, and drops down instinctively upon the turn-about stool there placed for his reception. Then come the introductions—the gentlemen bow, the ladies bend, the new acquaintances stand up, the lady telegraphs to the pinnist, and the business of the evening commences in earnest to *Musard's Les Echos*, *Le Tete de Bronze*, *La Reine Victoria*, or some other set, in which the best parts of the last new opera are absolutely twiddled away to nothing.

Le Pantalon begins, and is marched through with becoming solemnity; but the first confusion commences, when the side couples attempt to perform *L'Ete*. Nobody ever knows who is to begin—for the first two bars all stand stock still, and at the commencement of the third, every body rushes forward at once, to make up, we suppose, for their prior apathy; and then, after divers hesitations and acquiescing bows, it falls into the regular train. *La Poule* passes on smoothly enough, unless you have the misfortune to be dancing opposite some Goth who persists in perpetrating the exploded *dos-à-dos*, which, from your want of practice in its too elegant and intricate manoeuvres, leads you into all its comic concomitant convulsions—there's alliteration for you, au' you will. Then comes *Le Pastoral*—that terrible gauntlet-running affair which drove some humane dancing master of other days to invent *La Tremise* for the benefit of the timid. Poor young men! how very intelligent their countenances are, as they march up twice and retire again all by themselves; and how glad they seem at 'hands four round; *tour à quatre*, I think we called it, when we learnt dancing in our early days at a ladies' school, into which sanctuary our tender age admitted us—happy privilege of little boys! Shenstone could define ladies' characters, (or at least he said he could), by their handwriting: we, for our parts, can read gentlemen's dispositions by their conduct in *Pastoral*. The courageous set about it as bold as brass, just as if they were merely dancing to themselves before a looking glass: the vain 'do their steps' with one hand hanging listlessly down, and the other playing with their watchguard; and the timid endeavour to get through it, either by the cowardly subterfuge of turning the ladies round with both hands, staring hard at some invisible object between the window-

curtains, or pretending to smile at somebody they do not see. *La Finales* puts an end to their labours; they bow and offer their arms; walk after one another like the functionaries of Constance on the platform in the Jewess, or the peasants in the *Sommambula*; and then deposit the ladies where they took them from. During all this time, however, the street-door knocker has had a perfect fit of what we should denominate cold shivers, if we were not sure that the constant rapping must raise its temperature nearly to white heat. The company is arriving fast—the rooms are running over—fresh introductions are taking place, and the quadrilles begin again, and so continue without intermission for three or four sets. At last a variation in the amusements takes place, and murmurs expressive of a desire for silence are heard; hush—ush—sh—h! a lady is going to sing. The man at the piano gives up his seat at this intelligence, and vanishes away—where, we know not, nor could we ever make out, unless he sinks into the carpet in company with the bottle and wine glass he keeps under the instrument for his refreshment; certain however it is that he disappears in most pantomimic style, music-book and all, and ‘the young lady that sings’ takes her place at the piano. All is still as she plays the chords of the key she is about to indulge in; she then finds the music stool is too low, and twists it higher; after this she plays the chords again, and, having asked some young man to turn over the leaves for her, she bursts out into ‘*Come per me sereno*,’ or some other of the hundred and one Italian airs that run the round of all our parties, with as many different emphases and intonations. Amongst our English vocal exhibitions, the ‘Wreath of Roses’ has been worn a long time; the ‘Love of Amelie’ has been sufficiently tested; the vocal powers of Farinelli are gone by; and ‘Francis the First’ has returned to his ‘old house at home.’

“Will you take your partner for the waltz?” says the hostess, as the applause dies away on the finish of the song. Of course, if you are a waltzer you will, and take your place at the side of the room, as the pianist, who has again appeared most magically, commences the *Rosa* or *Philomena*. A waltz is never established without much hesitation as to who shall go first, and an extraordinary propensity to transfer the preceding to some other couple.

All this goes on with occasional variations until supper-time, and then a new world opens on you. We like to see a long glittering array of plates, glasses, and decanters; (of course with their accompany-

ing delicacies, and not a mere display of cut-glass and parsley—splendid starvation as we may call it,) and our eyes brighten at the relief afforded at intervals by some pretty device in barley-sugar and trifle, which the silly people from the country think it a pity to demolish, just as if it was put there for anything else. As the repast advances, the gaiety progresses also; the young ladies begin to laugh aloud, and pull French cracker *boubons*, and read the mottoes, and then blush and crumple them up; but they do not throw them away for all that: and the young gentlemen take ‘a little wine’ with the said young ladies, which, in the total, amounts to a great deal; and whisper compliments and all sorts of other nice things, and engage themselves for the Spanish dance after supper, and flirt, and talk, and begin to think what a pleasant evening it is.

The most agreeable period of the whole party commences most decidedly when the people begin to think of going away; for then all stiffness and formality cease, and you are enjoying yourself in reality. But what indefatigable dancers you do meet with sometimes! we have seen them dance about in every quadrille the whole evening, and at last, when the poor man at the piano has been sitting quietly for a quarter of an hour, fondly calculating on a cessation of his labours, they (the dancers) start up, and in the most serious manner in the world, ask you to help to make up a set for the Lancers!

ALBERT.

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF NATHANIEL BOWDITCH.

(Continued from page 102.)

It was in the year 1815, at Salem, that he began this Herculean task, and finished it in two years. The Commentary, which exceeds the original in extent, kept pace with the Translation; but, whilst the publication was in hand, his alterations and additions were so numerous that it might almost be considered a new draft of the work.—I have heard it said that La Place,

* The only attempts that have been made in England to grapple with the great work of La Place, are,—1. ‘An Elementary Treatise upon Analytical Mechanics, being the First Book of the *Mécanique Céleste* of La Place; translated and elucidated with Explanatory Notes, by the Rev. John Toplis, B.D., London. 1814. 8vo.—2. ‘Elementary Illustrations of the Celestial Mechanics of La Place, [by Thomas Young, M.D.] London. 1821. 8vo.—3. ‘A Treatise on Celestial Mechanics, by P. S. La Place; translated from the French, and elucidated with Explanatory Notes, by the Rev. Henry H. Hart, Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. Part First, Book First, 1822. Book Second, 1827. Dublin. 4to.

It is highly honorable to the sex, that the best, may I not say the only, *Exposition* of La Place’s work that has appeared in England, is from the pen.

to whom Dr. Bowditch sent a list of errors, (which, however, he never had the grace to acknowledge in any way,)* once remarked, 'I am sure that Mr. Bowditch comprehends my work, for he has not only detected my errors, but he has also shewn me how I came to fall into them.'

The manner in which he published this work affords a striking illustration of the spirit of independence, which was a prominent feature in his character. He had been frequently solicited and urged by his numerous wealthy friends, and by eminent scientific men, and formally requested by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, to permit them to print it at their expense, for the honour of the country, and for the cause of Science. He was well aware, however, that there was not sufficient taste in the community for such studies to justify an enterprise which would involve a great outlay, and, as he thought, would bring him under pecuniary obligations to others. I recollect conversing with him once on this subject, when he said to me, in his usual ardent way, "Sir, I did not choose to give an opportunity to such a man (mentioning his name) to point up to his book-case and say, 'I patronized Mr. Bowditch by subscribing for his expensive work,'—not a word of which he could understand. No; I preferred to wait till I could afford to publish it at my own expense. That time at last arrived; and if, instead of setting up my coach, as I might have done, I see fit to spend my money in this way, who has any right to complain? My children I know will not."

The first volume of the work was published in the year 1829, the second in 1832, and the third in 1834, each volume containing about a thousand quarto pages. The fourth volume was nearly completed at the time of his decease. He persevered

of a female, the accomplished MARY SOMERVILLE, wife of Dr. Somerville, of Chelsea Hospital. The *Edinburgh Review* said of her work, entitled '*The Mechanism of the Heavens*,' 'This unquestionably is one of the most remarkable works that female intellect ever produced, in any age or country; and with respect to the present day, we hazard little in saying that Mrs. Somerville is the only individual of her sex in the world who could have written it.'

* This, possibly, may have been an inadvertence, or the letter of acknowledgment may have miscarried on the way. It is certain that his widow received the son of the American mathematician with great kindness and consideration, when, in the year 1833, he went to Paris to pursue his medical studies, carrying out with him the second volume of his father's work. He was immediately invited to a splendid *soirée*, and on entering the brilliant saloon, filled with the *aristocrats* of France, he was unexpectedly greeted by seeing on the centre table,—the only thing on it,—the identical volume which he had brought over with him—a delicate compliment which none but a graceful French woman would have thought of paying. Madame La Place subsequently sent to Dr. Bowditch a noble colossal bust of her husband.

to the last in his labours upon it, preparing the copy and reading the proof-sheets in the intervals when he was free from pain. The last time I saw him, a few days previous to his death, a proof-sheet was lying on his table, which he said he hoped to be able to read over and correct.

The publication of the book proved, as he anticipated, and as I have already mentioned, a very expensive undertaking, it being one of the largest works, and most difficult of execution, ever printed in America, and, at the same time, one of the most beautiful specimens of typography.

Though it met with more purchasers than the author ever expected, still the cost was a heavy draught upon his income, and an encroachment on his little property. Yet it was cheerfully paid; and, besides that, he gladly devoted his time, his talents, and, may I not add, his health and his life, to the cause of science and the honour of his native land. That work is his monument. *Si monumentum quaris, aspice librum.** He needs no other monument; and, at the same time, it is the most precious and honourable legacy that he could bequeath to his children.

Among the numerous services which Dr. Bowditch rendered to the cause of good learning and the diffusion of useful knowledge, after he came to Boston, was the deep and active interest which he took in the Boston Athenæum. When, in 1826, the Perkins family, in that liberal spirit which has ever characterized them, gave to the Athenæum sixteen thousand dollars, on condition that an equal sum should be raised from other sources, Dr. Bowditch exerted himself to the utmost to accomplish the object. Many of the best friends of the institution thought the enterprise a hopeless one, and were indisposed even to make an attempt to raise the amount. But Dr. Bowditch said, 'It is a good thing, let us try it; if we fail, we fail in a good cause.' He called personally on many individuals to solicit subscriptions, and, chiefly in consequence of his exertions, the additional sum of twenty-seven thousand dollars was raised.

The permitting the books to be taken out of the library was another measure proposed and effected by him. Strenuous opposition was made to it; but he believed and said that the circulation of the books would make the library ten times more useful, and he persevered till he accomplished the measure. It was always a favourite object with Dr. Bowditch to render books easily accessible to those who wanted

* I have ventured to alter a little, and apply to Dr. Bowditch the well-known epitaph on Sir Christopher Wren, beneath the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, London.—'SI MONUMENTUM QUÆRIS, CIRCUMSPICE.'

them, and could make a good use of them. He doubtless remembered the difficulties under which he laboured in early life for want of books, and was disposed to obtain for others the advantages which had been extended to himself.

Immediately after his election as Trustee of the Athenæum, in 1826, Dr. Bowditch, perceiving the paucity and poverty of the scientific department of the library, which might all be put into one small compartment—*dom tota domus rheda componitur una*—declared that ‘it was too bad, and a disgrace to the institution and to Boston.’ He accordingly set about supplying the deficiency, by collecting subscriptions for this express purpose. With this sum were purchased the Transactions of the Royal Societies of London, Dublin, and Edinburgh, of the French Academies and Institute, of the Academies of Berlin, Göttingen, St. Petersburg, Turin, Lisbon, Madrid, Stockholm, and Copenhagen; forming, as Dr. Bowditch once told the librarian, ‘the most extensive and complete collection of philosophical and scientific works in America.’

Dr. Bowditch also took a deep interest in the ‘Boston Mechanics’ Institution,’ which was established in 1826, and of which he was elected the first President, January 12, 1827. In 1828, more than a thousand dollars were subscribed for the purchase of philosophical apparatus, chiefly through his influence with his friends, and he headed the list with the sum of one hundred dollars. On resigning the Presidency, in 1829, he was elected first honorary member of the institution.

Dr. Bowditch was likewise an honorary member of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association. On the 3rd of April, a Eulogy on their departed associate was pronounced before that body by the author of this Memoir, on which day the flags of all the shipping in the port were hoisted to half-mast by direction of the Boston Marine Society, of which he was likewise a member.

In delineating the character of Dr. Bowditch, it deserves to be mentioned, first of all, that he was eminently a self-taught and self-made man. He was the instructor of his own mind, and the builder up of his own fame and fortunes. Whatever knowledge he possessed,—and we have seen that it was very great,—was of his own acquiring, the fruit of his solitary studies, with but little, if any, assistance from abroad. Whatever eminence he reached, in science or in life, was the product of his untiring application and unremitting toil. From his youth up, he was a pattern of industry, enterprise, and perseverance, suffering no difficulties to discourage, no disappointments to dishearten him.

Within a few years, a very interesting work has been published in England, under the patronage of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, entitled *The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties*. Dr. Bowditch deserves a place in that work, if any man does, and had he died before its appearance, he would, unquestionably, like our countryman Franklin, have occupied a prominent chapter. We sometimes hear persons say, how much they would do, if they only had the means and the opportunities; but almost any body can work with means and opportunities. It is the privilege and characteristic of genius to work without means, to be great in spite of them, to accomplish its object in the face of obstacles and difficulties.

It would be interesting and instructive, had we space for it, to draw a parallel and contrast between the lives, characters, and scientific attainments of Franklin and Bowditch, unquestionably the two greatest proficient in science that America has produced. Both rose from obscure situations in humble life, and from the straits of poverty. Both left school at the age of ten years, to assist their fathers in their shops. Both had an early and passionate love of reading, and the vigils of both often ‘prevented the morning.’ Both had the same habits of industry, perseverance, and temperance. The contrast between their characters would be still more striking than the resemblance.

(To be continued.)

COPPER MINES.—No. I.

BY R. W., GENT.

Few books of a popular character have been written upon mining; so that persons have rarely the means of acquiring any information as to the nature of mines, the modes by which ores are extracted from the earth, or the preparations which they undergo prior to their being brought to a state of use. The most superficial knowledge of these things would have deterred many from speculations, which experience has proved they ought to have avoided; and to which they were lured by a phantom engendered by their cupidity and magnified by their ignorance.

Every one knows that the metallic substances chiefly in use are gold, silver, copper, iron, lead, and tin. Of these, the two former have never been found in any parts of Great Britain in sufficient quantity to warrant a continuance of operation; although, in the county of Wicklow, enough pure gold was discovered, about a century ago, to induce Government to expend no small sum in ascertaining the probability of its being extracted to ad-

vantage; and the writer of this statement has seen a piece of native gold from Wicklow as large as half a walnut: but the mine was closed after being worked a few years, during which it is said that the profit was not equal to the expense of operation.

Of silver, perhaps, no mine has been yet discovered in this country where that mineral exists in a pure state: it is frequently found mixed with other metals in no inconsiderable proportion, though not in sufficient quantity to justify its being separated by the furnace.

Copper is found in Ireland, North Wales, Staffordshire, and Cornwall, and is associated with rocks of different kinds, as also with clay slate.

As the grain, or layers, of all rocks run east and west, so the veins of copper are always found to run in the same direction; except where the uniformity of the earth has been destroyed by volcanic convulsion, or other disruption, occasioning transverse fissures, or turning the direction of the stratum. These interruptions are of a very partial nature, when compared with the great extent to which the veins of mineral are believed to run, supposing their course could be pursued; but it generally happens that either a mountain, a bog, a river, or an arm of the sea, is found to intervene, and preclude the continuance of research.

The veins of copper differ so much, that it would be impossible to name any dimension which could be adopted as an average of their width or thickness. A vein at its commencement is often no thicker than the blade of an ordinary knife; but, upon being pursued it is found to increase, sometimes gradually, sometimes suddenly, in size, until it swells to a width of several feet, and not unfrequently as much as forty or fifty feet. A vein of magnitude is termed a *lode*, or leading vein, from which minor ones diverge at different intervals and angles, but having all more or less the same direction; and it is observable that the course of mineral veins is seldom uniform for any continuance. They vary as they proceed as well in quality and richness as in bulk, exhibiting ore occasionally in beds (or, as they are termed, lanches), without which the excavation would be frequently not worth pursuing; for the chief expense of mining consists in the removal of the stone, or other hard substance, in which the minerals are embedded, and which varies in proportion to the density of such surrounding matter. Sometimes, a miner considers himself remunerated by working at 10s. per fathom, or six feet, or even less, whilst the almost incredible sum of

£400 has been known to be paid for working through an exceedingly hard stone the same distance; and it is obvious, that, unless the substance surrounding the ore be occasionally removed, the operations in a mine could not be prolonged, because the ore would not continue within reach. And it not unfrequently happens, that, prior to the abandonment of a mine, or where the labourers are paid not in proportion to their labour, but in proportion to the quantity of ore they extract, this is actually the case. Succeeding adventurers have then the unprofitable task of extracting stone, at a great outlay before such mine can be again rendered in a proper working condition.

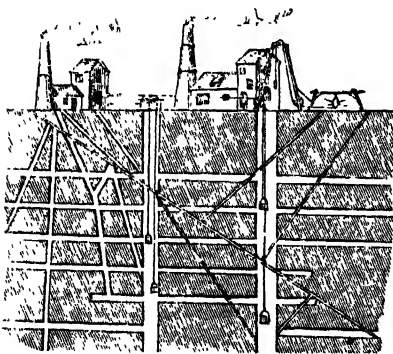
In mining districts, the existence of copper is often presumed from some accidental circumstance; such as when in the digging of a trench, or the removing of stone, some fragment is observed to exhibit verdigris or other coppery indication, generally very slightly, but enough to stimulate an adventurous person to pursue it. In some places, the same mineral is denoted by a green appearance on the surface of rock or stone, sufficient to tempt a partial excavation by way of experiment. But indications, though occasionally very extensive, are not unfrequently very delusive; for a small portion of black oxide of copper is capable of tinging a large surface of ground.

Symptoms of copper often occur in situations ill adapted for experiment, such as the middle of a perpendicular cliff, or on the sea shore, near low water mark. In such event, it is usual to examine the ground attentively, eastward or westward, with a view of finding some other indication in the direction in which the vein may be supposed to run. If such indication should be met with, it will be, probably, in a situation where the same objection would not be offered against excavation; in which case, a shaft is sunk accordingly, and, if no such indication should occur, it is then the usual practice to fix upon some spot which appears most eligible in point of locality, and, (as far as supposition can go,) upon the same stratum for the sinking of a shaft by way of experiment. All these points are left to the discretion of the person to whom the mining operations are confided, and who is called a captain; of which species of agent there are, in large mines, generally three or four at least; of whom, those whose attention is confined to the workings in the mine, are called "underground captains," and those to whom devolve the higher duties of experimental research upon the surface, are termed "grass captains."

The sinking of a shaft is effected by making an aperture in the ground about six feet across, and as near square as may be, which the miner continues to sink, in the daily and hourly expectation of arriving at the vein whose supposed existence had tempted the excavation. If he should be fortunate enough to find it at a reasonable and proper depth, it then remains to be considered in what manner it ought to be treated; in other words, whether its appearances are sufficiently promising to justify further toil and expense, and if they do, whether it ought to be worked to the east or to the west, &c.

If, on the other hand, he should not succeed in striking upon the point he had been in quest of, (after arriving at a depth at which it is reasonable to suppose the ore ought to be met with,) it then remains to be considered, whether the shaft has not been sunk too far to the north or too much to the south, so as to have missed the vein; and in such case, a cross-cut is generally ordered in each of those directions, to a distance beyond which the vein could not be supposed to lie; and if, in so doing, no indications of copper should be found, the earth is pronounced to have been proved, and it is concluded that the lode does not run in that direction.

SECTION OF A MINE.



Explanation.

The buildings represent the houses in which the steam-engines are fixed for working the pumps and drawing up the ores from the different levels; the two perpendicular lines represent the shafts through which the ore is brought to the surface; the horizontal lines represent the passages by which the miners pass to the different veins of the ore, and convey it to the shafts; the narrow diagonal lines represent veins of tin.

A shaft is, in appearance, very like an ordinary well, from which excavations are described as having been made to the north and south, at a certain depth, called cross-cuts; these being of sufficient width to

enable two men to work abreast, and about five and a half or six feet in height. If the ground be not hard, and the expense of excavating be consequently not great, such experimental excavations or cross-cuts are frequently continued to the distance of two or three hundred feet, so as to prove the ground—during which the most minute variations in the strata are noticed and scrutinized; and if any promising symptoms present themselves, transverse sections are immediately commenced in pursuit of them, both to the right and left, or, in other words, to the E. and W., following the course of the strata to which the excavation described had been in an opposite direction. A working which had proceeded to the extent before-mentioned, (and which may be called, quite incipient,) would require about eighteen workmen, fourteen of whom would be let up and down by a windlass, at the opening or mouth of the shaft, by buckets, which would be also used in the transmitting of the excavated matter, or earth. Of these men, two would be employed in each, driving from the cross-cut; two, in wheeling the excavated matter from them to the bottom of the shaft; one, in filling the buckets from the barrows, and two at the windlass; making altogether (as there must be a day set and a night set) eighteen hands. The instance before us, (if the details of it be summed up,) supposes a shaft or well, six feet square, to have been sunk perpendicularly about thirty or forty feet; at which depth the writer has supposed passages to have been made from it, branching N. and S.; with a view of dividing the strata, so as to cut or intercept any vein of ore which may have been running with it E. and W. These passages, or drivings, the writer supposes to have been continued for about forty feet each way; that at such distance one of them has been discontinued, and that the other has arrived at what is termed a lode. He supposes this lode, or vein, to have been immediately pursued by fresh drivings E. and W., branching off from the original driving, which was N. and S.; and thus he has endeavoured to give to the reader some idea of the commencement of a mine. Hitherto the operators have been working without any other air than what has been admitted through the perpendicular shaft; but it is to be observed, that, as the excavation proceeds, such air becomes more and more rarefied, until, upon commencing transverse drivings to pursue the lode, the men are no longer able to work; and, in addition to their own personal and physical disabilities, they find that the candles will not continue to burn; so that there becomes an absolute necessity for fresh air. In

this dilemma, air is generally introduced by the sinking of another shaft over the spot where the transverse excavations commence; for air (though it may continue sufficiently strong in a direct line for a long distance,) becomes very much attenuated by the turning of a corner, which seems to shew that air is by no means so perfect a fluid as is generally thought.

Where a rise for this purpose is impracticable by reason of water, or too great a mass of superincumbent ground, or any other cause presenting difficulty, air is introduced by means of pipes, which, at the mouth of the shaft, are furnished with a sort of windsail; and in mines where air has to be introduced by pipes for a considerable distance, it becomes necessary to have it propelled by pumps or bellows.

(To be continued.)

New Books.

THE COURT OF KING JAMES THE FIRST. BY BISHOP GOODMAN.

[THIS work consists of two volumes of Memoirs and Letters illustrative of the history of one of the most attractive periods of our history,—the reign of James I.; and of the personal history of the most distinguished characters in the court of that monarch and his predecessors. The MS. of the Memoirs is preserved in the Bodleian Library, Oxford; it is attributed to Bishop Goodman, on the authority of a memorandum inserted in it by Bishop Barlow, and upon conclusive internal testimony. The Letters which form the second volume, have been collected from various depositions, and supply a general illustration to the Memoirs. The Bishop appears to have been one of the most interesting characters of his very stirring times; his uncle was the celebrated Dr. Gabriel Goodman, forty years Dean of Westminster, and one of the translators of the English Bible. His father resided in Denbighshire, where our author was born, in 1583. By the influence of his uncle, young Goodman was sent at an early age to Westminster School, where he had the good fortune to be educated under the celebrated historian Camden, of whom he has preserved some interesting notices in these volumes. In 1600, he removed to Trinity College, Cambridge; and in 1606 obtained the living of Stapleford Abbots, in Essex. By aid of good patronage, and some celebrity as a preacher, he was appointed in 1617 to a canonry at Windsor; in 1620 to the deanery of Rochester; and in 1625 he was made Bishop of Gloucester. An earnest and zealous supporter of the church, he soon drew

upon himself the hatred of the Puritan party so that we find Bastwick, Burton, and Prynne petitioning the king against him, "for that he had, at his proper cost, (as they expressed it,) re-edified and repaired the high cross in the town of Windsor, near the royal castle; and on one side thereof caused a statue, or picture, about an ell long, of Christ hanging upon the cross, to be erected in colours, with this inscription over it in gold letters—*Jesus Nazareus Rex Judeorum*; and on the other side thereof, the picture of Christ rising out of his sepulchre." Another charge was for erecting an altar, and causing to be made new altar-cloths, pulpit-cloths and cushions, with crucifixes engraven on them, for his cathedral church at Gloucester. There were divers other offences alleged in the petition, which King James scarcely noticed. But the Bishop was less fortunate in a quarrel with Archbishop Laud, in the important convocation of 1640, when Goodman was committed to the Gate-house, ultimately became very popular, and was suspended by consent of both houses of parliament. It must, however, be confessed that the Bishop was somewhat papistical in his views, and in these Memoirs even advocates auricular confession. In 1643, he was plundered by the rebels, and the chief part of his books and papers dispersed. During the great rebellion, he lived in obscurity in the parish of St. Margaret, Westminster, and employed his time in frequenting the Cottonian Library, at which period these Memoirs were undoubtedly composed. In 1650, he printed an *Account of his Sufferings*; and in 1653, a theological work, which he dedicated to Oliver Cromwell. For several years during the latter part of his life, Goodman had been in habits of intimacy with the celebrated Francis à S. Clara, a Dominican friar of great learning and moderation, whose real name was Christopher Davenport. He was chaplain to Queen Henrietta, and afterwards to Catharine, Queen of Charles II. In his company, Goodman died in January, 1655, and was buried in St. Margaret's, Westminster: "leaving behind him," says Wood, "the character of a harmless man; that he was hurtful to none but himself; that he was pitiful to the poor, and hospitable to his neighbours." He had designed to bestow his books on Chelsea College, but they were eventually given to Trinity College, Cambridge: he left his papers for publication, but they were subsequently lost and dispersed; among other things, he had written a History of the Church of England, as settled by law; and he had published a work entitled *The Fall of Man*, 1616 and 1624.

There is no evidence of malignity or party spirit in the *Memoirs* before us; the author speaks affectionately and gratefully of King James, his "old master;" and he praises Laud and others who were uncharitable to him. Nor was his goodness confined to paper: he was a great benefactor to the school of his birth-place, as well as to his church; and he liberally encouraged Sir Hugh Middleton's design of bringing the New River water to London; "a work beset with as many difficulties," says Lloyd, "as bringing the waters of Bethlehem to David." The account which the Bishop has here left us of many secret and intricate passages of his times, is instructive and amusing, and illustrative of some nice points of history; whilst the supplementary volume of letters is one of the most interesting collections it has lately been our good fortune to peruse: and, it must be confessed that our literature has, during the last thirty years, been profusely enriched with personal history, from the national archives, as well as from private sources. The specimen before us has been ably edited by Mr. J. S. Brewer, M.A. of Queen's College, Oxford; the volumes are plentifully, yet not uselessly, illustrated with notes; and, as the work is entitled to a place in every good library, it is embellished with well-engraved portraits of Elizabeth and James, and a few of their most celebrated contemporaries. In short, the book is, altogether, very inviting: its autobiographical interest must be universally acceptable. From such a work it would not be difficult to cull many beauties; but we must be content with a few.]

Queen Elizabeth's Dancing.

As for the Queen's private dancing when Sir Roger Aston had occasion to speak with her, I wonder why he does not rather insist on the famous dancing in the entertainment of Duke Prusiano, about two years before the Queen's death, when the French King, Henry the Fourth, matching with a daughter of Florence, many nobles of Italy came to attend her to Paris; and when the solemnity of the marriage was past, Duke Prusiano,* a very courteous and brave nobleman, did resolve to come over to see England, and to come in a private way. Our ambassador in France, hearing thereof, gave notice to our secretary, who acquainting her majesty therewith, order was taken that one should come in his company, to be a spy upon him, to know his lodgings and to discover his person. The duke (as the fashion was) came to the court upon a Sunday, to see the Queen go to the chapel. The Queen

having notice of this, and knowing him by one that stood next to him, as she came by took some occasion to call the lord chamberlain, as I take it, to tie her shoe-strings, or to do some such like office; and there making a stay, she took the duke by the hand, who followed her into the privy chamber. She did then graciously use him, and after feasted him, and gave him great entertainment, which was very well taken by the French King and Queen: and then did the Queen dance a galliard very comely, and like herself, to shew the vigour of her old age. He that would relate those private dancings should not have forgotten this, so famous and so well known; for even the Italians did then say that it was a wonder to see an old woman, the head of the church, being seventy years of age, to dance in that manner, and to perform her part so well. This had been fitter to be related than the private dancing before Sir Roger Aston, or the dancing in Suffolk-house with Symons.

Camden.

I did once write to Mr. Camden Clarenieux the herald, that in regard he had written the life of Queen Elizabeth, he could not but have many records which he had not mentioned, and I did desire him to make me his heir of these records. I was the rather encouraged to make this request, because I was his scholar, and my father had recommended him to be school-master in Westminster, and had put him upon the studies of antiquity, and had bought him books and gave him books only for that purpose; and it was my uncle who bore his charge when he travelled through to write his *Britannia*, as he himself mentioneth in that book. Mr. Camden returned me his answer, that I should have had them with all his heart, but that Archbishop Bancroft had prevented me; and he dying, left all to his successor Archbishop Abbot, who did promise Mr. Camden to make use of them in print; but he never did, and, as another archbishop† told me, they were all kept and preserved in an upper chamber over the gate as you enter into Lambeth House.

So there were some records, especially concerning the church; and if there had been any such records burnt, certainly I should have found some memorial of them in Sir Robert Cotton's library, where I was a diligent student some twenty-six years since.

* De Beaumont mentions her giving a great banquet at Richmond to the Duke of Nevers; and that, after dinner, she opened the ball with him, in a galliard, which she danced with wonderful agility.—*Von Raumer's Hist. of XVI. Cent. ii. 180.*

† Godf. Goodman, he was Dean of Westminster. Probably Iaud.

* Virginio Orsini, Duke of Bracciano, first cousin of Marie de' Medici.

[One of the gems of the work is Sir Walter Raleigh's touching and pathetic letter printed in the second volume, for which the Editor is indebted to the Warden of All-Souls College, in Oxford. This document at once determines the much vexed question whether or not Sir Walter did attempt to stab himself in the Tower.—See *Tytler's Raleigh*, p. 438.]

Sir Walter Raleigh to his Wife, after he had hurt himself in the Tower.

Receive from thy unfortunate husband these his last lines, these the last words that ever thou shalt receive from him. That I can live to think never to see thee and my child more, I cannot. I have desired God and disputed with my reason, but nature and compassion hath the victory. That I can live to think how you are both left a spoil to my enemies, and that my name shall be a dishonour to my child, I cannot, I cannot endure the memory thereof: unfortunate woman, unfortunate child, comfort yourselves, trust God, and be contented with your poor estate: I would have bettered it if I had enjoyed a few years. Thou art a young woman, and forlorn not to marry again: it is now nothing to me; thou art no more mine, nor I thine. To witness that thou didst love me once, take care that thou marry not to please sense, but to avoid poverty, and to preserve thy child. That thou didst also love me living, witness it to others; to my poor daughter, to whom I have given nothing; for his sake, who will be cruel to himself to preserve thee. Be charitable to her, and teach thy son to love her for his father's sake. For myself, I am left of all men, that have done good to many. All my good turns forgotten, all my errors revived and expounded to all extremity of ill; all my services, hazards, and expenses for my country, plantings, discoveries, fights, councils, and whatsoever else, malice hath now covered over. I am now made an enemy and traitor by the word of an unworthy man; he hath proclaimed me to be a partaker of his vain imaginations, notwithstanding the whole course of my life hath approved the contrary, as my death shall approve it. Woe, woe, woe, be unto him by whose falsehood we are lost! he hath separated us asunder; he hath slain my honour, my fortune; he hath robbed thee of thy husband, thy child of his father, and me of you both. Oh, God! thou dost know my wrongs: know then, thou my wife and child; know then thou, my Lord and King, that I ever thought them too honest to betray, and too good to conspire against. But my wife, forgive thou all as I do; live humble, for thou hast but a time also.

God forgive my Lord Harry,* for he was my heavy enemy. And for my Lord Cecil, I thought he would never forsake me in extremity; I would not have done it him, God knows. But do not thou know it, for he must be master of thy child, and may have compassion of him. Be not dismayed that I died in despair of God's mercies; strive not to dispute it; but assure thyself that God hath not left me, nor Satan tempted me. Hope and despair live not together; I know it is forbidden to destroy ourselves, but I trust it is forbidden in this sort, that we destroy not ourselves despairing of God's mercy.

The mercy of God is immeasurable, the cogitations of men comprehend it not. In the Lord I have ever trusted, and I know that my Redeemer liveth: far is it from me to be tempted with Satan; I am only tempted with sorrow, whose sharp teeth devour my heart. O God, that art goodness itself, thou canst not be but good to me! Oh, God, that art mercy itself, thou canst not be but merciful to me!

For my state is conveyed to feoffees, to your cousin Brett and others; I have but a bare estate for a short life. My plate is at gaze in Lombard Street: my debts are many. To Peter Vanlore, some £600. To Antrobus as much, but Cumpson is to pay £300 of it. To Michael Hext,† £100. To George Carew, £100. To Nicholas Sanders, £100. To John Fitz-James, £100. To Mr. Waddom, £100. To a poor man, one Hawker, for horses, £70. To a poor man, called Hunt, £20. Take first care of those, for God's sake. To a brewer at Weymouth, and a baker for my Lord Cecil's ship and mine, I think some £80; John Renolds knoweth it. And let that poor man have his true part of my return from Virginia; and let the poor men's wages be paid with the goods, for the Lord's sake. Oh, what will my poor servants think at their return, when they hear I am accused to be Spanish, who sent them, to my great charge, to plant and discover upon his territory! Oh, intolerable infamy! Oh, God! I cannot resist these thoughts; I cannot live to think how I am derided, to think of the expectation of my enemies, the scorn I shall receive, the cruel words of lawyers, the infamous taunts and despites, to be made a wonder and a spectacle! Oh, death! hasten thee unto me, that thou mayest destroy the memory of these, and lay me up in dark forgetfulness. Oh, death! destroy my memory, which is my tormenter; my thoughts and my life cannot dwell in one body. But do thou forget me, poor wife, that thou mayest live to bring up thy poor

* Cobham.

† Hickers.—See *Lodge's Illust.* iii. 218.

child. I recommend unto you my poor brother, A. Gilbert. The lease of Sanding is his, and none of mine; let him have it, for God's cause; he knows what is due to me upon it. And be good to Kemis, for he is a perfect honest man, and hath much wrong for my sake. For the rest, I commend me to them, and then to God. And the Lord knows my sorrow to part from thee and my poor child; but part I must by enemies and injuries, part with shame and triumph of my detractors; and therefore be contented with this work of God, and forget me in all things but thine own honour, and the love of mine. I bless my poor child, and let him know his father was no traitor. Be bold of my innocence, for God, to whom I offer life and soul, knows it. And whosoever thou choose again after me, let him be thy politique husband; but let my son be thy beloved, for he is part of me, and I live in him, and the difference is but in the number, and not in the kind. And the Lord for ever keep thee and them, and give thee comfort in both worlds! *

THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF
M. A. LEWIS.

[We resume our notice of this entertaining work, with a few quotations from the collected pieces.]

The following is the original version of the ballad of "Crazy Jane," copied from a MS. in the handwriting of the author:

"CRAZY JANE.

Stay, fair maid! On every feature,
Why are marks of dread imprest?
Can a wretched, helpless creature
Raise such terrors in your breast?
Do my frantic looks alarm you?
Trust me, sweet, your fears are vain:
Not for kingdoms would I harm you—
Shun not then poor Crazy Jane.

Dost thou weep to see my anguish?
Mark me, and escape my woe:
When men flatter, sigh, and languish,
Think them false—I found them so!
For I loved, oh! so sincerely,
None will ever love again;
Yet the man I prized most dearly
Broke the heart of Crazy Jane.

Gladly that young heart received him,
Which has never loved but one;
He seemed true, and I believed him—
He was false, and I undone!
Since that hour has reason never
Held her empire o'er my brain.
Henry fled!—with him, for ever,
Fled the wits of Crazy Jane.

Now forlorn and broken-hearted,
Still with frenzied thoughts beset,
Near the spot where last we parted,
Near the spot where first we met,
Thus I chant my love-lorn ditty,
While I sadly pace the plain;
And each passer by, in pity,
Cries "God help thee Crazy Jane!"

* Contemporary copy, transcribed from Serg. Yelverton's collection in All-Souls. Marked MS. 16, 18, fol. 100, b.

The ballad has been wedded to music by several composers; but the original and most popular melody was by the celebrated Miss Abrahams, who introduced and sung it herself at fashionable parties. After the usual complimentary tributes from barrel-organs, and wandering dunces of every degree of vocal ability, it crowned not only the author's brow with laurels, but also that of many a youthful beauty, in the shape of a fashionable hat, called the "*Crazy Jane hat*."

"The Castle Spectre."

The terrors inspired by the spectre were not confined to Drury-lane; but, as the following anecdote shews, on one occasion they even extended considerably beyond it. Mrs. Powell, who played Evelina—having become, from the number of representations, heartily tired and wearied with the character—one evening, on returning from the theatre, walked listlessly into a drawing-room, and throwing herself into a seat, exclaimed, "Oh, this ghost! this ghost! Heavens! how the ghost torments me!"

"Ma'am?" uttered a tremulous voice, from the other side of the table.

Mrs. Powell looked up hastily. "Sir!" she reiterated in nearly the same tone, as she encountered the pale countenance of a very sober-looking gentleman opposite.

"What—what was it you said, madam?"

"Really, sir," replied the astonished actress, "I have not the pleasure of—Why, good heavens, what have they been about in the room?"

"Madam!" continued the gentleman, "the room is mine, and I will thank you to explain—"

"Yours!" screamed Mrs. Powell; "surely, sir, this is Number 1."

"No, indeed, madam," he replied; "this is Number 2; and really, your language is so very extraordinary, that—"

Mrs. Powell, amidst her confusion, could scarcely refrain from laughter. "Ten thousand pardons!" she said. "The coachman must have mistaken the house. I am Mrs. Powell, of Drury-lane, and have just come from performing the 'Castle Spectre.' Fatigue and absence of mind have made me an unconscious intruder. I lodge next door, and I hope you will excuse the unintentional alarm I have occasioned you."

It is almost needless to add, that the gentleman was much relieved by this rational explanation, and participated in the mirth of his nocturnal visitor, as he politely escorted her to the street door. "Good night," said the still laughing actress; "and I hope, sir, in future, I shall pay more attention to number one."

[Here is one of Lewis's "unpublished pieces:"]

THE SCYTHE OF TIME.

Blest was their way, Youth hail'd the hours,
In warbling numbers, over flowers,
Like bird of summer sky;

While as a dew-drop that's still bright,
Lingers in violet-bell, the light
Beam'd from Love's bashful eye;

Hand press'd in hand, they pass'd along,
Youth with Love still blending song;

And, oh! he wou'd in truth,
All changeful skies he wou'd deride,
If with him Love would still abide.

Such was thy theme, fond Youth!

Now both, it seems, had heard or read
Of Time, but how could either read

A hugbear neither knew?

Besides Love boasted spells, whose power
Full well could guard his fairy bower,

Be sure Youth thought so too,

Indeed, the elves did frankly own,
That oft as by them Time had flown,

To banish every care,

His glass Love stole, while Youth combined
To cheat their foe, who oft did find,

Much fuischleif planning there.

Then, too, Youth told how by Love's hand
Time's scythe was wreath'd like fairy wand,

So gay with bud and flower;

As life's enchantments meant to aid,

Instead of warning how they fade

With Time's untarrying hour.

How long 'twas thus their lot to rove,

Could neither tell, gay Youth or Love,

Or how the bright hours flew;

(And who could ever tell the hours

If Love untwined Time's scythe with flowers?

Ah! none that Youth e'er knew.)

But as we know life's fairest day,

Like all fair things, will pass away,

And best of friends must part;

So when his last those flowers to view,

And o'er departed Youth to strew,

Love wept with all his heart.

Reflection, who, in tranquil cell,

Oft welcom'd Time, and prais'd him well,

Love to console, drew nigh,

To hear him call old Time his friend,

Who much had taught him to amend—

'Twere well had Youth been by.

"Henceforth," he said, "at Honour's shrine

Esteem must rear, and Friendship twine,

The hues of Youth's bright way.

So shall Time spare Love's fairy bowers,

And his rough scythe be wreath'd with flowers,

Even in life's winter day."

Varieties.

Napoleon.—Of the divorce of Josephine there cannot be two opinions, unless crowned heads have peculiar laws for themselves. Still, there is so much of frolic and naïveté in Napoleon's first interview with Marie Louise, that we cannot forbear quoting it. The programme of the etiquette having been drawn up according to the ancient usages of France, it was observed to the letter; the Emperor himself alone infringing it in the following manner. When he was informed that the bride was only a few leagues from Soissons, he called to his

head valet, Constant, to order the little calèche, and then dress him carefully, but hastily; a little piece of vanity perhaps induced him to throw over all the grey coat which he had worn at Wagram. Accompanied by Murat, he secretly left the park at Fontainebleau, got into his calèche, which had no arms on it, and was attended by servants out of livery. He passed through Soissons, and reached Compiègne at the moment when the Empress' courier was securing horses. Napoleon and his brother-in-law left the carriage, which drew up to one side, and as the rain fell in torrents, they sheltered themselves under the porch of a church. They there awaited the Empress' carriage, and no sooner did it stop for horses, than Napoleon darted towards it. The chamberlain recognised him, and, not being in the secret of the incognito, hastened to let down the steps, loudly announcing the Emperor. Napoleon, however, was too quick for him; he clambered into the carriage without the aid of the steps, and, throwing his arms round Marie Louise, repeatedly embraced her. She, who was not prepared for such a meeting, struggled and screamed, till the Queen of Naples, who was in the carriage with her, called out, "Why, Madam, it is the Emperor," at which information she would have fallen upon her knees, but he prevented her by another kiss, and gave orders to drive on.—*Foreign Monthly Review*.

Napoleon's definition of a page may perhaps be verified in more countries than one. The education of those of the Tuileries being debated in full council, Colonel d'Assigny was appointed their sub-governor, "because," said Napoleon, "you are too easy, or rather too indulgent, for the office of head-governor. A page is as malicious as a monkey, as mischievous as a school-boy, as choleric as a turkey-cock, as dainty as a cat, as giddy as a May-fly, as idle as a marmot, and as vain as a peacock. Ah! ah! you do not know them as I do!" The whole council burst into a laugh. "Yes," continued the Emperor, "it is as I have the honour to tell you, and therefore do I wish to keep a tight rein over them."—*Ibid*.

When *M. Arago* rises, the whole chamber is in an attitude of curiosity, attends, and is silent. The spectators lean forward to see him. His stature is tall, his hair curling, and his fine "meridional" head sways the assembly. There is in the muscular contraction of his temples a power of will and reflection which manifests a superior mind. Utterly different from those orators who talk about everything, and do not know three parts of what they

say, M. Arago speaks only on questions he has prepared, combining the attraction of knowledge with the interest of the circumstance. Thus, his discourses possess both generality and actuality, and are addressed at the same time to the reason and the passions of his audience. Scarcely does he enter upon a subject, but he concentrates upon himself every look. He takes (if I may be allowed the expression), he takes science between his hands, strips it of its asperity and technical forms, and renders it so neat and so perceptible that the most ignorant are delighted to see and comprehend it. His animated and expressive pantomime adds to the effect of the oratorical illusion. There is something luminous in his demonstrations, and scintillations of light seem to sparkle forth from his eyes, his lips, and the tips of his fingers. He cuts his speeches by pointed interruptions which defy all answers; or by piquante anecdotes which are well connected with his subject, and adorn without encumbering it. When he confines himself to the narration of facts, his eloquence has but the natural graces of simplicity; but when confronted with science, he deeply observes her to visit her secrets, and to reproduce her wonders; then his admiration begins to clothe itself in splendid language, his voice becomes animated, his words acquire a colouring, and his eloquence is as great as his subject.—From *Timon's Etudes sur les Orateurs*, by De Cormeuin; translated in *The Times*.

Hyacinths.—The oldest hyacinth now known, is supposed to be "the King of Great Britain," which, when first brought into fashion, was sold at from one to two thousand guilders, about £100 to £200 for a single root. The Dutch florists have nearly two thousand varieties; and in the vicinity of Haerlem, whole acres are devoted to the cultivation of hyacinths.—*The Flower-garden*.

Coffee.—The annual consumption of coffee in Europe has been estimated at 110,500 tons; of which it is calculated that 10,000 tons are consumed in Britain alone.—*Tropical Agriculturist*.

The Mangostan is described by Dr. Garcin as the most delicious of all the East Indian fruits; he says that a great quantity of it may be eaten without inconvenience, and recommends it as the only fruit that sick people may eat of without inconvenience. It is about the size of an ordinary orange, of a delicious flavour, partaking of the strawberry and the grape.—*M. Intosh*.

The Mango.—The flavour of the Red Powis Mango is sweet, rather luscious, highly perfumed, with a decided taste of

turpentine, but diffused in a most admirable proportion, so as to produce a very agreeable and novel effect upon the palate.

Cricket is now much played in Scotland, although, a few years since, it was unknown there. The finest cricket-ground is at Edinburgh.

Purple Flame.—The ancients tested indigo by throwing it upon live coals, when, if genuine, "it yieldeth a flame of most excellent purple." =

The Restoration.—In the park of the late Lord Grenville, at Dropmore, is a young oak tree, with this inscription; we believe, never before printed:

This Tree,
rais'd from an acorn
of the oak which shielded
Charles at Boscobel,
is placed and cherished here
as a Memorial,
not of his preservation,
but of the re-establishment
of the ancient and free monarchy
of England,
the true source of her prosperity
and glory.

Gent. Mag. Feb. 1838.

Books are the rivers of paradise watering the earth; the dean of Herman making the valleys fertile; the urke preserving the manna-pot and Moses' tables; the monuments of ancient labours; the baskets keeping the deposited reliques of time, so as nothing is lost; a magazine of piety and arts. A souldier without arms may be valiant, but not victorious; an artisan without his instruments may be skillful, but not famous; Archimedes is known by his sphere and cylinder; a preacher without books may have some zeale, but little knowledge to guide it. St. Paul himselfe, although so inspired, found as much wante of his bookes as of his cloake in winter. To aime at learning without bookes is, with the Danaides to draw water in a sieve."—*Sermon, 1603*.

The population of Ireland amounted, in 1731, to 2,010,221; in 1791, to 4,206,602, being an increase of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum: in 1821, to 6,801,827, increase $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum: in 1831, to 7,767,401, increase $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum; and, in 1834, to 7,943,960, increase $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum. Supposing the population to have increased since 1834, at the same rate as between 1821 and 1831, it would now amount to 8,523,750; while the population of Great Britain, supposing the same rate of increase to have taken place there, would be 18,226,725.—*Second Report of the Commissioners of Railways in Ireland*.

Blushes.—Southey, in his *Omniana*, has a facetious fancy, that triumphant generals in Rome wore rouge to imitate blushes.

Stammering, (says Coleridge,) is sometimes the cause of a pun. Some one was mentioning in Lamb's presence the cold-heartedness of the Duke of Cumberland, in restraining the Duchess in rushing up to the embrace of her son, whom she had not seen for a considerable time, and insisting on her receiving him in state. "How horribly cold it was," said the narrator. "Yes," said Lamb, in his stammering way, "but you know he is the Duke of Cu-cum-ber-land."

Hatching Chickens.—It is stated that the hens which are hatched in Egypt by artificial heat, will rarely sit upon their eggs, and on this account only fetch half price.—*Gent. Mag.* "Ecce" Pall Mall Exhibition.—By the way, a waggish friend, at our elbow, suggests "Ecce" to be the root of "Exhibition."

Tea in Japan.—Between the hamlets of Ivafaja and Susuda, on the banks of the Ohomura, large quantities of tea are cultivated, and entire fields are planted with tea shrubs symmetrically arranged. These shrubs are also abundant in the environs of Nagasaki, but they are not there formed into regular plantations; they are either scattered in clusters over the plains, or are used as hedges to divide fields.—*Siebold's Voyage au Japon; Athenæum*.

Wood-engraving.—Mr. Jackson, (in his work on this art, just published,) makes the golden age of Wood-engraving commence with Albert Durer; but in the *Athenæum* it is shewn that the art had more probably begun with the unknown artist who executed the cuts for Breydenbach's Travels, when Albert was but a boy. Mr. Jackson appears to be more correct in stating Albert to have been "the greatest promoter of the art of wood-engraving, towards the close of the fifteenth, and in the early part of the sixteenth, century; not, however, as is generally supposed, from having himself engraved the numerous wood-cuts which bear his mark, but from his having thought so well of the art as to have most of his greatest works engraved on wood from drawings made on the block by himself."

London Gardens.—In former times, there was not a continued street of buildings between the cities of London and Westminster, as now there is, but much vacant space of fields and open grounds between; and so as not being paved, the way was often bad to pass, and was not paved any further than from Temple Bar to the Savoy, till the reign of Elizabeth, when Sir Robert Cecil building a very fair house beyond the Savoy, at Ivy Bridge, levelled and paved the highway near adjoining.

Within the compass of one age, Somerset House and the buildings were called country-houses; and the open places about them were employed in gardens for profit; and also many parts within the city and liberties were occupied by working gardeners, and were sufficient to furnish the town with garden-ware; for then but a few herbs were used at the table in comparison to what are spent now.—*Stow*.

Enormous Camphor-trees.—In the valley of Sonogi, in Japan, is a camphor-tree, the hollow of which will hold fifteen individuals with ease. It still bears strong and vigorous branches, and an immense head of thick verdure. A poor old man, who resides in a hut just by, and lives on the charity of visitors, to whom he recounts the legends of this wonderful tree, gravely tells them that it grew from the staff of the philosopher Kobodarsi. M. Siebold does not think it improbable that the tree may have existed since the time of that sage, the close of the 8th century; for 135 years ago, when visited by Kuempfer, it was as large and as hollow as it is at present. There is another camphor-tree at Woda, of nearly similar dimensions, the hollow of which serves as a shrine, or chapel, for one of the Japanese deities.

Wellington and Napoleon.—Our "Grand Duke" is likely to have "as many lives as a cat," (*Lit. Gazette*) thanks to the London publishers. Napoleon has long enjoyed such fame; and we perceive by the *Athenæum*, that Béranger has generously set "a poor fellow," Pierre Leroux, to write a *Life of Napoleon*, in which task Béranger is to aid him, not only with his pen, but his name. "Owing to this," adds the *Athenæum* correspondent, "the booksellers have consented to give 50,000 francs for the work, which is to be completed in eighteen months; and nothing could induce Béranger to accept one sou of it."

Goldsmith.—Not long ago we met an elderly lady at dinner, since dead, who told us that an acquaintance of hers had been flogged by Goldsmith when he was usher at Peckham-school.—*Gent. Mag.*

Footie was once met by a friend in town, with a young man who was flashing away very brilliantly, while Footie seemed grave:—"Why, Footie," said his friend, "you are flat to-day; you don't seem to relish wit!"—"D—n it," said Footie, "you have not tried me yet, Sir."

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THE LONDON AND WESTMINSTER BANK, LOTHBURY.

THIS handsome structure is from the design of Messrs. Cockerell and Tite; and is "fairly allowed to possess much that is striking in character, and to present a happy combination of simplicity and ornament, solidity and decoration." It has a southern aspect, and faces the Lothbury side of the Bank of England: it has a frontage of seventy-nine feet, and is upwards of ninety in depth, and thirty-eight feet to the top of the principal cornice, or fifty-five to that of the balustrade.

The peculiarities of the above design are very striking, and are cleverly described by the architectural critic of this year's

Companion to the Almanac. One of these features is that the windows are set within compartments, the spaces between which assume the appearance of slightly projecting piers, which have horizontal rustics in courses of unequal breadth, placed alternately. The ground-floor windows are broader than the upper ones, their divisions being formed by slender, bronzed metal standards, partaking of the form of slight candelabra. The upper windows have narrow upright panels along their sides, which correspond with the side divisions of the lower windows. These panels are filled with fascces, and other symbolic orna-

ments, in very low relief. The entablature breaks over the extreme piers, which project beyond the general face of the building, and are surmounted by two female figures in a sitting attitude—that at the east end representing the City of London, and the other the City of Westminster. These statues, which were executed by Mr. Nichol, are very important features in the design, and are happily and conspicuously placed. The upper story or attic is not the least excellent portion of the composition: the style of decoration is here carried on by the space between the windows being rusticated with vertical as well as horizontal joints; whilst the plain surface above the windows serves, in some degree, as a broad zone, or entablature to this story of the building. Although subordinate to the other, the cornice to this attic gives expression and dignity to the whole façade.

MR. SPIFF'S JOURNEY TO ASCOT RACES.

MR. OCTAVIUS SPIFF was a pale young gentleman of three and twenty, having light hair, a doughy face, no eyebrows; being short-sighted, and standing six feet one. His acquaintances called him "a lawyer's clerk;" his friends said he was "Studying the law;" and he did not contradict it when he heard it affirmed that he was "reading for the bar." But he was not a regular law-student, for all that. He had not chambers in Lincoln's Inn; he did not go to the theatres every other night; he read law books occasionally; and he never gave breakfasts to bachelor friends on Sunday mornings; and then, after discussing various bottles, each bearing a peculiar round paper label with the name of *Guinness* very prominent on it, started off to make morning calls about five o'clock, and declared that reading so much at night injured the eyes, and that it must be the arsenic in the candles. Octavius, however, had his peculiar pleasures, and he sometimes indulged in a holiday. On fine spring mornings, he would go in an omnibus to the bottom of Camberwell-grove, then toil up that ascending avenue, and having spent the day in the pleasant country on the other side, and dined at what he thought was a hedge ale-house, he would return home filled with sentimental ideas of the cottages of England, her free and bold peasantry, and the pleasures of rural life.

Mr. Spiff was an only son, and resided, the undisputed anticipator of his paternal rights, in Berners-street; a street of all others we cannot assign an exact place to in the grades of London street society.

It appears to rank somewhere between Tottenham-court-road and Langham-place; holding about the same station in gentility that it does in situation. There are a few shops in Berners-street, but they do not look natural. They know they are in better society than they ought to be, and so they do not push out a bold bow-window at once, but strive to appear as much like private houses, with the two dining-room windows punched into one, as they can. The Middlesex Hospital smiles benignantly down the street from its superior part; and on board-day the governors' carriages roll up the pavement with an imposing and respectable sound; the great golden lion at the corner of the street shews you the commencement at a mile distance: but still Berners-street reminds us of the twentieth cousin of some fragment of nobility striving to gain a livelihood by keeping a shop. Footmen behind carriages stretch their calves to the utmost, in danger of splitting their stockings, as they ride up the street, and then look with a patronizing air down the areas; but they do not wink at the servant, who is unlocking the area gate to let down the boy with the fish, as they do further west.

All persons living in London have country friends: useful people who send them up eggs and pork, and whom they delight to go and stay with when they are tired of town, but whom they are sometimes rather shy of introducing to their London circle. The Podgeys were the country friends of the Spiffs, and every year, the two Miss Podgeys came to stay a few weeks with their acquaintances in Berners-street. Fine, healthy, strapping girls they were too, in their great straw bonnets, and printed muslin gowns with large sleeves, and green bands with shiny buckles for their waists; and although Octavius sometimes felt uncomfortable when he was walking in the Pantheon with them, and pretended not to see his other friends at such times, but looked hard at the perpetual pictures there displayed, yet his importance and self-gratification were very great, when he took places for them at Drury-lane, and they went and returned in a hackney-coach, and he told them who the actors were as they came on the stage, without even looking at the playbill, or explained the plot if it was a ballet, or adjusted the binocular glass for them, which he stepped out to hire at the oyster-shop in Vinegar-yard, but which they could not use very well without shutting the left eye with their hand. In return for all this, Octavius sometimes visited Mr. Podgey, at his farm near Sunninghill; and it was with no small pleasure, on the

present occasion, that he found a letter from that gentleman, on returning home from his office one fine Monday afternoon, requesting he would join them in a party to the approaching Ascot races on the Thursday following.

Mr. Spiff was in ecstasies, for he had never been to a race in his life, except at Notting Hill. His first sober thought was of his wardrobe, and a messenger was immediately dispatched to his laundress, to let her know he should want the white trousers by Wednesday morning at the latest; and he went himself after the two pair of kid gloves he left to be cleaned at the tobacconist's in Charles-street, after his last party, at an outlay of fourpence a pair. Then came the thought of how he was to go: the railroads were offering unusual advantages, some of their country stations being actually within fifteen miles of the course, and fast four-horse coaches were going to start from every office he passed, of course provided they got passengers; so that Octavius was sadly puzzled all the evening how to choose, and hardly slept all night; and when he did, he dreamt he was going in his own carriage, but this was towards morning when everybody's dreams are excessively soft and improbable. His anxiety had not diminished the next morning; indeed, when he arrived at his office, he was so absent that he forgot to put on his old coat which he kept in a mottled tin box, labelled 'title deeds,' he dipped his steel pen three times successively into the wafers, and the tip of his finger into the ink-stand, which he never discovered till he put it in his mouth. But his lucky star was this morning in the ascendant: his employer—we ask pardon—"the gentleman he was with," had some particular business at Chertsey that required transacting; and as this town was only a good walk from Sunninghill, and, moreover, as the Southampton railroad engine pulled people after it to the nearest station for two shillings a head, Mr. Spiff joyfully accepted the commission, acting in the spirit of the old adage that teaches us the advantages of terminating the existences of two of the feathered tribe with one missile.

All was well arranged, and on the Wednesday afternoon, at five o'clock, Octavius left his friends and his home, like the celebrated sailor Harry Bluff, with his wardrobe in a fishing-basket slung over his shoulder, as he thought carrying a portmanteau was ungentle, and wished to look like a sportsman. To be sure, a few little circumstances occurred to ruffle his temper: the rude omnibus cads called him a 'jolly fisherman' and

'young lkey Valton,' and the little dirty boys persisted in walking by his side, singing 'In the days ven ve vent hanging, a long time ago;' but these transient annoyances soon passed, like a cloud in an Italian sky, or a black draught down the throat. On arriving at the George and Blue Boar, in Holborn, where the omnibus took up for the terminus at Nine Elms, five or six passengers were waiting for the conveyance, with their luggage on the pavement: small newsmen were here vending their wares; and the man on the ladder, cleaning the great lamp over the door with a piece of rag that anybody might suppose would have dirtied it, was watching the old gentleman dining in the coffee-room, and thinking what a precious long time he was at dinner; or talking to the chambermaid who was watering some sticks in flower-pots on the window leads; and Mr. Spiff was thinking how unhappy all the people he saw passing and repassing must be, to be going to stay in London.

"S'thampton Railroad!" shouted the cad of an abortive omnibus, that drew up at the door, as he swung off his perch, and went down the office yard for his parcels. Octavius entered, and took his place, followed by the other passengers who quietly seated themselves, with the exception of a little punchy man, with a very red face, and carrying a dropsical umbrella, who waited at the door to give his carpet-bag to the guard, and then crowded by all the other people's knees, and trod on all their toes successively, to reach a vacant place at the end of the vehicle.

"All right, Cribby!" said the cad, as the omnibus moved on. "Take this gentleman's carpet-bag and shove it in the boot," and he pitched the bag along the roof to the coachman.

"What the deuce are you doing with that bag, sir?" said the little man, in a voice of thunder, as he thrust his head out of the window, and cracked his gossamer hat against the top, with a sound resembling that of a broken strawberry-pottle.

"I vos only giving it to the coachman, sir," replied the cad, touching his hat.

"Only giving it to the coachman, indeed," said the little man, mimicking; "and that's the way you treat passengers' luggage, is it, you impertinent scoundrel? I'll report you to Mr. Chaplin, sir, I will, by ———."

"Mr. Chaplin ain't no master of mine," interrupted the cad. "I'm a hindependent gentleman as rides here for my own pleasure and change of air."

Hereupon, the little man drew his head inside, became redder than ever, and addressed a long harangue to his fellow tra-

vellers; but as the noise of the wheels hindered a word being heard by anybody, nobody attempted to answer.

The omnibus rolled on through Long Acre and St. Martin's-lane, until it stopped at the Golden Cross; where there were about seven people waiting for the one vacant place, which being secured, the other six went away, grumbling at railroads and their very imperfect accommodation compared to stage coaches.

On arriving at the terminus at Vauxhall, Mr. Spiff paid his fare, and received, in return, a little bit of blue paper, two inches by one, which entitled him to sit in the rattling boxes, courteously denominated "second class carriages." All was bustle and noise as he entered the yard. Policemen were running to and fro, opening the luggage lockers and slamming the doors, and men were pouring what Octavius imagined must be train-oil into the wheels: other coaches were being turned on the rails for the accommodation of the passengers, and the engine was indulging in a performance all to itself, that reminded him strongly of a magnified baked-potato-can from the pillars of St. Clement's Inn. Octavius saw his basket safely deposited under him, and mounted into one of the vehicles. He had, for company, an elderly country lady, with some shrimps, oranges, and plum buus, tied up in a pocket handkerchief; two underdone clerks, in Spanish cloth stocks, who got out at Wandsworth; a very jolly-looking man, in top-boots and a broad-skirted green coat; and two or three of that class of people who get in and out, and you never think of looking at at all.

"Off she goes!" said one of the clerks, as the bell rung for starting—the term *she* being applied collectively to the engine, six open carriages and four close ones, nine coaches, a stable, and a van of pigs. Whugh! whugh! whugh! laboured the engine in minish time, as it wheezed like a broken-winded horse, when he has arrived at the top of Highgate-hill, after pulling up six people in a four-wheeled chaise: whugh! whugh! it continued, increasing its time from one to four and twenty in a bar; and then it made a toughish pull at the tender, and the tender tugged the first carriage, and the first carriage tugged the second, and so on until the whole train emerged from the large penthouse under which it had been stationed. "Now we're off!" said everybody at once, in the excitement of the moment; and then finding nobody disposed to contradict this positive assertion, they turned it off by looking at the unfinished warehouses they were passing, and the

fuel outhouses, where, like a Union clerks' office, tenders were received for supplying the fires with coke.

For the first two minutes, after they had cleared the yard, and bumped over the revolving roundabouts used to shift the carriages from one train to another, and which resemble the tops of gigantic concellars, the majority were employed in turning up the collars of their coats, and wiping the red-hot cinders out of their eyes, except the jolly-faced man, who was evidently an old stager—trainer, we should have said—for he put a pair of spectacles on before he started, and sat with his back to the engine.

"Going to the races, sir," said he to Octavius, as familiarly as if he had known him for years.

"I am, sir," said our hero, "at least, to-morrow. I presume there will be a great many people there."

"Not so many as there has been," said the other. "Ah! they was the Ascot races, when the Emperor of Russia and all his party went. Why, there wasn't a horse or a vehicle to be got all round the country for love nor money, and many noble families sent their carriages to be locked to the ropes a week before, and was content to go in their own bakers' carts, and glad enough too. I myself went in a bathing machine."

"A bathing machine!" exclaimed Mr. Spiff, in astonishment.

"That was it," said the man, "and jolly good fun—why not? Four on us came up from Brighton in the same conveyance. We had it towed behind a long wagon all the way to Windsor, and then hired two barge horses, to pull it over to the course the night before. We had a little table in it, and we smoked and played whist all night; and next day, when we went to lunch, we let down the calash and fed under it: uncommon pleasant it was too, only the people couldn't make it out exactly, and, thinking it was a show, kept clambering up the wheels to look in at the little square windows."

"There must have been an immense concourse there," said Octavius.

"I believe you," answered the jolly man, "a wonderful many; and shocking accidents in the crowd as well. One child was thrown down, opposite the grand stand, and trodden so flat, that its distressed mother was obliged to roll it up like a sheet off wet pasteboard, and carry it away under her arm when the race was over. The man as kept the Derby Arms booth, fearing his bar was going to be upset by the pressure of the crowd, was compelled to sacrifice all his soda water and ginger beer

to form a sort of battery, and, after two hours' unflinching water, he contrived to cork off the multitude."

"Lord bless me," said Octavins, in astonishment, "I should like to have seen that. I hope there will be a great crowd to-morrow."

"I believe the race for the plate will be very interesting," said one of the clerks, addressing the jolly man.

"Remarkably so," said he; "the plate is very valuable, and the stewards talk about adding a knife and fork."

"It's too bad," said the other clerk, laughing, and saying, in an under-tone, to the jolly man, "He'll smoke directly."

"No, he won't," said the man, pulling his ticket out, and looking at it. "Smoking ain't allowed in the Company's carriages."

"Wimbl'd'n," shouted all the policemen in a breath, as the train slackened on approaching the station. Two or three people here got out, and a little man, somewhat like the immortal Pickwick, without his gaiters, ran out of the house, and rang a bell, and then ran in again; and the engine puffed on, and set off, as if nothing had happened. A great many passengers left the train at Kingston, and more at Ditton Marsh, so that when Mr. Spiff reached Weybridge, his carriage was nearly deserted, except by the jolly-faced man, who said he was going on to Woking.

Now, be it known, for the benefit of those who have not made Brookes's Gazetteer their ceaseless study, that Chertsey, whither Octavins was bound, is a little town, situated about three miles from Weybridge, and chiefly celebrated for two great events: it was here that King Henry VI. elevated the extremities of his feet after he had been murdered by Richard III.; and it was in the neighbourhood, that Oliver Twist and Sykes attempted the burglary at Mrs. Maylie's house. Moreover, Chertsey possesses four doctors, three lawyers, two parsons, and a fire-engine; and has an omnibus that runs at all sorts of odd hours, to meet the railway trains. Into this conveyance Mr. Spiff entered, and traversing a neat piece of country, variegated with one or two villages, arrived at his destination. Having bespoken a bed at the Crown Inn, which, to describe it geographically, is bounded on the east by the market-house, and on the west by the blacksmith's shop, he proceeded at once to transact his business, and get it over; and then, after dawdling about the town for a little while, with the idle listlessness of a person by himself in a strange place, he retired early to bed, in order to be rising with one lark for the anticipations of another.

ALBERT.

(To be continued.)

"THE WHOLE DUTIE OF MAN."

(To the Editor.)

PERMIT a constant reader of the *Literary World*, to comment on the following passage in the "Varieties," page 143.

"*Whole Dutie of Man*."—"Dr. Barrow is said to be the author of the '*Whole Dutie of Man*,' and other pieces usually ascribed to Sterne.—(We find this in the *Diary of the Rev. J. Ward*, who died in 1681: it must be an interpolation, though not distinguished as such; seeing that Sterne was born in 1713, or 32 years after the death of the Diarist.)"

Now, had no other writer existed than the "clerical buffoon," the author of *Tristram Shandy*, bearing the name of Sterne, the argument would be conclusive for the interpolation; but allow me to ask, sir, whether it is not far more probable that the passage is genuine, and that the person referred to is not Laurence, but Richard Sterne, Archbishop of York, from 1664, till 1684, when he died in his 27th year?

No person could for a moment suppose that the trifling sentimentalist, and obscene novel writer, Sterne, was the author of that once popular book, the "*Whole Dutie of Man*."

But there is nothing unreasonable or absurd in the book being ascribed to Richard Sterne, though Barrow might really have been the author.

He (R. Sterne) was chaplain to Archbishop Laud, and attended the martyred primate to the scaffold; at the restoration of the monarchy he was raised to the see of Carlisle, and from thence translated to the archiepiscopal chair of York.

The prelate and the prebendary were, if my memory does not deceive me, descended from one common ancestor, namely, Roger Sterne, the archbishop's grandfather.

W. BRABAN.

Popular Antiquities.

JUNE FESTIVALS.

IN days of yore, June was, indeed, a "merrie moneth," in which our ancestors were wont to celebrate certain festivals, presenting strange admixtures of devotion and frivolity, yet withal interesting to the inquirer into the progress of human society. In most of these ceremonies, flowers were brilliant and poetical accessories; for June is the very naturalia of Flora. Few of the floral games have lasted to our day: they are mostly superseded by "*shoves*;" though we rejoice to see lingering in various parts of the country, the occasional erection of evergreen arches, decked with flowers, to celebrate the return of some estimable personage, after a

long absence from home, to a neighbourhood wherein they are beloved by all ranks alike for their public and private virtues.*

On Trinity Sunday, formerly there was a procession of children accompanying garlands and ribands. On the eve of Thursday after Trinity Sunday, the Welsh strew a sort of fern, called "Red yn Mair," before their doors.—(*Popul. Antiq.* i. 223—232.)

It appears that on St. Barnabas Day, (June 11,) garlands of roses and wood-rose (*Asperula*), were formerly worn by priests and clerks, as well as others. Young women also made gatherings of flowers.—(*Brand's Pop. Antiq.* i. 233, 234.)

Corpus Christi Eve.—In parts of North Wales, green herbs and flowers were strewed at the doors of houses.—(*Brand*, i. 238.)

Corpus Christi Day was first instituted by Urban IV. (*Coryatt's Crudit.* i. 36,) and he annexed an immense number of pardons to the observation of it. (*Gold. Leg.* xxiii.) It was remarkable for a play which lasted eight days, and treated of every subject in Scripture from the Creation, (Weever, *Fun. Monum.* 405, ed. fol.) The *Coventry Mysteries*, printed by Hone, (13—67,) only commence with the birth of the Virgin Mary. The Coventry play was particularly famous. The prologue was delivered by three persons, who spoke alternately, and were called Vexillators; and it contains the arrangements of the several pageants, which amount to no less than forty. Each of these pageants, or acts, consists of a detached subject from Scripture, beginning with the Creation, and ending with the Last Judgment. The different trading companies were at the expense of the several pageants, each taking a part, and were also the actors. The pageant was abolished by James I.; and, to make amends, the citizens, in some parts of England, substituted show-days, and erected arbours in the town meadows, where they feasted. (Weever, *ut sup.* *Phillips's Shrewsbury*, 202.) A procession was made on this day, with the host in a particular shrine, or carried by the priest in a bag around his neck, to save the crops from damage. Canvas-paintings, like those of wild beasts, containing the history of our Saviour, were also exhibited, and explained by the mendicant friars. Rose garlands were worn, and torches carried about. In short, the policy was that a

sense of religion should always be kept alive, though the modes were those of puppet-showmen, and unworthy of philosophers and men of liberal education.—(*Popul. Antiq.* i. 235—238.)

St. Vitus's Day (June 15,) hens were offered at his image.

Summer Solstice, or the T'igil of St. John Baptist's Eve.—It is certain that fires were lit among the Heathens, to celebrate the return of the summer solstice, viz. Druidical bonfires, leaping over fires, torches carried, &c., transferred to St. John's Day, because he was a burning and a shining light. Candles were set up at reading the Gospel, even at noon, as emblems of Christ, the light that was to come into the world. Lamps were hung out, doors shadowed with branches, bonfires, indeed complete illuminations, all presumed to be for the purpose of purifying the air, but really of superstitious origin; a wheel twisted with straw, and set on fire, rolled down a hill; brazen vessels beaten; rain at this season prognosticating a good crop of filberts; stools dressed with flowers, from the *Ludi Compitalii* and feasts of the Lures; dragons (fireworks) discharged in the air; pasteboard images of giants paraded; marching watchmen in large bodies; orpyne plants, called Midsummer men, to shew by the turn of the leaves to right or left, the truth or falsehood of lovers; divinations from fern-seeds and coals of mugwort; bonfires, and making verses by the Eton boys; sitting in the church-porch to see the ghosts of all that should die in the ensuing year; hanging boughs consecrated at Midsummer-day at the stall-door, where the cattle stood; St. John implored to confer a benediction of wine; and various silly divinations prevailed.

We find also recorded among the observances peculiar to June, several other curious relics of the fire-worship of the Celtic nations. According to Toland, they kindled fires on Midsummer eve, which were, (in his time,) continued by the Roman Catholics of Ireland, making them in all their grounds, and carrying flaming brands about their corn-fields. This they likewise did all over France, and in some of the Scottish isles. These Midsummer fires and sacrifices were to obtain a blessing on the fruits of the earth, now becoming ready for gathering. In Ireland, and also in the north of Scotland, the 21st of June is still called Beltein, or Beltane, that is, the day of the Hol Fire; and imitations of the old superstitious ceremonies of this festival were not long ago generally performed. In Scotland, a sort of sacrifice was offered up, and one of the persons present, upon whom

* We perceive that a fête of the class to which we allude, took place upon Hampton Court Green, to celebrate the recent return of our amiable Queen Dowager to this country, and to a neighbourhood wherein the blessings of her majesty's active benevolence are peculiarly felt by the humbler classes.

the lot fell, leaped three times through the flames of the fire. In Ireland, the cottagers all drove their cattle through the fire. Even in some parts of England, the practice still prevails of lighting fires in parishes on Midsummer-eve.—(See *Statistical Account of Scotland*, iii. 105; x. 84; and xi. 620. *Vallancey's Essay on the Antiquity of the Irish Language*, p. 19; and *Brand's Popul. Antiq.* i. 238, &c.)

St. Peter's Day, (June 29.)—Fire-brands and torches were carried about from the *Cerealia*, or search after Proserpine. Bonfires, and the London watch, prevailed as on St. John's Day. At Gisborough, the fishermen made a festival, decorated their boats, painted their masts, and sprinkled their prows with good liquor; an ancient custom, evidently analogous to naming ships with the adjunct of breaking a bottle of wine upon the head.—(*Popul. Antiq.* i. 233—270.)

There can be no doubt, (remarks Fosbrooke,) from the observations of Du Cange, v. *Faralea*, *Farocium*, *Neofri*, *Apotelesmata*, that most of these customs are of Druidical origin. On the subject of giants, for instance, Dr. Milner gives the following curious illustration of the wicker image of the Druids: "At Dunkirk and at Douay, it has been an immemorial custom, on a certain holiday in the year, to build up an immense figure of basket-work and canvas, to the height of forty or fifty feet, which, when properly painted and dressed, represented a huge giant, which also contained a number of living men within it, who raised the same, and caused it to move from place to place. The popular tradition was, that this figure represented a certain pagan giant, who used to devour the inhabitants of those places, until he was killed by the patron saint of the same.—(*Popul. Antiq.* i. 259, 260.)

COPPER MINES.—No. II.

BY R. W., GENT.

IN the progress of operation, the parts containing ore are disengaged from the surrounding substance with great care, in order to preserve the former as entire as possible; but some ores are of so friable a nature that it is impossible to prevent a portion of them from falling among the fragments of rock. Whilst miners are employed in extracting the vein in the mine, others, (in order that no time be lost) are engaged in sinking fresh shafts on the outside, with a view of striking the same lode at the same depth further to the E. or W., and working so that the whole should at last unite and form one line of excavation. In the course of this line, frequent ramifications occur, as well as occasional varia-

tions in point of quantity, and very often obstacles present themselves by the intervention of hard rocky substances, which divide the lode, and throw it right and left for a considerable distance.

Veins of copper, it has been observed, run, with regard to their longitudinal course, in a direction E. and W. With regard to their vertical course they are found to descend, at times, in a direct perpendicular; but more usually on an inclination varying from a perpendicular to an angle of 45°. Their inclinations are also seldom uniform for many fathoms together, but are apt to vary, so as, at times, to form a waving line or to be even angular like steps. If a lode of ore, uniform in thickness and without intermission, (as is often the case,) could be laid open on one side, so as to be seen at one view, it would present to the eye a metallic layer which had been until then condensed between layers of another substance; the same as if one supposes a plate of metal to be introduced between different plates or layers of slate, stone, or any other matter: and if the reader, by a stretch of imagination, can suppose layers of such description on a large scale to be occasionally bent horizontally, in rather zigzag lines, from E. to W., and to be, at times, a little blended and confused, so that their homogeneous character be in certain parts destroyed, but otherwise to descend on inclinations as before-mentioned, he will be able to form an idea of a mineral vein. When such vein has an inclination downwards towards the N., it is said to dip to the N.; and when in the opposite direction, it is said to dip to the S.

The term "vein" gives the idea of a substance having its breadth equal to its thickness, and its thickness to its breadth—something running in a line or string—such as the veins of animals. But the term is improper when applied to a vein of copper or other mineral, which is, in reality, a layer; and the only reason that the writer can assign for the term having been applied to minerals, is, because in excavations there is never any more of the layer exposed at any one time to view than that which, to a certain extent, may be said to resemble a vein; although to the eye of the mind it is presented in a very different form. The expression is, for the same reason, equally improper when applied to the veins in marble, which are, in reality, not veins, but streaks or variegations. In the present treatise, however, the word has been and will be used in its commonly accepted sense.

When a lode, vein, (or layer,) has been worked sufficiently both E. and W., upon one level or floor, it becomes necessary to descend; for which purpose it is usual to

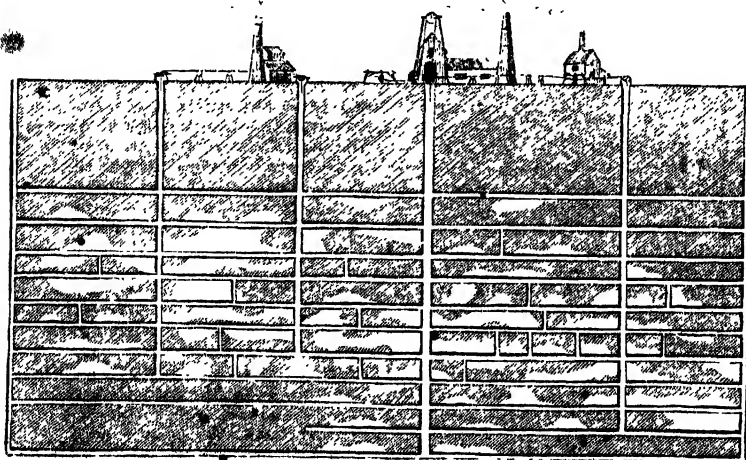
sink shafts from above at convenient distances to the N. or S., whichever may be the inclination of the lode or layer; after which the same course of operation takes place as has been described before, and thus two floors or levels are formed; during which the miners from the upper floor make approaches towards the miners in the second floor, by excavations at regular distances: after this, the intermediate parts (or the portions of the layer between such excavations) are cut away, and thus the whole portion of the layer between the first and second floor is removed.

It is obvious that in so large an excavation, a great extent of surface would be left unsupported and likely to fall in, were not something done to prevent such a calamity. For this purpose recourse is had to timber, a man being constantly at hand whose exclusive duty it is to shore up those parts in the progress of the works where any danger is apprehended. The timber is usually deal, imported from the Baltic, free of duty; and it would be difficult for any one wholly unacquainted with mining operations to form an idea of the vast quantity which is used on such occasions.

As the mine becomes deeper, fresh excavations are made on new levels or floors, the intermediate parts of which are cut away and timbered in a manner similar to what has been described. In fact, as the work descends, it exhibits nothing but a repetition of operations at stated depths, varying but little from one another, until either the mine is worked out, or the expenses incidental to its progress are found more than equal to the profits.

Mines are occasionally sunk to a very great depth. One mine in Cornwall is said to be 1,800 feet deep, with levels and other ramifications of proportionate extent.—In mines newly formed, the operators usually ascend and descend by buckets as before described, but this mode would, after a short time, be found inconvenient; on which account a shaft is in general cut expressly for the purpose of ascent and descent, called a footway, to the sides of which are attached iron ladders. At the distance of about every sixty feet are landings or resting places, formed of timber, having apertures for the ladders made alternately in opposite directions, so that a person could not in case of accident, easily fall beyond sixty feet at any one time. In these subterranean excavations, the workmen are plentifully supplied with candles, notwithstanding which there is often difficulty in procuring sufficient light; for miners can work where there is scarcely oxygen enough to sustain a small flame. By the same force of habit, they are also enabled to endure the excessive heat incidental to places where little air can be introduced, and where the warmth of their own bodies occasions a constant steam.

The expenses of mining increase in proportion to the depth; so that the same quantity of ore which to a certain depth could be raised at a profit, would, at a greater depth, be not worth raising at all. These expenses consist chiefly in the various machinery required, but more particularly steam-engines, of which, in a large mine, there are frequently not fewer than seven, eight, or ten. These are used



LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF A COPPER AND TIN MINE.

partly for the raising of ore, and partly for clearing the mine of water, which would otherwise soon fill it entirely; for in all mines there is a constant oozing of water from the sides, which to a certain depth proceeds from the rains and other aqueous collections on the surface, beyond that depth from springs. However inconvenient such water may be considered, it is, nevertheless, attended with two advantages—one that the stone is rendered less hard by its continual exudation, and the other, that the oxygen from it supplies in some degree the want of air.

In many mines, the inconvenience of want of air is removed by cutting the levels or passages in a direction so as to admit the outer air. Thus, if the mine be upon an eminence, where there is a sloping side, or where there happens to be a ravine, cavern, hollow, or fissure, at no great distance, the passage which is made to open into it, is termed an Adit: but metal has too frequently to be worked where this is impossible, such as under the sea, or quite in the bowels of the earth.

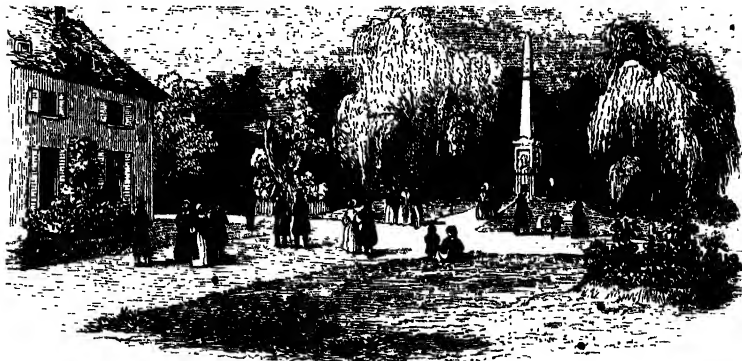
LAST MOMENTS OF TURENNE.

The brilliant career of Turenne has few parallels in modern history. He was trained to the art of war from boyhood; he served for a year as a common soldier, and such was the rapidity of his rise, that at the early age of thirty-two he was made a marshal of France. From the age of twenty-four to the moment of his death, he knew scarcely any relaxation from active service; and for forty years he was one of the most renowned generals of

France or Europe. Holland and Flanders, Italy, and parts of Germany, were the principal scenes of his exploits, which extended nearly half through the long and splendid reign of Louis XIV.

Early in the year 1675, Turenne showed the strongest inclination to retire from the world. He was now somewhat advanced in life, having entered his 64th year; and though yet capable of great fatigue, his strength was not what it had formerly been. He was wearied equally with the pleasures and applauses of the world, and with the life of incessant activity which he had led from boyhood; whilst he was anxious to throw off all further cares, and pass the rest of his days amongst the good fathers of the Oratory, to whom he had become sincerely attached since his conversion to the Roman Catholic faith. He was not, however, enabled to enjoy this repose; and being once more called into the field, lost his life by a chance of war, as he was reconnoitring the Austrian General Montecuccoli, near Sasbach, on July 27, 1675. The circumstances of his death are very interesting. He had just resolved to attack the enemy, and had given the necessary orders for bringing up and forming his troops according to the plan he had laid out in his own mind. A good deal of agitation was visible in the Imperial forces, though a desultory cannonade was kept up on both sides.

"Turenne had heard mass and taken the communion; and he then lay down under a tree to breakfast, expressing much confidence in the success of the approaching battle, which was very unusual with



MONUMENT TO TURENNE, AT BADEN-BADEN.

him. After he had been in that spot some time, information was brought to him that a movement, as if for the purpose of retreat, had been observed in the enemy's line; and mounting his horse, he rode forward to ascertain what was the real cause thereof. As he rode on, he ordered all his staff to remain behind, and shortly after met an English officer, who said to him, 'Come this way; they are firing in that direction.' 'I do not intend to be killed to-day,' replied Turenne with a smile, and rode on. A few steps further he found St. Hilaire, who commanded the artillery, and who had been busily engaged in making dispositions for the approaching battle. As soon as he saw Turenne, he exclaimed, 'Look at that battery which I have placed there!' The marshal drew in his horse; and, at that moment, a cannon ball carried off the arm of St. Hilaire with which he was pointing to the battery, and struck Turenne himself in the very middle of the body. His head fell forward instantly; and the horse, finding no pressure on the rein, turned round and galloped back to the spot where the staff had remained. There it stopped; and Turenne, who had kept his seat till that moment, fell into the arms of those who surrounded him. He twice opened his eyes, but he never spoke more; and, in an instant after, the last spark of life had departed.

"A cloak was immediately thrown over the body to conceal the event from the soldiery; but the agitation amongst the principal officers who surrounded the corpse, and the sight of the well-known horse of the marshal, without a rider, soon spread the tidings. Numbers then rushed forward to see the body of a general whom all had loved with enthusiasm: but the sight inspired them with fury rather than depressed them, and they demanded vehemently to be led forward to avenge the death of 'their Father,' as they commonly called that great man.

"Henry de la Tour, Viscount Turenne," says the Count de Bussy Rabutin, one of his most celebrated contemporaries, "was of a middling height, and with large shoulders, which he raised from time to time in speaking:—this is a kind of bad habit which one acquires generally from the want of assurance. He had large contracted eyebrows, which gave him an unhappy air."

"He had so much experience in war, that with good judgment, which he had, and extraordinary application to the trade, he rendered himself the greatest captain of his age. To hear him speak in council, he seemed the most irresolute of men; nevertheless, when compelled to choose his part, no one ever chose it

better or more rapidly. His true talent, which is, in my opinion, the most to be esteemed in war, was that of regaining the advantage when matters were in a bad state. When, in the presence of enemies, he found himself the weaker, there was no position out of which, by a riuilet, ravine, wood, or eminence, that he did not find the means of turning to some advantage. Up to the last eight years of his life, he had been more circumspect than enterprising; but seeing that temerity was the fashion, he became less careful than he had been, and as he chose his measures better than others, he gained as many battles as he fought. His prudence proceeded from his temperament, and his boldness from his experience.

"He had a very great extent of mind, capable of governing a state as well as an army. He was by no means ignorant in literary matters, and knew something of the Latin poets, and a thousand beautiful passages in the French poets. He was fond enough of *bons mots*, and was an adept therein. He was simple in his dress, and even in his expressions. One of his greatest qualities was his contempt for riches: never was there a man who cared so little about money as he did. He had commanded the army of France in Germany, where he might have amassed millions, and had not done it. This disinterestedness, together with the high alliances which he had in that country, gave him much credit with the Germans.

"He loved women, but without attaching himself to them. He was fond of the pleasures of the table, but without excess. He was a pleasant companion; he knew a thousand tales, took a pleasure in telling them, and told them very well. During the last years of his life, he was courteous and benevolent: he gained the love and esteem both of officers and soldiers; and in point of glory, he found himself, at length, so much above all the world, that the fame of others could no more incommode him."*

All parties mourned Turenne: Montecuculi himself expressed the deepest sorrow, exclaiming, "There died a man who did honour to man!" Grief and consternation spread through France at his death; and the king ordered the body of his great general to be buried at St. Denis, in the chapel of the kings. Many tributes were erected to his memory in the countries which had been benefited by his exploits; and among these memorials is the monument represented in our engraving.

* Quoted in Mr. James's admirable "Life and Times of Louis XIV.," whence the materials of this slight sketch have been principally derived.

New Books.

TRAVELS IN THE TRANS-CAUCASIAN PROVINCES OF RUSSIA. BY CAPTAIN RICHARD WILBRAHAM.

[THIS is a goodly tome of "rough notes" respecting a portion of Asia to which attention has of late years been eagerly directed. The author apologizes for the rawness of the materials with which he has woven an amusing volume of ~~first~~ impressions; for whether his carpets were spread in the dark and noisome stable of an Armenian hovel, or in the palace of a Turkish pacha, he allowed no evening to pass without recording ~~more or less~~ fully the impressions of the day. His sketches were, doubtless, taken in the saddle, so that he may be as steady a horseman as Runjeet Singh, who could drink a cup of coffee whilst on horseback without spilling a drop into the saucer. His route lay through Persia, and the Caucasus, and along the southern shore of the Lakes of Van and Urumiah, in the autumn and winter of 1837; the author, (of the 7th Royal Fusiliers,) quitting Goolahak near Tehran, and visiting the interesting countries lying between the Caspian and the Black Sea. The precise route is not clearly shewn in the narrative, which, however, is accompanied by a clever map. We have only space for a few random quotations.]

The Shah of Persia.

The public salaam had just broken up as I reached the principal entrance of the garden, and the courtiers, with their scarlet cloaks and lamb-skin caps, wound round with Kashmeer shawls, were sitting in groups under the shady elms, enjoying the luxury of the kulioun. Passing through an avenue of tall plane trees, I found the Shah seated in a small octagonal summer-house, situated in the centre of the garden, and cooled by a clear stream, which, flowing through the building, formed beneath the dome a capacious basin. Four deep recesses, ornamented by fanciful representations of the feats of Rustam, and other heroes of Persia, fronted the cardinal points, and, according to the hour of the day, the carpets were spread in one or other of them. His Majesty was seated near the window supported by a pile of cushions, while a single attendant knelt behind him, waving a broad fan of feathers above his head. His dress was, as usual, perfectly simple, the richly-jewelled handle of his dagger alone betokened his rank. His age does not exceed one or two and thirty, but his thick beard and heavy figure make him appear an older man: his countenance is rather handsome, and, except when his anger is excited, of a prepos-

sessing and good-humoured expression: his manner, especially towards Europeans, is extremely affable: he generally speaks Turkish, the language of his tribe, but both in that and in Persian, his enunciation is so rapid that it requires some practice to understand him. Compared with the generality of Asiatics, the Shah is a man of considerable energy, and by no means deficient in information: he is well versed in the history of his own country, and has tolerably correct ideas of the geography and political state of Europe. His army is his hobby, and to his thirst for military fame he sacrifices both his own ease and comfort, and the welfare and prosperity of his country.* His court is far inferior in style and splendour to that of his grandfather and predecessor, the principal offices of state being occupied by men of low origin, deficient in that magnificence and courtliness of manner which formerly distinguished the Persian noble. The late king was always attended by a numerous and gallant retinue of princes of the blood, and officers of state, besides a crowd of inferior retainers; the present monarch often rides out with a few ill-mounted and worse appointed followers.

The Shah is a strict and conscientious Mussulman: he never indulges in the forbidden juice of the grape, an abstinence rare in the royal family, nor does he follow the universal practice of smoking. His harem, unlike that of his grandfather, the number of which exceeds all credibility, is within the limits prescribed by the Mahomedan law. Well would it have been for Persia had Fatteh Ali Shah been as moderate, for every government, however insignificant, was conferred upon one of his countless sons,† who drained the very heart's blood of the country. Since the accession of the present monarch the greater part of these have been removed, and many of them are now reduced to the utmost distress, living from hand to mouth by the sale of shawls and jewels, the relics of better days. Some of the late king's wives have passed into the harems of private individuals: others, who had amassed some property, live in their respective villages.

Mahommed Shah has two sons; the eldest, his destined successor, is now at Tabreez, under the care of Suleiman Khan, his maternal uncle. The mother of the boy was of the royal tribe. The second,

* I have heard this expedition against Herat often attributed by Persians to the circumstance of the Shah's having read a translation of Bourrienne's Memoirs of Napoleon, and thus become inoculated with the thirst for conquest.

† Luti Ali Khan, the head buffoon of the late Shah, is said to be the only man in Persia who can repeat the names of them all.

who resides at Tehran, is a chubby little fellow, about three years old, the son of a Koordish woman.

Ararat.

Ararat, with its two distant peaks, bore about N. N. W. The lesser Ararat was bare of snow, but the principal crest of the mountain was of dazzling white, relieved by dark chasms in the rock, and by precipices from whose steep flanks the snow had slid into the hollows beneath. A few light clouds hung motionless above the summit, throwing their grey shadows upon the spotless snow. It is a subject of dispute whether the highest peak of Ararat has ever been reached; for, although Professor Parrot published a detailed account of his ascent, his statements have not met with general belief. The Armenian Patriarch of the neighbouring convent of Etchmiadzin refutes the Professor's assertion with the same pious indignation with which the Pope rejected the system of Galileo, for the Armenian Church devoutly believes that no mortal foot can profane the summit of the holy mountain.

As far as I could judge, at the distance which I passed from Ararat, the ascent did not seem by any means impracticable. In many places the snow appeared to me to slope gently and unbroken up to the very summit. The lawless predatory habits of the Koords of this district would render the attempt dangerous without a sufficient escort.

In the evening I sauntered for half an hour beyond the precincts of the village, along the banks of a clear mountain stream. The sun had only just sunk below the horizon, and Ararat stood forth in dark relief against the glowing sky. The mountain was of the deepest purple; even the snow-clad peak was not distinguishable from the general mass. I have seen loftier mountains than Ararat, but its massive outline, the bold manner in which it rises from the immense plain of the Arras, and the powerful interest with which sacred history has invested it, unite in rendering it an object of wonder and of awe. It now forms the boundary of the three empires of Turkey, Persia, and Russia.

Scenery of the Caucasus.

So deep was the valley through which our road now led, that for several hours we travelled in the deepest shade. On either side, the mountains rose like stupendous walls of granite, from every cliff and ledge of which, wherever they could find a scanty nourishment, protruded stunted pines. It almost made me giddy to look up these precipices; a thousand jutting crags seemed ready to detach themselves

and crush the passing traveller. We soon reached the pass of Dariel, the gate of the Caucasus, where the rocks so nearly meet that their base is washed by the foaming Terek, and the road is excavated in the solid rock overhanging the furious stream. Near the entrance of the pass are seen the ruins of an ancient fortress, which commanded the passage of the Caucasus, and which was long garrisoned by the Arabs. It was here that I first perceived the gigantic scale of this mountain scenery. The perpendicular walls which form the portal of the gate, and which the eye in vain essays to measure, are in proportion to the mountains behind them but as the pedestal to the tall column, yet these latter are entirely free from snow, and rank as pigmies beside Mount Elburz, Kusbek, and the other monarchs of the Caucasus. After passing Dariel, the road became at every step less precipitous, and the mountains, gradually opening out on every side, disclosed the wide plain of the Kabarda. At intervals of half a mile, pickets were posted on commanding sites, with horses ready saddled, and beacons to give instant notice of a night-attack from the mountaineers. At length we left the Caucasus behind us, and entered on the plain.

Education, &c. at Tiflis.

The French consul is only allowed to receive the "*Journal des Débats*" on the condition of not shewing it to any Russian subject. Whenever any article appears which is condemned in Petersburg, the guilty number is enclosed in cartridge-paper, and sealed with the seal of the censorship, a sort of political quarantine. The "*Petersburg Gazette*"—a scanty little sheet, containing no information,—is the only paper seen in Georgia. Although Tiflis contains so large an European population it possesses no public library, nor, indeed, even a bookseller's shop. The only publications that I saw exposed for sale were Russian dictionaries, and a history of the campaign in Turkey, published by authority. In only one of the many houses that I was in did I see any symptoms of a book-case. Thus debarred from the only rational mode of employing their time, it is no wonder that the Russian officers should fall into those habits of gambling and dissipation so prevalent among them. With the exception of a few young men of good family, who have joined the army in Georgia in the hopes of distinguishing themselves in the only field now open to them, the officers are seldom gentlemen by birth or education, and disgraceful scenes not unfrequently occur unnoticed, which in our service would justly cost a man his commission.

There is at Tiflis a gymnasium for the education of boys of all nations, in which much attention is paid to the study of Oriental languages, the knowledge of which is a certain stepping-stone to advancement in the Russian service. One young man who was studying at this gymnasium called frequently upon me. By birth he was a Hindoo, by religion a Mahomedan, and whenever I had a vacant hour he would come and talk to me about his native country, which he sighed to revisit. There was also a young Egyptian, a clever little lad, at the same establishment.

Table Customs at Tiflis.

I dined at General Valkhovsky's, and met the reigning Prince of Abkhasia and his brother. He is nominally independent, but under the protection of Russia. Gen. Valkhovsky's house and dinners are a very fair specimen of the style of living of the higher classes in Russia. There is a great deal of comfort without display or ostentation, and the table is always laid for more than the number of the family, general invitations being intended to be accepted. The French custom is universally adopted of handing round all the dishes, and the dessert alone is placed upon the table. The order of the dishes varies a little from our notions, for the fish is brought round in the middle of the dinner, and the general finale is a rôti. What we call a second course rarely forms a part of their dinner. In old-fashioned houses supper is still eaten, but in the higher circles tea has generally superseded that sociable, but, alas! most indigestible meal. On rising in the morning, the Russians, like the Persians, always drink a cup of tea; and, as their dinner hour is early, breakfast is a meal unknown. This may be, and perhaps is, very wholesome and very rational, but it is not at all suited to my taste. On the whole, however, I think that Russian cookery, as far as I have had an opportunity of judging, is good; for, whatever the rest of the dinner may be, there is always a plain roast joint to fall back upon. Besides the wine of Kakheti, there is the "Donskoy," a very palatable imitation of champagne, made, as its name imports, on the banks of the Don; but European wines, of course, are seldom met with in this remote province.

[These extracts will furnish the reader with some estimate of the graphic variety and life-like incident with which Captain Wilbraham's attractive volume is characterized. Besides the map already mentioned, the work contains some spirited artistical sketches: one of the Pass of Dariel is a stupendous scene of terrific sublimity; it is admirably drawn.]

Periodicals.

A PIC-NIC FROM THE JUNE MAGAZINES.

Selfish People.—Sometimes, we trust rarely, selfishness exhibits itself in married life, and not matrimonially either; because, as one of the great operations of the mysteries of marriage is to make the husband and wife one, it necessarily follows—it sounds like a bull—that if one be selfish, they both should be selfish; that is to say, jointly selfish in their double unity; and in so far as domestic felicity is concerned, the accordance of one half with the other half is most desirable as promotive of harmony and comfort. What has gone with the Siamese Twins we cannot, at present, pretend to say; but, as they must, by this time, be extremely respectable gentlemen as to age and standing in life, we can conceive nothing more disagreeable to Mr. Chang wishing to sit down, than Mr. Ching's being exceedingly anxious to take a walk; nor anything less likely to be delightful than Mr. Ching's choosing to sing a convivial song while Mr. Chang is suffering under a dreadful headache. And yet it falls to our lot to know a family—no, not a family, for they have no children, but a pair of people, who, selfish in the extreme, are not selfish in unison—they are both selfish, separately selfish, and carry their selfishness to a pitch far beyond the belief of the most credulous believer in human infirmities. They live in the country, in a very pretty house, with a very well arranged establishment; they visit nobody—nobody visits them—the walls which surround the kitchen-garden are thickly set with broken glass—the palings of the shrubberies are studded with tenter-hooks—two fierce dogs range about the stable-yard, and steel-traps and spring-guns are set in the grounds every night. Against the gable-end of the coach-house, which touches the road, a board is affixed, announcing that all persons begging will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law, together with a long list of rewards, offered by the parish for the apprehension of offenders of every description. The name of this isolated couple was Munns, derived originally, as the clergyman of the parish imagined, from *monos*—his intercourse with the family was very limited. Mr. and Mrs. Munns were always ill when a charity sermon was preached, and as to any little parochial subscriptions which might be proposed, Mr. Munns declined interfering, observing that Providence had given the country an admirable law for the maintenance of the poor; under the provisions of which, besides wholesome and regular diet, they were relieved

from the worry of ever seeing or being pestered by their relations or friends, and, by the salutary regulations of their respective residences, relieved from the trouble of taking any unnecessary exercise.—From a racy sketch, entitled *A Stir in the Household*, (well-timed title,) by Theodore Hook, in the *New Monthly*.

Church Music.—What is the reason that while we retain the collects, the creeds, the psalms of the ancient Catholic church, we reject the magnificent music which renders those inspired words ten times more impressive. Did we substitute anything better, or purer, all would be right; but the sacred (so called) music in most of our churches is *infamous*, and our cathedral services—except on particular occasions—are gone through in so somnolent a style as to have anything but the inspiring influence which should be the effect of choral thanksgiving. We have heard, and on good authority too, that in one of the most celebrated of these establishments, a minor canon is in the *habit* of paring and trimming his nails during the performance of what he ought to consider his sacred duties. Few are the hearts which music cannot soften, and by our culpable inertness and carelessness, we leave this powerful engine entirely in the hands of the Romanists.—*New Monthly*.

The Carol of Content.

By Sir Lumley Skeffington.

THOUGH gaudy presumption my lot may deride,
I've a classical roof and a talented (?) bride;
A nymph that appears, while the merits refine,
More anxious to please than ambitious to shine.
She pines for no pomp, for no jewelled sighs,
For, alas! what are brilliants to heavenly eyes!
And well may she slight a magnificent dome,
Who, more than a queen, makes a palace of home.
Though artists may there no originals trace,
We have models of beauty, and copies of grace.
If the gardens no splendid exotic present,
Still their lilies are pure, and I culture content;
From each bud take a hint how the world may ensnare,
And renouncing its folly, escape from its care.
Thus reviewing the bounds of a limited store,
I bless what I have, without wishing it more.

New Monthly.

Chamber Landresses.—It was our first introduction to that peculiar race of females, who call themselves landresses upon a very ancient and classical principle of nomenclature; because, as the experience of ages has, at length, most clearly decided, they never do by any chance wash anything. A pair of stuff boots, unlaced—a dirty handkerchief thrown shawl-wise over the shoulders (we have rarely set eyes upon a landress in a cloak)—a dull-patterned and dull-coloured gown, with an extensive hiatus behind, affording perspective glimpses of various garments of unmentionable names and inextinguishable dinginess—a bonnet, generally

black, which may be conceived, by a vigorous exertion of the imagination, to have boasted, at some long-past period, some faint pretensions to a shape—hands of horrid hue—"foreheads villainous low," and faces on which dirt, and snuff, and gin, have set their most indelible signs, may be pronounced as the most general characteristics of the tribe of landresses. Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty steps! Mercy on us! here we are at last. These old women are truly astonishing creatures. Here are we, on the topmost landing-place, with but a light load of years on our back, puffing and blowing like a stranded grampus; and there stands Mrs. Popkins, who might well be mistaken for Methuselah's eldest daughter, as composed as if she had not stirred a foot for these three months.—*Blackwood*.

Jonathan Wild's House in the Old Bailey.

(From Jack Sheppard.)—The thief-taker's residence was a large dismal-looking habitation, separated from the street by a flagged court-yard, and defended from general approach by an iron railing. Even in the daylight, it had a sombre and suspicious air, and seemed to slink back from the adjoining houses, as if afraid of their society. It looked like a prison, and, indeed, it was Jonathan's fancy to make it resemble one as much as possible. The windows were grated, the doors barred; each room had the name as well as the appearance of a cell; and the very porter who stood at the gate, habited like a gaoler, with his huge bunch of keys at his girdle, his forbidding countenance and surly demeanour, seemed to be borrowed from Newgate. The clanking of chains, the grating of locks, and the rumbling of bolts, must have been music in Jonathan's ears, so much pains did he take to subject himself to such sounds. The scanty furniture of the rooms corresponded to their dungeon-like aspect. The walls were bare, and painted in stone-colour; the floors, devoid of carpet; the beds, of hangings; the windows, of blinds; and, excepting in the thief-taker's own audience-chamber, there was not a chair or a table about the premises; the places of these conveniences being elsewhere supplied by benches, and deal boards laid across joint-stools. Great stone staircases, leading no one knew whither, and long gloomy passages, impressed the occasional visitor with the idea that he was traversing a building of vast extent; and, though this was not the case in reality, the deception was so cleverly contrived, that it seldom failed of producing the intended effect. Scarcely any one entered Mr. Wild's dwelling without apprehension, or quitted it without satisfaction. More strange

stories were told of it than of any other house in London. The garrets were said to be tenanted by coiners, and artists employed in altering watches and jewellery; the cellars to be used as a magazine for stolen goods. By some it was affirmed, that a subterranean communication existed between the thief-taker's abode and Newgate, by means of which he was enabled to maintain a secret correspondence with the imprisoned felons: by others, that an underground passage led to extensive vaults, where such malefactors as he chose to screen from justice might be concealed till the danger was blown over. Nothing, in short, was too extravagant to be related of it; and Jonathan, who delighted in investing himself and his residence with mystery, encouraged, and, perhaps, originated these marvellous tales. However this may be, such was the ill report of the place, that few passed along the Old Bailey without bestowing a glance of fearful curiosity at its dingy walls, and wondering what was going on inside them; while still fewer of those who paused at the door, read, without some internal trepidation, the formidable name—inscribed in large letters on its bright brass plate—of JONATHAN WILD.—*Bentley's Misc.*

"*The Rules of the King's Bench*" are a certain liberty adjoining the prison, and comprising some dozen streets, in which debtors, who can raise money to pay large fees, from which their creditors do not derive any benefit, are permitted to reside, by the wise provisions of the same enlightened laws which leave the debtor who can raise no money, to starve in jail, without the food, clothing, lodging, or warmth, which are provided for felons convicted of the most atrocious crimes that can disgrace humanity. There are many pleasant fictions of the law in constant operation, but there is not one so pleasant or practically humorous as that which supposes every man to be of equal value in its imperial eye, and the benefits of all laws to be equally attainable by all men, without the smallest reference to the furniture of their pockets.—*Nicholas Nickleby.*

Varieties.

The Queen.—There is a disposition to propagate an absurdity quite at variance with all precedence and common sense, by denominating our gracious Sovereign, Victoria the first. Do we ever speak of Matilda the first, or John the first, or Mary the first, or Anne the first? The ordinal distinction can never, surely, with propriety be appended to the name of a monarch until there shall have been a second bearing the same title. On the propriety of styling

the especial royal Court of Judicature, at which the Sovereign anciently presided in person, the Court of *Queen's Bench*, some hesitation may arise, determinable, however, by former practice. Does the Saxon derivation of Queen extend further in strict meaning than a royal consort; and is not the Queen regnant *de facto King*, as exercising the kingly office? In the Liturgy we pray for our "gracious Queen and governor, not our *governess*, thus distinguishing at once, the sex and the office."—*Gent. Mag.* A. I. K., (one of the most active Fellows of the Society of Antiquaries.)

The Thames Tunnel has progressed to within thirty-five feet of low water mark on the north side, and from the state of the shield and general appearance of the excavation, it is believed that all danger has been surmounted. When low-water-mark is reached, a shaft will be sunk on the Wapping side of the river, and the workmen will continue their labours at each end of the Tunnel; and, it is calculated that the communication for foot-passengers between Surrey and Middlesex will be opened in about fifteen months. The number of visitors has greatly increased of late, and the book which is kept in the Tunnel for the entrance of the names contains the signatures of the most distinguished characters in Europe, including many scientific men.—*Courier.*

Voice of Fish.—It has often been said that fish have no voices: but anglers of our time have proved that Tench croak like frogs; Herrings cry like mice; Gurnards grunt like hogs; and some say the Gurnard makes a noise like a cuckoo, from which he takes one of his country names. The Maigre, a large sea-fish, when swimming in shoals, utters a grunting or piercing noise, that may be heard from a depth of twenty fathoms.

The Emperor of Russia.—The boast of the Russians—that among a thousand men you would not fail to recognise their Emperor—is scarcely exaggerated. His figure is commanding, and his countenance striking; his height must be nearly six feet two, and his frame unites symmetry with strength; his smile is peculiarly fascinating, but the high forehead, the short and curved upper lip, and the expression of a rather small mouth, impart somewhat of sternness to his features when in repose. His naturally fair complexion is now bronzed by exposure to a southern sun, but the forehead where the cap has sheltered it, is white as marble. His blue eye is quick and expressive, and a small moustache adds to his soldier-like appearance.—*Captain Wilbraham's Travels.*

Stammering is not always increased in situations of difficulty. Charles I. had an impediment in his speech to the end of his days; but it was remarked that at his trial, and on the scaffold, it was less apparent than at any other time.

Sir Harris Nicolas.—Sylvanus Urban, Gent., is occasionally somewhat sprightly in his similes. In one of his "Reviews," he compares the mind of Sir Harris Nicolas to "the trunk of an elephant: it can stoop to pick up the minutest parts of antiquarian lore, and it has the power of breaking through the most knotty and massive chains of logical reasonings." We believe Sir Harris to be one of the most accomplished and scholarly antiquaries of his time.

New Years' Gifts. The first year that Sir Robert Cecil was lord treasurer of the royal household, he refused all New Years' Gifts, which amounted to above £1,800, "as supposing them to be some kind of bribes whereby he might wink at the corruption of officers."

Assassination.—In 1581, at Antwerp, a pistol was fired at William, Prince of Orange, when the bullet entered at one cheek, and passed through the other, without materially injuring the mouth. The pistol burst, and injured the wretch who fired it—a Biscayan; and he was killed on the spot by the bystanders. The Prince was the victim of another assassin in 1584.

Circassian Literati.—In 1837, an officer named Bestjeff, the most popular novel writer, and commonly called the Walter Scott of Russia, was killed in the attack of Adiler. By a strange coincidence, the favourite Circassian poet, who has written much in imitation of Lord Byron, was killed in a duel, within a month of Bestjeff.

Archery.—It is somewhat strange that there is no perfect specimen of an ancient arrow existing.

Odd Error.—"Undoubtedly the stations and pretenture of the legions and Roman soldiers were the origin of towns and cities, both in other provinces and this our island."—*Gough's Edition of Camden*, 3 vols. folio, 1789; wherein the marginal note to the above passage is "The Origin of Critics."

Georgian Women.—The fair Georgians are proverbially indolent, and destitute of all resource: they customarily while away the afternoon by a rubber at whist, rarely open a book, and abandon the whole care of the household to their servants.

A recent traveller in Egypt oddly says, "the distant view of the City of the Dead is very striking."

Waterloo.—It is a remarkable fact, that the Duke of Wellington closed his career—technically speaking—before Marlborough commenced his. Wellington gained the battle of Waterloo at the age of forty-six.

Egypt.—The streets of El Khargeli, the metropolis of the Great Oasis, are winding, narrow, and, being entirely covered with roofs, so dark and intricate, that it would be impossible for a stranger to pass through the town without a guide, and it is necessary to carry a lantern at mid-day.

Richmond.—Sir William Temple lived at Shene (Richmond,) for seven years without once going to London; so dearly attached was this rural philosopher to his fascinating suburban retreat.

Stow.—Mr. J. G. Nichols is engaged in editing Stow's description of Elizabethan London, as it issued from the pen of the writer.

Cannibalism and Self-enjoyment.—Who was it, who, (being sold to some cannibals,) when condemned to be eaten, bargained that he should have the first slice of himself? That man was the King of Gourmands. He should be immortalized. With what gusto would the first morsel go down! The more he ate, the more he cheated his enemies, and enjoyed himself! —*Gent. Mag.*

Newgate.—By the late improvements, this prison has been made, for the purposes of confinement, at least one-fourth larger than it was before. On the different staircases, holes are perforated through the massive walls, so that, by day or night, the turnkeys may observe what is going on in all the wards without being observed themselves.

Epicurism.—"May I help you to some beef?" said the master of the house to the late Mr. Brummell. "I never eat beef, nor horse, nor anything of that sort," answered the astonished and indignant epicure.

Serpent Charming.—Mr. Hoskins thinks it possible that the serpents which the charmers profess to find, and which obey their call, are only those which, having taught, they have previously let loose.

Sir R. Jebb used to say to patients who asked him what they might eat,—"Anything but poker and tongs."

Errata.—Page 128, col. 2, line 1, for "sea-coasts," read "sea coast:" this correction is essential to the right understanding of the fact. Page 142, in the account of the French Voyage to the South, from the *Foreign Monthly Review*, No. I., for "Astrolabe," read "Astrolabe."

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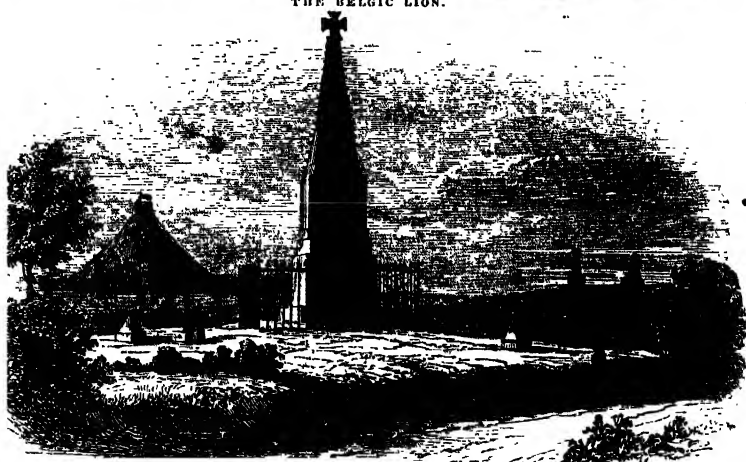
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THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.



THE BELGIC LION.



THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

YEAR after year, this celebrated plain, seemingly "marked out for the scene of some great action," is visited by curious persons from every quarter of the world. Of such universal interest is war, "pleading its antiquity from all ages," that the savage and the civilized alike join in the pilgrimage to its fields, and bring away its most trifling memorials, which they venerate as relics.

To say that curiosity respecting Waterloo has, for a moment, abated within the four and twenty years that have almost elapsed since the day of that memorable conflict,—would be untrue. It cannot, however, be denied that of late the intensity of this searching spirit has waxed warmer. The flush of conquest has passed away; years have softened all the unpleasant meditations on the event; and in years of peace men have had leisure to employ the pen in the investigation of the glories of the sword. Accordingly, we have countless records of this great fight written by those who were engaged in it, or who were eye-witnesses of its scenes and incidents: and, although Time has thinned their ranks, the victorious hero has lived to read, digest, and enjoy the best record of his own achievements, one which will live when we with its author are dust—a source of wonder, and praise, and admiration to late, very late generations. Such is the merited meed of approbation which has been awarded to the best record yet produced of Waterloo. There will be, however, other memorials for millions of readers in ages to come; in the "lives" of the rival heroes which are, at this moment, issuing from the presses of England and France.

Under these circumstances, we are not surprised that the locality of Waterloo has risen in the estimation of tourists; for, so minutely has this field been illustrated; that, to a travelled Englishman or Frenchman the ground is almost as familiar as his own Hyde Park or Champ de Mars. The opportunities for visiting the field have likewise increased; and steam-power, by water and land, has aided in keeping up the fever of curiosity. Within a few hours, (thanks to steam-boat and railway,) we may be wafted from our own metropolis to Waterloo,

"A little lowly place,
Obscure till now, when it hath risen to fame,
And given the victory its English name."

It is not intended to give "a full and particular history of the fight" as an accompaniment to the prefixed vignettes of the field of Waterloo. The first represents *The Belgic Lion*, which is placed upon a vast tumulus, 200 feet high, nearly occu-

pying the centre of the plain, and by far the best station for its survey. Beneath the mound, (which is shewn in the distance of the second Engraving,) the bones of friends and foes lie heaped indiscriminately together. A flight of steps leads to the top. The lion was cast, (by Mr. Cockerill of Liège,) from cannon taken in the battle, and is intended to stand on the spot where the Prince of Orange was wounded.

To shew with what different eyes various travellers behold the same object, we quote the following extracts touching this commemorative monument: "There is bad taste in thus seeking to glorify *one* particular mound amidst so many instances of devotedness to death. The great mass of earth too, obstructing the view, and changing the face of the field, is an ill-imagined excrescence." (*Boddington's Reminiscences of the Rhine.*)

"The appearance of this earthen pyramid is exceedingly striking; it is by far the most prominent object in the landscape; and whether considered in reference to itself, or the great events which it illustrates, partakes, in no small degree, of the sublime." (*Notes of a Journey from Paris to Ostend.*)

A third critic, the author of the *Family Tour*, takes a middle course: "the mound and the lion have equally been the subject of ill-natured censures; but would appear appropriately enough, since they serve at once as a memorial, a trophy, and a tomb."

The lion's teeth and nails were mutilated by some of the French troops in their passage to the siege of Antwerp. They would have vented their ill-humour in further injuries, had not Marshal Gerard put a stop to such mean spite.

The second vignette conveys some idea of the general appearance of the field, with its memorials of several of those who found in it a hasty grave. It represents a portion of the ground called Planchenoit, to the left of the high road from Genappe to Brussels, crossing the field nearly in its centre. Foremost in the view is an imposing cast-iron monument erected by the Prussians to some of their countrymen, who fell here, and bearing the following inscription:

Den gefallenen
Helden ihr dankbar
König und
Vaterland
Sie ruhen
In Frieden.
Belle Alliance
Den 18 juni 1815.

Not far distant, on the left of this interesting monument, is *La Belle Alliance*, a solitary white house, of which more anon.

[In the *United Service Journal* for the present month, we find an attractive paper entitled "Popular Errors respecting the Battle of Waterloo." The novelty is as important as it is well-timed: *e. g.* the following attempt to abate the prevalence of the "Errors."] .

One is, that the Duke of Wellington was *taken by surprise* at the opening of the campaign. This charge, so far as it implies a want of vigilance or sagacity, is entirely groundless. It is true that every commander, whose policy it is to act on the defensive, is liable to the disadvantage of being attacked without knowing the time or point of attack; and since the line of the allied armies was necessarily of great extent, in order to guard the different roads leading to Brussels, and also to obtain supplies for the troops, the utmost skill and watchfulness of the two commanders could not prevent Buonaparte from making, by a sudden movement, considerable progress before their troops could be concentrated to oppose him. But that they were inattentive and off their guard is contradicted, not only by their well-known character, but by abundant positive evidence contained in the last volume of the "Despatches." It appears that as early as the beginning of May they were daily expecting an attack, and had made every possible preparation to meet it; and though the expectation seems to have subsided a little before the middle of June, chiefly because their preparations were then so complete that they thought Buonaparte would not venture to attack them, yet their arrangements were fully settled, and the vigilance of the out-posts was never remitted. The truth is, the whole imputation of being *taken by surprise* derives its origin from a story about a ball at which the Duke and many officers were present at the time when the *second* message, confirming a former one, reached Brussels, that the enemy were certainly in motion. The first message arrived during the afternoon, but as it did not determine the extent or direction of the movement, it was necessary to wait for further intelligence before any movement could be made on our part. There are at least *three* high roads leading from the French frontier to Brussels, and it was impossible to know which of them the enemy would choose. But every possible arrangement was made *before* the Duke went to the ball; and, therefore, the proper question is, was the march of the troops in the least delayed by the circumstance of his being at the ball when the second message reached Brussels? Certainly not. They could not have moved

sooner without running great risk of being sent in the wrong direction, which might have been fatal to the safety of Brussels. It is not necessary, (as Sir Walter Scott expresses it,) that a general should be always equipped, like a knight of romance, with his boots and spurs on, and a drawn sword in his hand; nor is his presence at a ball any proof of frivolity and carelessness, when there is not the least evidence that his duty was at all neglected, but quite the contrary.

Next, it is objected that the Duke would have been *defeated* at Waterloo if the Prussians had not come up. This is possible, but so far as the objection implies a charge of rashness for fighting the battle, there is no more sense in it than in any other fanciful supposition. He would not have offered battle if he had not *known* that the Prussians would come up. They did not come by a lucky accident. Blücher had *promised* that they should come, and he was not a man likely to break his promise, when he knew that he was expected on the field of battle. And what was there to hinder them from coming? They had only nine or ten miles to march, without any river or enemy between them and the field; and if an army under such a general as Blücher set out early in a summer's morning to march ten miles, we might confidently expect that they would accomplish the task long before night, however bad the roads might be. They were, no doubt, much delayed by the bad state of the roads; nevertheless a considerable force, under Bulow, came into action as early as three or four o'clock, which greatly lightened the pressure of the attack on our position, and the remainder arrived gradually and successively; not the whole body at once, as some accounts seem to represent. Hence, when people say, by way of depreciation, that the Duke would have been *defeated* if the Prussians had not come up, they might with as much reason say that he would have been defeated if his own cavalry or artillery had not come up. The enemy saw with dismay the certainty of their coming, and made arrangements and exertions accordingly, which, however, were ineffectual.

A third objection is, that the position at Waterloo was weak and ill chosen. But the proper question is, whether it is not the best that can be found between Quatre Bras and Brussels; and secondly, whether it is not *good enough* to justify the Duke in risking a battle in it for the important object of saving Brussels. On both points there is little or no room for doubt. The country had been inspected, and that particular position chosen, by

the Duke and some of his officers *the year before*, in the expectation that it might be made available, some time or other, for the protection of Brussels; and as to its being *good enough*, the result supplies a conclusive answer.

And here we cannot but remark how frequently in war, as well as in other affairs, circumstances, which at first appear to be unfavourable, eventually conduce to the greatness of the success. The tardy arrival of the Prussians was thought, no doubt, during the battle, to be a misfortune; but it was this very circumstance which encouraged Buonaparte to prolong his attacks, till, through the fatigue of his troops, and night coming on, he became so far involved that he could not extricate them. In like manner, the weakness of the position tempted him to risk a direct attack upon it: if it had been much stronger, he would scarcely have ventured to do so, but would either have endeavoured to turn it, or (which is more probable under the circumstances) would have retreated into France, and changed the whole plan of the campaign. We know what the result was, but we do not know what it would have been, if made to depend on a different train of contingencies.

A fourth error, very common among writers of lives and tours, is, that Wellington and Blücher met at the inn called *La Belle Alliance*, i. e., close to the field of battle. They did not meet there. Blücher overtook Wellington on the road to *Genappe*, two miles, or more, from the field of battle.* This error may seem trifling, but it is not entirely so; for the true account of the matter is a proof of the energy and decision of our great commander, which were not so abated by the fatigues of the day as to prevent him from availing himself, to the utmost, of the panic which had seized the enemy, and pursuing them (as his "Despatch," says) *long after dark*. From *Genappe* he returned to Waterloo, and the next day, the 19th, to Brussels. Where shall we find a parallel to such energy and promptitude? If we refer to the "Despatches," we shall find him writing letters at a very early hour in the morning of the 18th; then fighting the battle, and pursuing the enemy till near midnight; the next day writing a long despatch, besides private letters, and returning to Brussels. "You will see," he says, "that I have not allowed the grass to grow under my feet."

* Sir Hussey Vivian states in his reply to Major Gawler, on the "Crisis of Waterloo" (*U. S. Journal*, July, 1833), "that he found the Duke in front of Rossomme, about a mile from *La Belle Alliance*, where the British were halted for the night. *Quære*: Had he not then met Blücher? Major Gawler says they rode up together at Rossomme.—Ed.

THE LONELY GRAVE.

FAR in an Indian forest,
There is a lonely grave,
The wild vine with its purple fruit,
Doth o'er it darkly wave;
And lovely flowers grow o'er the tomb,
Where lies the young and brave.
The stern and haughty savage
Doth know the spot alone,
Far in the mighty forest shades;
And though ten years have flown
Since he was laid in his last rest,
There is no funeral stone.
In an old hall of far England
The lady mourns her son;
But she recks not that an early death
Hath ta'en off her loved one;
And she little dreams his mortal life
On earth so soon was run.
In an old church lay his fathers,
For many a long past year,
Escutcheons tell the warlike deeds
Of knights—whilst in the air;
Their banners wave, and monuments
All strangely carv'd are there.
'But one—the young, the joyous,
Far from his native land,
Unknown unto his friends the grave,
Rests on a sultry strand;
With none to watch his peaceful bed
By the palmetto fann'd.
And he it so—he resteth
All calmly in the shade
Of that deep forest as though where
His forefathers are laid;
As calmly—as though in the aisle,
Where he so oft hath pray'd.

C L E O N.

SKETCHES OF EVENING PARTIES.

THE YOUNG LADIES.

AFTER the unceasing labours of Linnaeus, Buffon, Cuvier, and all the other animal fanciers on a large scale, had surmounted the apparently impossible task of marshalling all the earth's living curiosities into literary rank and file, a worthy old parson at some little out-of-the-way village in Hampshire, put together his observations of several years in the *Natural History of Selborne*; and its sparrows, grubs, tortoises, and butterflies. In like manner, an attractive volume appeared some little time back, in which those interesting zoological specimens, "the young ladies," were classed with respect to their peculiar manners and instincts; and in like manner we hunnily follow in its wake with a few more observations picked up at random in our own circle. The immortal Quin spoke of young ladies at large—we speak of them as connected more immediately with our subject.

At every evening party it has been our lot to be asked to, we have always observed a remarkable tribe of young ladies, that differ so little in their peculiarities from one another, that we must class them at once by themselves, as "the young ladies without any meaning." They are generally well-dressed, sometimes most

expensively; but their clothes are hung on, rather than put on, and a Paris *grisette* would beat them out of the field for *tour-nure*. They are fond of a profusion of artificial flowers about their heads—not mere wreaths round their back hair, but perfect boughs coming down their cheeks like floral whiskers, and they have a face sadly wanting expression, and a short stature. They come generally very early, and, although they do not get asked to dance much, always remain until the last; nobody inquires their names, or who they are; and, if they do, nobody knows: they sit against the walls, or on the sofa in the back drawing-room all the evening; they do not waltz, nor play, nor sing; if you dance with them, from compassion, or unavoidable introduction, you can lead them into no conversation; they have not been to the Opera; they do not like the theatres; and they have read none of the new works; in fine, you get rather worn-out with attempting to establish a dialogue, and feel quite glad when the quadrille is finished. We will be bound you do not offer your arm for a long promenade, but lead them to their seat, bow, and thank them—for allowing you to go.

Far different is “the young lady that talks;” you need not mistrust your powers of conversation with her, for she has it all on her own side. We were introduced to a very fine specimen of this class the other evening, and were told “she was a very clever girl, with plenty to say for herself;” and, by our stock and wristbands, the latter qualification was true enough. We were the top couple in the quadrille, and, therefore, had no opportunity of conversing until the side folks began to dance. As soon, however, as they commenced, she began also. We had just made up our mind to hazard the remark that the music was very pretty, or the rooms well lighted, or the evening very warm, or something of the kind, when she saved us all trouble, and ‘gave tongue’ as follows:

“There are a great many people here to-night—almost too many: I do not like such crowded parties. Have you been very gay this season? we have been, very. Maamma says I go out too much. We went on Tuesday to the Exhibition; have you been there?—it’s very tiring, but I admire Landseer’s pictures very much.”

We were going to attempt a reply, when she shot off again at a tangent:

“Macready is going to give up Covent Garden, they say, and then I suppose somebody else will take it. Do you know that young lady opposite? I do not like her dress—tall people should not wear stripes; and, besides, it is too short, for I can see her shoes. I think it must have

been made a season or two ago, and then laid by in the rough-dried box. Do you see *Bentley’s Miscellany*?—what a capital book it is, and Jack Sheppard is so good; I do love highwaymen so. I am sorry, though, *Oliver Twist* is finished. I wonder if Dickens will begin another story. What a very silly woman that Mrs. Nickleby is—I get quite out of patience with her, but I like poor Swike. I suppose Kate is your favourite. What do you think of Pauline Garcia? they say she is only eighteen; have you heard her?”

L’Élé here commenced, and we had a short respite; but this strain was continued at our intervals of repose throughout the dance; and, at supper time, we heard her, half way down the table, discoursing with equal fluency upon fancy balls, the missionaries, Madame Vestris, the diving-bell, and the chances of an election.

“The young lady from the country” has postponed going home for several days on purpose to be present at the party; and she has been in a great flurry at the time about her dress, and getting her friends to go shopping with her, as she will not trust to her own taste in London, although in the country she sets the fashion. We always know the country girls when they enter a room—they *flap* down on a seat at once, as soon as they have been received, and seem glad of the refuge the chair affords; whereas the London young ladies look calmly around them, and spread their dress out carefully before sitting down, in order that there may be no unseemly creases on rising. The country young lady has a shade of blue in her composition, but it is like the colour on the slide of a magic-lantern—very transparent. In her town there is a Literary Institution where she regularly attends the lectures, and having seen some man burn something bright in a bottle as gas, she begins to talk about oxygen, and the beauties of chemistry. When she gets to the party, she finds her dress is not so overwhelming as she had anticipated, for there are a good many others equally handsome, if not even better, and she wishes her friends had taken her to the Opera during her stay in London, instead of Madame Tussaud’s wax-work, that she might have been able to talk about Lucia de Lammermoor and Otello, as well as the others. She, nevertheless, spends a very pleasant evening, and the description of the supper serves her to talk about a week after she gets home.

“The *bellé* of the party”—we were going to say the *lioness*, but it is a fearful term to apply to a young lady; besides which, we think there are some that would puzzle Van Amburgh himself to train—“the beauty

of the evening," and there is always one, arrives generally about seven minutes after ten. Her dress is exceedingly plain, but good withal, and with her hair in simple flat bands, she proves the advantage of a pretty face over all the *chenille* flowers, calico camillas, and ornamented side combs, that were ever invented. But she has one drawback—she is a terrible flirt: she has promised that poor young man to dance with him three times running, and every time she has disappointed him, and stood up with another. He has no redress, for he cannot well call a lady out, nor can he here very politely slap her face, (as we ourselves saw a gentleman do one night in the refined saloons of Paris,) so he goes and sits with folded arms in a retired corner of the room, and when the hostess says "Why, Mr. —, you don't dance!" he says he has sprained his ankle, and then looks very cross, and thinks evening parties wearying affairs after all. The *belles* patronizes the plainer girls most graciously—nay, she calls them "dear;" but she is very affectionate indeed to the pretty ones, (two handsome women in a party are always very loving—at least outwards;) and to make the men more eager for the honour of her hand, she selects the fairest of her female friends in the room to waltz with, having previously declared to all the gentlemen that she never can waltz—it makes her giddy. After supper, perhaps, it is a different thing, and she unbends more; for everybody within hearing has asked her to take wine, and the formality has been rubbed off a great deal, and she has had more jolly offered to her than any of the others—not, however, that this last has anything to do with her waltzing.

But we fear we are getting very ungallant; we are speaking idly, and, perchance, too sarcastically, of the fairest portion of the creation, and we dread lest we should be discovered, and never asked to meet young ladies again. It would be a cruel deprivation, for we think there are few of us who cannot trace the really happiest moments of his life as associated with an indistinct remembrance—a shadowy form of some fair girl whom he has formerly met, and who, for the short period that he conversed or danced with her, threw all sadder past events of his career into a species of photogenic shade, produced by the light of her presence alone.

ALBERT.

COPPER MINES.—No. III.

BY R. W., GENT.

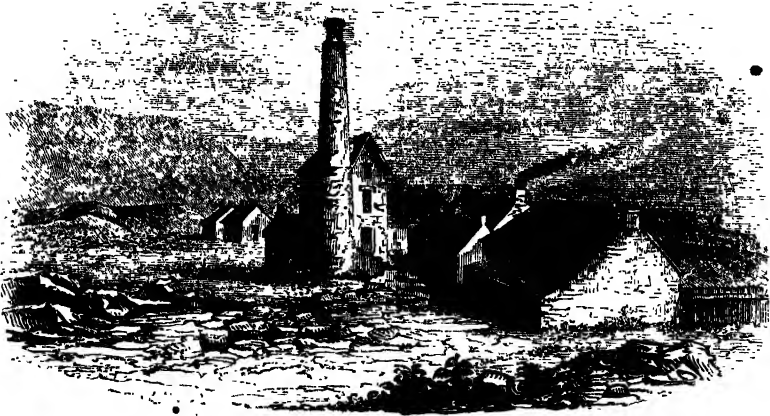
SINCE the application of steam to the purposes of machinery, and since the improvements which have taken place in

mechanics within the last fifty years, mines have been sunk much deeper than formerly; for prior to those improvements, it was impossible to excavate them with advantage to any great depth, and many were consequently abandoned. Numbers of such abandoned mines have been since re-opened, and through the assistance of modern discoveries, re-worked to very considerable profit; others are, (particularly in Cornwall), being daily explored and made the subject of consideration. Some of the mines which have been thus abandoned, as well as others which have been worked beyond the memory of man, are supposed to have existed in very early times. A few miners pretend to distinguish the mines worked by the Danes, by their being particularly wide at the mouth, and gradually diminishing in their descent like an inverted cone or funnel; but it may be questioned whether this mode of operation was not in early times adopted by the miners of all nations. In 1835, the writer superintended the clearing of a small mine, which was attributed to the Danes, in an island off the S. W. coast of the county of Cork, and which was then filled with rubbish. The principal shaft, which was at the western extremity, was about fifteen feet square, and forty feet in depth; nine smaller shafts had been sunk in a line due E. of this principal shaft, about ten feet apart, all of which communicated with each other below. In one of these shafts was a considerable accumulation of soot, which led some of the workmen to believe that the ore had been smelted in the mine, but there was nothing found among the rubbish to indicate the existence of a furnace; and the writer, with great deference, thinks that the soot might with equal probability have proceeded from some illicit still for the making of whiskey. The only relic positively ancient, discovered in the rubbish, was a stone hammer, used formerly for smashing the ores; and which instrument, though usually called Danish, was probably common to all countries. The tools commonly found in mines, do not throw much light in forming conclusions as to their antiquity—consisting chiefly of pickaxes, and crowbars, similar to such as are used at the present day. Near Redruth, in Cornwall, a mine is to this day called "The Druid's Mine;" and, when it is considered that the Druids were, according to tradition, extensive landowners, it is only probable that they were proprietors of the most valuable mines, to which foreigners resorted for tin and copper; and which have in consequence been attributed to the Carthaginians, Phœnicians and other strange people.

Copper ore, when first exposed, is often very beautiful. It would be useless to specify all the names by which mineralogists have thought proper to distinguish its several varieties. The most remarkable both for value and lustre are the native or malleable—the peacock, yellow, grey, ruby and malachite—all of which, excepting the first mentioned, and the last, assume their beautiful appearances from admixture with other metallic or mineral substances; for it may be observed that ores are seldom found unmixed. Malleable, or pure native copper, is very rare; and though of great intrinsic value, is prized in general as a curiosity. Peacock copper, which commonly contains not more than one fifth of pure copper, exhibits every variety of colour, which can be found in the plumage of the bird from which it receives its appellation: specimens are to be had in the shops of all mineralogists at very moderate expense. Yellow copper owes its colour to a portion of sulphur and grey copper, to an admixture with tin or silver. Ruby copper ore is highly crystallized, and exhibits a rich red tinge, derived probably from a small portion of manganese. The most beautiful of all the copper ores is malachite. It receives its name from the mallow, to the leaves of which it is supposed to bear some resemblance, being of a bright and lively green. Though ranked among the ores, malachite is, in reality, not an ore at all, being only a petrification of water strongly impregnated with verdigris. So highly prized is this substance, that a piece of fine malachite, the size of a person's head, would be worth about £200. It is capable of being

cut into slices, and has been long used in a variety of forms for female ornaments. There is a very fine specimen of malachite in the British Museum, and a much finer one in the collection at the Jardin des Plantes in Paris; and at Versailles are two sideboards of the same precious substance, which were contributed to that magnificent palace by the Czar of Russia, in the reign of Louis XIV. There was no mean specimen of malachite to be seen a few days ago, on the lid of a snuff-box, at a jeweller's shop adjoining Bow Church, Cheapside. Some of the Cornish miners have gone to considerable expense in the formation of their collections of minerals. The collection of Mr. Williams, of Scorrier-house, is estimated at several thousand pounds; and the cabinets of several other gentlemen in the county are equally valuable.

When the ores are collected after excavation, they are separated with care from the stone or other substance from which they have been detached; after which they are smashed or broken into small pieces, either by broad flat hammers used by hand, or some crushing apparatus worked by steam or water. A great deal of it is then washed, and, by means of sieves, the lighter particles of the stone are separated from the ore. After these processes, (besides others which the peculiar nature of some ores may render necessary,) the ore is considered to be in a fit state for smelting; which, for many years, has been usually effected at Swansea, from its advantageous situation, and the cheapness of fuel—the mining captain, or superintendent, on shipping it for the purpose,



MINING WORKS, W. CORK.

being careful to take from the bulk, from time to time, during the shipment, small quantities by way of sample, which he afterwards mixes together and puts in two small bags, one of which he sends with the vessel to the consignee, and the other retains in his own possession as a guarantee against the cargo being either changed or undervalued. The ore, on arriving at Swansea, is usually exposed in a yard with other ores; and a ticket or label is attached to it, shewing where it comes from. Sales by auction of the various consignments, take place periodically, at one of which it shares its fate with others; and, on being put up, is declared the property of the highest bidder, who is invariably a smelter.

Fine Arts.

DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.

OLD ENGLISH MANSIONS.—CROSBY HALL.

On the 25th ultimo, we had the gratification of attending a lecture by Mr. John Britton, F.S.A., on the principal characteristics of the old mansions and baronial halls of England; which was rendered characteristically attractive by the circumstance of its being delivered in *Crosby Hall*, Bishopsgate; a relic, as our readers are probably aware, of one of the finest of those edifices to which the lecturer's remarks were devoted. After some general observations on ancient domestic architecture, Mr. Britton proceeded to describe that striking and important feature of the old castle and baronial mansion, the great *dining hall*, with its usual accompaniments, furniture, and fittings-up; embracing the generally elaborate timber-roof; the screen of carved oak, surmounted by a gallery for minstrels, or spectators, and connected with the kitchen, buttery, and buttery-hatch; the dais; the oriel-window; the hearth on the floor, with the open lantern, or louver, in the roof above; the tapestry with which the walls were hung, and various other curious and interesting remembrancers of bygone customs.

The liberal and extensive hospitality of the bold barons of former days, with the immense number of their retainers, their power and influence, received some singular illustrations in the course of these remarks; and the more practical illustrations afforded by the scene of the lecture, and by the numerous drawings and prints with which Mr. Britton had adorned its walls, added considerably to the interest of the subject. Mr. B. gave some account of the old mansion called *Crosby Place*, of which the Hall is now the principal part left; and referred his auditors for further information, to a small historical sketch

by Mr. E. J. Carlos. From these sources we are enabled to remind our readers that Crosby Place was erected by Sir John Crosby, Knt. and Alderman, for his town residence, in the year 1476; and that between the time of his death, and about a century and a half ago, it belonged to, or was occupied (at intervals) by, many celebrated and illustrious characters. Amongst these were Richard, Duke of Gloucester, (afterwards King Richard III.); Sir Thomas More; the Countess of Pembroke, commemorated in the epitaph of Ben Jonson; the Duc de Sully, and other foreign Ambassadors; as well as many wealthy citizens and noblemen. It was subsequently converted into a dissenter's meeting-house, and ultimately, into a packer's warehouse. From this state of degradation it has been rescued within the last few years; and by means of a public subscription, a great deal has been done towards restoring it to its original beauty. The great hall, which was formerly broken up into different floors, and much mutilated and disfigured by dust and cobwebs, now presents a symmetrical and uniform appearance. The whole of its beautiful roof has been well restored, and the windows repaired and glazed (partly with coloured glass). The contrast by Mr. Britton of its condition twenty years ago with its appearance at present, was highly creditable to the taste and judgment of those under whose directions the alterations have been made.

The drawings exhibited, comprised views of the great halls at Westminster; Hampton Court Palace; Eltham Palace, Kent; Hedingham Castle, Essex; Penshurst Place, Kent; Great Chalfeld Manor House, Wiltshire; the Middle Temple, London; Christ Church College, Oxford; St. Mary's Hall, Coventry; and several others; besides a series illustrative of the progress of domestic architecture from the early Norman period to the reign of James the First. The whole of the drawings were beautifully executed, and, by consent of Mr. Britton, were allowed to remain upon the walls for several days.

The audience, which was exceedingly numerous, appeared to take much interest in the subject, and expressed their approbation repeatedly. T. J.

Popular Antiquities.

PAROCHIAL PERAMBULATIONS AT YORK.

In the good, clean, and crooked old city of York, the *Eboracum* of the Romans, there is a yearly custom, (as in most other cities,) for the authorities of the different parishes into which they are divided, to walk the bounds, to prevent, if possible, any dispute about the extent of parish,

which ultimately, if neglected, might lead the officers into the trammels of a law-suit; whereas, by giving themselves once a year the trouble, and the boys the fun, of rambling round the parish, the chances are avoided of any such litigation. Different cities and different parishes have different modes of proceeding in this matter: in London, the authorities are generally content to walk, headed by a fat, *barly*, laced, cocked-hatted beadle, bearing a mace of most portentous dimensions, with all imaginable dignity, and followed by about a dozen boys, all decked out recruit-fashion, with a bunch of gay ribbons on their caps, and carrying long peeled willows, which they dignify with the court-like name of "Wands." These urchins are marched through the crowded lanes and streets for two special purposes; one of which is, to thrash the wall or posts on which the initials of the parish are daubed in large letters, or carved in the stone, bearing the date of its last flogging; which, however, being pretty often due, is very frequently neglected. The other purpose is, that these "ushers of the white rod," may know where the land-marks of "our parish" really stand, that in case of law or tribulation, they may be produced as veritable witnesses.

I never see this annual journey of boys and beadles, without calling to mind how many happy and careless days I have passed in crooked old York. Holy Thursday there, is, indeed, a holiday amongst the boys, when those of each parish provide themselves with one or two rods, made of long green rush-leaves; and mustering at the church-door of their respective parishes, they sally out on a *rowing* and fighting excursion into some neighbouring parish, for the purpose of thrashing the young heroes that it may contain. Their rods are generally harmless, but sometimes a quarrelsome fellow will use a stick instead of his rod. Many desperate conflicts take place on that day; and scarcely a street of importance, or churchyard, but that is strewed, not with the wrecks of armies, but with the wrecks of rods. After these contests, which are generally over pretty early in the day, the parties make their way back to the church, where they set up a deafening din and uproar, with squeaks and whistles which they manufacture from the rush-leaves. In a short time, some of the officials, with the parish clerk, start out to trudge the bounds, escorted by this rabble-rout of boys, who, the moment he begins to write with chalk the initials of the parish on the posts and walls, set on him with their rods, and continue flogging him till he leaves off; and this is repeated at every post; sometimes a wag of a clerk

giving an half-witted urchin an unmerciful wring of the nose, or a pull of the ear, by way of memento. The poor clerk having been thus thrashed through the parish, the parties march back to the church, when it is customary to give each some bread and ale, by way of refreshment, after such a hard day's flogging and fighting. As to the clerk and officials, why, they have a "bite or a sup snug among themselves." DALBY LOCKWOOD.

[For the gratification of our Correspondent, as well as the general reader, we transcribe Fosbroke's Notes upon the origin of this eccentric custom, one of the few observances of our forefathers which have been saved by their active results from desuetude; for, in this instance, the "thrashing may have the same effect on the clerk as flogging upon the boys at school—to impress the circumstance upon their minds by making them *smart*.]

Parochial Perambulations on Holy Thursday, (says Fosbroke,) were derived from the *Terminalia* of the Romans. The boundaries, commonly those which marked the limits of jurisdiction appertaining to the founder of the church, were distinguished by trees, called Gospel-trees, because the clergyman, (the representative of the *Propheta* of Du Cange, the old name of the reader on this occasion,) read the gospel of the day on or near them. The processionists carried a cross, or crosses, and staves. Boys were taken in order to be flogged at the boundaries, for the purpose of infixing them in their memories. Among us a figure of Christ was hauled up by ropes to the church, to represent the ascension; (*Hone's Mysteries*, 221;) but there are other accounts. After dinner, in some countries at least, the people went to church, where a wooden image of the devil was placed upon the altar. This was drawn up above the roof, let down by a violent fall, and then beaten and broken to pieces by the boys. Wafers and cakes wrapped in paper were next showered down, and water poured from the beams by way of jest, to wet the scramblers. (*Brand's Pop. Antiq.*, i. 226—232.) The use of willow-wands, with the bark peeled off, does not appear to be peculiar to these perambulations; for, according to Stukeley, these wands were tied round with cow-slips, to imitate the *thyrsus* of the Bacchanals, and were carried in procession with the May-pole.

New Books.

TRAVELLING SKETCHES IN EGYPT AND SINAI.

[THE publisher of this little work has, indeed, done the state of cheap literature service by translating and condensing a

bulky French work, *en deux tomes*, into a pocket volume of some three hundred pages of readable type, illustrated with pleasing wood-cuts, and sold at a price which almost defies competition. The cost of a clever translation, such as that before us, we take to be about half that of an original work, *ceteris paribus*; so that these "Travelling Sketches" are an example of cheapness rivalling that of Dr. Clarke's eleven 8vo. volumes of Travels reprinted for half-a-crown, which we notice from the press of the Messrs. Chambers, of Edinburgh. In the latter case, it should be remembered, the expiry of the copyright was an advantage which in the case of the "Sketches" was not available. The result, we trust, will be, a very extensive sale, to remunerate such liberal enterprise*; for, according to the *ménage* of a few publishers, the work of Dumas would have been published for some thirty or forty shillings, and its sale, therefore, confined to the opulent classes; whereas, under the cheap régime, the abridgment will be accessible to all classes, to whom its interesting character must recommend it; including, as it does, "a visit to Mount Horeb and other Localities of the Exodus." There is another advantage in this abridgment: for, mixed with abundant excellence, the translator found much that was merely calculated to gratify French vanity, and something that was objectionable to English taste. He has, therefore, omitted the historical disquisitions respecting Buonaparte's expedition to Egypt, the assassination of Kleber, and the crusade of St. Louis, which were contributed by M. Danzats, and served to swell the work unnecessarily. These omissions are in good taste; for the incidents of modern conquest are but false lights in comparison with the undying interest of "the localities which were chosen for the visible manifestations of Jehovah's Omnipotence," such as are Sigai and Horeb. The reader will find that the description of these sublime mountains is an instructive commentary on the narrative of the inspired legislator of the chosen people. Indeed, every new visit to the East, all the fresh discoveries of its monuments, tend more and more to illustrate the incidents, and to confirm the veracity of the Old Testament.

The work is divided into sections or "Sketches"—as Alexandria, the Baths, Damanhour, Voyage up the Nile, Cairo,

the Pyramids, the Red Sea, Mount Horeb, &c. Dumas reached Alexandria on April 22, 1836, in a brig which also conveyed Messrs. Taylor and Mayer, his companions in travel. His opening sketch is graphic and spirited.]

Alexandria is a sandy flat, an immense golden ribbon extended along the water's edge; at its extreme left, like the horn of a crescent, a point juts out, which you may call either Canopus or Aboukir, according as your thoughts turn on the defeat of Marc Antony or the victory of Murnt. Near the town stand Pompey's pillar and Cleopatra's needle, the only relics of the Macedonian city. Between these two monuments, near a grove of palm trees, is the palace of the viceroy, a wretched white edifice built by Italian architects. Finally, at the other side of the port is an immense square tower erected by the Arabs, at the foot of which Napoleon and his army disembarked. With respect to Alexandria, this ancient queen of Lower Egypt, ashamed, no doubt, of its slavery, conceals itself behind the waves of the desert. In the midst of which it rises like an island of stone in an ocean of sand. All this prospect arose successively from the sea, as it were by magic, in proportion as we neared the shore; nevertheless we had not exchanged one word, so full were our minds of thought and our hearts of joy. One should be an artist—should have long dreamed of such a voyage—should have touched, as we had done, at Palermo and Malta, the two stages of the East,—then at the close of a lovely day, with a calm sea, amid the joyous cries of the sailors, should have seen appear in a horizon illumined as it were with the flame of a conflagration, naked and scorched, this ancient land of Egypt, the mysterious ancestor of the intellectual world, to which it has bequeathed as an enigma, the undiscoverable secret of its civilization. One must have seen all this, I say, with eyes wearied by Paris, to comprehend what we felt at the aspect of this coast, which resembles no other shore on the earth.

First Sight of the Pyramids; The Kram-sin.—We advanced slowly up the Nile; shallows had succeeded the inconvenience of contrary winds, and though we only drew three feet water, we often touched the sand. We were thus four or five hours advancing two or three leagues, and even this progress was not made without great labour. Towards evening we saw three symmetrical mountains slowly rising above a blushing horizon, and indenting their forms on the sky. They were the Pyramids! The Pyramids, which gained greater height every moment, whilst on our left

* A few years since, the same publisher issued a small volume entitled *Three Weeks in Palestine*, at 3s. 6d., which contained as much information as many a twelve or eighteen shilling volume of Travels; yet, the merits of this unpretending account of the most interesting country upon the face of the globe, were scarcely recognised until the work had reached its third edition.

were developed the first peaks of the Libyan chain, which enclose the Nile in a frame of granite. We remained motionless; we could not take our eyes off these gigantic constructions, with which were associated such glorious ancient and modern recollections. There, too, the modern Cambyzes had fought his battle, and on the field we might find the bones of our fathers, just as Herodotus discovered the bodies of the Persians and Egyptians. As the sun descended, his reflection rose up the sides of the Pyramids, whose base was enveloped in shadow; soon the summit alone sparkled like a wedge of fire; then the last ray seemed to float over the extremity of the pointed summit, like the flame of a distant beacon. Finally, this flame detached itself as if ascending to kindle the stars, which immediately after began to shine forth with great brilliancy.

Our enthusiasm almost amounted to madness; we clapped our hands, and shouted applause to this magnificent spectacle. We called the captain to request that he would not advance during the night, in order that we should not the next day lose anything of the gorgeous landscape that was about to be unfolded before us. By a lucky coincidence he was coming to tell us that the difficulty of the navigation compelled him to come to anchor. We remained a long time on the deck, still looking towards the pyramids, although the darkness did not admit of our distinguishing them; we then retired to our tent, to speak of them, when we could see them no longer.

The next morning I was the first to awake, and was astonished, though it was broad day, to find everybody still asleep. I felt a sickly sensation similar to nightmare; I roused my companions; the same disease had attacked us all. We went out of our tent; the air was heavy and suffocating; the sun rose dusky red, and was half hid behind a curtain of burning sand raised by the winds of the desert. We felt oppressed, as if we were going down into too dense an atmosphere. Comprehending nothing of this phenomenon, we looked round; our sailors and captain were sitting motionless on the deck, enveloped in their mantles, whose folds drawn over their mouths gave them the appearance of those supernatural figures designed by Flaxman. Their eyes alone wandered over the horizon, which they seemed anxiously to interrogate. Our coming on deck did not in the least divert them from their pre-occupation; we spoke to them, but they remained mute; finally, I asked the captain himself the cause of this gloom, he extended his hand towards the horizon, and, without uncovering his mouth, said "the Kramsin."

Scarcely was the word pronounced, when, in fact, we recognised all the signs of this disastrous wind, so greatly dreaded by the Arabs. The palm trees, moved by capricious breezes, were swayed backward and forward; the dust raised by the wind smote our faces, and every grain burned on the skin like a spark from a furnace. The birds, disturbed, quitted the elevated regions, and swept the earth as if to inquire the cause of the evil that tormented them; clouds of hawks with their long narrow wings circled round us, uttering sharp shrill notes; then suddenly they perched on a group of mimosas, from whence they again shot up to the sky, rapid and perpendicular as arrows, for they felt the trees themselves shuddering, as if inanimate objects had shared the terrors of living beings. None of the signs, we observed, escaped the notice of our Arabs; but in their unpassive and fixed eyes, or their impenetrable physiognomy, it was impossible to discover whether the symptoms were propitious or menacing.

As, with the exception of its oppressiveness, the Kramsin did not appear to bring very terrible evils, we went ashore with our fowling-pieces, and went in search of the river-birds. We strolled along the banks like true sportsmen of the plains of St. Denis, only that we had a greater abundance of game. We killed some herons, and a quantity of larks and pigeons.

[Not a word need be added in recommendation of these "Travelling Sketches," for their life-like incidents, and characteristics, in a country of exhaustless interest alike to every class of travellers and readers.]

THE COURT OF KING JAMES THE FIRST,
BY BISHOP GOODMAN.

(Continued from page 156.)

[HERE are striking portraits of the hatchers of

The Gunpowder Plot.]

Now I must describe the persons of some of those traitors. Percy was a kinsman to the Earl of Northumberland: the earl, being captain of the Pensioners, did make him one of the King's Pensioners. It is certain that he was a very loose liver—that he had two wives, one in the south and another in the north. An honourable good lady said, she knew them both; his wife in the south was so mean and poor that she was fain to teach a school and bring up gentlewomen; there are yet some living that were her scholars. He living then with the Earl of Northumberland, the house was not thought to be very religious. I remember there was a report that one Hericke did use to resort to the house, and

that he was wont there to read lectures of atheism; so I conceive that Percy was not very religious. Then, for Catesby, it is very well known that he was a very cunning subtle man, exceedingly entangled in debts, and scarce able to subsist. This man took a house in Lambeth, and to this house all the barrels of powder were to be brought, that so by night they might be conveyed to Mr. Percy's house, who had taken a house from the keeper of the parliament, with an intent to undermine the parliament house; but coming to a wall, and finding it very hard and difficult, and the gentlemen not accustomed to labour, or to be pioneers, they fell to an easier course, to hire the coal-house under the parliament, and there to put in so much charcoal as would hide and cover the barrels of powder; and yet they were so negligent as they did not throw in that earth which they digged out of the mine, but left it open that it might be seen;—and I myself did see it.

To these I will annex Tresham, a man of good estate, and a strict catholic; and he it was that wrote the letter to my Lord Mounteagle, who lived then at Bethnall Green, near Aldgate; and this man was thought to be somewhat weak in judgment, and it is not unlike he might help out other men's poverty, and bear a great part of the charge.

There was there Christopher Winter, a man, as I take it, of a good estate; there was Thomas Winter, a very able understanding man. There was there Mr. Rookwood, a man of a competent estate, but somewhat indebted, very ingenious, and a man exceedingly well beloved. And to conclude all, there was Henry Garnet, the provincial jesuit, a very learned man, and a very judicious, nice, understanding man.

Now it is conceived that when as once they had entered into traitorous considerations, and were guilty of treason, that Percy, who hired this house adjoining the parliament, did put them upon this particular plot; and this is most certain; I will name my author, who is beyond all exception, Sir Francis Moore, who had been an ancient acquaintance to this Mr. Percy, for he had formerly solicited the Earl of Northumberland's suits, and had married his wife out of that house. Being the Lord Keeper Egerton's favourite, and having some occasion of business with him at twelve of the clock at night, and going then homeward from York House to the Middle Temple at two, several times he met Mr. Percy coming out of that great statesman's house, and wondered what his business should be there. But now the time came of acting

this treason; and the plot was, that Faux alone should be left in Westminster to act the deed, while all the rest should be in the country, and there, under colour of a great hunting, they should seize upon the person of the Lady Elizabeth, the king's eldest daughter. Now before, Tresham in his letter to my Lord Mounteagle did wish him to absent himself the first day of the parliament, for that God and man had resolved to take sudden vengeance, or to that effect.

This letter my Lord Mounteagle did instantly impart to the Secretary; the Secretary did instantly acquaint the King and some of the council therewith; the King must have the honour to interpret it, that it was by gunpowder: and the very night before the parliament began it was to be discovered, to make the matter the more odious and the deliverance more miraculous. No less than the lord chamberlain must search for it and discover it, and Faux with his dark lantern must be apprehended. This being discovered, while the rest of the traitors were in Warwickshire and Worcestershire, they had seized upon some horses for war in Sir Fulke Greville's stable in Warwick Castle; but as soon as they heard that the treason was discovered and prevented in the parliament house, they desisted in their design, and all of them betook themselves to one house, where immediately they were beset; and while they were drying their gunpowder at the fire, a spark took some of it, whereby some of the company were blasted, which they did ascribe to the just judgment of God, that seeing they would have blown up others, they by God's mercy escaped, and they themselves were punished in the same kind.

[An amusing extract follows, from a Letter written (1609-10) by Lady Compton to William Lord Compton, her husband, who had just come into possession of a large fortune.*]

* Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Sir John Spencer, who was Lord Mayor of London, in 1594, died in March, 1609-10, worth £300,000; some said £800,000, which vast accession of property threw Lord Compton at first into a state of distraction.—Winwood, iii. 136: where the following remarks occur in a letter from Beaulieu to Trimbull, dated March, 1609:—"On Tuesday, the funerals of Sir John Spencer were made, where some thousands did assist in mourning cloaks or gowns, amongst which there were 320 poor men, who had every one a basket given them, stored with the particular provisions set down in this note inclosed;† but to expound to you the mystical meaning of such an antic furniture, I am not so skilful an Œdipus, except it doth design the Horn of Abundance, which my

† A black gown, four pounds of beef, two loaves of bread, a little bottle of wine, a candlestick, a pound of candles, two saucers, two spoons, a black pudding, a pair of gloves, a dozen of points, two red herrings, six sprats, and two eggs.

My sweet Life,

Now I have declared to you my mind for the settling of your state, I supposed that that were best for me to bethink or consider with myself what allowance were meetest for me. For considering what care I ever had of your estate, and how respectfully I dealt with those, which both by the laws of God, of nature, and civil polity, wit, religion, government, and honesty, you, my dear, are bound to, I pray and beseech you to grant to me, your most kind and loving wife, the sum of £1,600 per annum, quarterly to be paid.

Also I would, besides that allowance for my apparel, have £600, added yearly (quarterly to be paid) for the performance of charitable works, and these things I would not, neither will be accountable for. Also I will have three horses for my own saddle, that none shall dare to lend or borrow; none lend but I, none borrow but you.

Also I would have two gentlewomen, lest one should be sick or have some other lett. Also believe that it is an undecent thing for a gentlewoman to stand mumping alone, when God hath blessed their lord and lady with a great estate.

Also when I ride a-hunting, or a-hawking, or travel from one house to another, I will have them attending. So for either of those said women, I must and will have for either of them a horse.

Also I will have six or eight gentlemen; and I will have my two coaches, one lined with velvet, to myself, with four very fair horses; and a coach for my women, lined with sweet cloth, one laced with gold, the other with scarlet, and lined with watched lace and silver, with four good horses.

Also I will have two coachmen, one for my own coach, the other for my women.

Also at any time when I travel, I will be allowed not only carriages and spare horses for me and my women, but I will have such carriages as shall be fitting for

Lord Compton hath found in that succession. But that poor lord is not like, if God doth not help him, to carry it away for nothing, or to grow very rich thereby, being in great danger to lose his wits for the same; whereof being at the first news, either through the vehement apprehension of joy for such a plentiful succession, or of carefulness how to take it up and dispose it, somewhat distracted, and afterwards reasonably well restored, he is now of late fallen again (but more deeply) into the same frenzy, so that there seemeth to be little hope of his recovery. And what shall these thousands and millions avail him if he come to lose, if not his soul, at least his wits and reason. It is a fair and ample subject for a divine to discourse of riches, and a notable example to the world not to woo or trust so much in them. It is given out abroad that he hath suppressed a will of the deceased's, whereby he did bequeath some £20,000 to his poor kindred, and as much *in pious uses*: for the which the people do exclaim that this affliction is justly inflicted upon him by the hand of God."

all, orderly, not posturing my things with my women's, not theirs with chamber-maids, nor theirs with wash-maids.

Also for laundresses, when I travel, I will have them sent away before with the carriages to see all safe; and the chamber-maids I will have go before with the grooms, that the chambers may be ready sweet, and clean.

Also, for that it is undecent to crowd up myself with my gentleman-usher in my coach, I will have him to have a convenient horse, to attend me either in city or country. And I must have two footmen. And my desire is, that you defray all the charges for me.

And for myself, besides my yearly allowance, I would have twenty gowns of apparel, six of them excellent good ones, eight of them for the country, and six other of them very excellent good ones.

Also I would have to put in my purse, £2,000 and £200; and so you to pay my debts.

Also I would have £6,000 to buy me jewels, and £4,000 to buy me a pearl chain.

Now, seeing I have been, and am so reasonable unto you, I pray you to find my children apparel and their schooling, and all my servants, men and women, their wages.

Also I will have all my houses furnished, and all my lodging chambers to be suited with all such furniture as is fit; as beds, stools, chairs, suitable cushions, carpets, silver warming pans, cupboards of plate, fair hangings, and such like. So for my drawing chamber in all houses, I will have them delicately furnished, both with hangings, couch, canopy, glass, carpet, chair, cushions, and all things thereunto belonging.

Also my desire is, that you would pay your debts, build Ashby House, and purchase lands; and lend no money, as you love God, to the Lord Chamberlain,* which would have all, perhaps your life, from you. Remember his son, my Lord Walden,† what entertainment he gave me when you were at the Tilt-yard. If you were dead, he said he would be a husband, a father, a brother, and said he would marry me. I protest I grieve to see the poor man have so little wit and honesty to use his friends so vilely. Also he fed me with untruths concerning the Charterhouse; but that to the least he wished me much harm: you know him, God keep you and me from him, and any such as he is.

So now that I have declared to you what

* Thomas Howard, Earl of Suffolk, made Lord Treasurer in 1603. Of his extravagant habits, see these Memoirs, i. p. 290.

† Succeeded his father in the earldom, in 1626.

I would have, and what that is that I would not have, I pray, when you be an earl, to allow me £1,000 more than now desired, and double attendance.

Your loving Wife,
ELIZA COMPTON.

THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF
M. G. LEWIS.

(Concluded from page 158.)

BOTHWELL'S "Bonny Jane" is a fine Scottish ballad, and an exquisite imitation of those metrical romances which used to be sung in the halls of the nobles of the north. Here Lewis has introduced his three pet characters—a demon, a damsel, and a monk. The latter is made to ask,

"If at thy castle-gate, daughter,
At night thy love so true
Should with a courser wait, daughter,
What, daughter, wouldst thou do?"

To which "Bonny Jane" replies,

"With noiseless steps the stairs I'd press,
Unclose the gate, and mount with glee;
And ever, as I sped, would bless
The Abbot of Blantyre Priorie."

The Monk takes a fancy to the lady himself, and, personating the lover, appears at the appointed hour, and bears her away on his "berrie-brown steede." But after riding some time, the maiden discovers not only who her companion is, but also what his intentions are; and, we are told,

"The damsel shriek'd, and would have fled,
When, lo! his poniard press'd her throat;
'One cry, and 'tis your last!' he said,
And bore her fainting to the boat.

The moon shone bright, the winds were chain'd,
The boatman swiftly plied the oar;
But e'er the river midst was gain'd,
The tempest-fiend was heard to roar.

Rain fell in sheets, high swell'd the Clyde,
Blue flamed the lightning's blasting brand:
'Oh, lighten the boat!' the boatman cried,
'Or hope no more to reach the strand!

'E'en now we stand on danger's brink—
'E'en now the boat half filled I see;
'Oh, lighten it soon, or else we sink—
'Oh, lighten it of your gay ladye!'

With shrieks the maid his counsel hears,
But vain are now her prayers and cries,
'Who cared not for her father's tears,
'Who cared not for her father's sighs.'

Fear conquer'd love. In wild despair,
The abbot viewed the watery grave,
Then seized his victim's golden hair,
And plunged her in the foaming wave.

She screams! she sinks! 'Row, boatmen! row!
'The bark is light,' the abbot cries;
'Row, boatmen! row to land!' When, lo!
Gigantic grew the boatman's size.

With burning steel his temples bound
Throb'd quick and high with fiery pangs;
He roll'd his bloodshot eyeballs round,
And furious gnash'd his iron fangs.

His hands two gore-fed scorpions grasp'd,
His eyes fell joy and spite express'd;
'Thy cup is full!' he said, and clasp'd
The abbot to his burning breast!

With hideous yell down sinks the boat,
And straight the warring winds subside;
Moon silver clouds through ether float,
And gently murmuring flows the Clyde."

[We believe Lewis died through taking antidotes to sea-sickness, on a voyage from Jamaica, whither he had been to visit his estates. Here are the details of his singular sepulture, related by a lady *compagnon de voyage*.]

"With all the decencies that can be observed on such an occasion, the corpse of our lamented and regretted fellow-passenger, having been placed in a proper coffin, at that impressive sentence in the form of burial at sea, '*we commit our brother to the deep*,' was gently lowered into its ocean-tomb. Never shall I forget the sound of the splashing waters, as, for an instant, the engulfing wave closed over his remains!

'Oh! that sound did knock
Against my very heart.'

"The coffin, encased in its shroud-like hammock, rose again almost immediately;—the end of the hammock having become unfastened, and the weights which had been enclosed escaping, the wind getting under the canvas acted as a sail, and the body was slowly borne down the current away from us, in the direction of Jamaica.

"I remained on deck straining my eyes to watch, as it floated on its course, the last narrow home of him who had, indeed, been my friend; till, nearly blinded by my tears, and the distance that was gradually placed between the vessel and the object of my gaze, it became like a speck upon the waters, and—*I saw it no more!*"

[We conclude with a racy table anecdote.]

A SCENE AT CARLTON HOUSE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS GEORGE PRINCE OF WALES.
H. B. SHERIDAN, Esq.—(An orator—a great statesman, and—*somebody*—in his way.)

MR. SAMUEL APPLEBY.—(Also an occasional orator, and—*somebody*—in his way.)

SCENE—A Dining-room at Carlton House.

THE PRINCE AND MR. SHERIDAN present.

(The latter is suddenly informed that his immediate presence is required at the theatre.)

Sheridan.—Your royal highness will pardon me, I'm sure—*tumult in the theatre, I find.*

Prince.—By all means, do as you think proper. Will you like to see the messenger?

Sheridan.—Oh, no—'tis only little Appleby, and—

Prince.—Ha! Appleby? I've heard of him—we'll have him in, eh?

Sheridan.—Oh! he'll not amuse your royal highness, I'm sure.

Prince.—I'm of a different opinion; so, desire Mr. Appleby to walk in.—[Appleby introduced.]—Well, Mr. Appleby, how do you do, sir?—[With dignified affability.]

Appleby.—Thank you, Misser Prince—begging your pardon—royal highness—but there's a grand row at the the-a-tre—Misser Sher'dan called for—Appleby wanted.

Prince.—You, Mr. Appleby?

Appleby.—Yes, Misser Prince—begging pardon—royal highness. Misser Sher'dan, my friend—I'm one of his Majesty's servants—so's Misser Sher'dan—I can't do without him—he can't do without me. It's Appleby, Sher'dan—Sher'dan, Appleby.

Prince.—Bravo! what do you think of that, eh, Sherry?—tolerable close reasoning. Here—glass of wine for Mr. Appleby! Well, sir, and—what do you think now of affairs in general?—[Gracefully and condescendingly.]

Appleby.—Think, Misser Prince?—begging your pardon—royal highness. Think, sir? I'm a little man, but think a great deal for all that, royal highness.

Prince.—Well said, Mr. Appleby! Your health, sir. Well now—and what do you think, eh? what do you think of—what do you think of me?

Appleby.—Think you're a good man, royal highness—very good man,—but—never make half so goul a king as your father!

DESULTORY THOUGHTS AND REFLECTIONS.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

[THIS is an elegant manual of sentimentalities “after the manner” of Rochefoucauld's *Maxims*—a work abused or admired as the spleen of the moment may dictate. Lady Blessington's volume is, however, more *mêlé* in style, and altogether less laconic than the witty Frenchman's: and the thoughts are, as may be expected, somewhat *rechauffé*; it being about a century and a half since La Bruyere said: “We are come too late, by several thousand years, to say anything new upon morality. The finest and most beautiful thoughts concerning manners, have been carried away before our times, and nothing is left for us, but to glean after the ancients, and the most ingenious of the moderns.” Nevertheless, the accomplished authoress of the little volume before us has sprinkled her pages with new readings and novel turns of thought, not lacking epigrammatic point, energy, and polish; and, attached as we are to this class of composition, (from a lengthy experience of assembling some six or seven thousand “*Laconics*,”) we do not hesitate to characterize Lady Blessington's “Thoughts and Reflections” as one of the best original works of its kind and time, and highly calculated to improve the mind and heart of readers of every grade;

though we predict that comparatively few of these “thoughts” will strike the reader with that intensity which has been so generally admired in the very *intellectual* novels from the same pen. We subjoin a few selections, “like orient pearls, at random strung.”*]

Some minds may be said to resemble musical instruments: they possess powers, and, if judiciously touched, give forth sweet sounds.

The minds of the young resemble new wine in a state of fermentation and effervescence; but the minds of the mature resemble old wine, which has lost its fiery particles, and retains only its strength and raciness.

As storm following storm, and wave succeeding wave, give additional hardness to the shell that incloses the pearl, so do the storms and waves of life add force to the character of man.

Philosophy was a boon bestowed by Reason to console mankind for the inevitable misfortunes of life, but being found insufficient for the task, she granted the blessing of Religion, a younger, a more gentle, and infallible consoler.

Youth resembles a Claude Lorraine glass, which imparts to all objects its own beautiful tints; but age is like a magnifying lens, which leaves no defect unseen.

Confidences are more frequently reposed in persons through a want of discretion than from excess of friendship, and are oftener betrayed through incontinency of speech than from motives of treachery.

Women are prone to judge their lovers' hearts But by their own, which little semblance hath With man's rough nature. Hence they love them for

The qualities they give them—not for those They have, which rarely merit to be loved.

Love in France is a comedy; in England a tragedy; in Italy an opera seria; and in Germany a melodrame.

A woman's head is always influenced by her heart; but a man's heart is generally influenced by his head.

Life would be as insupportable without the prospect of death as it would be without sleep.

Bored.—People who talk of themselves, when you are thinking only of yourself.

The aristocracy are prone to ridicule the elevation of men of the middle class to high official situations, not reflecting that it is easier to transmute men of talents

* As this work, from its elegant appearance, intrinsic merit, and accessible cost, will, probably, command an extensive sale, we take the liberty of recommending a careful revision previous to reprinting it. In our hasty reading, we find the same sentiments, in nearly the same words, at different pages. (*E. g.* “*Sacrifices*,” p. 69, and “*Ostentation*,” p. 85: “*Faith*,” p. 32, and “*Trials*,” p. 119; which are almost literally repetitions.)—*Ed. L. W.*

into gentlemen than it is to convert mere gentlemen into men of talents.

Virtue, like a dowerless beauty, has more admirers than followers.

Love cannot exist in the heart of woman unless modesty is its companion, nor in that of man unless honour is its associate.

Those can most easily dispense with society who are the most calculated to adorn it; they only are dependant on it who possess no mental resources; for though they bring nothing to the general mart, like beggars, they are too poor to stay at home.

Precocious wisdom is almost as much to be deprecated for youth as the premature maladies of age. Neither should arrive before the proper season, as their presence indicates constitutional debility.

Truth and physic, two unpalatable things, never well received, though administered with a good intention.

Septics, like dolphins, change when dying.

Scandal is the offspring of envy and malice—nursed by society, and cultivated by disappointment.

Superstition is but the fear of belief: religion is the confidence.

In society we learn to know others, but in solitude we acquire a knowledge of self. "There are no persons capable of stooping so low as those who desire to rise in the world.

Some flowers absorb the rays of the sun so strongly, that in the evening they yield slight phosphoric flashes. May we not compare the minds of poets to these flowers, which, imbibing light, emit it again in a different form and aspect.

Varieties.

Scientific Novelties.—At the concluding meeting for the season of the Royal Institution, on the 7th inst., Dr. Faraday lectured on the *new process of Engraving*, introduced by Hulmandell, by which great economy in time and expense is secured. The process is very simple; the first impression being directed by spreading oil over the plate, the interstices are filled with a watery solution of gum. The plate is then covered with varnish, and when immersed in water, the gum being washed away, the parts that are required are easily etched by aqua fortis. At this meeting also was exhibited a Gun from Mr. Forsyth, the arrangement of which prevented its discharge when loaded until it was brought to the required position on the shoulder. Mr. Bucknall likewise exhibited the whole process of the twenty-one days' incubation of the Egg, and a portable

machine, in which five birds were brought to life in the presence of the company.—*Times.*

A New Steamer, called "the Queen," has just been built by Curling and Young for the East Indian Company; she is of 800 tons burden, 200 feet in length, and 29 in breadth, exclusive of the paddle-boxes.

Acquaintanceship.—There are some men with whom, on the instant, we seem to get acquainted. An hour's accidental association in a stage-coach, a steam-packet, or an hotel, does more towards banishing reserve and restraint than many months of daily communication with beings less congenial. They seem to suit us—we part from them with regret; and long afterwards, when their names are forgotten, we remember a pleasant fellow and a happy hour. It is not then that friendships can be made; but we may learn from this the advantage of unpretending good humour and frank benevolence.—*The late T. H. Bayly; Bentley's Misc.*

In Armenia, a pinch of the arm is a sort of masonic sign, to intimate that wine is to be had.

"*Ignorance Bliss.*"—Erasmus wrote in praise of folly. I do not mean to write in praise of ignorance; but I would discourage the prevalent mania for aiming at too much knowledge—the quaquaversal application of the human mind to every branch of intelligence, literature, arts, and science. Pope was wiser; and found that a single pursuit only could

"One genius fit,
So vast is art, so narrow human wit."

But now, when the sphere is far more widely extended and comprehensive, extravagant ambition would fain embrace the whole; and, as too much light causes blindness quite as opaque as too thick darkness, the consequence is a very superficial acquaintance with the more distant surrounding world, and a very groping intercourse with even the most common and nearest objects.—From a clever "philosophical vagary." *The Legacies of Intellect.* by Mr. Jerdan; *Bentley's Miscellany.*

Genius, after all, is but various modifications of drunkenness—a little touched—strangeness—excitement—tipsiness—stupidness—dreaminess—incobereency—wildness—fury—raving—incomprehensibility, and other modes and states of being.—*Ibid.*

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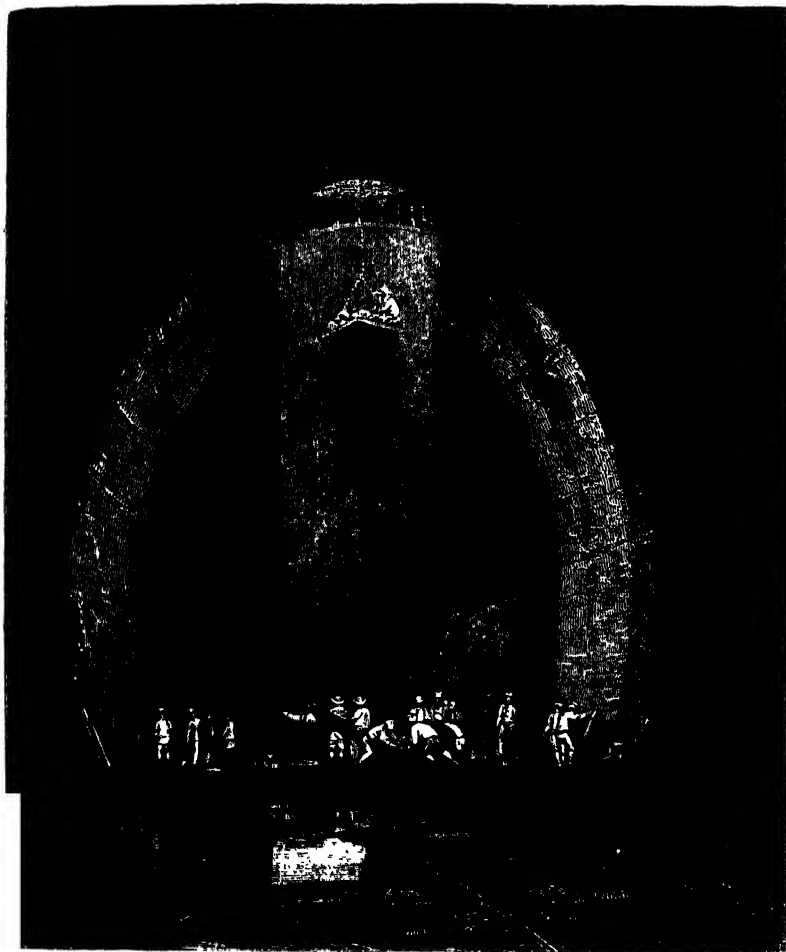
CONDUCTED BY JOHN TIMBS, ELEVEN YEARS EDITOR OF "THE MIRROR."

No. 13.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1839.

[Price 2d.

THE LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM RAILWAY.



THE KILSBY TUNNEL. (WORKING SHAFT.)

THE progress of the Railway System, and effects upon the social frame-work of present and future ages, still ranks prominent in the public mind. The inquiry together too comprehensive for political nomy, which, like the subject sought to inquired into, is the offspring of our own es; and the complex question would not appear to be a rebuke of man's short-

sightedness, in his utter inability to estimate the workings of his own inventive genius. If the reader ask whence arises this predominant curiosity among all classes of the community, the answer is at hand. The philosopher, charming never so wisely, has foretold that railways will "annihilate time and space;" but the practical man, who better understands the

vitality of the nation, and the sinews of its prosperity, will tell you that during the last thirteen years, nearly 50 millions of money have been raised in this country for the completion of these important works: the fact is startling; for the realizations of this vast expenditure we must, however, "bide the time."

Figures, we know, are speaking, expressive things; and it may not be so easy to convey to our readers an idea of the vastness of some of the railway structures, as of their actual cost. The prefixed engraving represents the largest work of its kind in this country, where individual enterprise effects more than it ever enters into the governments of other nations to conceive.

The London and Birmingham Railway is the longest line and greatest work yet completed; its entire extent being 112½ miles. The line commences at Euston Square, and passes near Harrow, 11½ miles; Watford, 17½; Boxmoor, 24½; Berkhamstead, 28; Tring, 31½; Leighton, 41; Wolverton, 52½; Roade, 60; Blisworth, 63½; Weedon, 69½; Crick, 75½; Rugby, 83½; Brandon, 89½; Coventry, 94; Hampton, 100½; to Birmingham, 112½. These are all stations, (from Chelfins's map of the line,) those in capitals being first-class stations. The line has eight tunnels: the Primrose Hill, 1,164½ yards; Kensal Green, 322½ yards; Watford, 1,791½ yards; Northchurch, 345½ yards; Linslade, 272 yards; Stowe Hill, 418 yards; Kilsby, 2,423 yards; and Beechwood, about 600 yards.

It would not be possible, within any reasonable limit, to give an adequate description of the many laborious and magnificent works which have been executed in the course of this stupendous undertaking. By means of tunnels, open cuttings, and embankments, the inequalities of the country have been so far overcome that, with the exception of the inclined plane between Euston Grove and Camden Town, the least favourable inclination is equal only to 1 in 330, or 16 feet in a mile. Only about 13 miles of the road are perfectly level, the remainder forming a series of inclined planes. The station at Birmingham is 250 feet above the London station. One of the most important bridges on the line is the Wolverton viaduct, of brick, with stone cornice and coping, erected over the Ouse and Tow, near Stony Stratford: it consists of six semi-elliptical arches, each 60 feet span. The railway is elevated 50 feet above the natural rise of the ground. Locomotives do not run between Camden Town and Euston Square; but two stationary engines, with a rope, are employed to draw the train of

carriages. This rope is upwards of 10,000 feet in length, and about 7½ inches in circumference; these two stationary engines and the rope cost £25,000, and draw the trains at the rate of 20 miles an hour.

The aggregate amount of excavation required on this railway was about 15,000,000 of cubic yards, being equal to an average of 120,000 cubic yards per mile. The stone blocks for the whole line may be estimated at 152,460 tons, and their cost at £180,000. The total weight of iron used is 35,000 tons, which cost the Company about £460,000. The average rate of progress, since the first commencement of the undertaking, has been about one mile a fortnight. A comparison of this railway with one of the largest works of the ancients, the great pyramid of Egypt, shews the pre-eminence of modern industry. Thus, "the labour expended on the great pyramid was equivalent to lifting 15,733 million cubic feet of stone one foot high, and required 30,000 men, according to Diodorus Siculus, and 100,000 according to Herodotus, 20 years to execute it; whereas the labour expended in the construction of the Birmingham Railway is equivalent to 25,000 million cubic feet of stone raised one foot, and has been executed by about 20,000 men in 4½ years!"*

It has not been satisfactorily stated who first suggested this undertaking; "but, in 1830, Sir John Rennie surveyed a line, and Mr. Giles another. The former passed by Oxford, and the latter by Coventry."† The two companies employing these engineers, then united; Mr. George Stephenson and Son became the engineers, (at length, the latter solely,) and preference was given to the Coventry line. The original estimate was two millions and a half; but the line will cost from five to, (it is thought,) five and a half millions, before it is finally completed.‡ Up to the close of last year, the weekly receipts had averaged £10,900; the most busy day being December 22, when the receipts amounted to £1,800. The railway was opened throughout on September the 17th last; the first train completing the distance (112½ miles,) in four hours and fourteen minutes.

It is now time to notice the subject of the engraving more in detail. The KILSBY TUNNEL lies between the Crick and Rugby stations,§ about four miles from the town of Daventry, in the county of

* Leconte and Roscoe's History and Description.

† Railway Magazine.

‡ The actual cost throughout the work has been greatly at variance with the original estimate: for example, the stations, which were estimated at £70,000, cost £700,000.

§ Kilsby Village is close to the Railway, but cannot

Northampton, 76 miles from the metropolis, and 35½ from the Birmingham terminus. This tunnel has been constructed in defiance of immense physical difficulties, and is altogether the *marimum opus* of the line, if not of railway construction in England. Its length is, as already stated, 2,423 yards, or 1½ mile and three yards; its width is 25 feet, and its height 28 feet: it is ventilated by two large shafts, to be described hereafter; the brickwork was at first intended to be 18 inches in thickness, but it was found necessary to increase this, in most cases, to 27 inches. The whole has been built either in Roman or metallic cement.

The works were commenced in June, 1835, by the contractors; but such serious difficulties were met with at an early stage of the proceedings, that they gave up the contract in 1836, and nearly the whole work has been executed by the Company. Previous to the commencement of the labour, trial shafts were sunk in several parts of the line of the tunnel, where the ground was found to be generally lias shale, with a few beds of rock, in some places dry, but elsewhere containing a considerable quantity of water.* In sinking the working shaft, it was found that a bed of sand and gravel, also holding a great quantity of water, lay over part of the tunnel; and this being a subtle quicksand, it was impossible to sink through it in the ordinary way. By repeated borings, in various directions, near this part of the work, the sand was discovered to be very extensive, and to be in shape like a flat-bottomed basin, cropping out on one side of the hill. The trial shafts had unfortunately been sunk on each side of this basin, so that it had entirely escaped notice, until the sinking of the working shaft. Mr. Stephenson was led to suppose that the water might be pumped out, and that under the water thus drained, the tunnel might be formed with comparative facility; and such proved to be the case. Engines for pumping were erected, and shafts sunk a little distance out of the line of the tunnel. The pumping was continued nearly nine months before the sand was suffi-

ciently dry to admit of tunneling; and during a considerable portion of that time the water pumped out was 2000 gallons per minute. The quicksand extended over about 450 yards of the length of the tunnel, and its bottom dipped to about six feet below the arch.

In May, 1836, one of the large ventilating shafts was commenced, and within the year it was completed. This shaft is 60 feet in diameter, and 132 feet deep; the walls are perpendicular, and three feet thick throughout, the bricks being laid in Roman cement. The second ventilating shaft is not so deep by 30 feet. These immense shafts were built from the top downwards, by excavating for small portions of the wall at a time, from 6 to 12 feet in length, and 10 feet deep. The shafts are master-pieces of brickwork, and their magnitude can only be estimated by standing in the tunnel, and looking upward through them.

The reader need scarcely be reminded that a shaft is, in appearance, very like an ordinary well, from which excavations are made in the required direction. [See the engraving of Mining Shafts, at pages 153 and 168.] The harmless effect of passing through Railway Tunnels has been attested by several eminent medical men. (On February 20, 1837, Drs. Paris and Watson, and Messrs. Lawrence, Phillips, and Lucas made an experimental passage through the Primrose-hill Tunnel, on the railway we are now describing, when they reported the dangers incurred in passing through well-constructed tunnels to be no greater than those incurred in ordinary travelling upon an open railway, or upon a turnpike road. Messrs. Lecount and Roscoe represent the above shafts as fully answering the purpose for which they were intended, leaving the tunnel entirely free from any offensive vapour immediately after the passing of each train. By subsequent experiments, it has, however, been shewn that shafts in tunnels are, by no means, necessary. In the above year, Mr. West submitted to the Mechanical Section of the British Association, a paper on "the Ventilation of Tunnels," tending to shew, by a series of experiments, the results of which were given, that the usual opinion with regard to the great difference in the temperature of tunnels, as compared with the external atmosphere, was unfounded, and that shafts had little, if any effect, in altering the temperature; the air, according to Mr. West's experiments, escaping up the shaft, so that a close tunnel might even be preferable.

In November, 1836, a large quantity of water burst suddenly into the Kilsby Tunnel, in a part where there were no pumps:

be seen in consequence of the high sides of the cutting which succeeds the tunnel. The Oxford Canal passes through the parish; and the ancient Watling-street, (supposed to have been originally a British trackway, afterwards formed by the Romans into a military street,) marks its boundary.

* Organic remains at Kilsby are very numerous. In some parts of the excavation there is hardly a cubic inch without shells and other remains presenting themselves to the eye; and, as the earth taken out has been principally laid into spoil, there will be ample opportunities, some time yet, for further examination, which would well repay either the scientific inquirer, or the cabinet collector.—*Lecount and Roscoe's History and Description*, 1838.

it rose very rapidly, and in order to prevent the ground being loosened by it at the extremity of the excavation, a novel mode of building the brickwork was resorted to. This was by forming a large raft, on which the men and their materials were floated into the tunnel, and, with considerable danger, performed their task; which must have been of double difficulty, the labour being not only subterranean, but sometimes subaqueous.

All these difficulties, were, at length, conquered, and the tunnel finished in October, 1838; but, of course, the expenses were increased to a very heavy extent. The original contract for the tunnel was £99,000; but it has cost more than £300,000, or upwards of £130 per yard. Under favourable circumstances, the rapidity of execution was surprising, from 150 to 170 yards being completed within a month; under extreme difficulties, the progress did not exceed six yards per month, and the loss by fallen lengths was very considerable. Fortunately, the Directors did not restrict the outlay of capital, when satisfied of its expedience. Mr. Stephenson, in his Report, dated February 18, 1838, states that over and above the increase of expense estimated in the previous year, it was found absolutely indispensable to increase the prices of mining, timbering, and brickwork, formerly paid to the sub-contractors, and which expense was proved to be altogether inadequate. In the quicksand, especially, although effectually drained, the utmost caution in mining was requisite; and an expenditure of timber unavoidably incurred, which would appear excessive and lavish to any one whose experience had been confined to ordinary tunneling.

To give some idea of the Kilsby Tunnel, (say M.M. Leconte and Roscoe,) there were thirty millions of bricks used in it, which, at ten hours for a working day, if a man counted fifty in a minute, would take one thousand days to get through them all. There were above a million of bricks employed in the deepest ventilating shaft, and its weight is 4,034 tons. The weight of the whole tunnel is 118,620 tons; or, it would freight four hundred ordinary merchant-ships, of about three hundred tons each; and, if these bricks were laid end to end, they would reach 4,260 miles. The quantity of soil taken from the tunnel was 177,452 cubic yards.

The passage through this mighty work of engineering skill and ingenuity, (add the last-named authors,) leaves on the mind, even of those unacquainted with the ordinary difficulties of such an undertaking, a vivid impression of the rare talents of those who designed the work,

and superintended its execution. These talents, however, will be more especially appreciated by those who are aware of the many and unforeseen difficulties which arose during its progress. To Mr. Charles Lean, the assistant engineer under whose direction it was completed, great credit is due for his skill and unremitting exertions; and for the great care he bestowed upon the men, in the arduous and dangerous duties in which they were constantly engaged.*

It remains for us to acknowledge the source of the effective engraving prefixed to this paper—namely “A Series of Lithographic Drawings,” executed in a new style of the art, by Mr. J. C. Bourne; with accounts of the origin, progress, and general execution of the line, by Mr. Britton, F.S.A. These drawings represent the work in actual progress, as our engraving testifies: their details must, therefore, be full of instruction; in topographical detail and picturesque effect, they are very attractive; whilst in skilful and brilliant execution, they equal the works of Harding, Lewis, and others, who have recently executed lithography with a degree of artistical finish beyond anticipation. These Railway Views are, we believe, the first productions of a young artist; and their high merit augurs well for his future success.

WEARING OAK ON THE TWENTY-NINTH OF MAY.

(To the Editor.)

PERMIT me to correct an erroneous, but generally received, opinion respecting the 29th of May. The circumstance of a descendant of King Charles II., (the Duke of St. Albans,) having recently fixed on this day for the celebration of his nuptials, gave rise to a question as to the origin of the country people wearing branches of oak in their hats at this season of the year; when the general conclusion was, that it was intended to commemorate the preservation of Charles in the Oak, on the 29th of that month. Universal as this belief is, (at least with the million,) it is fallacious. Charles fought the battle of Worcester on Wednesday, the 3rd of September, 1651; he fled from the field, attended by Lords Derby and Wilmot, the latter afterwards known as the witty but lascivious Earl of Rochester. With these companions and some others, the king

* We are happy to record that to Mr. Robert Stephenson, chief engineer, an elegant silver tureen, of 130 guineas value, has been presented by the assistant engineer, and others under him, as a testimonial of their respect and esteem.

arrived early the next morning at a house called *Whiteladies*, the seat of Charles Giffard, Esq., about three quarters of a mile from *Boscobel House*; at this place Charles secreted himself in a wood, and in a tree, (from the King's own account, a pollard oak,) since termed "the Royal Oak;" and at night *Boscobel House* was his place of refuge. At *Whiteladies*, he exchanged his habiliments for those of the faithful *Penderell*, which were breeches of coarse green cloth, a doe-skin leathern doublet, and an old grey hat, turned up at the brim, borrowed of *Humphrey Penderell*, the miller. Subsequently, as is well known, he embarked, on the 15th October, at *Shoreham*, and landed next day at *Feschamp*, in *Normandy*. On his return to England, Charles entered London on his birth-day, the 29th May, when the royalists displayed the branch of oak, as being in part instrumental to his restoration; hence the custom of wearing oak on this day, and not from Charles being then concealed in the oak.

Whiteladies and *Boscobel House* were the property of a gentleman named *Giffard*, a descendant of whom possesses, at the present day, large property in the adjoining counties of *Stafford* and *Shropshire*. *Boscobel House* is situated near *Bridgenorth*, in the Hundred of *Brimstrey*, *Salop*, 140 miles from the metropolis; and that part of it which rendered such essential service to the sovereign is still shewn. The oak has long been removed; but another, presumed to have been a seedling from it, now occupies its place, and is walled round.

WILLIAM TILL.

Great Russell Street,
Covent Garden.

SKETCHES OF EVENING PARTIES.

THE WALLFLOWERS.

Do not think, gentle reader, we are about to commence a descriptive lecture upon Botany—decidedly, we are not. We leave that exciting study to thin medical students in shoes and spectacles, who perform divers pilgrimages, as spring approaches, to *Battersea Fields*, *Wandsworth Common*, and *Hampstead Heath*, with twopenny hooky sticks in their hands, and tin candle-boxes slung over their shoulder; who there make interesting collections of chickweed, stinging-nettles, dandelions, and other rare plants, (which the book describes as 'found in the vicinity of London,') and then return to their lodgings and display these treasures on sheets of cartridge paper, with penny pieces to keep the leaves down. This is all very well in its way; they are compelled to learn it for their examination, and the knowledge

of the number of petals in a buttercup is a wonderful assistance to them in after-life, in their treatment of the measles or scarlet fever, and proper to be studied; but we are taking into consideration a more interesting class—a link between the animal and vegetable kingdom—a zoophyte—in a word, the wallflowers of an evening party. We do not mean those floral specimens, of which a great many bunches have been purchased in the morning, and cut up and stuck all over the room in every receptacle capable of holding a little water, but the real living people that border the walls of the apartment, and seem always to live on terms of the closest intimacy with the roud-stools and ottomans.

If you study their manners and instincts with the enthusiasm of an amateur, you will find amongst them a most striking set of young men, whom you will be sure to meet in shoals at every party you attend. They are very modest and retiring—too much so in the opinion of the dance-loving young ladies, and they are very seldom seen in the quadrille; indeed, we could never precisely understand what they come for, unless it is to fill up the room and get in the way of the waltzers. You first observe them as you enter the house. They generally walk to the parties in their cloth-boots, with one pump in each of their coat pockets, and you will certainly find them shuffling about on a chair in the dark corner of the cloak and hat-room, changing their walking *chaussure* for that of the ball costume, while the servant is waiting to announce them at the bottom of the stairs, and wondering why they do not come as other people do. Having finished this last performance of their toilet, they put their cloth boots in their hat, which they hide under a chair; they then ascend the staircase, and enter the room with the glove of the right hand gracefully depending from the kidded palm of the left, and having blushed and bowed, and attempted to utter a few faltering words to the hostess, they always take up one particular station, which is at the posts of the folding-doors between the front and back drawing-rooms. The wallflowers are generally very similarly dressed. They wear long black satin stocks, and a smart brooch stuck in them, which they bring to the house in their waistcoat pocket, for fear they should lose it. Glazed boots are too overwhelming for them, and so they prefer pumps of common leather that tie, and black silk stockings. Quiet, harmless creatures, however, are these wallflowers; and they get through life as if it were an evening party, not making much bustle to be sure, nor creating much sensation, but going on their even way in the coquette

dance of life as in a drawing-room. And after all, perhaps, their lot is a pleasant one. Those whom we see in society possessing the highest flow of spirits, owe all their gaiety to excitement alone, and when they are by themselves are as much in the cellar of enjoyment, as they were before upon the roof. They have a quick perception of fun, though they have an equally acute one of sorrow, and are never the happiest.

But we are moralizing — and in the middle of an evening party! *En route!* as the diligence *conducteur* says, instead of our English “all right.” There is one person, of whom the wallflowers stand in great awe and admiration, and that is the lion of the evening. He arrives after the first stiff solemnities of the party, and before the beginning of the merriment; in fact, he occupies the same position as his namesakes did under the iron whip and spurs of Van Amburgh at Drury Lane, that is, after the tragedy, and before the pantomime; and, indeed, the male evening stars of the present day approach very nearly, in another sense, to their zoological prototypes, at least as far as regards their manes and whiskers. The wallflowers hang with much attention on every word the lion utters, and humbly apologize if they chance to brush against him.

But there are wallflowers amongst the fair sex as well, and generally ranking under the same species. They consist especially of antique mammas, the host's maiden sisters, the odd relations of the family that are obliged to be asked, and old-young ladies of an uncertain age, who had an offer once in their lives from a man with no income and six children, and which their family prevented them, in the most cruel and harsh manner, from accepting, not thinking it altogether a very advantageous match. Those who have studied domestic interiors, must be well aware there is a most unpleasant age with children, particularly if they are what are termed “sharp little things,” when they get too old for the nonsense of the nursery, and too young for the conversation of the parlour. The latter class of wallflowers have a parallel period in their existence. They are too young to be fixed down at whilst all the evening, and a little too old to dance much amongst a set of pretty girls some fifteen years their juniors; and so they sit and make remarks, not always, we are sorry to say, the best tempered in the world. When supper-time arrives, if no cavalier arrives also to hand them down, they very coolly walk down by themselves, and, when there, pretty plainly convince you that they do not live upon Eau de Cologne and biscuits, however they may wish you to think they do.

The male wallflowers generally congregate together, and at supper the chances are ten to one that you will see them asking each other “if a little wine will be agreeable,” with much politeness. We do not think a wallflower ever ventured to challenge a lady, unless it was some very old person whom there was no occasion to be afraid of. Nevertheless, they are very useful at supper, particularly in passing plates down the table, and asking for clean forks and spoons, and they will immediately give you some jelly “with great pleasure,” if you desire it, or tell them it is for a lady. After supper they occasionally “come out” in a most astonishing manner. We knew a wallflower once who even attempted a waltz at this period of the evening; but he had evidently over-calculated his abilities, for, after tearing his partner's dress by stepping on her train, and getting out of the circle during the first round, and nearly knocking the man at the piano off his perch, he desisted, and reeled giddily to his seat, a melancholy instance of ungoverned ambition.

ALBERT.

Periodicals.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

(From the United Service Journal.)

[In a paper, glancing at Lieutenant Siborn's model of the Battle of Waterloo, occur the following seasonable remarks and anecdotes.]

The Duke had not in this fight to resist the established routine of generalship which might have been studied in the annals of the olden warfare, but he was here the voluntary antagonist of a fiery and exhaustless genius. One that had not only overturned all the received opinions on statesmanship and on war, but who might, on the field of Waterloo, have thrown into the fight some new emanation of his dazzling talent—some meteor-flash of his military conception—some combination of strategy and attack so novel and confounding, as at once to overwhelm all the ordinary anticipations of defence. The Duke might, with undiminished strategical reputation, probably, have avoided the combat, but the high ambition of the man forced him to its trial. In their remarks on the occurrences previous to the battle the two great leaders had betrayed their profound consciousness of each other's ability. “Some prisoners,” writes the Duke on the evening of the 17th, “state that the French army, which followed us to-day, is commanded by Buonaparte in person; which, however, I am disinclined to believe, from our having been allowed

to pass unmolested through the defile of Genappe."

On the morning of Waterloo, General Haxo, of the Engineers, returns from a reconnaissance of the British line, and informs the Emperor that the English have not intrenched their position, nor constructed a single redoubt. "The brave of the brave," Ney, arrives, and assures Napoleon that the English are on the instant preparing to retreat into the forest of Soignies. The Emperor replies—"No, the English are preparing for battle; Lord Wellington would not have lost last night in position had he intended to retreat."

In the campaigns of the Prince of Saxe Cobourg, with whom the British Army under the late Duke of York had, unfortunately, to serve and confine its operations, a position was looked for in which to cover Brussels and fight a battle, and the field of Waterloo was blindly traversed, and its adaptation for resistance unobserved; but 1500 Hessians, left for the night in the hamlet of Mont St. Jean, were cut up at day-break by the active French; and 5000 Austrian cavalry, stabled and bivouacked for the same night in and round Braine la Lend, were defeated and dispersed ere sunrise. Jomini, in his observations on these campaigns, declares, that the Duke of York had previously proposed a march of the British and Austrian cavalry on Paris; they amounted to 123 squadrons, and he says might have reached Paris in three days, that there was no force in their way that could have successfully resisted them, and that the Revolutionary Government must have been overturned, but that the Duke of York's opinion was overruled by a Council of War; and indeed General Jomini speaks favourably of the Duke of York's military proceedings, which has not been the acceptance in which they have been generally commented on in England.

There is an anecdote connected with this field of blood which, trivial as it may seem, ought not to be lost; it so marks the man and that good feeling which every new display of his career brings more and more prominently before the public. It is given, I think, by Miss Mitford, after a visit to Strathfieldsaye:—"On returning in the night to Waterloo, as the Duke dismounted from his little charger 'Copenhagen,' whose untiring spirit and blood had carried himself and master from point to point of emergency of the battle-field for seventeen hours, he fondly patted the animal; but the caress was answered by a hearty kick, which his Grace was 'delighted' to observe (his own expression), as showing that the horse

was not done up by the tremendous work he had gone through."

The French, one and all, assert that the Duke had exhausted all his reserves, but, forgetting this assumption, ascribed at the time their inability to rally from the repulse of their last attack to the sudden apparition and charges of six fresh regiments of our cavalry, "*qui n'avaient pas encore donné.*"

The Prussian Bulletin says, "The English had, until evening successfully repelled every attack, but it was impossible that such heroic efforts could be continued." As if the defence must necessarily have been of less pertinacity than the attack; and this is the feeling of most of the continental armies, and the style of their warfare; and the French, of course, always beat them. But why should not heroic efforts be enduring, is the English feeling, and is the secret of English victory. But while the French writers beat us so remorselessly, their Emperor admitted that the tactic of his army had its defects on that memorable day. In the Imperial Bulletin the French people are told, that "if the battle had been prolonged to, or resumed on, the next day, their army would have won the victory, for that the French objects had been all attained, a day of false manœuvres had been rectified." Thus it appears that the battle was of a distinctive character from all others: it satisfied both parties. The French had all the triumph of science, the British the advantages of success. The writer of these observations questioned, at the time, officers of nearly every regiment of British that was in the battle, as to their own private opinions on the point of expected defeat so loudly assumed by our own and foreign writers. Many told him that at particular moments they expected to have been beaten. He put the inquiry, "Did you expect your own regiment to give way?" "Oh, no, certainly not my own corps, but I thought some other would." Such was the universal answer; and this is the true English feeling: this indignancy of being even supposed to be likely to be the first to give way before an enemy is the true harbinger of success, as it was on the occasion of that "glorious and well-foughten field," as the chroniclers named Agincourt.

The Duke, in his lately published note to Lord Beresford, says, "I had at one time our infantry in squares, and the French cavalry rode up and down amongst them as if they had been our own;" but it is true that with all this familiar intrusion on our line they did not collectively or individually dash fully on a single square. The bayonet, so decried of late,

has some merit at least in deterring close approach.

Moore, the poet, in one of his effusions, regretted that the battle could not be again fought, on the ground that the French had not foreseen in its loss the loss of their political freedom.

Lord Byron's splendid stanzas of surpassing and touching beauty would have done immortal honour to his name; but he, too, in another place, must out with a wretched sneer, and scoff at another's fame :—

"As Wellington was beat at Waterloo,
So say the French, the Prussians say so too."

But the man who named the conquerors of Albuera "blest hirelings and ambition's honoured fools" was himself underserving of a soldier's fame, and died without it, though it was his last and most anxiously wished pursuit.

Waterloo, was the listed field of old rivalry, and was contested by troops filled with all the determination of national hatred, and commanded by leaders of the most direct antipathies, each burning to stamp the other's name with defeat, and raise his own to the highest point of human fame.

General Gourmand, who wrote under the Emperor's dictation, declares it "a victory of which all the glory devolved on the vanquished." The General and his supporters may assure themselves that no Englishman has ever envied them all the credit they can ever obtain by their exploits at Waterloo. Some of the French Generals of the present day have found out that the Emperor ordered the retreat too soon, "*Les absens ont toujours tort.*" The poor Emperor was blameless on this point; he had fulfilled all the duties of a general of the first order; he did not command the retreat, but the retreat commanded him.

The English kept their own ground while on the defensive, and took the enemy's in their attack. The French failed in their attack, and abandoned their position when the English assailed them on it. Such was Waterloo.

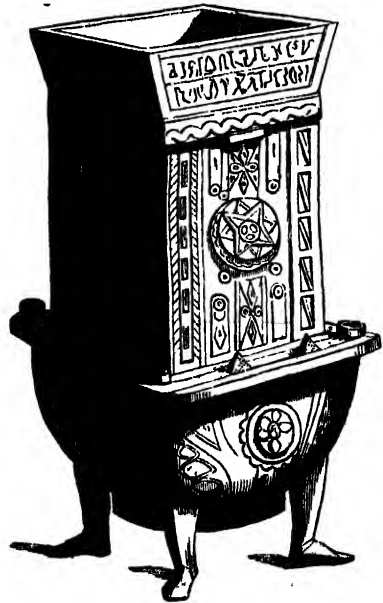
In the note from General Foy, found in Napoleon's carriage, is the history of the combat, and the secret of its words are, or nearly, "The hour has come when an old soldier feels it his duty to remind your Majesty, that while the Duke of Wellington's position is one which he cannot contemplate for permanent occupation, you are now in front of an infantry which, during the whole of the Spanish war, I never saw give way." The most perfect arrangements on the part of their General and firmness in themselves, and unbounded confidence in him, gave the English the victory, and induced the generous French to present it to us.

Popular Antiquities.

HEBRIDEAN DRINKING CUP.

"Fill me the mighty cup!" he said,
"Ere own'd by royal Somerset.
Fill it, till on the studded brim
In burning gold the bubbles swim,
And every gem of varied shine
Glow doubly bright in rosy wine."
Sir Walter Scott's "Lord of the Isles,"
c. ii. st. iv. p. 46.

ONE of the greatest curiosities in Scotland is the annexed Drinking Cup, which has long been preserved in the castle of Dunvegan, in Skye, one of the most attractive of the Hebrides, or Western Islands of Scotland, for the grandeur of its scenery, and its romantic traditional history. The late Mr. Daniell, R.A., F.S.A., while upon an excursion in the Hebrides, in 1815, was induced to make a drawing of this singular relic,* not merely on account of its ex-



treme rarity, but to gratify the curiosity excited by Sir Walter Scott's description of it, in the Notes to his celebrated poem, *The Lord of the Isles*; whence we abridge the following "pretty accurate description":—

Its dimensions are nine and three quarter inches in inside depth, and ten and a half inches in height on the outside, the extreme measure over the lips being four and a half inches. "The cup is divided into

* Communicated by Mr. Daniell to the *Archæologia*, vol. xxii., Appendix, p. 497.

two parts by a beautifully ornamented ledge, about three fourths of an inch in breadth; the part beneath, round, terminating in a flat circle, like the bottom of a tea-cup. The vessel is of wood, to all appearance oak, most curiously wrought, and embossed with silver-work, which projects from the surface. It has also a number of regular projecting sockets, which appear to have been set with stones; two or three of these still contain pieces of coral, the rest are empty. At the corners of the projecting ledge are four larger sockets, probably for pebbles or gems. The workmanship of the silver is extremely elegant, and appears to have been highly gilded. The ledge, the projecting brim, and the four short legs which support the cup, are of silver.

No authentic record exists to indicate the time when the family of Mac-Leod first became possessed of this antique vessel: there is, indeed, a tradition that it was the property of Neil Ghluine-dhu, or Black-knee, but of this person nothing is remembered but the name. Around the exterior sides of the brim is a legend in the Saxon black-letter, as indicated in the characters traced in the engraving. It is thus deciphered by Sir Walter Scott:—

Ufo Johannis Mich Magni Principis de Hr Manae Vich Liachia Macgryneil et sperat Domino Ihesudari clementiam illorum opera. Fecit Anno Domini 993 Onili Oimi. Which may run in English: Ufo, the son of John, the son of Magnus, Prince of Man, the grandson of Liachia Macgryneil, trusts in the Lord Jesus that their works (*i. e.* his own and those of his ancestors) will obtain mercy. Oneli Oimi made this in the year of God nine hundred and ninety-three.

But this version (Sir Walter Scott remarks), does not include the puzzling letters *nn* before the word *Manae*. In reference to the principality of Magnus, it has been suggested that it might have included that division of the Hebrides denominated Sodor, and that this word might have been intended in the abbreviation. Within the mouth of the cup the letters *Js*. (Jesus) are repeated four times; from which, and other circumstances, it would seem to have been a chalice. This may, perhaps, account for the use of the two Arabic numerals 93. These figures were introduced by Pope Sylvester, A. D. 991, and might be used in vessels formed for church service so early as 993. From the name of the maker, it may be inferred that the cup is of Hibernian origin; and Sir Walter Scott mentions, that antiques of this kind are said to be still preserved in Ireland.

The cups thus elegantly formed, and highly valued, were by no means utensils of mere show. Martin gives the following

account of the festivals of his time, and I have heard similar instances of brutality in the Lowlands at no very distant period.

"The manner of drinking used by the chief men of the Isles is called in their language *Streach*, *i. e.* a Round; for the company sat in a circle, the cup-bearer filled the drink round to them, and all was drank out, whatever the liquor was, whether strong or weak; they continued drinking sometimes twenty-four, sometimes forty-eight hours: it was reckoned a piece of manhood to drink until they became drunk, and there were two men with a barrow attending punctually on such occasions. They stood at the door until some became drunk, and they carried them upon the barrow to bed, and returned again to their post as long as any continued fresh; and so carried off the whole company, one by one, as they became drunk. Several of my acquaintance have been witnesses to this custom of drinking, but it is now abolished."

"This savage custom was not entirely done away within this last generation. I have heard of a gentleman who happened to be a water-drinker, and was permitted to abstain from the strong potations of the company. The bearers carried away one man after another, till no one was left but this Scottish Mirglip. They then came to do him the same good office, which, however, he declined as unnecessary, and proposed to walk to his bed-room. It was a permission he could not obtain. Never such a thing had happened, they said, in the castle! that it was impossible but he must require their assistance, at any rate he must submit to receive it; and carried him off in the barrow accordingly. A classical penalty was sometimes imposed on those who balked the rules of good fellowship by evading their share of the banquet." The same author continues:—"Among persons of distinction it was reckoned an affront put upon any company to broach a piece of wine, ale, or aquavite, and not to see it all drank out at one meeting. If any man chance to go out from the company, though but for a few minutes, he is obliged, upon his return, and before he take his seat, to make an apology for his absence in rhyme; which if he cannot perform, he is liable to such a share of the reckoning as the company thinks fit to impose: which custom obtains in many places still, and is called *Bianchiz Bard*, which, in their language, signifies the poet's congratulating the company." Few cups were better, at least more actively, employed in the rude hospitality of the period, than those of Dunvegan; one of which we have just described.—*Notes to "The Lord of the Isles."*

ROMAN VILLA IN SOMERSET.

SOME time since, several very interesting fragments, supposed to be the remains of a Roman villa, were discovered at Whately, near Frome, Somersetshire. We learn from the *Gloucestershire Chronicle* that, in making some further excavations, a small part of a wall has been laid open; it is covered with paintings on fine plaster, similar to that discovered by Mr. Lysons some years since, at Colesbourn, in Gloucestershire. These are believed to be the only fragments of the kind hitherto found in this island in their original position. The pattern is rudely executed, but the colours are distinguishable. The remains, of which this room formed a part, are supposed to be a portion of a Roman villa; and from the nature of its construction its occupier must have been a person of some rank and authority. There have also been found on the spot some coins of the Emperors Claudius and Constantine, a curious bronze spoon, a small bronze animal resembling a goat or sheep, (probably a tutelary god of the Romans,) a large needle of the same metal, and some fragments of fine pottery, which had been broken and joined together with molten lead, the parts so mended being discovered in that state; its value therefore must have been considerable. The discovery of the coin of the Emperor Claudius induces a belief that the fine tessellated pavement laid open last autumn and still visible, must be of great antiquity. The Emperor Claudius spent some months at Bath, and other parts of Somersetshire, in the early part of the first century.

New Books.

THE HISTORY OF THE NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. BY J. F. COOPER.

[THIS work is from the pen of the celebrated transatlantic novelist, "the Scott of the sea," as we have heard him designated; in reading whose tales, you may almost fancy yourself wetted with ocean spray. A writer better fitted to embellish history, or the hazards and stirring incidents of the sea, could scarcely be named; and, if to this qualification be added "the first and great desideratum, truth—and the second, just reflections on it"—the result must be complete success in one of the highest departments of literature. It is difficult to say with precision, from our hasty reading of the work before us, how far Mr. Cooper possesses all these requisites; but, there is a willingness and candour in his preface which is prepossessing; though he describes his labour as "a task which has been long meditated, but

which, after all, has been hurriedly accomplished, and is submitted to the world, with quite as much apprehension as hope." There are, however, qualities in this work which every reader of moderate perception must recognise and enjoy: the records of great nautical events are strikingly told; and though they may be but a series of episodes, the connecting materials with which they are formed into a chain of history, are not, according to the ordinary practice, merely a dry detail of documents. Our object will be to detach a few of these "episodes" in quotations, rather than to examine the entire "chain;" and, by way of commencement, we extract from the introduction the following attractive observations upon the probable consequence of the employment of

Steam Ships of War.]

AN opinion is becoming prevalent, that the use of steam will supersede the old mode of conducting naval warfare. Like most novel and bold propositions, this new doctrine has obtained advocates, who have yielded their convictions to the influence of their imaginations, rather than to the influence of reflection. That the use of steam will materially modify naval warfare, is probably true; but it cannot change its general character. No vessel can be built of sufficient force and size, to transport a sufficiency of fuel, provisions, munitions of war, and guns, to contend with even a heavy frigate, allowing the last to bring her broadside to bear. It may be questioned if the heaviest steam-vessel of war that exists could engage a modern two-decked ship even in a calm, since the latter, in addition to possessing much greater powers of endurance, could probably bring the most guns to bear, in all possible positions. Shot-proof batteries might indeed be built, that, propelled by steam, would be exceedingly formidable for harbour defence, but it is illusory to suppose that vessels of that description can ever be made to cruise. Even in estimating the power of steam-vessels in calms, as opposed to single ships of no great force, there is much exaggeration, as historical facts will amply prove. The wars of this country afford several instances of frigates carrying eighteen pounders, lying exposed to the cannonade of fifteen or twenty gun-boats for two or three hours, and yet in no instance has any such vessel been either captured or destroyed. It is a heavy sea-steamer that can bring six guns to bear at a time, and yet frigates have resisted twenty guns, advantageously placed, for hours. It may be said, that steamers would dare to approach nearer than gun-boats, and that, by obtaining

more favourable positions, they will be so much the more formidable. There is but one position in which a ship can be assailed, without the means of resistance, and that is directly a-head, and from a situation near by. Large ships can hardly be said to be defenceless, even under these circumstances; as the slightest variation in their position would always admit of their bringing three or four heavy guns to bear. The expedients of seamen offer a variety of means of changing the direction of a ship's head in calms, even did not the sea itself perform that office for them. Nothing, for instance, would be easier than to rig, temporarily, wheels to be propelled by hand, out of the stern or bow ports, or even on the quarter, that would bring a large ship's forward or after guns to bear, in a way to heat off, or destroy, a steamer. There are certain great principles that are unchangeable, and which must prevail under all circumstances. Of this class is the well established fact, that a ship which possesses the efficiency which is contained in the double power to annoy and to endure, must, in all ordinary circumstances, prevail over a ship that possesses but one of these advantages, and that, too, in a smaller degree. Steam may be, and most probably will be, made a powerful auxiliary of the present mode of naval warfare, but it is by no means likely to supplant it. Fleets may be accompanied by steamers, but their warfare will be conducted by the present classes of heavy ships, since it is not possible to give sufficient powers of annoyance, or endurance, to vessels propelled by steam, to enable them to lie under the batteries of the latter. Even as active cruisers, the efficiency of steam-vessels is probably overrated, on account of the consumption of fuel, though it remains to be proved by experience, whether their employment may not induce a change in the armaments of light vessels of war. The history of the war of 1812 shews that ships have often cruised months without having fallen in with convoys, and it is certain that no steamer, in the present state of science, can remain at sea thirty days, with efficiency as a steamer. In a word, while the introduction of steam into naval warfare will greatly modify maritime operations, it is by no means likely to effect the revolution that is supposed. In those portions of the art of seamanship that it will influence, steam will meet steam, and, in the end, it will be found that the force of fleets will be required, in settling the interests of states, as to-day. Perhaps the greatest agency of this new application of a steam-power is yet to be seen, in the adoption of an invention of an officer of

high rank in our own navy, that of the steam-prow. For the purposes of harbour defence this idea promises more than any other, though it is by no means certain that the resources of seamen may not yet discover the means of resisting even this threatening means of destruction.

[The work is divided into chapters, the first opening with the following spirited remarks on the

Naval Ascendancy of Great Britain.]

The empire of Great Britain, much the most powerful state of modern times, has been gradually and progressively advancing to its present high degree of maritime prosperity, and its actual condition ought to be considered the result of moral instead of physical causes, though the latter is probably the more prevalent opinion. Notwithstanding the insular position of its seat of authority, its naval ascendancy is of comparatively recent date; Spain, and even the diminutive communities of Portugal and Holland, manifesting as great, if not a greater spirit of lofty nautical enterprise, during the century and a half that succeeded the important discovery of the western hemisphere, and that of a passage by sea to India. While these three nations were colonizing extensively, and laying the foundations of future states, the seamen of England expended their energies in predatory expeditions that were rapacious in their objects and piratical in spirit. Familiar political causes, beyond a question, had an influence in bringing about these results; for while the accession of the House of Hapsburg to the throne of Spain and the Indies, created a power able to cope with Europe, as it then existed, England, driven entirely from her continental possessions, had Scotland for a troublesome neighbour, and Ireland for a discontented and turbulent subject, to check her efforts abroad. It is probable, too, that the civil contests, in which England was so long engaged, had a serious effect on her naval advancement; and the struggle that succeeded the dethronement of the family of Stuart, could not fail to lessen exertions that were directed to interests beyond the territory more immediately in dispute. As a consequence of all these causes, or of that portion of them which was in existence at the commencement of the seventeenth century, when England seriously commenced the business of colonization, Spain, France, and Portugal were already in possession of what were then considered the most favourable regions on the American continent. When, indeed, the experiment was finally and successfully made, individual enterprise, rather than that of the government,

achieved the object; and for many years the power of the crown was exercised with no other aim than to afford an ill-regulated, and frequently an insufficient protection. It was Englishmen, and not England, that founded the country which is now known as the United States of America.

[Here is a specimen of the exploit narratives.

Earliest American Sea-Fight.]

The first engagement that probably occurred between inhabitants of the American colonies, and enemies afloat, was a conflict between John Gallop, who was engaged in a trade of this nature, in a sloop of twenty tons, and some Narragansett Indians, who had seized upon a small vessel belonging to a person of the name of Oldham, known to have been similarly occupied. As this, in a certain sense, may be deemed the earliest sea-fight of the nation, we consider it worthy to be related. Some time in May, 1636, Gallop, in his little sloop, manned by two men and two boys, himself included, was standing along the Sound, near Plum Island, when he was compelled to bear up, by stress of weather, for a refuge, to leeward, among the islands that form a chain between Long Island and Connecticut. On nearing the land, he discovered a vessel very similar to his own, in size and equipments, which was immediately recognised as the pinnace of Mr. Oldham, who had sailed with a crew of two white boys and two Narragansett Indians. Gallop hailed on nearing the other craft, but got no answer, and, on running still nearer, no less than fourteen Indians were discovered lying on her deck. A canoe, conveying goods, and manned by Indians, had also just started for the shore. Gallop now began to suspect that Oldham had been overpowered by the savages; a suspicion that was confirmed by the Indians slipping their cable, and running off before the wind, or in the direction of Narragansett Bay. Satisfied that a robbery had been committed, Gallop made sail in chase, and running alongside of the pinnace, in a spirited manner, he fired a volley of duck-shot at the savages. The latter had swords, spears, and some fire-arms, and they attempted a resistance, but Gallop soon drove them below to a man. Afraid to board in the face of such odds, Gallop now had recourse to a novel expedient to dislodge his enemies. As the pinnace was drifting with no one to manage her, she soon fell to leeward, while the sloop hauled by the wind. As soon as the two vessels were far enough asunder, Gallop put his helm up, and ran directly down on the weather quarter of the pinnace, strik-

ing her with so much violence as to come near forcing her over on her side. The shock so much alarmed the Indians, who were on an element and in a craft they did not understand, that six of them rushed frantically on deck, and leaped into the sea, where they were all drowned. The sloop again hauled off, when Gallop lashed an anchor to her bows in such a manner, that by running down on the pinnace a second time, he forced the flukes through the sides of the latter, which are represented as having been made of boards. The two vessels were now fast to each other, and the crew of the sloop began to fire through the sides of the pinnace, into her hold. Finding it impossible, however, to drive his enemies up, Gallop loosened his fasts, and hauled up to windward a third time, when four or five more of the Indians jumped overboard and shared the fate of those who had preceded them. One Indian now appeared on deck and offered to submit. Gallop ran alongside, and received this man in the sloop, when he was bound hands and feet, and put into the hold. Another soon followed this example, and he was also received on board the sloop and bound; but, fearful that if two of his wily foes were permitted to commune together, they would liberate themselves, the second prisoner was thrown into the sea. But two Indians now remained in the pinnace. They had got into a small apartment below, and being armed, they shewed a disposition to defend themselves, when Gallop removed all the goods that remained into his own sloop, stripped the pinnace of her sails, took her in tow, and hauled up for the islands again. But, the wind increasing, the pinnace was cut adrift, and she disappeared in the direction of Narragansett Bay, where it is probable she was stranded in the course of a few hours. On board the pinnace, Gallop found the body of Mr. Oldham. The head had been cleft, the hands and legs were much mangled, and the flesh was still warm. The corpse was thrown into the sea. Thus terminated this extraordinary conflict, in which Gallop appears to have shewn as much conduct as courage, and which in itself illustrates the vast superiority that professional skill gives on an element that requires practice to be rendered successfully available.

First Use of the Diving-Bell.

It appears by the Journal of Governor Winthrop, that in 1642, one Edward Bedall, of Boston, used the Diving-Bell, to weigh a vessel called the *Mary Rose*, which had sunk the previous year. Bedall made use of two tubs, "upon which were hanged so many weights (600 lbs.) as would sink

them to the ground." The experiment succeeded perfectly, and the guns, ballast, goods, hull, &c., were all transported into shoal water, and recovered. The first instance of a diving-bell's being used, was at Cadiz, we believe, in the presence of Charles V.; the notion, so prevalent in this country, that it was an invention of Sir William Phipps,* being an error.

[We have only to commend to the notice of our readers this important work of history made as interesting as fiction.]

DESULTORY THOUGHTS AND REFLECTIONS.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

(Continued from page 192.)

Vice is sometimes more courageous than virtue, because it has less to lose.

The affections of some hearts resemble the sacred Indian tree, whose pendant branches make themselves a root and a tie to the earth.

The rich suffer from want of appetite, the poor from excess.

An author should be judged of by his works, rather than by his conversation; for the latter takes its colour from those with whom he converses; whereas his writings, being the fruit of solitude, bear the tint only of his own mind.

Anger banishes reflection, but its consequences recal it.

"Be prosperous and happy, never require our services, and we will remain

* Sir William Phipps was born at Pemaquid, in 1650. Until eighteen years of age, he was principally employed in agricultural pursuits, and subsequently he was apprenticed to a shipwright. When of age, he built a ship at Sheepshead; he afterwards followed the sea, and hearing of a Spanish wreck near the Bahamas, he gave such accounts of it in England, that he was sent out with a frigate to obtain its treasure. In this affair he was unsuccessful. The Duke of Albemarle, however, sent him out a second time (1687), when he brought home near £300,000, of which his own share amounted to £16,000. This transaction brought him into notice, and he was knighted by James II. He had been made High Sheriff of New England previously, and he was made Governor of his native colony in 1691; but having had a quarrel in 1693, with a Captain Short, of the Nonsuch frigate, about the extent of his Vice Admiralty jurisdiction, he had that officer arrested and sent to England. On the representation of Captain Short, the Governor was summoned to England in person, to answer for his conduct in this affair, and having justified himself, he was about to return to his government, when he was seized with a malignant fever, and died in London. Some accounts place his death in 1694, and others in 1695; we believe the latter to be the most correct. He is said to have been honest, well-meaning, and religious, though passionate and imperious. He was uneducated, of course, not knowing how to read or write, until he had become a man; but acquaintance with the world, considerable native abilities, and a restless enterprise, had early brought him into conspicuous stations, where he usually acquitted himself with credit. The popular American opinion, that the Mulgrave family, of which the present head is the Marquess of Normanby, is descended from Sir William Phipps, is a mistake.

your friends." This is not what society says, but it is the principle on which it acts.

Life is to the unhappy as a prison from whose gloom they cannot escape: while to the happy it resembles a vast palace filled with all that can delight. The prison may be rendered endurable by resignation; but the palace loses some of its bright colouring and gilding every day, until nought but faded remnants of its pristine beauty remain.

One of the best gifts of Providence is the veil that conceals futurity.

Humboldt notices that the streams in America run languidly in the night, and await the rising of the sun to quicken their flight. Love is to the heart what the sun is to the American streams, it moves languidly in its absence.

Despotism subjects a nation to one tyrant—democracy to many.

One of the most marked characteristics of our day is a reckless neglect of principles, and a rigid adherence to their semblance.

They declaim most against the world who have most sinned against it; as people generally abuse those whom they have injured.

We are never so jealous of the respect of others as when we have forfeited our own.

Flowers are the bright remembrancers of youth: They waft back with their bland and odorous breath The joyous hours that only young life knows, Ere we have learned that this fair earth hides graves.

They bring the cheek that's mouldering in the dust Again before us, tinged with health's own rose, They bring the voices we shall hear no more, Whose tones were sweetest music to our ears: They bring the hopes that faded one by one, 'Till nought was left to light our path but faith, That we too, like the flowers, should spring to life, But not like them again e'er fade or die.

The frame of mind in which we read a work, often influences our judgment of it. The predominant feeling of the moment colours all that we read; and we are often surprised, on a second perusal, to find no longer either the merits or defects which we supposed it to contain.

Satire often proceeds less from ill-nature than from the desire of displaying wit.

Reason dissipates the illusions of life, but does not console us for their departure.

Poets, it has been said, form the aristocracy of intelligence; they are also the chemists of sentiment, who analyze and purify it.

Nothing is more dissimilar than natural and acquired politeness. The first consists in a willing abnegation of self; the second in a compelled recollection of others.

(To be continued.)

London Exhibitions.

GALLERY OF NATURAL MAGIC, COLOSSEUM,
REGENT'S PARK.

SHADE of Baptista Porta! what have we here? Why, an exhibition of the Art of Natural Magic, which, as Sir Walter Raleigh quaintly saith, "is no other than the perfection of Natural Philosophy." The class of phenomena to which this term may be applied with precision, will be best recollected by the many thousand readers of Sir David Brewster's delightful Letters to Sir Walter Scott, published a few years since. "The Art" is many centuries old: man has in all ages been surrounded by millions of wonders; for the principal phenomena of nature, and the leading combinations of art, all bear the impress of a supernatural character. True it is that we do not find in the Exhibition we are about to introduce to the reader's notice, the temple of Delphos, the trumpet-stone from Pactolus, the speaking head from Lesbos, or the vocal statue of Memnon; the marvellous fountains, the weeping statues, or the perpetual lamps, of the ancients; the oracle of Trophonius, the moving tripods, walking statues, and wooden pigeons, of bygone ages; but, in place of these vulgar wonders of occult science, which the ancients craftily employed in superstitious agencies, we have here a rational exposition of some of the most brilliant achievements of Modern Science, in illustration of some of the most astounding phenomena of Nature. The object of the Exhibition is, therefore, to convince rather than to surprise; to strip science of mystery, and by aid of its bright lights, to show its beauty and simplicity to admiring man. The whole is an intellectual feast, attractive at all points; and we have seen no portion of the Colosseum better, if so well, appropriated, as to this display, since, in company with the ingenious originator, we first ascended the imperfect staircases of the Pantheon-like edifice, to view the unfinished panoramic painting of London, with its inharmonious styles, then in course of reconciliation by the magic pencil of Mr. Parris.

The new Exhibition occupies the premises immediately south of the central building. You ascend from the entrance-drive to a terrace in front of an ante-room, where, in fine weather, a magnificent Achromatic Telescope is pointed to the Sun, together with a powerful Gregorian Reflecting Telescope; by aid of which gigantic instruments, the visitor may inspect the stupendous spots on the Sun, and its other phenomena.

On a platform to the right are "Two of

the largest Concave Mirrors in Europe," so placed with regard to the sun, that in the meeting foci, copper, silver, platinum, and other metals, are fused as easily as wax in a common fire; and brick, clay, and all earthy substances are, by this intense heat, speedily converted into glass.

Next is shown the *modus operandi* of the Photogenic Art. Enclosed in a small darkened tent, on a square table, is seen a living picture of the external passing scene, effected by means totally different from those usually employed to produce a Camera Obscura; the rays being, in this instance, bent instead of reflected. This instrument has been applied by M. Daguerre and Mr. H. Fox Talbot to the fixing of a shadow, or Photogenic Drawing.

In the ante-room are Optical Machines, in which are placed perspective drawings, which, from any but the proper point, appear all distortion and irregularity; but that point being obtained, all becomes harmony and order. In the centre of the room are two stupendous Microscopes, the larger an Achromatic, by Carpenter and Westley: on the Achromatic being removed, it becomes an Opaque Microscope, showing, at once, the whole of a Diamond Beetle, 28 inches in length; with the splendour of which, all the diamonds worn at her Majesty's last state-ball are but dull. The powers of this instrument vary from 200 to 120,000 times. The second Microscope is beautifully constructed by Berge; the compound body by Carpenter and Westley: it is placed here for comparison with the first-named instrument, to show the advantages of employing Achromatic object-glasses. The illustrations at hand are very numerous, and exquisitely beautiful: among them are the circulation of the sap in plants, as the chara, nitilla, &c.; and Ehrenberg's organized specks, that have been embedded in flint for thousands of years.

A vast Electrical Apparatus, stated to be "the largest in the world," occupies the principal portion of the ante-room. Its plate measures 7 feet in diameter, and consequently exposes an electric surface of upwards of 60 square feet. The instrument is mounted by Clarke, (of the Lowther Arcade,) in a truly scientific, novel, and efficient manner. Its positive and negative conductors are of varnished copper, and give a striking distance, or length of spark, hitherto deemed unattainable. The terminating balls of the conductors are strongly gilt, so as to prevent dissipation. Its single pair of rubbers deserves especial attention, from the superior and simple manner by which they are supported, and the firmness and perfect control of the instrument. With the battery

are produced terrific effects, of intense heat, igniting and fusing metals, &c. The charge may be sent through 5 miles of copper wire.*

In another apartment is a superb solar Achromatic Microscope, by Carpenter and Westley: the disc covers 256 square feet; and the power of the instrument varies from 20,736 up to 4,665,600 times. In the absence of the sun, a light of great intensity is substituted.

"The Magic Mirror" is a plane mirror, or apparently common looking glass, on peering into which the spectator observes nothing remarkable; after a few seconds, he no longer beholds himself, but a moving or perpetual changing panorama; and from the optical construction of which, it will be impossible to guess at the real size of the objects therein seen.

From the Microscope Room you ascend into a dark cavern; a curtain rises, and a figure of Time is seen pointing at a mirror, wherein are represented Martin's pictorial idea of the Creation, succeeded by the period of the iguanodon, megalosaurus, and pterodactyle; Paradise, the Deluge, the Nile, &c.; the interest of which is certainly novel and impressive.

To emerge from the cavern to the glare of the upper world, the bustle and dust of the Regent's Park, may be a change too abrupt for very sensitive nerves: we recommend a quiet stroll through the conservatories and cottages of the Colosseum before the visitor again betakes himself to the working-day world; though, in either case, he will not soon forget the "Natural Magic" he has so recently witnessed.

NEW PANORAMA.

Mr. Burford of Leicester Square, has just completed a new painting of the Harbour of Malta, during the embarkation of the Queen Dowager of England. The picture comprehends the whole of the unrivalled harbour, with the city of La Valetta in the background, rising in picturesque beauty from the heights Schoberras; together with Il Borgo, a bit of glowing landscape, and the neighbouring Mediterranean. The interesting incident of the royal embarkation—the Queen proceeding in a state barge to the Hastings, 74, and followed by her suite in boats—is pleasingly represented; and the harbour, being almost filled with vessels gaily dressed for the

* The wire is hung in festoons around the apartment: Mr. Crosse, it will be remembered, hung his wires from pole to pole, and tree to tree, in his park at Broomfield, in the Quantock Hills. It is well that Matthew Hopkins lived not two centuries later than his actual time, as he might have extended his "finding" into Somerset, and in tall hat, long cloak, big boots, and exorcising wand, have disturbed the philosophical amusements of the Quantocks.

event, is a very animated scene. The artistical merit of the picture is entitled to especial mention; and its picturesque details are delightfully aided by the characteristic limpidity which the artist has given to the water in the harbour. Altogether, this painting is of a class which must be very attractive to sight-seers: its brightness and animation being well adapted for panoramic representation.

Varieties.

Locusts.—On the 12th inst. a flight of locusts, of vast height and width, passed through and over the town of Calais, taking the direction of the Low Countries. Several specimens, from two to three inches in length, have been deposited in the Dover Museum.—*Times*.

Duties of a daily Governess.—Toiling by day, and often too by night; working at the needle, the pencil and the pen, and submitting to such caprices and indignities as women (with daughters too,) too often love to inflict upon their own sex when they serve in such capacities, as though in jealousy of the superior intelligence which they are necessitated to employ,—indignities, in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, heaped upon persons immeasurably and incalculably their betters, but outweighing in comparison any that the most heartless blackleg would put upon his groom.—*Nickleby*.

Eccentricities of Old Age.—Youth, thoughtless and inexperienced, sees in the oddities of a stranger nought but food for ridicule; but some little knowledge of the world and its vicissitudes teaches a man of feeling to regard with melancholy the eccentricities of old age. Sorrow often leaves fantastic traces of her fatal visits, and the peculiarities which excite mirth, are frequently the indications of a bewildered mind, and of a broken heart which has done with mirth for ever.—*T. H. Bayly*.

Sausages were made in Herculaneum.

"*The Thames and its Tributaries*" proceeds in *Bentley's Miscellany*, but does not, to our thinking, improve. The writer is apt to verge into the common-place and "the mediocribus" of the guide-book style. Here is a pretty piece of cockneyism: "from Fulham the Thames bends towards Hammersmith, and as we sail upwards, we pass through lines of tall trees, and through banks all covered with clusters of wild flowers to the very edge of the water." This is, we fear, an undeserved encomium upon the bosom of "old father Thames." Nothing can be in worse taste than the criticism upon the

harmless eccentricity of the rose-tree grave at Barnes; yet the writer is constantly discoursing of the charms of association, refinement, &c.

A common Error.—Men talk of Nature as an abstract thing, and lose sight of Nature while they do so. They charge upon Nature matters with which she has not the smallest connexion, and for which she is in no way responsible.—*Nickleby*.

Pen in the Ear.—This custom is as old as the middle ages, when public clerks and registrars wore a pen in the ear.

Roads.—There are no roads in Persia, excepting such as have been made by the constant track of baggage-cattle.

Sonnet on the Death of a Lady.

BY ISAAC C. BRAY, JUN.

WITHIN a dell, one Spring, my boyhood knew
A silver rill, which played through clustering
ranks
Of white-leaved flowers, that thickly fringed its
banks;
And near I often strayed, entranced, to view
And watch the lovely plants, whose blossoms grew
To fulness, as the day, with genial power,
Diffused its sun-light o'er each modest flower.
I left that home—returned, and once more flew,
While Autumn reigned, back to the cherished place;
The rill was not,—nor flower, nor plant was there,
But earth instead, veiled by a gloomy air;
I mourned the changes on sweet Nature's face:—
So hast thou vanished, loved one, and alone
I weep that thou with all thy gifts art gone.

Blackwood.

Heaven, Paradise, and Hell.—In old Westminster, "Heaven" was a range of brick houses opposite to the end of Henry VII.'s chapel; and "Paradise" and "Hell" were subterranean tenements under Westminster Hall.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

Antiquity of "Swing."—The first mention of incendiary letters occurs in a Synod of Cologne, anno 1300, quoted by Du Cange, where they were annexed with touches to the doors and gates of certain religious houses, threatening fire, murder, &c., if money was not given.

Our Hue and Cry is derived from the clamor of the Gauls, mentioned by Cæsar.

The Navy.—A Nautical Dictionary, or Cyclopædia of Naval Science and Nomenclature, is a desideratum. That of Falconer is imperfect and out of date. We have heard that the design of such a work has been entertained, and materials collected for its execution by Captain W. H. Smith, whom we earnestly recommend to prosecute an undertaking of such promise to the service of which he is so experienced and distinguished a member.—*United Service Magazine*.

A kind Master.—Mr. F. Dighton, who was private secretary to the Duke of York

for twenty-five years, has been heard to state, that during the whole of that time he had never heard his Royal Highness say an unkind word even to a servant.

Chinese Children.—The children crawl and play about the boats on the rivers in China with a little double-headed shot of wood tied to their necks, to prevent their sinking out of reach and sight when they topple over, which often happens; the mother pulling them in as she would the wood alone—a more precious article! There she sits over her cookery, always rice, and a tiny bit of fish, and vinegar, (all done under one cover by steam, with a most inconceivably small bit of fire in a tiny earthen stove,) every now and then seizing her scull, (most if not all the small boats are sculled,) and impelling her little fabric where she wants.

Post.—Our letters were conveyed by pilgrims, heralds, carriers, friends, &c., till the establishment of the Post Office, which, in any form, takes date with the Long Parliament.

Inn Charges.—In the time of Elizabeth, we find only 8d. paid for a physician all night; and only 2d. at Bristol, temp. Charles II., for a man and horse. The bill was made out in writing, and the chamberlain and hostess expected compliments, as now.

Effect of Sunshine.—In the East, the absence of the usual brilliant sunshine is a death blow to all picturesque effect; and the want of those comforts, which, with a cloudless sky above us, we scarcely miss, is then most strongly felt. The groups which so often attract our admiration when seated in every variety of picturesque attitude upon their low balconies or terraced roofs, look wretched when huddled round a smouldering fire in the dark recess of a filthy stable; and the slipshod Turk, picking his way amid torrents of rain through heaps of mud, loses all that stateliness and dignity which usually characterise his every motion.—*Capt. Wilbraham's Travels*.

Truths.—Doubt and obscurity are but additional temptations to aspiring genius. To great minds the unknown is as attractive as the wonderful; and untried danger is but a mysterious incentive to explore it.—*Sharon Turner*.

Music of Birds.—How favoured is merry England! The voice of the nightingale and the cuckoo breaks up before they leave England, and the former has no song in her winter quarters.

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[Price 2d.



MONUMENT TO KEAN, RICHMOND.

THIS unostentatious memorial has lately been placed against the outer wall of Richmond Church, at about six feet south of the western or principal entrance door. The materials are white and black marble; the supporting block being lightly veined.

The erection of this monument is an act of filial affection which cannot be too highly commended. Kean, it will be recollected, died May 15, 1833, in the house adjoining the Theatre, at the north-west corner of Richmond Green; and lies buried in the Churchyard, near the above tablet.

MR. SPIFF'S JOURNEY TO ASCOT RACES.

(Continued from page 165.)

THE early rays of the universal eccaleibion were beginning to hatch the countless thousand events of the day into being, and the clock of Chertsey church struck six, as Mr. Spiff turned out into the street to begin his walk. It was a fine clear morning, and a light vapour floating around St. Anne's Hill, betokened the approach of a hot day; while the hedges and turf at the side of the footpath were sparkling with dewdrops in the bright May sunshine. Not many people were about in the little town, and the shops were still closed; but a few loiterers were waiting at the corners of the streets for the hour of going to work, and two or three cows were lazily wending their way to the fields in the vicinity. Octavius felt lighthearted, and in perfect good humour with every thing around him; and he walked on with his long thin legs at a fearful rate. His journey lay over a fine piece of country, now skirting a richly-wooded hill, now passing by a rural water-mill, and then opening on a large plain, dotted with neat white cottages, and affording subsistence to divers donkeys and flocks of geese. All appeared fresh and green, for the day's influx of travellers had not yet begun to powder the hedges and trees with dust until they were all reduced to a uniform brown colour; indeed, the only "concerns" that passed him were some dog-carts filled with flabby tarts and cow-pies, with an occasional gang of gipsies with sticks and snuff-boxes for the idlers behind the booths. As he turned on to the main road, opposite the Wheatsheaf, at Virginia Water, a little more bustle presented itself. Several light carts with covered tops, more poetically denominated "flying bedsteads," were resting at the inn; and two or three wagon-loads of holiday makers, determined upon having a long day of it, were already on the road. A great many private carriages were being cleaned in the stable yard, whilst their intended occupiers were at breakfast in the best parlour; and they seemed to have such famous appetites that Octavius thought he would like to have breakfasted too. He, however, trudged on, and turning to the right a little beyond the cascade, passed the pretty village of Blacknest, which lies embosomed in foliage at the foot of one of the forest hills; and, about a quarter of a mile beyond the turnpike, found himself at the gate leading up to Mr. Podgey's farm.

A hearty welcome burst from all assembled as he entered the little parlour of the house. There was Mr. Podgey in a smart

blue coat with brass buttons, and the tops of his boots radiant with whiteness and oxalic acid; and Mrs. Podgey in a fine chalis dress, bought new the week before at the head shop at Windsor, opposite the market-house, and a cap so beautiful that you would hardly have thought it possible to group so many artificial flowers upon so small a shape of net and wire; and the Miss Podgeys had each clear muslin gowns over something green, because that was the fashion at the races last year, and little bands of velvet over their foreheads, with bows at the temples, like fligree blinkers on the head pieces of their father's bridles; and besides, they had patent leather shoes, and open-work stockings, and lined parasols, and fashionable hats—none of the common chip, but exquisite white paper imitations, with green ribbons to match the dress, and bouquets of poppies, barley, oats, and corn flowers at the sides.

"How d'y'e do, Master Octavius?" said Mr. Podgey, rising from the table, and seizing the hand of his friend with a grasp that numbed his fingers for some time afterwards.

Octavius returned his greeting, and having paid his respects to the ladies, began to demolish some eggs and home-made bread and butter that was placed before him, having first accommodated himself with a pair of slippers, while his boots were re-blucked for the display on the course.

"I've been to London since I saw you last, Octavius," said Mr. Podgey. "I should have called on you, but I was rather pressed for time, and not quite in your part of the world."

"We should have been most happy to have seen you, sir," returned Octavius. "I think we could have found you some bread and cheese."

"I hope you would have found me something more than that," said Mr. Podgey, laughing heartily at his own merry conceit. "No, I went to the Exhibition. I generally have a shilling's-worth every year."

"Were you pleased with it, sir?" inquired Octavius.

"Why, tolerably well. Uncommon good picture that, of the great dog balancing a bit of Abernethy biscuit on his nose."

"Did you notice the portraits, sir?"

"Oh yes—we saw the seven tubs; gradually diminishing from a barrel to a four gallon and a half. I do not know who the artist was, but it ought to have been Cooper;" and Mr. Podgey hereupon chuckled so immoderately, that he nearly choked himself with some stray crumbs that went the wrong way.

"And now about going," said the old gentleman when he had recovered, as everybody began to find they had eaten enough, and instinctively pushed their cups and saucers from them, and backed from the table. "Are you much of a horseman, Octavius?"

"I have ridden ponies at Blackheath," said Mr. Spiff mildly. "They let them out there at one shilling an hour with saddles and bridles, and nincence with pads and halters."

"Ah," said Mr. Podgey, shaking his head, as if rather doubtful of Spiff's equestrian attainments, "I do not think it will do to put you on the colt, then, for it ran away four times last week."

"Oh, pray don't trouble yourself, sir," said Octavius, nervously pulling the tablecloth towards him as if he was checking a bridle, with a jerk that sent an egg-cup into his lap, "I can walk if that is all, and besides I have no whip."

"Well, well," returned Mr. Podgey; "You shall go with us in the four-wheeled chaise. Come girls, look sharp: we must start early, for there'll be a power of people there, and it's no fun getting in the fifth rank half a mile below the distance post."

Indeed, the clouds of dust which were rising over the hedges at the end of the field corroborated his assertion, for the road was already thronged with equipages and horsemen of every grade and variation. The young ladies disappeared to their chambers to adorn; Mrs. Spiff collected the crumbs in a saucer for the clicks in the back yard; and the worthy farmer himself drew Octavius into the garden to shew him the great improvements that had taken place in the cucumber beds since last year, of which, as Octavius had not the least recollection how they were before, he expressed much admiration at their altered state.

By half-past ten, all were prepared to start: the four-wheeled chaise was brought round to the door by a sort of cross-breed between a ploughboy and a gentleman's groom, and the Miss Podgeys having begged each other to see that their dresses were properly arranged, and placed each other's combs and flowers as they thought most becoming, finished by re-adjusting them before the glass themselves, and then were gallantly handed by Octavius into the back part of the four-wheeled chaise; and then he got in himself and seated himself between them, and expressed many delightful real London compliments; and said he was a thorn between two roses, and how happy could he be with either, and that he had two strings to his bow, and he hoped they would not quarrel about

him, and two or three other fine speeches quite as novel. Mrs. Podgey lingered a minute behind in close conversation with Susan, in the passage: what passed between them is not known; but it is presumed she told Susan to put the lamb down at three o'clock, as she was sure two hours would be quite enough for it; and that if the Sunninghill baker did not send the rhubarb tarts home in time, Jim was to be despatched after them; and that she had better lay the cloth while they were away, and be sure to put the lettuces into water. All this being concluded, the good lady took her seat, first making sure that Jim was at the horse's head; and lastly Mr. Podgey ascended, and having told Jim to untwist the bearing-rein, and put the lilac out of the horse's eyes, he drew on his gloves, pulled his coat tails from under him, took the whip from behind the cushion, and off they started.

As they turned out of the farm lane upon the high road, a most exciting scene displayed itself. All sorts of vehicles, from the dashing landau and four, or the private bang-up of the coroneted peer, to the donkey dragging a small painted wagon filled with ginger beer at a penny a bottle, were bustling towards the course. Broad-wheeled and tilted wagons, covered with boughs, and filled with regular holiday-makers, bread, cheese, and pewter cans; post-chaises with three fat people inside, putting their elbows out of the window, and a fourth on the bar, with two picmen sitting on the spikes behind; "commercial young gentlemen" from the shop with the great windows in Oxford Street, upon hired horses, nearly foundering with fatigue and hunger; pedestrians strapping along with stout sticks and bundles, at the rate of five miles an hour; and coaches, four-wheeled chaises, gigs, cabs, go-carts, flys, buggies—in short, things upon wheels of every description, all driving on pell-mell, and half hidden by the clouds of dust that their predecessors were creating.

"Oxley's c'rect list, my noble sportsman!" shouted a man, running behind Mr. Podgey's equipage, and thrusting a card stuck on the top of a stick in Mr. Spiff's face. Octavius was flattered—he was called a sportsman, and of course he could not but support the character and expend sixpence on the list.

"Hallo! my friend," said he to the man, with a wink intended to be knowing, as he looked at the card; "this is last Tuesday's list."

"Never mind, yer honour," answered the vender, touching the red cotton handkerchief that was tied round his head in lieu of a hat. "There was quite as good haul-

muls run on Tuesday as there is to day, and many on 'em's the same;" and he shot off after another carriage, repeating "Oxley's c'rect list of the running horses, my noble sporting gentlemen, with the names, weights, and colours of the riders."

"Here you are, sir!" said a man dressed like a groom, rushing from a covered tent at the side of the road, and seizing the bridle of Mr. Podgey's horse; "nice stables and clean water—he'll blow hisself well out here, sir."

"Recollects you wery well last year, sir," said another, pulling the horse the other way; "you lives at Hampton Vick, sir, don't you?" and always puts up at my stables at Moulsey."

"Leave the gen'leman's horse alone;" said a third, seizing both reins, and standing right in front; "he's a coming along with me. No mouldy hay or bad oats here, sir. Some of the reglar corn as will tickle him into a gallop all the way home to Lunnon."

Disregarding all their importunities, Mr. Podgey drove round to the back of the Grand Stand, where he found some Sunninghill man that kept stables; and taking an ostler round with him to the ether side of the course, to bring back the horse, he got his conveyance wheeled into the ranks, as near the ropes as the crowd would permit; and then his party began to brush the dust off their clothes, and enter really into the amusements of the day.

The heath was gradually becoming covered by as dense an assemblage of visitors as could well be; indeed, as all the newspapers say every year, "it was as full a company as we recollect to have seen since the celebrated day when Zingance ran for the cup." Itinerant musicians, mountebanks, fortune-tellers, beggars, were all plying their separate vocations, and Octavius regretted he had not the eyes of a chameleon, to be able to look all ways at once, and comprehend at one glance the lively scene that was passing around him. Mr. Podgey saw his visitor was amused, and very kindly said, "Now Octavius, we do not wish to keep you tied here all day long. The gals will have plenty of beaux to take care of them, and I would rather you go about and enjoy yourself. When you feel peckish, you know, you can come back again, and recollect our chaise is exactly opposite that gingerbread stall, where the young lady in the pink bonnet and blue ribbands is offering spice nuts to the passers-by."

Octavius thanked the worthy farmer, and having offered some apologies to the young ladies, he climbed amongst the car-

riages, stepped easily over the ropes, and found himself, for the first time, upon Ascot race-course.

ALBERT.

(To be continued.)

NATIONAL EDUCATION.

It is worthy of remark that our Government are at this moment only seeking to effect a measure of national improvement which, upwards of seventeen centuries since, formed a feature in the policy of the Roman governors of Britain. One of the earliest acts of the administration of the wise and benevolent Agricola, was the education of the sons of the British chiefs in the liberal arts. Schools were next established and maintained in all the principal towns of Roman Britain, as they were throughout the Roman empire in general. There are still extant many imperial edicts relating to these public seminaries, in which privileges are conferred upon the teachers, and regulations laid down as to the manner in which they were to be appointed, the salaries they were to receive, and the branches of learning they were to teach. No account of the British schools in particular has been preserved; but there is evidence enough to shew that National Education was one of the earliest advantages of the Roman dominion in Britain.

PHILO.

COPPER MINES.—No. IV.

(Conclusion.)

THE elements, or composition of minerals, the periods at which they may be supposed to have been formed, and the possibility of their transmutation, have, from the earliest times, engaged the inquiry of philosophers, and the cupidity of the chemist. The researches, however, of the most indefatigable naturalists have been precluded by a barrier, beyond which the operations of Nature are not permitted to be developed, and which may be regarded as the recess in which she ultimately hides. Those who pretend to follow her in this retreat, can only assert opinions taken up at random, difficultly maintained, though, perhaps, as difficultly refuted. And thus, with regard to the origin and formation of minerals, very little can be suggested further than by conjecture.

Although the veins of minerals have, in a former part of this paper, been termed layers, yet those layers, not being uniform, ought, perhaps, not to be regarded as coeval with the layers of rock, or stone, or other substance to which they are lateral. It seems that at the formation of things, certain interstices either remained between the different strata, or were formed after-

wards, as the same became settled, and which served as receptacles for such moisture as could be distilled into them from the rock on each side;—this water being petrified, accounts for those streaks or layers of spar or alabaster which every one has met with in rocky districts. The moisture which exuded from the strata, not improbably brought with it very small particles which were held in solution, and were capable of passing through the most minute pores of the stone. These atoms being gradually attracted toward each other as they became more dense, finally subsided into compact bodies, and formed the origin of metals. This may account for the known fact, that ores are seldom found united with either porphyry, clay-slate, or any other stone, except through the medium of spar or quartz; which is not only regarded as a concomitant of minerals in their natural state, and as their nidus, or matrix, but as the grand symptom or indication by which a vein is pronounced as likely to be lasting, and without which very little reliance is placed upon its duration. It is also to be observed, that when the line of ore is found broken, or interrupted in its course, by some chasm or fissure in an opposite direction, such chasm or fissure is marked by appearances precisely similar to what occur when the ore runs laterally with the strata, with regard to a nidus of spar or quartz, in case such fissure contains ore at all, as it generally does; and hence it is submitted that metals may, as to their origin, be considered *deposits*—which is all that research has yet been enabled to advance with any appearance of argument; for, as to their elementary state, or in what form they existed prior to such deposit, we know nothing, except, perhaps, it be that the six metals before mentioned are primitive substances, and that all attempts at their transmutation have hitherto been completely unsuccessful.

The arrangement of certain metallic layers has, in our own times, been found to produce effects which would be incredible, except they were confirmed by the evidence of our senses; how far the strata, or layers of stone or earth, may, by a sort of parity or analogy, be occasionally so disposed, as to have effect in forming the elements of metals, is a question submitted to the attention of the curious: at all events, there are certain rocks with which particular minerals are never, or very rarely, found associated; and there are others in which the existence of a certain mixture of iron and sulphur (called *mundic*) is regarded as very unfavourable for the existence of copper. And from indications such as these many miners

have fancied themselves able to pronounce where different minerals are to be sought with success, and where they are likely to be permanent, as well as the contrary; but they have not ventured far beyond a knowledge of these facts. And, indeed, there are few who could do so, except practical miners, who are not, in general, persons disposed to give themselves the requisite trouble.

Our opinions in any science, where the field is not before us, must, of necessity, be at random, and at every step we find ourselves like persons wandering in the dark; though, even in the dark, one might stumble fortuitously upon truth. The ablest surgeons have made but little progress either in the cure or knowledge of internal diseases, and have made still less in their researches as to the impregnation and origin of the fetus; it, therefore, cannot be supposed that a miner, however he may have rifled the bowels of the earth, or however he may pretend to pronounce the duration of a vein of metal by an examination of the matrix, can know anything further than by conjecture of their structure or organization; still, there is, at least, this difference between the surgeon and miner—that whilst the former, in spite of all disadvantages, endeavours to arrive at causes from their effects, the latter contents himself with the knowledge of a few known facts, sufficient, in his judgment, to enable him to pursue his calling with pecuniary advantage.

The Cornish are said to be the best practical miners in the world; and yet so great are the varieties in mines, that a Cornish miner would be quite puzzled in some parts of Ireland. His whole theory, founded on the experience of many years, he would find frequently quite inapplicable, even at that short distance; and he would be baffled and perplexed by results totally at variance with what he had been taught to expect from similar indications. Therefore, no one can, at present, presume to speak with certainty of what is so little understood as mining. All that can be recommended to adventurers, is, that, previous to any speculation, they should make as much inquiry and investigation as a knowledge necessarily superficial will enable them to bestow; and that, having once resolved upon the undertaking, partly upon the credit due to the judgment of others, and partly from their own judgment, it is requisite to persevere with steadiness in their adventure, having an eye ever watchful over extravagant expenditure; always remembering that, among the various objects that have awakened the attention, or stimulated the energies of man, none

have been productive of greater wealth than mines—that none have, however, at times, more baffled calculation by their variableness and uncertainty, or exhibited loss and gain in more rapid succession—that hence they require certain qualifications which all cannot possess; and, in particular, a firmness of character, and a mind superior to temporary disappointment.

R. W. GENT.

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF NATHANIEL BOWDITCH.

(Continued from Page 151.)

It was my good fortune, some years since, in one of those familiar interviews with him in his own house with which I was favoured,—and which those who have once enjoyed them will never forget,—to hear him narrate, in detail, a history of his early life. From that day to this, I have never ceased to regret that, on my return home, I did not instantly put it down upon paper, for the refreshment of my memory, and for the benefit of others. At this distance of time, I can recollect but a few, the most striking, particulars; the rest have faded away and are lost. I remember, however, very distinctly, his relating the circumstance which led him to take an interest in the higher branches of mathematical science. He told me that, in the year 1787, when he was fourteen years old, an elder brother of his, who followed the sea, and was attending an evening school, for the purpose of learning navigation, on returning home one evening, informed him that the master had got a new way of doing sums and working questions; for, instead of the numerical figures commonly used in arithmetic, he employed the letters of the alphabet. This novelty excited his curiosity, and he questioned his brother very closely about the matter; who, however, did not seem to understand much about the process, and could not tell how the thing was done. But, the master, he said, had a book, which told all about it. This served to inflame his curiosity; and he asked his brother whether he could not borrow the book of the master, and bring it home, so that he might get a sight at it. (It should be remembered that, at this time, mathematical books of all sorts were scarce in America. In the present multitude of elementary works on this subject, we can hardly conceive of the dearth that then prevailed.) The book was obtained. It was the first glance that he had ever had at algebra. "And that night," said he, "I did not close my eyes." He read it, and read it again, and mastered its contents, and copied it out from beginning

to end. Subsequently, he got hold of a volume of the *Philosophical Transactions* of the Royal Society of London, which he treated pretty much in the same summary way, making a very full and minute abstract of all the mathematical papers contained in it; and this course he pursued with the whole of that voluminous work. He was too poor at the time to purchase books, and this was the only mode of getting at their results, and having them constantly at hand for consultation. These manuscripts, written in his small, close, neat hand, and filling several folio volumes, are now in his library, and, in my opinion, are the most curious and precious part of that large and valuable collection.

I have more than once heard him speak in the most grateful manner,—and he repeated it the last time that I saw him,—of the kindness of those friends in Salem who aided him in his early studies by the loan of their books. He named particularly the late eminent Dr. Prince, the pastor of the First Church, who gave him free access to his library; and he likewise mentioned a society of gentlemen who had a private collection of their own. The manner in which these latter books came into the country, is so remarkable, that I am happy to be able to relate it in Dr. Bowditch's own words, as contained in his last Will. The extract is as follows:—

"*Item.* It is well known, that the valuable scientific library of the celebrated Dr. Richard Kirwan* was, during the revolutionary war, captured in the British Channel, on its way to Ireland, by a Beverley privateer; and that, by the liberal and enlightened views of the owners of the vessel, the library thus captured was sold at a very low rate; and in this manner was laid the foundation upon which have since been successively established, The Philosophical Library so called, and the present Salem Athenæum. Thus, in early life, I found near me better collection of philosophical and scientific works than could be found in any other part of the United States nearer than Philadelphia. And by the kindness of its proprietors I was permitted freely take books from that library and to consult and study them at pleasure. This inestimable advantage has made me deeply a debtor to the Salem Athenæum; and I do therefore, give to that Institution the sum of one thousand dollars, the income

* The Rev. Richard Kirwan was a native of Ireland, and was distinguished for his attainments in mineralogy and chemistry. His principal work was his *Elements of Mineralogy*, published in 1784. He died in 1812.

thereof to be for ever applied to the promotion of its objects and the extension of its usefulness."

The good Dr. Kirwan mourned, no doubt, over the loss of his books, and not least of all that they had become so utterly misplaced and useless. He probably thought that the vessel which contained them might as well have been wrecked on the coast of Africa, and the leaves of his philosophical works employed to adorn the heads and persons of the Caffres and Hottentots; a use to which we are told *The Practical Navigator* was once put by the inhabitants of one of the South Sea islands.* But had the learned philosopher known that his lost library had supplied the intellectual food for the growth of one of the greatest scientific men of his age, he might, perhaps, have become reconciled to his loss.†

Dr. Bowditch combined, in a very remarkable degree, qualities and habits of mind which are usually considered incompatible and hostile. He was a contemplative, recluse student, and, at the same time, an active, public man. He lived habitually among the stars, and yet, I doubt not, he seemed to many never to raise his eyes from the earth. He was a profound philosopher, and, at the same time, a shrewd, practical man, and one of the most skilful of financiers. Judging from his published works, you would suppose that he could have no taste nor time for business or the world; and judging from the large concerns which he managed, and the vast funds of which he had the supervision,—involving the most complex calculations and the most minute details,—you would say that he could have no taste nor time for study. His example is a conclusive proof and striking illustration of the fact, that there is no inherent, essential, necessary incompatibility between speculation and practice—that there need be no divorce between philosophy and business. The man most deeply engaged in affairs need not be cut

* "It happened that among the few articles saved from the ship, [the whale-ship *Mentor*, of New Bedford,] was a copy of 'Bowditch's Navigator,' an article of as little use as we can conceive any one thing to have been at that place. But the ingenuity of the females, who also have their passion for ornaments, tore out the leaves of the book, and making them into little rolls of the size of one's finger, wore them in their ears, instead of the tufts of grass which they usually employed to give additional attractions to their native charms."—*American Quarterly Review of Holden's Narrative*, vol. xx. p. 25.

† Since the above was written, I have learnt that the gentleman into whose hands Dr. Kirwan's library fell, offered to remunerate him for the loss which he had sustained. He however declined receiving any compensation, and expressed himself gratified that his books had fallen into such good hands.

off from the higher pursuits of intellectual culture; and the scholar need not be incapacitated by his studies from understanding and engaging in the practical details of common life. In fact, they should be blended, in order to make up the full, complete man.

In the management of all his affairs and transactions, Dr. Bowditch was a man of great order and system, and he required it of all with whom he had to do, or over whom he exercised any control. He considered that there was a sort of moral virtue in this, and he could not tolerate anything like negligence or irregularity. He, doubtless, had himself acquired this habit from the nature of his favourite study, which demands the undivided attention of the mind, and is peculiarly suited to form habits of exactness and precision.

In the common sense of the word, Dr. Bowditch would not be called a public man, although I have ventured to call him so; for though he twice held a seat in the Executive Council of Massachusetts, under the administrations of Governors Strong and Books, yet he had no taste for public life, no ambition for political honours. He could not be drawn from "the still air of delightful studies," to mingle in the turmoil and strife of politics. And yet he was a true-hearted and sound patriot, and not a whit the less so for not being a noisy one. He loved his country, and prized her peculiar institutions. He felt a deep interest in the welfare and honour of his native State, and would do anything to maintain the supremacy of the laws, and preserve the peace and order of the community. He had a remarkably sound and sober mind, good sense being one of its most prominent qualities.

The example and success of Dr. Bowditch are full of incitement and encouragement to our young men in this particular, and should especially stimulate those who have leisure and fortune, to do something to enable our country to take a respectable place in science and letters among the other nations of the earth. Let them look, too, at more than one recent and successful attempt among us in the department of history.* How much may they not accomplish? And into what pleasant fields may they not be led? Into the various departments of natural history, the different walks of exact science, the rich and instructive annals of our country,

* Mr. Prescott's "History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Catholic," already alluded to, and Mr. George Bancroft's "History of the United States." These are very important and honourable contributions to the growing literature of our country; and we rejoice that we can claim them as the works of New-England men.

and the delightful province of general literature and philosophy. Let them labour in this field, which will reward all their efforts, instead of delving in a stony and sterile soil.

Dr. Bowditch was a remarkably domestic man. His affections clustered around his own fireside, and found their most delightful exercise in his "family of love," as he called it in almost his last moments. His attachment to home, and to its calm and simple pleasures was, indeed, one of the most beautiful traits in his character, and one which his children and friends will look back upon with the greatest satisfaction. As Sir Thomas More says of himself, "he devoted the little time which he could spare from his avocations abroad, to his family, and spent it in little innocent and endearing conversations with his wife and children; which, though some might think them trifling amusements, he placed among the necessary duties and business of life; it being incumbent on every one to make himself as agreeable as possible to those whom nature has made, or he himself has singled out for, his companions in life."

His time was divided between his office and his house; and that must have been a strong attraction, indeed, that could draw him into company. When at home, his time was spent in his library, which he loved to have considered as the family parlour. By very early rising, in winter two hours before the light, "long ere the sound of any bell awoke men to labour or to devotion," and "in summer," like Milton, "as oft with the bird that first rises, or not much tardier," he was enabled to accomplish much before others were stirring. "To these morning studies," he used to say, "I am indebted for all my mathematics." After taking his evening walk he was again always to be found in the library, pursuing the same attractive studies, but ready and glad, at the entrance of any visitor, to throw aside his book, unbend his mind, and indulge in all the gaieties of his light-hearted conversation.

There was nothing that he seemed to enjoy more than this free interchange of thought on all subjects of common interest. At such times the mathematician, the astronomer, the man of science, disappeared, and he presented himself as the frank, easy, familiar friend. One could hardly believe that this agreeable, fascinating companion, who talked so affably and pleasantly on all the topics of the day, and joined so heartily in the quiet mirth and the loud laugh, could really be the great mathematician who had expounded the mechanism of the heavens, and taken his place with Newton, and Leibnitz, and

La Place, among the great proficient in exact science. To hear him talk, you would never have suspected that he knew any thing about science, or cared any thing about it. In this respect he resembled his great Scottish contemporary, who has delighted the whole world by his writings. You might have visited him in that library from one year's end to another, and yet, if you or some other visitor did not introduce the subject, I venture to say, that not one word on mathematics would cross his lips. He had no pedantry of any kind. Never did I meet with a scientific or literary man so entirely devoid of all cant and pretension. In conversation he had the simplicity and playfulness and unaffected manners of a child. His own remarks "seemed rather to escape from his mind than to be produced by it." He laughed heartily, and rubbed his hands, and jumped up, when an observation was made that greatly pleased him, because it was natural for him so to do, and he had never been schooled into the conventional proprieties of artificial life, nor been accustomed to conceal or stifle any of the innocent impulses of his nature.

Who that once enjoyed the privilege of visiting him in that library, can ever forget the scene? Methinks I see him now, in my mind's eye, the venerable man, sitting there close by his old-fashioned blazing wood fire, bending over his favourite little desk, looking like one of the old philosophers, with his silvery hair, and noble forehead, and beaming eye, and benign countenance; whilst all around him are ranged the depositories of the wisdom and science of departed sages and philosophers, who seem to look down upon him benignantly from their quiet places, and spontaneously and silently to give forth to him their instructions. On entering this, the noblest repository of scientific works in the country, I almost fancy I hear him saying with Ilemius, the keeper of the library at Leyden, "I no sooner come into my library, than I bolt the door after me, excluding ambition, avarice, and all such vices; and, in the very lap of eternity, amidst so many divine souls, I take my seat with so lofty a spirit and such sweet content, that I pity all the great and rich who know not this happiness."

It may be here remarked, that although mathematics was his chief and favourite pursuit, Dr. Bowditch still had a taste and love for general literature. He was fond of Shakspeare and Milton, and remembered and could repeat whole passages from their works. He loved, too, the poetry of Burns, and our own Bryant and Sprague. Many of his favourite pieces he not only had by heart, but also had them

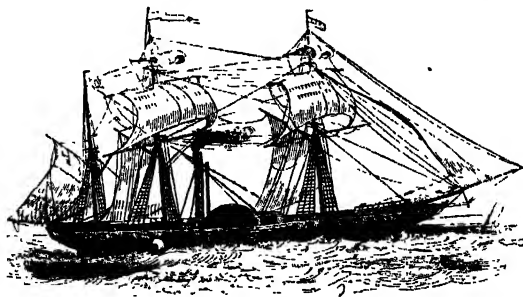
written down, for convenience' sake, on the covers of his mathematical commonplace book. I recollect, among others, thus copied off, "The Cotter's Saturday Night," a selection which evinced at the same time his good feeling and his good taste. I also recollect observing on the covers and blank leaves of his copy of Newton's *Principia* many commendatory verses on Newton, selected from Voltaire and other French poets.

(To be continued.)

THE BRITISH QUEEN STEAM-SHIP.

THIS magnificent steam-ship has been built for the British and American Steam Navigation Company, by Messrs. Curling and Young. She is the largest vessel ever launched, and the proportion between her power and tonnage is stated to be more advantageous than that observed in the *Great Western*, than which she is less flattened: she is built, as to her beams, of

English oak; the lower planks are of Dantzic fir, and the upper cedar: she is painted black, except the ornamental work around the windows at the stern, and the moulding supporting the figure head, (a well-carved representation of Her Majesty,) which are gilt. The length of this gigantic vessel from figure head to taffrail is 275 feet, being about thirty-five feet longer, it is said, than any ship in the British navy: length on upper deck, 245 feet; of keel, 223 feet; forty feet four inches breadth between the paddle-boxes; and twenty-seven feet one inch deep, from the floor to the under side of the spar deck. The engines are two of 250-horse power each, with cylinders seventy-seven and a half inches diameter, and seven feet stroke: they are fitted with Hall's patent condensers, in addition to the common ones; diameter of paddle-wheels, thirty feet. She displaces, at sixteen feet deep, 2,740 tons of water; her computed tonnage is 1,868 tons: at the water line, every ad-



THE BRITISH QUEEN STEAM-SHIP.

ditional inch displaces eighteen tons and a half. Her average speed is expected to be 200 nautical miles per day, and consumption of coal thirty tons. The best Welsh coal is to be used. It is calculated she will make the outward voyage to New York in eighteen days, and the homeward in twelve, consuming 540 tons of coal out, and 360 home.—(*Railway Magazine*.) In June last, the *British Queen* left the Thames for Scotland, to take in her machinery, by Mr. R. Napier, Glasgow; and she is announced to sail from London for New York, on the 29th instant. She is to carry 300 passengers, besides 85 persons belonging to the vessel, fifteen of whom are stewards. The cabins are tastefully fitted up, and embellished with historical paintings.

The prefixed Engraving, (the vignette in the title-page of the *Year Book of Facts*,) represents the *British Queen*, from a large print engraved by E. Duncan, after a painting by J. W. Huggins.

New Books.

THE TRAGEDY OF COUNT ALARCOS. BY THE AUTHOR OF VIVIAN GREY.

[TRAGEDY in warm weather, my sweet masters, is not usually a very pleasant affair; but, despite the season, the production before us has many stirring thoughts and beauties to keep a listless reader from his noontide *siesta*. The story is from the Spanish ballad of "the Count Alarcos and the Infanta Solisa," and the circumstances of its production are thus pleasantly related in the dedication to Lord Francis Egerton.]

Years have flown away, since rambling in the Sierras of Andalusia, beneath the clear light of a Spanish moon, and freshened by the sea breeze that had wandered up a river from the coast, I first listened to the chant of that strange and terrible tale.

It seemed to me rife with all the mate-

rials of the tragic drama; and I planned, as I rode along, the scenes and characters of which it appeared to me susceptible.

That was the season of life when the heart is quick with emotion, and the brain with creative fire; when the eye is haunted with beautiful sights, and the ear with sweet sounds; when we live in reveries of magnificent performance, and the future seems only a perennial flow of poetic invention.

Dreams of fantastic youth! Amid the stern realities of existence I have unexpectedly achieved a long-lost purpose.

[Rather than detail the plot, or quote scenes, we have strung together a few of the gemmy passages with which this very interesting production abounds.]

Danger.—Danger in its bounds
Weighs more than foreign safety.

Deceit.—Men smiled on me to-day
Would gladly dig my grave; and yet I smiled,
And gave them coin as ready as their own,
And not less base.

View of Burgos.—This stirring Burgos has re-
vived my vein.

Yea, as I glanced from off the Citadel
This very morn, and at my feet outspread
Its amphitheatre of solemn towers
And groves of golden pinnacles, and marked
Turrets of friends and foes; or traced the range,
Spread since my exile, of our city's walls
Washed by the swift Arlanzon: all around
The flash of lances, blaze of banners, rush
Of hurrying horsemen, and the haughty blast
Of the soul-stirring trumpet,—I renounced
My old philosophy, and gazed as gazes
The falcon on his quarry!

Royal Bride.—Little joy, I ween,
Dwells with a royal bride, too apt to claim
The homage she should yield.

Purchasers.—Wedges of gold, a chamber of sequins
Sealed up for ages, flocks of Barbary sheep
Might ransom princes, tapestry so rare
The King straight purchased, covering for the price
Each piece with pistols.

Ambition—Love.—He scents the prosperous ever.

Ay! they'll cluster
Round this new hive. But I'll not house them yet.
Marry, I know them all; but me they know,
As mountains might the leaping stream that meets
The ocean as a river. Time and exile
Change our life's course, but is its flow less deep
Because it is more calm? I've seen to-day
Might stir its pools. What if my phantom flung
A shade on their bright path? 'Tis closed to me
Although the goal's a crown. She loved me once;
Now swoons, and now the match is off. She's true;
But I have clipp'd the heart that once could soar
High as her own! Dreams, dreams! And yet, en-
tranced,

Unto the fair phantasma that is fled,
My struggling fancy clings; for there are hours
When memory with her signet stamps the brain
With an undying mint; and these were such,
When high Ambition and enraptured Love,
Twin Genii of my daring destiny,
Bore on my sweeping life with their full wing,
Like an angelic host.

The Mistress to her Lost Love.—I sent for thee,
To tell thee why I sent for thee: yet why,
Alas! I know not. Was it but to look
Alone upon the face that once was mine?
This morn it was so grave. O! was it too
Or but indifference that inspired that brow
That seemed so cold and stately? Was it hate?

O! tell me anything, but that to thee
I am a thing of nothingness.

Prosperity.—Prosperity!
Men call them prosperous whom they deem enjoy
That which they envy.

Faith in Love.—My faith in thy past love, it was
so deep,

So pure, so sacred, 'twas my only solace;
I fed upon it in my secret heart,
And now e'en that is gone.

Woman's Love.—Weak woman, when she stakes
her heart, must play
Ever a fatal chance. It is her all,
And when 'tis lost, she's bankrupt; but proud man
Shuffles the cards again, and wins to-morrow
What pays his present forfeit.

Despair.—Thou lookest on a man as bruised in
spirit,

As broken-hearted, and subdued in soul,
As any breathing wretch that deems the day
Can bring no darker morrow.

Exile Cooed.—O! there were moments I'd have
gladly given

My crown for banishment. A wounded heart
Beats freer in a desert; 'tis the air
Of places that chokes it.

Marriage.—A woman loses
In love what she may gain in rank, who tops
Her husband's place.

Unrequited Love.—O there are women
The world deem mad, or worse, whose life but seems
One vile caprice, a freakish thing of whims
And restless nothingness; yet if we pierce
The soul, may be we'll touch some cause profound
For what seems causeless. Early love despoiled,
Or baffled, which is worse; a faith betrayed,
For vanity or lucre; chill regards,
Where to gain constant glances we have paid
Some fearful forfeit: here are many springs,
Unmarked by shallow eyes.

Kingly Power.—Wherein consists the magic of a
crown

But in the bold achievement of a deed
Would scare a clown to dream?

Misanthropy.—Passion and time have so dried
up my soul,

And drained its generous juices, that I own
No sympathy with man, and all his hopes
To me are mockeries.

Sincere Love.—To say I love this man
Is shallow phrasing. Since man's image first
Flung its wild shadow on my virgin soul,
It has borne no other reflex.

Sighs.—In time our sighs become
A sort of plaintive hint what hopeless rogues
Our stars have made us.

Voyage of Life.—'Tis circumstance makes con-
duct; life's a ship

The sport of every wind. And yet men tack
Against the adverse blast. How shall I steer,
Who am the pilot of Necessity?
But whether it be fair or foul, I know not;
Sunny or terrible.

Admiration.—Nought's more excellent for woman,
Than to be fixed on as the cytherea
Of one, whom all do gaze on. 'Tis a stamp
Whose currency, not wealth, rank, blood, can match:
These are raw ingots, till they are impressed
With fashion's picture.

Pensiveness.—Your smiles please me not. I love
a face

Pensive, not sad; for where the mood is thoughtful,
The passion is most deep and most refined
Gay tempers bear light hearts—are soonest gained
And soonest lost; but he who meditates
On his own nature with as deeply scan
The minds he meets, and when he loves, he casts
His anchor deep.

Blighted Hope.—O, life I will not curse thee!
 Let bald and shaven crowns denounce thee vain;
 To me thou wert no shade! I loved thy stir
 And panting struggle. Power, and pomp, and
 beauty,
 Cities and courts, the palace and the fane,
 The chase, the revel, and the battle-field,
 Man's fiery glance, and woman's thrilling smile,
 I loved ye all: I curse not thee, O life!
 But on my stars confusion. May they fall
 From out their spheres, and blast our earth no more
 With their malignant rays, that mocking placed
 All the delights of life within my reach,
 And chained me from fruition.

World's Opinion.—The world
 Ill estimates the truth of any lot.
 Their speculation is too far and reaches
 Only externals—they are ever fair.
 There are vile cankers in your gaudiest flowers,
 But you must pluck and peer within the leaves
 To catch the pest.

Forward Marriage.—I married,
 As men do oft, from very wantonness;
 To tamper with a destiny that's cross,
 To spite my fate, to put the seal upon
 A balked career, in high and proud defiance
 Of hopes that yet might mock me, to beat down
 False expectation and its damned lures,
 And fix a bar betwixt me and defeat.

The Priest's Exhortation.—Within this chair I sit,
 and hold the keys
 That open realms no conqueror can subdue,
 And where the monarchs of the earth must fain
 Solicit to be subjects: Heaven and Hades,
 Lands of immortal light and shores of gloom
 Eternal as the chorus of their wail,
 And the dim isthmus of that middle space,
 Where the compassionate soul may purge its sins
 In pious expiation. Then advance
 Ye children of all sorrows, and all sins,
 Doubts that perplex, and hopes that tantalize,
 All the wild forms the fiend Temptation takes
 To tamper with the soul! Come with the care
 That eats your daily life; come with the thought
 That is conceived in the noon of night,
 And makes us stare around us though alone;
 Come with the engendering sin, and with the crime
 That is full-born. To counsel and to soothe,
 I sit within this chair.

We hold the keys that bind and loosen all:
 But penitence alone is mercy's portal,
 The obdurate soul is doomed. Remorseful tears
 Are sinners' sole ablution. O, my son
 Bethink thee yet, to die in sin like thine;
 Eternal masses profit not thy soul,
 Thy consecrated wealth will but upraise
 The monument of thy despair. Once more.
 Ere yet the vesper lights shall fade away,
 I do adjure thee, on the church's bosom
 Pour forth thy contrite heart.

Death—Moody youth
 Toys in its talk with the dark thought of death,
 As if to die were but to change a robe.
 It is their present refuge for all cares
 And each disaster. When the sere has touched
 Their flowing locks, they prattle less of death,
 Perchance think more of it.

Sin.—The sin
 Is in the thought, not in the deed; 'tis not
 The body pays the penalty, the soul
 Must clear that awful scot.

Retrospection and Despair.—I would recall the
 days gone by, and live
 A moment in the past; if but to fly
 The dreary present pressing on my brain,
 Woe's omned harbinger. In exiled love
 The scene he drew so fair! Ye castled crags,
 The sunbeam plays on your embattled cliffs,
 d softens your stern visage, as his love
 ended our early sorrows. But my sun

Has set for ever! Once we talked of cares
 And deemed that we were sad. Men fancy sorrows
 Until time brings the substance of despair,
 And then their griefs are shadows. Give me exile!
 It brought me love. Ah! days of gentle joy,
 When passime only parted us, and he
 returned with tales to make our children stare;
 Or called my lute, while, round my waist entwined,
 His hand kept chorus to my lay. No more!
 O, we were happier than the happy birds;
 And sweeter were our lives than the sweet flowers;
 The stars were not more tranquil in their course,
 Yet not more bright! The fountains in their play
 Did more resemble us, that as they flow
 Still sparkle!

Coming Storm.—There is a cloud now rising in
 the west,
 In shape a hand, and scarcely would its grasp
 Exceed mine own, it is so small; a spot,
 A speck; see now again its colour fills!
 A lurid tint; they call it on our coast
 "The hand of God;" for when its finger rises
 From out the horizon, there are storms abroad
 And awful judgments.

Quick in Action.—The mind grows dull
 Dwelling on method of its deeds too long.
 Our schemes should brood as gradual as the storm;
 Their acting should be lightning.

The Catastrophe.—Methought
 Each flash would fire the Citadel; the flame
 Weathed round its pinnacles, and poured in streams
 Adown the pallid battlements. Our revellers
 Forgot their festival, and stopped to gaze
 On the portentous vision. When behold!
 The curtained clouds re-opened, and a bolt
 Came winged from the startling blue of Heaven,
 And struck—the Infants!

BISHOP GOODMAN'S LIFE.

Queen Elizabeth by Torch-light.

In the year 1588, I did then live at the
 upper end of the Strand, near St. Clement's
 Church, when suddenly there came a re-
 port unto us, (it was in December, much
 about five of the clock at night, very dark,)
 that the Queen was gone to council, and if
 you will see the Queen you must come
 quickly. Then we all ran; when the
 Court gates were set open, and no man did
 hinder us from coming in. There we came
 where there was a far greater company
 than was usually at Lenten Sermons; and
 when we had staid there an hour and that
 the yard was full, there being a number of
 torches, the Queen came out in great state.
 Then we cried, "God save your majesty!
 God save your majesty!" Then the Queen
 turned unto us and said, "God bless you
 all, my good people!" Then we cried
 again, "God save your majesty! God save
 your majesty!" Then the Queen said
 again unto us, "You may well have a
 greater prince, but you shall never have a
 more loving prince;" and so looking one
 upon another awhile the Queen departed.
 This wrought such an impression upon us,
 for shows and pageants are ever best seen
 by torch-light, that all the way long we
 did nothing but talk what an admirable
 Queen she was, and how we would adventure
 our lives to do her service. Now this

was in a year when she had most enemies, and how easily might they have then gotten into the crowd and multitude to have done her a mischief! But here we were to come in at the Court gates, and there was all the danger of searching.

Take her then in her yearly journeys at her coming to London, where you must understand that she did desire to be seen and to be magnified; but in her old age she had not only wrinkles, but she had a goggle throat, a great gullet hanging out, as her grandfather Henry the Seventh is ever painted withal;* for in young people the glandels do make all things seem smooth and fair, but in old people the glandels being shrank, the gullet doth make a little deformity. And truly there was then a report that the ladies had gotten false looking-glasses, that the Queen might not see her own wrinkles; for having been exceeding beautiful and fair in her youth, such beauties are ever aptest for wrinkles in old age. So then the Queen's constant custom was a little before her coronation-day to come from Richmond to London, and to dine with my Lord Admiral at Chelsea,† and to set out from Chelsea at dark night, where the Lord Mayor and the Aldermen were to meet her; and here all the way long from Chelsea to Whitehall was full of people to see her, and truly any man might very easily have come to her coach. Now if she thought that she had been in danger, how is it credible that she should so adventure herself? King James, who was as harmless a King as any was in our age, and consequently had as few enemies, yet wore quilted doublets stiletto proof: the Queen had many enemies; all her wars depended upon her life; she had likewise very fearful examples: the first Duke of Guise was shot; Henry the Third, the French King, was stabbed; the Duke of Orange was pistolled;—and these might make the Queen take heed.

Periodicals.

* THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, NO. 127.

[The most striking contents of this Number are a capital paper on Mr. Prescott's *History of Ferdinand and Isabella*, by much the first historical work which

• Walpole, in his "Royal and Noble Authors," has given the impression of one of Elizabeth's coins, which was struck apparently a few years before her death. It represents her very old and ugly.—Ed. by Park, ii. 90.

† Charles Howard, Earl of Nottingham, a great favourite of Queen Elizabeth. He was the only person who had influence sufficient to persuade her to go to bed in her last sickness, (Cary's Mem. 178,) and having an apprehension of some prediction, as it was thought, that she should die in it.—See Von Raumer's Hist. of XVI. Cent. &c. ii. 137.

"British America" has as yet produced; a brief but masterly analysis of Murchison's *Silurian System*; a review of Capt. Harris's *Wild Sports of Southern Africa*, Bombay edition, with anticipatory extracts, of the most vivid description. But the *extremet* of the Number, and that which will attract most readers, (if it be only for its rough handling of popular opinion,) is a review of *Oliver Twist*, with an exposition of the true character and tendency of the writings of Boz; which, by the way, have already formed the subject of lectures at some of our literary institutions. We are not aware of the gist of these lectures; but we question whether they have been so plentifully sprinkled with home truths as are the pages of the *Quarterly* reviewer. We quote a few passages, selected as fairly as possible, with the view of shewing both sides of the writer's view of the genius of Mr. Dickens; for, though justice be here and there hardly dealt, the whole paper must, we think, be received as the best estimate yet formed of the blemishes and merits of this very popular author; it being always borne in mind that extent of public favour is but a very uncertain test of its lasting worth.]

On the Writings of Boz.

Life in London, as revealed in the pages of Boz, opens a new world to thousands bred and born in the same city, whose palaces overshadow their cellars—for the one half of mankind lives without knowing how the other half dies: in fact, the regions about Saffron Hill are less known to our great world than the Oxford Tracts; the inhabitants are still less; they are as human, at least to all appearance, as the Esquimaux or the Russians, and probably (though the Zoological Society will not vouch for it) endowed with souls; but, whether souled or not souled, they are too far beneath the higher classes to endanger any loss of caste or contamination in the inquiry. Secure in their own position, these really enjoy Boz; they have none of the vulgarity of the *centre gauche*, who cut human nature unless perfectly *comme il faut*, who would not demean themselves with Boz or his 'horribly low' book, who set their affections on higher objects—while their superiors, in theaping of whom they become ridiculous, have naturally the opposite tendency to look downwards from their meridian.

Boz's works are a sign of the times; their periodical return excites more interest than that of Halley's comet. They, like good sermons, contribute to our moral health, for mirth, cakes, ale, and ginger hot in the month do us good, Mr. Froude's negation of negus to the contrary notwithstanding. The works of Boz come

out in numbers, suited to this age of division of labour, cheap, and not too long—double merits: there is just enough to make us rise from the feast, as all doctors of divinity and medicine do from dinner, with an appetite for more: in fact, Boz is the only *work* which the superficial acres of type called newspapers leave the human race time to peruse. His popularity is unbounded—not that that of itself is a test of either honesty or talent. Boz fills the print-shops—Boz furnishes subjects to playwrights and farce-writers; he is the play himself, now that brutes feed where Garrick trod. The strength of Boz consists in his originality, in his observation of character, his humour—on which he never dwells. He leaves a good thing alone, like Curaçoa, and does not dilute it; wit, which is not taught in Gower Street, drops out of his mouth as naturally as pearls and diamonds in the fairy tale; the vein is rich, racy, sparkling, and good-natured—never savage, sarcastic, malevolent, nor misanthropic; always well placed and directed against the odious, against purse-proud insolence, and the abuse of brief authority. Boz never ridicules the poor, the humble, the ill-used; he spares to real sorrow 'the bitterest insult of a scornful jest'; his sympathies are on the right side and carry his readers with him. Though dealing with the dregs of society, he is never indelicate, indecent, nor irresponsible; he never approves nor countenances the gross, the immoral, or offensive: he but holds these vices up in a pillory, as a warning of the disgrace of criminal excess. Boz, like the bee, buzzes amid honey without clogging his wings; he handles pitch charmingly; the tips of the thumb and fore-finger of the cigareshesque señorus of Paraguay are infinitely more discoloured. He tells a tale of real crushing misery in plain, and therefore most effective language; he never *then* indulges in false sentimentality, or mawkish, far-fetched verbiage. Fagin, Silks, and the dog especially, are always in their proper and natural places, always speaking, barking, and acting exactly as they ought to have done, and, as far as we are able to judge, with every appearance of truth. Boz sketches localities, particularly in London, with marvellous effect; he concentrates with the power of a camera lucida. Born with an organic bump for distinct observation of men and things, he sees with the eye, and writes with the pen of an artist—we mean with artistical skill, and not as artists write! He translates nature and life. The identical landscape or occurrence, when reduced on one sheet, will interest and astonish those who had before seen with eyes that saw: and

heard with ears that heard not, on whom previously the general incident had produced no definite effect. Boz sets before us in a strong light the water-standing orphan's eye, the condemned prisoner, the iron entering into his soul. This individuality arrests, for our feelings for human suffering in the aggregate are vague, erratic, and undefined.

Boz fails whenever he attempts to write for effect; his descriptions of rural felicity and country, of which he clearly knows much less than of London, where he is quite at home and wide awake, are, except when comical, over-laboured and out of nature. His 'gentle and genteel folks' are unendurable; they are devoid of the grace, repose, and ease of good society; a something between Cheltenham and New York. They and their extreme propriety of ill-bred good-breeding are (at least we hope so) altogether the misconceptions of our author's uninitiated imagination, mystified by the inanities of the kid-glove Novelists. Boz is, nevertheless, never vulgar when treating on subjects which are avowedly vulgar. He deals truly with human nature, which never can degrade; he takes up everything, good, bad, or indifferent, which he works up into a rich alluvial deposit. He is natural, and that never can be ridiculous. He is never guilty of the two common extremes of second-rate authors—the one a pretension of intimate acquaintance with the inner life of Grosvenor Square—the other an affected ignorance of the doings, and a sneering at the bad dinners, of Bloomsbury—he leaves that for people to whom such dinners would be an unusual feast. We are bound to admit that Boz's young ladies are awful—Kate Nickleby is the best of them—but they are all bad enough; but we must also admit that, both in fiction and reality, these bread-and-butter budding beauties are most difficult to deal with, except we are in love with them.

Boz is regius professor of slang, that expression of the mother-wit, the low humour of the lower classes, their Sanscrit, their hitherto unknown tongue, which, in the present phasis of society and politics, seems likely to become the idiom of England. Where drabs, house-breakers, and tavern-spouting patriots play the first fiddle, they can only speak the language which expresses their ideas and habits. In order fully to enjoy their force, we must know the conventional value of these symbols of ideas, although we do not understand the lingo like Boz, who has it at his fingers'-ends. We are amused with the comicality, in spite of our repugnance that the decent veil over human guilt and infirmities should be withdrawn; we grieve

that the deformity of nakedness should not only be exhibited to the rising generation, but rendered agreeable by the undeniable drollery; a coarse transcript would not be tolerated. This is the great objection we feel towards *Oliver Twist*. It deals with the outcasts of humanity, who do their dirty work in work, pot, and watch houses, to finish on the Newgate drop.

Boz's plot is devoid of art. This, a fault in comedy, is pardonable in tragedy—where persons, not events, excite. We foresee the thunder-cloud over *Œdipus* and the Master of Ravenswood without decrease of interest, which is not diminished even on re-perusal, by our perfect knowledge of the catastrophe; but Boz must remember that he is not in the high tragedy line, which deals more in the expression of elevated persons and thoughts, in an elevated manner, than in the mere contrast of situations and events; and make a better story the next time. He should also avoid, in future, all attempts at pure pathos,—on which he never ventures without reminding us of *Sterne*, and of his own immense inferiority to that master. Let him stick to his native vein of the *serio-comic*, and blend humour with pathos. He shines in this: his fun sets off his horrors as effectually as a Frenchman's gravity in a quadrille does his levity in an *émeute*, or a massacre.

Varieties.

Living in Chambers.—Cheap tailors, and manufacturers of improved steel pens, with polysyllabic names, may cram our letter-box with puffs and circulars, but they neither grieve our eyes, nor vex our heart. Furniture-brokers, men of lounging chairs and library tables, and they of "Israel's scattered race," whose traffic lies in debilitated habiliments, ascend our stairs but to tramp down again unprofitably; and economical tea-dealers leave their cards in vain. There is a thorough independence in this mode of life which we prize beyond measure: no gossiping neighbours to watch our outgoings and in-comings; to number our down-sittings and up-risings; no code of domestic law save our own goodwill and pleasure—a most un-Medic-and-Persian legislator; no chidings for coffee grown cold, and legs of mutton done to rags. Do we chance to feel convivially roused, and let the stars "begin to pale in ineffetual fires" before we turn our thoughts backward—there is no drowsy domestic kept up to grumble at our protracted absence. Are we, as saith the bard of the Seasons, "falsely luxurious," and indulge in a more than usually extended snooze—

there are no household arrangements to be interrupted by our somnolence. We have none but the "blessed sun himself" to rebuke us, and he does it with such warmth, and yet with such gentleness, that we are always thoroughly ashamed of our own laziness, and register a most serious resolution to "reform it altogether." But, alas! man is weak, and bed is pleasant; "a little more sleep and a little more slumber," has been the cry of other voices besides that of the hero of "the sluggard;" and the very Druid, from whose animated appeal to early rising we have just quoted, was wont to let the noon-day beam surprise him between the sheets.—*Blackwood*

Orangeries are much more rare in Britain than in almost any other country in Europe. This has not always been the case; for the Orangery was amongst the first structures attempted in this country for the cultivation of exotic plants; and, before the introduction of so many exotics into England, which may principally be traced to our taking possession of the Cape of Good Hope, and the discovery of New Holland, the cultivation of the orange was common here. Our neighbours on the Continent have for ages admired these trees, on account of the fragrance of their flowers, which they use in a variety of ways; and also on account of their being evergreens, which are much more rare in the gardens of the Continent than with us. Indeed, so general is their cultivation in France, Germany, and the Netherlands, that the term *Orangerie* is synonymous with green-house in England, implying the culture of them to be a primary consideration to that of exotic plants generally. The orange will thrive with a much less share of light and sun, particularly during winter, than almost any other exotic; but, it appears, during summer, to like both in abundance. Houses, therefore, in which few other plants would live, may be advantageously used for the cultivation of the orange. The houses on the Continent, in which the most splendid collections are kept, such as those at Versailles, the Thilleries, at Lachen, Enghien, &c. are all without glass roofs; and such are also those in the royal gardens at Kew, Hampton Court, and Windsor Castle. The orange, although not sufficiently hardy to stand in the open air of this country, generally, has existed in that state in the warmer parts of Devonshire.—*Abridged from M^r Lutosh's Flower-Garden.*

We once overheard a young lady, whom we much admired, say, "Papa! I am so hungry! I shall so enjoy my dinner!" Little blood-thirsty minx! We never spoke to her again.—*Gent. Mag.*

Louis XIV.—One of the last and perhaps the finest traits of Louis's domestic character, shewed itself two days before his death, and after he had received extreme unction. While conversing with his confessor upon the awful moment before him, he perceived by the reflection in a mirror, that two of his servants at the foot of the bed were in tears, and turning to them he asked "Why do you weep? Did you think I was immortal? I never thought it, and at my age you should have prepared yourselves to lose me." Not long before his death, Louis sent for his great grandson, and holding him in his arms, addressed to him the following words, which remained for years written above the pillow of Louis XV.: "You are about to become the King of a great kingdom.

• That which I recommend to you more strenuously is, never to forget your obligation towards God. Remember that you owe Him everything that you are. Strive to preserve peace with your neighbours. I have been too fond of war. Neither imitate me in that, nor in the too great expenses which I have incurred. Seek counsel in all things, and endeavour to find out the best, always to follow it. Lighten the burdens of your people as soon as you can; and do what I myself have had the misfortune not to be able to do."—*James's Life and Times of Louis XIV.*; a work as valuable as it is entertaining.

A Deserted Watering-place.—There is a loneliness about a deserted watering-place more striking than that of any other town. Broad and formal avenues, with temples on every hill, and grottoes in every nook, large staring hotels and pump-rooms with long colonnades, are animated scenes when filled with gay and noisy groups in search of pleasure more than health; but dull enough to give one the blue devils when one meets with only a few wretched invalids crawling about like flies in December.—*Wilbraham's Travels.* (Such is the picture of an empty Russian Cheltenham.)

Ducking Pick-pockets bears much analogy to the pit in which the Scots used to immerse female thieves.

Hot and Cold.—At the siege of Lille, having learned that Louis XIV. had no ice in his camp, and the weather being excessively hot, the governor daily sent a portion for the King's use. That portion, however, was but small, and one morning Louis remarked to the Spanish officer who brought it, that he was very much obliged for the ice, but that the governor might send him a little more at a time. "He is afraid, sire," replied the officer, "that the siege may be long, and the ice fall short before it is over."

The Petersburg Guardsmen are true exquisites. Captain Wilbraham saw the dressing-cases of two of them, which were of English manufacture, and fitted with jug and basin of solid silver; whilst their dressing-gowns almost shamed the Captain, who had just left the land of silks and kashmeres.

Narrow escape.—At the siege of Lille, Louis XIV. was one day in the trenches on foot, when one of his pages was killed just behind him. A soldier, seeing the danger to which the King had exposed himself, caught him rudely by the arm, and pulled him away, exclaiming, "Come away! Is that your place?"

Popular Ignorance.—It is a common error of the day to overrate the intelligence of the present day, and underrate our forefathers in the intellectual scale; for, although our Nomadic ancestors were long without the cultivation of knowledge and literature, they were not, therefore, mentally inert. "There is an education of the mind, distinct from the literary, which is gradually imparted by the contingencies of active life. In this, which is always the education of the largest portion of mankind, our ancestors were never deficient. The operation of practical, but powerful intellect, may be traced in the wisdom and energy of their great political mechanisms and municipal institutions. It pervades their ancient laws; and is displayed in full dimensions, as to our Saxon and Norman ancestors, in that collection of our native jurisprudence, which our Bracton has transmitted to us. The system of our common law there exhibited, was admirably adapted to their wants and benefit; and has mainly contributed to form the national bulwarks, and that individual character, by which England has been so long enriched and so vigorously upheld."—*Sharon Turner's Anglo-Saxons.*

Armenian Fuel.—The only fuel used throughout the greater part of Armenia consists of cakes of cow-dung, spread in the sun to dry. They are somewhat difficult to ignite, but when once they burn well, they throw out a great heat.—*Capt. Wilbraham's Travels.* [Cow-dung is similarly used in the West of England.]

Armenian Tombstones.—Several of the tombstones in the Armenian burying-grounds, like those still to be seen in Switzerland, are ornamented with the emblems of the trade or calling of him whose ashes repose beneath.

Mermaid, like Ghost stories, carry their antidote with them. Is there an instance of more than one person at a time seeing a mermaid—or a ghost?

Dates.—In Egypt, the price of dates is fixed by law, according to the season and quality of the fruit. The trees from the Oasis yields from 5,000 to 6,000 camel-loads annually.

Equanimity.

To this tranquillity the lamp of being
Burns with a steady and unwavering flame,
And none observe how wastes the oil within.

Rev. W. Harness.

The Happy Man.—In the photogenic art, no longer photogenic, he produced the loveliest and most accurate panoramas with rushlights; and not only portraits, but busts, statues, and groups of moving figures, not inferior to actual life, by means of a camera obscura, modelled upon a Daguerrotype notion, and illuminated by the phosphoric sheen of a single glow-worm. The most remarkable result, however, which accrued from these experiments, was the discovery that shadows were real beings, not less substantial than the men and women they had been supposed to copy. In their natures they differed from the originals, having a capability of elongating or shortening themselves in an extraordinary degree, but still preserving identity, occupying space, and acting upon internal as well as external impulses. By the same rule, the reflections of objects in mirrors, or other diaphanous media, were demonstrated to be rather more substantial than the objects reflected.—*Legacies of Intellect; Bentley's Miscellany.*

The Classics.—All experience shows how materially the taste and manners of a gentleman are improved by classical attainments.

Sharp Shot.—At the siege of Badajoz, a cannon-shot, fired by the French, struck the ground first, and then hit one of our artillery-men on the back, when he fell, as was thought, killed on the spot. In a moment, however, he jumped up unhurt, the shot having glanced off his knapsack; in commemoration of which event, he was afterwards known by the appellation of "the bomb-proof man."—A British soldier having fired at a Frenchman without orders, was reprimanded for doing so by his colonel, who asked him why he did so; when he coolly said, "scratching his head at the same time—"Why, Zur, I arn't nought to eat this here two days, and I thought as how I might find some-what in his knapsack."—*United Service Journal.*

Electric Caterpillar.—Mr. Yarrell lately exhibited to the Entomological Society a large and very hairy caterpillar of South America, which has been observed to possess the power of communicating a very powerful electric shock.

Camberwell Grove.—Dr. Lettsom's villa, Grove-hill, although little more than three miles from the City bridges, is said to have afforded a prospect of nearly 150 miles in circumference.

Lilies and Pearls.—A marble monument in Streatham Church bears the following quaint epitaph:—

Susanna, late a lovely Lillie,
Soon faded though she be,
And *Marguerite*, an Orient Pearl,
Resolv'd to dust yee see.
Yet Lillie's roote shall spring againe,
And Pearle repayed with Christ to raigne.

Colonial Tailors.—We see, by the *South Australian Gazette*, that our colonial tailors affect the rural in their advertisements. Thus, we find one dated "Alpha Cottage," and another "Swiss Cottage, North Adelaide."

Railways.—From a Parliamentary return, just printed, it appears that between Jan. 1826, and Jan. 1839, or in thirteen years, there has been raised by Railway Companies the sum of £57,789,444; of which £41,610,814 are capital in joint stock, the remaining £16,177,630 being made up of the sums which the various companies are authorised to raise by loan or mortgage.

Literary Death.—Edward Moore, in his periodical paper, *The World*, took leave of his readers on December 30, 1736, with a humorous account of his own death, which really happened on the 28th of February following.

Speaking French.—French has been well called "the algebra of tongues," from its being a sort of general medium of communication, current over the greater part of the earth. It is certainly the most difficult of all to acquire in its highest delicacies of pronunciation and idiom; but, fortunately, it is of easy acquisition, so far as ordinary colloquial work is required.—*United Service Journal.*

The Nelson Memorial.—The award of the Committee to Mr. W. Railton, for his drawing, (No. 65,) has been confirmed; and his design of the Corinthian column recommended finally for adoption.

"The Surrey Zoological Gardens."—Hecla has been fired by means of the Voltaic battery, by Mr. E. M. Clarke.

* * *Erratum*, in part of the impression of our last Number, at page 195, second column, seventeen lines from bottom, for "tunnels in railways," read "shafts in railway tunnels."

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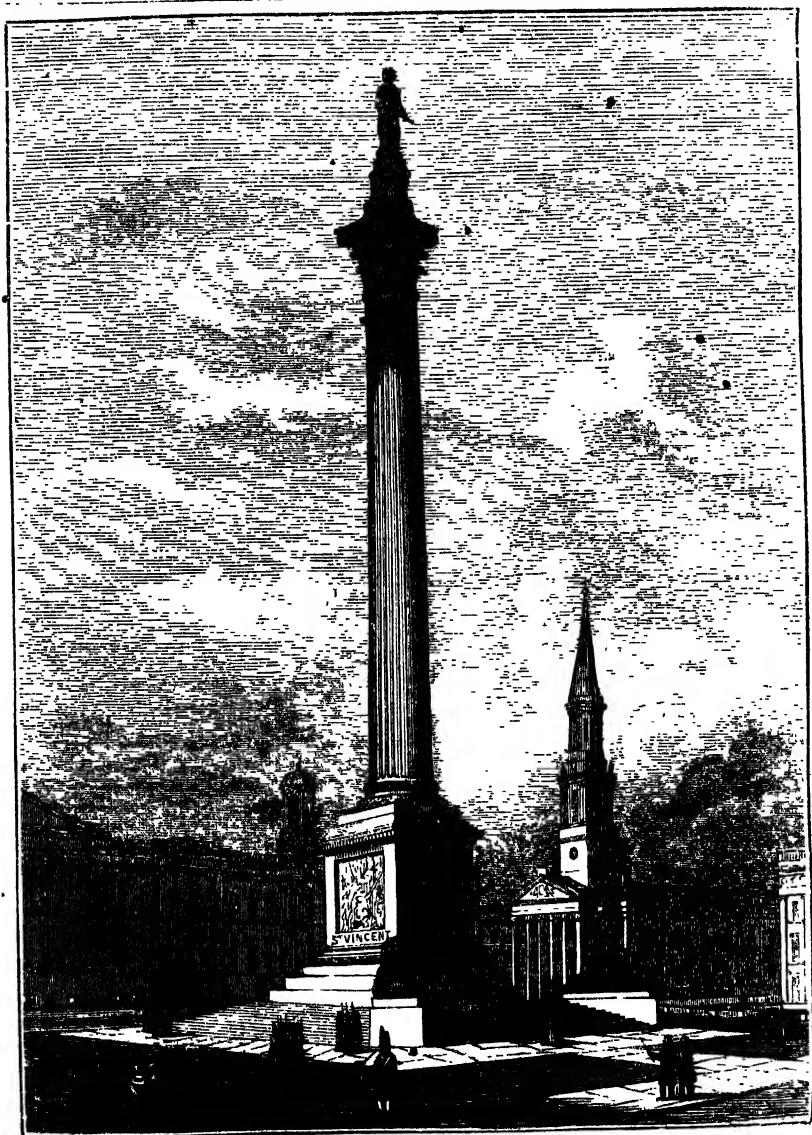
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THE NELSON MONUMENT,
TRAFALGAR SQUARE, CHARING CROSS.

THE NELSON MONUMENT.

UPWARDS of three and thirty years have elapsed since the remains of the great Nelson were consigned to the tomb, with the extreme pomp and circumstance of a public funeral. Well do we remember the sombre spectacle stealthily gliding upon the placid Thames, and the "rainy eyes" of countless spectators as the mournful *cortège* drew "its slow length along" to our metropolitan cathedral,* wherein was deposited all that was mortal of him

"Whose sacred splendour, and whose deathless name,
Shall grace and guard his country's naval fame."

The national feeling soon testified itself in the erection of costly commemorations. Near the resting-place, the genius of Flaxman reared a noble sculptural monument;† whilst in the Guildhall was placed a trophied group, inscribed by the pen of an eloquent statesman in evidence of the citizens' gratitude. Elsewhere tributes were also raised to perpetuate the fame of Nelson. At Great Yarmouth arose a classic column, "by the joint contributions of his fellow-countrymen of Norfolk." Liverpool produced its colossal group of lasting bronze. Dublin raised its huge column and gigantic statue, and Edinburgh its castellated memorial, of Britain's illustrious admiral. The latter are, indeed, *public monuments*, placed out-of-doors, which the people may regard with many a welcome remembrance of their country's glory, mingled with gratitude to their hero, in ages to come: for, "the period to Nelson's fame can only be the end of time."‡ But the metropolis of England possesses not such a monument. Since Nelson's victorious death, columns have been raised, and statues have been placed, to perpetuate sovereigns, heroes, and statesmen; poets, philanthropists, and other good and great men. The successes of our army are everywhere commemorated by spoils and trophies: a proud monument has been reared to a commander, who disciplined our soldiers rather than led them to victory; and men had even become envious in recording the valour of the living before they had done justice to the memory of the brave dead. In the embellishment of our me-

* Immediately beneath the centre of the dome, pointed out above by a brass plate let into the pavement, is a sarcophagus, having on it a coronet and a cushion, and placed on a base of masonry, within which is the body of Nelson. This sarcophagus, it appears, once belonged to Cardinal Wolsey, who originally intended it for his own tomb.—*Godwin and Britton's Churches of London*, No. 11, p. 47.

† In a large apartment in St. Paul's Cathedral are shewn to visitors the trophies and banners which were borne in the funeral procession of Nelson.

‡ Guildhall Inscription, by Sheridan.

ropolis, the fame of Trafalgar seems to have been neglected; the *arbiter* in such matters meriting the sarcasm of the poet, in "Forgetting NELSON, Duncan, Howe, and Jervis."

Years rolled on, and the monumental celebration of Nelson's fame had nearly been left to its only period, "the end of time," when the course of nature led to our throne a sailor-king, who had been nurtured in the navy, who had been cherished in his boyhood by Nelson, and one of whose earliest regal acts was to awaken his countrymen to erect a metropolitan monument to their beloved victor. The time was happily in joint; though the lapse of nearly a quarter of a century were, indeed, a long grace for the payment of the tribute, now become matter of history rather than of every-day reference. Years of peace had fostered the arts: a site had been cleared for the erection of the "National Gallery," and where so befitting a place for a "national" monument as in its area? We know not whether this idea occurred to William the Fourth, or whether it was a suggestion from those around him; but more certain is it that he favoured the design of opening to the people the square at Charing Cross; of naming it "Trafalgar;" and of placing in its centre some monument to Nelson, worthy of the patronage of a sovereign, and association with the glories of the hero. Such, in the main, was the origin of "the Nelson Testimonial" about to be placed in Trafalgar Square. For this noble object, a subscription was opened, and a committee organized, the Duke of Buccleuch lending his efficient aid as chairman. Unfortunately, the sovereign did not live to witness the progress of his favourite project. On a considerable sum being raised, the committee advertised for designs for a monument of architecture and sculpture; the rewards of £250, £150, and £100 respectively, being promised to the author of the design which the committee should deem first, second, and third, in order of merit; and the highest premium was awarded to Mr. William Railton. The designs were then submitted to the inspection of the public, with certain additions, alterations, and amendments; and the committee, on June 22, confirmed their former choice, and finally decided upon the design of Mr. Railton, by whose courtesy we are enabled to present the accompanying engraving to the reader.*

* The first design was returned by Mr. Railton to the committee unaltered, with an entirely new set of drawings containing alterations: from one of the latter the Engraving has been reduced; representing the Monument as seen from the corner of Spring Gardens, with the surrounding buildings drawn in relative proportion.

In the choice of his design, the author carefully considered every species of monument, not only with respect to the subject itself, but also with reference to the site, the character and dimensions of the surrounding buildings, and the amount proposed to be expended (£30,000.) Any thing in the nature of a temple he conceives to be wholly out of the question, both on account of the expense, and the screen it would offer in every point of view to some one or more of the neighbouring edifices, and thus destroy their general effect; whilst a *group of figures*, on the other hand, (keeping within the proposed sum,) must necessarily be so very limited as to be appreciated only on close inspection, but producing no distant effect, especially when corroded, as it soon would be, by the damp and smoky atmosphere of the metropolis. Mr. Railton then submits, that a Column, by affording an opportunity for the combined efforts of the architect and sculptor, will produce both near and distant effects; and being in keeping with the surrounding buildings, will tend, more than in any other species of monument, to bring the entire scene into general harmony, without, in the slightest degree, destroying the effect of any portion of it.

Mr. Railton has chosen the Corinthian order, being the most lofty and elegant in its proportions, and having never been used in England for this purpose. The shaft is placed upon a pedestal, having on its four sides, *bassi-relievi* of Nelson's four principal engagements, viz. St. Vincent, Copenhagen, Nile, and Trafalgar; these *bassi-relievi* being eighteen feet square, and the figure of Nelson in each seven feet high. The pedestal is raised on a flight of fifteen steps, at the angles of which latter are African lions in a recumbent position. The shaft is uniformly fluted throughout, the lower and upper torus

being ornamented with oak leaves. The capital is taken from the bold and simple example of Mars Ultor at Rome, and a figure of Victory is introduced on each side; from thence rises a circular pedestal ornamented with a wreath of laurel, and surmounted by a colossal statue of Nelson.* The dimensions of the whole follow:

	Height.	Width.
Base	10 feet	104 feet.
Pedestal	39	206
Base of Column ..	9	12
Shaft	90	
Capital	14	
Pedestal	14	
Statue	17	

Total..... 193 feet.

The author proposes to take up his position in the actual centre of Trafalgar Square, and to lower the ground from the column to the footpath on the north side to one level, and to substitute a flight of ten steps, the whole width of the square, which will, in effect, rather add to the height of the National Gallery.

The materials proposed to be employed are, for the steps and plinth, grey granite; the lions, porphyritic granite; the pedestal, *relievi*, column, and upper pedestal, Crign-leith stone; the statue, and the laurel wreath around the upper pedestal, bronze; and, if preferred, the *bassi-relievi* of bronze, the latter being less liable to injury from time, accident, or intentional mutilation.*

It now only remains for us to congratulate Mr. Railton upon what we are inclined to consider his merited success; and to remind the patriotic, that the subscription lists remain open as heretofore, to receive contributions, generally. In so laudable an object as perpetuating the memory of one of the noblest of England's heroes, who may be said to have sealed her supremacy of the seas, little incitement can be needed; since, to this superiority may be traced England's prosperity and proud position in the scale of nations. ●

* We are compelled, by want of space, to omit some interesting details, in support of Mr. Railton's preference of a Column. With a view to a compari-

Date.			
118	Trajan's Column	- Rome	-
162	Antonine's Column	- Rome	-
1671	The Monument	- London	-
1806	Napoleon's Column	- Paris	-
1832	Duke of York's	- London	-
1839	Nelson's Monument, 1st Design.		
	Ditto	2nd Design	-

There have been many futile objections to the use of single Columns, as monuments, notwithstanding the instances above quoted. It has, also, been objected, that there is already another pillar, in a street near the area of the proposed Nelson column; the objector evidently forgetting the insulated columns in the Roman Forum, in the time of Augustus; and the Antonine, near the Trajan column. Again, the raising of two obelisks, at the gates of Egyptian temples; in the principal *piazze*, at Rome; and the two insulated pillars in one of the squares of Venice. "The history of both Greece and Rome, the paintings at Pompeii, and the opi-

nions, between this and similar objects, the dimensions of the principal Columns, which have been erected as monuments, are subjoined:

Order.	Height to the top of Capital.	Diameter.
Doric	- 115 feet -	- 12 feet.
Doric	- 123 — -	- 13 —
Doric	- 172 — -	- 15 —
Doric	- 115 — -	- 12 —
Doric	- 109 — -	- 11 —
Corinthian	- 156 — -	- 12 —
Corinthian	- 162 — -	- 12 —

nions of Winckelman, Milizia, Visconti, and others," gainsay the above objections. "Where is the man of real taste, who has ever hesitated, for a moment, to admire the Monument of London; or the Trajan and the Antonine, at Rome; or Pompey's pillar, at Alexandria?"—*Explanation of the Designs, by Utinam, affixed to A Letter to the Duke of Wellington, on the Nelson Memorial*; by Dr. Granville. [The main objection, we take to be, placing a statue at such a height that its features can scarcely be discerned. We cannot, however, enter further into the controversy, although our table is strewn with materials, not forgetting the combustibles.]

MR. SPIFF'S JOURNEY TO ASCOT
RACES.*(Concluded from page 213.)*

For the first few minutes, Octavius was bewildered with the gay company passing before him. He almost feared to trust himself among so many people, as he had heard of the depredations committed at races, and instinct whispered him to put his pocket-handkerchief in his hat, and tuck his watch, seals, keys, and all into his side pocket. Having thus taken every proper precaution against unlawful appropriations, he turned down the course towards a spot where a little knot of people had collected round a table, on which a man was displaying his art in the mysteries of "the pea and thimble." Octavius had heard of "the thimble-rig;" he indistinctly coupled it with something he had read in the Parliamentary Reports, but he had never seen it: so he approached the player, and two of the bystanders made way for him in the politest manner possible, no doubt perceiving his anxiety to behold the game.

"Gentlemen," said the thimble-man, who was a speckled-face fellow, leaning on a crutch, "the conditions of the game is easy to be taught and to be learnt. Should you have a quick eye to trace and diskiver which thimble the little *pay* is under, you wins, otherwise you loses. There goes one—two—three—out of this one into this one, and slap bang into this one. Those two are the losers, and this one's the winner, and it's not uncovered now for five pound."

"Done for five," said a gentleman in a cut-away coat, (one of those made at two pound ten of Imperial Saxony cloth, "any colour but black or blue,") satin stock, and old boots, standing in the circle of spectators. The money was placed on the table, the gentleman guessed right, and won. Octavius thought he might just as well have won the money himself, for he had pitched upon the same thimble; so he resolved to keep a sharp look out.

"Well, gentlemen," said the man, "I never grumbles at losing, but I'd rather win. I'm a very bad player, but I'm acknowledged to be a fair one. Here goes again—one—two—three. It's my place to hide, and your's to find; them as don't see don't tell, and them as do hold their tongues, as different people has different opinions;" and as the thimbles successively danced a reel under his fingers, he added, "It's not found out now—who says done for five?"

"I'll take you two," said another gentleman with red hands and a riding whip.

"No, five," said the man.

"I'll take you two," said the gentleman again.

"You hav'n't got five," said the thimble-man. "Now I've got heaps of money. My grandmother died last week, and left me a thousand pound; and I believe she's a-going to die again next week, and leave me a thousand more. Stand back you boys."

As the thimble-man turned round to put back the juvenile intruders that were about the board, one of the bystanders raised the thimble under which the pea was placed, and shewing it to all around, covered it again before the player turned to the table.

"It's not uncovered for five," resumed the man.

"The pea's been seen," said the gentleman in the old boots.

"To be sure it has," answered the man; "I always shews the pea. I'll take you five, sir," said he, addressing everybody successively, including Octavius.

"Bet him, sir," said the man with the whip to Octavius. "You're sure to win; I'll go you halves."

Octavius was all anxiety: he thought it would be a glorious feat to take in the thimble-man; but he would not risk five pounds, so he pulled out a sovereign and staked it.

"Shall I move them round again, sir," said the man, touching the thimbles.

"No, leave them alone," said the spectator in the old boots; "and let the gentleman lit it up himself."

With a trembling hand Octavius placed the sovereign on the table, and raised the thimble under which the pea had been shewn: it was not there!

"Bless me!" said the old boots, "that's the thimble you ought to have taken; you lifted up the wrong one," and a loud laugh burst from all as Mr. Spiff rushed, with the desperation of a ruined gamester, from the table.

Silly, silly fools, (begging your pardons,) all ye race visitors are. Year after year the thimble-rig is played; year after year you allow yourselves to be taken in by its intricate manœuvres, and when you lose, console yourselves with the idea that the thimbles were magnetic, or the pea was made of cobbler's wax, or some such foolish theory. But, satisfy yourselves: expend a penny at the nearest linen-draper's shop in the purchase of three brass thimbles; cut a small pea out of cork, and then try if you cannot lift the thimble up with the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, and at the same time take up the pea between the thumb and second finger. You will do it easily after a few trials, and a keen eye will enable you to trace the

legerdemain on the race-course; but even then you will "be done" if you bet.

For five minutes after his loss, Octavius walked on at a fearful rate down the alley of gaming booths and E.O. tables, totally unmindful of the invitations of the puffers at the doors. "Walk in, gentlemen, the real French huphazard; no bars, blanks, nor apreas!"—"Roulette, roulette!"—"Mechanical horse-racing, my noble sportsmen!"—"Une, deux, cinque;" and a hundred other such cries fell unheeded on his ear. We do not know where his promenade would have led him, had he not at last walked straight against the rope which is stretched across the course for the exclusion of horses. This recalled him to himself, and he began to reason upon the impropriety of allowing the loss of his money to spoil his day's pleasure: he accordingly walked into the fair to drown his anger in the sight of the different amusements there going on. Here was also an immense crowd: they were inferior in dress and demeanour to the promenaders on the course, but still they all appeared enjoying themselves in their own way. Some were having dinner in the perambulating taverns, off cold meat cooked on the Monday previous; others were throwing at the snuff-boxes and knives on the willow sticks; and a great many, because the day was not sufficiently hot, were dancing in the small crowded tents to the music of two fiddles and a drum, suspended in a curiously unsafe platform from the roof. A little further on a man was haranguing a crowd of people, and they laughed so much that Octavius thought he could enjoy their mirth. The speaker was standing in front of a tilted cart, the interior of which presented a comical array of guns, braces, gimlets, watches, saws, waiters, with specimens almost of everything that was ever manufactured; in fact, had Birmingham been inundated by a deluge, the cart would have been a second ark for its wares. The man was apparently selling his goods by his own auction, and commenced a new lot as Octavius reached his two-wheeled bazaar.

"Here's a set of cruet," said he, as he breathed on the tops successively, and then rubbed them on his corduroys to give them an April sunshine sort of lustre. "Now, if you owed a man fifty pound, and he was to come with a warrant to put you in Horse-monger gaol, or the Tower of London, or some other prison, and was to see these cruet on your sideboard, he'd go away quite satisfied, and think you was doing very well. These cruet will dress a salad of themselves, and never want filling while there's something in them. I won't ask you fifty pound for them, nor

twenty, nor one, but I'll take eighteen shillings. Well, you've got fiant hearts—here goes for ten: who'll buy them at ten?"

"They are not worth it," said a countryman in the crowd.

"Not worth it," said the vender, looking contemptuously at the speaker. "What should you know about it. I dare say you never saw a set of cruet in your life, but keeps your pepper in a doctor's phial, and your vinegar in an old gingerbeer bottle, with a slit in the cork. You're a clever chap, you are; I should think you came from the place where they locked the wheelbarrow up in the barn, after it was snapped at by the mad dog. I don't want you to give ten shillings for them, nor eight, nor five, nor three; you shall have them for one."

"I'll give you a tanner," said a mechanic-looking fellow.

"Tanners, indeed," returned the cheap Jack: "tanners lives in Bermondsey—we don't want no tanners here. It's only snobs want tanners, and perhaps you're a snob. Now, there's three kinds of snobs: there's the ramping snob, the out-and-out snob, and the badger snob. The ramping snob swears, 'blunt his bristles,' he won't work afore Friday night, or Saturday morning, and goes and gets drunk all the rest of the week. The out-and-out snob lives where fourteen of them work in a garret, and have only got one suit of clothes amongst them; you've come out in that suit, and left all the others shivering at home. And the badger snob lives in a little hole under a cheesemonger's shop, that's so small, he's obliged to get in head foremost, and buck out."

A roar of laughter followed this sally; the discomfited countryman turned away quite crest-fallen, and Octavius looked out for the lady at the gingerbread stall opposite Mr. Podgey's carriage, and crossed the course to his friends.

As Octavius regained the four-wheeled chaise, he found an addition to the party of his worthy friend. Two young men, who were introduced to him as Mr. Tottletwin and Mr. John Tottletwin, had arrived, and were standing on the wheels on each side, talking to the two Miss Podgeys; and there was a young lady in front of the vehicle, with the old gentleman and his wife. The young lady was exceedingly good-looking, and had on the prettiest pink bonnet Octavius had ever seen; and he was not sorry when Mr. Podgey and his partner got down to speak to some friends in an adjoining carriage, and told Mr. Spiff to take their place. He would have commenced a delightful chat with her, but the announcement of the Queen's

arrival stopped all conversation. The stands rapidly filled; the policemen formed the people into a living alley down the course; and the ladies mounted on the seats of the carriages to obtain a better view. All eyes were turned towards the bottom of the New Mill, where the red coats of the outriders were beginning to be discerned. On they all came, a real lord leading them, with his silver couples gracefully thrown over his shoulder; and then four fat men upon horseback, in green velvet coats; and then the Queen's huntsman on his "gallant grey;" and the servants, each leading a saddled horse, in case any of the royal family chose to ride about in the dust behind the booths, which Mr. Spiff thought was not very likely; and then came the Queen herself, followed by more outriders and more carriages, all filled with the court, and all gazed at by the prettiest eyes in Britain. Octavius thought he would have given worlds to be the Queen, if it had only been to excite a minute's attention from the hundreds of our fairest countrywomen, who welcomed her arrival with a wave of their delicate hands, as the *cortège* rolled up the course.

As soon as the court of England had alighted in the court of the royal stand, the sports of the day began. There was a little trouble in clearing the course at first, on account of the crowd. People would run half across, and get put back again by the police and outriders; and one or two unhappy dogs were chased unmercifully along the lines, yelled at the whole way by the spectators at the ropes, who would not make way to let them in; but, at last all was properly effected, and the heath presented a long and splendid array of wealth, beauty, and equipages, such as England alone could offer. Then divers bells began to ring at mysterious intervals, and the horses pranced about before the people, who looked at their cards to see who they were, and found every colour down properly, but those the jockies wore; and grooms rode by at fearful rates with saddles and horse-cloths tied round their waists, until finally they all mustered pretty well together at the starting post of the two-mile course.

"Now they're off," said everybody, as the horses left the post, all in a lump, as the beggar found the sixpence. They did not go very fast as yet, for they had a great deal of work to get through; and on turning Swinley corner, they were lost sight of in the valley. Presently, Mr. Spiff saw them emerge from the brow of the hill, beginning to make play for the head of the old mile; and here the faint ones began to "tail off." And now came

the anxious moment: all the heads in the betting-stand were uncovered, and intently gazing down the course; one man was even standing on the chimney, and the *canaille* leaned over the ropes until they almost broke them; and "Red's first," "No, it's blue," "Go it, yellow," resounded on all sides, until the horses came rushing up the course, making the turf thunder beneath their feet, and in another minute putting an end to all doubts and odds upon the subject.

As soon as the race was over, an extraordinary number of hampers and sand-wich baskets appeared from the carriages in all directions; nor was Mr. Podgey behind hand in producing his own. After much stooping, and begging the ladies to move their feet out of the way, and great manual labour, (for hampers are always much too large for the seats they are pushed under,) the basket was pulled out. It is not necessary to describe what it contained, because the contents of race-course baskets are always the same; the only variations being, that sometimes the wine-glasses have shanks to them, and sometimes they have not. Octavius was all politeness in taking wine with Mrs. Podgey, and the two Miss Podgeys, and the young lady in the pink bonnet, and the two Mr. Toppletwins were not behind hand in their attentions also; indeed Mr. Spiff soon discovered how affairs stood in that quarter, as regarded the daughters of his host. By the time that the empty bottles and spare sandwiches had been given away to the beggars, and the cake crumbs brushed away, the race began again: the same anxiety prevailed; and when over, the same ladies and gentlemen walked about upon the course. Our party descended for a promenade with the rest, leaving Mr. Podgey and a bottle of sherry to take care of the *voiture*, and telegraph to any friends he saw on the ground how happy he should be to have a glass with them, which signal he accomplished by holding up the bottle and winking his eye. Octavius handed the young lady down most gracefully, and held up the ropes while she crept under, or stood upon them while she stepped over; and then they laughed, and talked, and flirted, and criticised the dresses, and began to think what a happy day it was.

But all pleasures have an end: even a found of amusements is not a perfect circle, and a solution to the continuity of the race-course enjoyments arrived at last. From half-past four, the carriages began to roll off the course as fast as they had crowded on it in the morning. Everybody seemed tired and choked with dust, and Octavius was not sorry when he turned

from the road to the fresh green lane leading to Mr. Podgey's farm. The Messrs. Toppletwins, and the young lady, who was their cousin, followed them, three in a gig, to spend the evening; and Susan, all smiles and four-penny pink ribbon, received them at the door. How the dinner went off, or how the lamb was dressed, we find no authentic existing records: but we know that Octavius sat next to "the young lady," and that he even twice accidentally touched her foot with his own; still that was very excusable, for long people never know what to do with their legs under a dinner table; and nobody saw it but Jem, who was occupied in dipping the silver spoons in a jug of hot water on the tray at the end of the room, to make them come out as bright as ever for the dessert.

They dined so late, and were so long about it, that there was not much of an evening afterwards. Mr. Podgey's house, however, boasted a piano—a regular old-fashioned, five-octave-and-a-half square, with an enormous shelf underneath for the music books. The young ladies played some quadrilles that had been given to them by some friends in London; and then, after a great deal of pressing, they got Octavius to sing, which with him was a very rare occurrence—a latent talent, fostered only by Mr. Podgey's home-made champagne. He had, it is true, sometimes attempted "The brave old oak" at an harmonic meeting of the medical students of the Middlesex, which they held every week somewhere in Charlotte-street; but he had not often ventured upon a ballad in the society of young ladies. Nevertheless, he succeeded tolerably, although Miss Podgey sometimes got a little before him in the accompaniment, and did not rest sufficiently at the pauses to give it proper effect; and when he had finished, the young lady thanked him with such a smile, that he would have attempted the most difficult *bravura* in all the operas ever written, for another like it. Mr. Podgey sat under the veranda, on a very uncomfortable seat made of crooked boughs, and smoked a pipe; and Mrs. Podgey made tea with Susan's assistance, and thanked everybody for playing and singing as soon as they had finished, and sometimes before, which was rather awkward. Altogether it was a very happy party; and when at last the time came to say "good bye," Octavius was really very sorry, and experienced much internal discomfort at the thoughts of returning again to old clothes and hard work, those unvarying attendants upon a holiday, for let people pretend to be as refined as they may, it is

very certain they never wear the same coat all day at home which they put on to come out in. As the little circle broke up, he shook hands cordially with all round, and was so far ungallant as to leave the young lady until the last; but then he held her hand a long time to make up for it: and as the gig drove out of the farm-yard, on his retiring to his chamber, he flourished his tin candlestick at the window as a parting salute.

He had promised to be in London the next day, and therefore he intended to rise early, and jump on one of the morning coaches; for although Mr. Podgey would have sent Jem over to the railroad with him, yet, on consulting the bill, there was such a list of flying trains, and mail trains, and stopping trains, and such unaccountable hours of reaching the stations, that it so perplexed him, he thought he would make sure at once, and travel by the old way for a novelty, more especially as the route through Egham, Staines, Bedfont, and Hounslow, was a new one to him; and a stage-coach on that line would probably become as great a curiosity, and excite as much attention, in a short time, as a French diligence, postillion, conductor, cart-horses, and all.

What his journey to Ascot Races led to forms an epoch in the smooth annals of Mr. Spiff's life—the establishment of a lock and weir in the river of his thoughts, turning their stream into another channel, and causing much commotion. Should we have drawn a smile from the indulgent reader, in linking a few unimportant events of our hero's existence together, we are much gratified, for we wished to have done so; and we may be again tempted to commit a breach of confidence in following the chronicles of the passing events of his life, in the columns of what Correspondents are generally pleased to term "our valuable little miscellany."

ALBERT.

THE CALEDONIAN ASYLUM, COPENHAGEN FIELDS, ISLINGTON.

THIS handsome structure occupies the highest point of Copenhagen Fields, a fitting station for so honourable a monument of active benevolence. It was erected in 1827-8, from the design of Mr. George Tappen: the foundation-stone was laid by H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, in grand Masonic form, on May 27, and the portion shown in the engraving was completed in October following: the contract being £6,556. The present building is, however, but the centre of the original design, which may be extended as required

hereafter. Its effect will be materially improved by the addition of wings.

The Caledonian Asylum was instituted for "supporting and educating the children of soldiers, sailors, and marines, natives of Scotland, who have died, or been disabled, in the service of their country, and of indigent Scotch parents resident in London, not entitled to parochial relief." This noble measure was first taken up by the Highland Society of London, in the year 1808; the matter was, however, dropped for a time, but revived in 1813, and in a short time the subscriptions amounted to £10,000; Sir Charles Forbes liberally advancing £1000 in anticipation of contributions from his friends in Bombay. In 1814, the institution was organized, and on June 14, 1815, it was incorporated by Act of Parliament. The establishment was not opened for the reception of children until December, 1819; and then only in Cross-street, Hatton-garden, in premises capable of accommodating forty inmates; the first number admitted being twelve boys. Two acres of freehold ground were next purchased in Copenhagen Fields, and the edifice commenced, as above stated: the portion completed will contain 100 children; but, at present, there are only seventy-two boys on the establishment, being the utmost that the funds of the institution can

support. The children are admitted from the age of seven to ten years, and are retained until they have arrived at fourteen, when they are apprenticed to trades, or otherwise disposed of, according to circumstances.

They receive a plain, useful education, and the utmost care is bestowed on their moral and religious instruction, under the superintendence of a Clergyman of the Church of Scotland; and they are once a-year publicly examined by the Presbytery of the Scottish Church, in London.

Hitherto, the benefits of the charity have been confined to boys; but it is in contemplation, whenever sufficient funds can be obtained, to extend its assistance also to girls.

The institution has from its commencement been honoured with the patronage of the Royal Family. The Duke of Sussex was President of the Highland Society when the measure was first proposed, and afterwards, when revived in 1813; and his Royal Highness, as well as his late illustrious brothers, the Dukes of York and Kent, were successively Presidents of the Caledonian Asylum. The funds of the society are, we believe, occasionally benefited by the profits of "the Caledonian Balls," which are liberally patronized by the beauty and *haut ton* of the metropolis.



THE CALEDONIAN ASYLUM.

New Books.

TRAVELLING SKETCHES IN EGYPT AND SINAI.

[We return, with pleasure, to this entertaining little volume, notwithstanding two or three other works press upon our attention.]

The Red Sea.—Having come within a short distance of the coast, we ordered our tent to be pitched, and hastened down to the shore. It was here that the Lord said to Moses, "Lift thou up thy rod, and stretch out thine hand over the sea; and divide it: and the children of Israel shall go on dry ground through the midst of the sea. And I, behold, I will harden the hearts of the Egyptians, and they shall follow them: and I will get me honour upon Pharaoh, and upon all his host, upon his chariots, and upon his horsemen. And the Egyptians shall know that I am the Lord, when I have gotten me honour upon Pharaoh, upon his chariots, and upon his horsemen."

It was impossible to look upon this scene without having all the circumstances of the Exodus before us.

When with bow and banner glancing,
On exulting Egypt came,
With her chosen horsemen prancing,
And her cars on wheels of flame;
In a rich and boastful ring,
* All around their furious king.

But the Lord from out his cloud,
The Lord looked down upon the proud;
And the host drave heavily,
Down the deep bosom of the sea.

With a quick and sudden swell,
Prone the liquid ramparts fell,
Over horse, and over car,
Over every man of war,
Over Pharaoh's crown of gold.
The loud thundering billows rolled
As the level waters spread,
Down they sank, they sank like lead.
Down sank without a cry or groan,
And the morning sun that shone
On myriads of bright-armed men,
Its meridian radiance then
Shed on a wide sea heaving as of yore,
Against a silent solitary shore.

Mount Sinai.—The first view of the localities promised us a soft bed; the sand, of a reddish colour, was extremely fine and clean; not a single pebble or shell broke the uniformity of its surface. Unluckily these remarkable qualities had been appreciated by guests with whom we were by no means anxious to share our bed; it was impossible to stir a step without meeting traces of lizards and serpents, and these tracks had such numerous intersections, that the plain looked as if it had been covered with a net of irregular meshes. Night came on before we could discover a clear spot; we were, therefore, compelled to select at random, and trust in Providence. Our Arabs pitched our tent; we

lay down on our carpets, at the risk of covering the burrow of some lizard or serpent, which is the most dangerous chance, for the animal, when quitting or entering its den, attacks the obstacle, whatever it may be, that closes the orifice.

We saluted, when we awoke, a splendid sun, which promised us a fine but a hot day. We continued our road in the middle of the sandy plain; we then entered one of those stony valleys with volcanic mountains and granite walls, down which the solar light streamed like cascades of fire. We were shuddering at the anticipation of having our noontide halt in such a furnace, when, at one of the windings of the valley, we stopped short in surprise and admiration. Mountains, the most magnificent in character and form, painted themselves in severe nudity on a sky of heavenly blue. It was the theatre of the miraculous events related in the Book of Exodus. These gigantic masses of granite were well worthy of being God's throne; and there is not, I believe, in the world a spot more majestic and solemn, where the voice of Jehovah could deliver to Moses the laws which were to govern the chosen people. In the presence of Nature, mute, naked, and desolate, the Israelites could comprehend that they had no succour but from Heaven, and no aid but from God.

Mount Horeb.—The rock which Moses struck with his rod, and from the sides of which the miraculous waters flowed, is a granite block about twelve feet high, in the form of a pentagonal prism overturned and lying on its side. Large traces, which seem hollowed by the flowing of the water, form a kind of perpendicular canals, whilst five holes, placed in a horizontal direction one above the other, mark the miraculous mouths by which God responded to his people.

The rock of Horeb, for that was the name given to it by Jehovah, appears to have been detached by some volcanic shock from the base which it occupied, and it would doubtless have fallen to the bottom of the valley, if the platform on which it reposes had not arrested its course. As it is completely isolated, it is easy to make its circuit, for it is only attached to the ground by its base.

Within a few paces of the rock a chapel has been built, and a garden planted, to which they bring the superfluous earth from the garden of the convent. At a certain season of the year, a monk and some domestics come hither to enjoy the pleasures of country life.

Approach to Cairo.—As we were elevated about thirty feet above the river, our horizon was now more extensive; we saw opposite us the isle of Roudah, the base of

the monument where the Nilometer is kept, an instrument designed to measure the height of the inundations of the Nile: lines traced on it indicate the years when the rise of the river, attaining an unusual elevation, brought seasons of memorable fertility. Here annually the sheiks of the mosques, by publishing the height of the waters, give the exact measure of public rejoicings, or as Mussulman fatalists announce, approaching sterility, and the famine to which the insufficient rise of the river condemns those who dwell on its banks. On our right were the pyramids of Ghizeh, which we beheld from their summits to their base, as well as the hillock formed by the great Sphinx, which has sentinelled these edifices for three thousand years, and turns to the tomb of the Pharaohs its face, mutilated by the soldiers of Cambyse. Finally, within view on our left, was the battle-field of Heliopolis, rendered illustrious by Kleber; its immense solitude, extending beyond the range of vision, is enlivened only by a single sycamore, which exhibits its verdant foliage in the midst of the burning sands of the desert. Our guides made us remark this tree; for an Arabic tradition declares that under its branches the Virgin Mary reposed as she fled from the wrath of Herod. "Joseph," says St. Matthew, "took the young child and its mother and fled into Egypt." According to the Mahomedans themselves, it was in consequence of the shelter afforded to the mother of Christ, that this tree has been blessed with miraculous longevity and eternal verdure.

Summary Punishment.—The circumstance which most attracted our notice, in our first excursion, was the number of ears and noses wanting to the faces of those we met, which gave a very fantastic appearance to the fine fellows mutilated in this strange fashion. I asked Mohammed (the servant,) for an explanation of this singular phenomenon; he replied, that these honourable invalids were specimens of the administration of justice by the correctional tribunal of Cairo. This required some further elucidation, which M'Moara, always talkative and officious, gave us on the instant.

At Cairo, a primitive country, which has not yet had time to reach our state of civilization, there is not an army of police to watch the army of robbers; besides, the most minute researches, and the most careful vigilance, would be easily deceived—the person suspected clears the walls of Cairo, and is in the Desert. Now, justice has the same dread of sand that it has of water; every ocean terrifies the stern dame; it was necessary to remedy this in-

convenience. The Cadis, whom the business chiefly concerned, cast about, and at length hit upon an ingenious mode of distinguishing thieves from honest people.

When a robbery has been committed, and the robber taken, which does sometimes happen, the Cadi summons the accused, hears the charge, and, when the criminal is convicted, which is soon done, he takes the robber's ear in one hand and a razor in the other; he adroitly passes the instrument between his hand and the head of the convict; long practice has rendered the operation so familiar, that the piece remains in the Cadi's hand, and the convict walks off *minus* an ear.

Every one must see that such an operation simplifies the business of police. If the thief be taken for a second crime, there is no denying the record of previous conviction, unless the ear has grown again, which rarely happens; the second ear is then cut off, by virtue of that axiom of jurisprudence "*non bis in idem*" (not twice to the same). If the robber is incorrigible, and falls a third time into the same fault, the Cadi takes him by the middle of the face and cuts off his nose, as he had cut off his ears. The citizens of Cairo have then fair warning to keep out of the way of people whose heads want such accessories, for the proprietors have such a ridiculous sorrow for their loss, that they search for the ears and noses in the pockets of every one they meet. Should you, when at Cairo, find a hand in your pocket, your best plan is to draw your dagger, give a smart cut, and walk off. Should there be rings on the fingers, so much the better for you; you may make yourself easy, the proprietor will never come to claim them.

Bazaars.—We visited several bazaars in succession; each bazaar is usually appropriated to one class of merchandise, as each merchant is to one kind of trade, and each slave to one kind of service. We began with the provision-bazaar, and the first and principal article was rice, a commodity easy of transport, and the principal support of the population; next apricot-paste, rolled out like a carpet, each piece being from twenty-five to thirty feet long, and three or four feet wide; it is sold by the yard, a circumstance tending to derange our notions of oriental sweetmeats; then choice dates, then dates too ripe, and dates too green, piled together and heaped in cubes which weigh from a hundred to a hundred and fifty pounds each. Dates are, next to rice, the chief support of the population; only that one is considered as the dinner, and the other as the dessert; the delicacy, however, sells at a very low price. The cloth-bazaars are very rich;

they contain vast quantities of Indian shawls, their price being about half what they would cost in France. The military-bazaar is sumptuous; the weapons of polished steel are magnificent, but scarce and dear. Sabres and daggers are rarely sold mounted; you must first buy the blade, then have a handle fixed on by the armourer, a sheath supplied by the proper maker, ornaments added by the silversmith, tassels and belt furnished by the laceman, and, finally, it must be taken to the assayer to receive the proper stamp. Some blades bring exorbitant prices; they have been valued at 2,000, 2,800, and 3,000 francs (£80, £112, and £120 English). In order to facilitate trade, the Jews frequent the bazaars, offering to change gold or silver, or to lend money to known persons, who may not have brought out with them enough money for the article they wish to purchase; they are easily recognised at the first glance by their black dresses, the sumptuary laws of Cairo forbidding them to wear any other colour. To finish the day, we went to the women's bazaar. The building which contains them is divided into miserable square courts, with cages fixed against the walls. A partition divides each court into two, the first division has the best apartments, designed for slaves of high price. We found in these courts, Jewesses, Arabian, Nubian, and a few Grecian girls. One of them was a young girl of ravishing grace and beauty: I inquired her price, and learned that it was 300 francs (£12). All these slaves have generally a joyous appearance; for badly fed by their owners, beaten for the least fault, or rather slightest caprice of their master, no condition can be worse than that of those who remain in the bazaar, and therefore they employ every art to attract purchasers.

There are magnificent fountains round each bazaar; they are beautiful, and almost always isolated monuments, and their openings are covered with bronze gratings. At each opening a copper bowl is suspended by a chain; passengers put their hands through the grating, take the water, drink, and leave the bowl suspended for the next passenger. There are eternally twelve or thirteen Arabs seated at each fountain; they go round the monument with the sun, so that they have always the enjoyment of the most precious things in this climate, water and shade. *

Hatching Chickens.—Every body knows, that instead of hens, which with the best inclinations and greatest devotedness, cannot sit on more than fifteen eggs at a time, the Egyptians employ two immense ovens heated by steam, in which they hatch myriads of chickens at a time. This inter-

esting institution is conducted by a director, who not only does business for himself, but undertakes the incubation of all the eggs brought him, for a trifling retribution. The dormitory of his oval pupils is a long gallery, in which may be seen, at each side, a series of cells ranged in two stories, communicating with each other by small openings in the centre, through which warmth is conveyed from a stove always heated to a calculated degree. The doors of these cells open on the gallery, they remain closed for ten or twelve days, and are then opened for a longer time every day until the twentieth, when the incubation is complete.

We arrived just as the contents of an oven were about to be hatched, and we were present at the first appearance of the chickens. The operation is simple; the attendants break the eggs as if they were going to make an omelette; they shell the chickens like beans, and throw them one on top of the other into the oven, where they have been heated into life, with no more precaution than if they were so many paving stones. The first act of existence perpetrated by this brood, is to squall the best way they can: the second is to look for food; this, however, is an unlucky ambition, for the proprietor of the establishment is only bound to hatch, but not to feed them. Yet they will live in this way three or four days, no doubt upon the heat. At the end of this time, if not claimed by the proprietors, they belong to the hatcher, who sends them to market, and sells them without any further attempt at fattening.

Coffee-drinking.—At first, we had some difficulty to accustom ourselves to the coffee, which is prepared very differently in the East from what it is in Europe. The grains are slightly roasted, and then bruised with a pestle; boiling water is poured over the crushed grain, and the decoction is used as hot as it can be swallowed. I had at first the weakness to desire some sweetening, and I called for the necessary ingredients. The waiter brought me a little moist sugar in the palm of his hand, and when I asked for a spoon to stir it, he picked up a piece of wood from the ground and presented it to me with great politeness. As it is one of my principles never to humiliate any person, I held out my cup in spite of the disgust caused by the sugar-bowl, and scraped my bit of wood with my penknife, so that I quite succeeded in spoiling my beverage. I asked for a second supply, which I swallowed in all its oriental purity; I found that it possessed a wondrous aroma and exquisite taste. A person may drink from twenty-five to thirty cups of coffee in a

day; it acts as a tonic, while the pipe serves us an amusement; so that whenever you pay a visit, coffee and tobacco are offered; the coffee restores the vigour of which you have been deprived by the heat, the pipe supplies the place of conversation.

LADY BLESSINGTON'S DESULTORY THOUGHTS.
(Concluded from page 205.)

A generous mind identifies itself with all around; but a selfish one identifies all things with self.

Pleasures are like those mountains which charm us when beheld from a distance; but lose all the beauty of their deceitful hue when approached near.

Gratitude is a prospective, rather than a retrospective virtue.

Prejudices are the chains forged by ignorance to keep men apart.

It was said of — that his conversation was a tissue of bon mots, "Yes," said —, "but remember it has nothing but bon mots; and though a few spangles may ornament a dress, a garment wholly covered with them is fatiguing to the eye."

Wit is the lightning of the mind, reason the sunshine, and reflection the moonlight; for as the bright orb of the night owes its lustre to the sun, so does reflection owe its existence to reason.

We have a reading, a talking, and a writing public. *When* shall we have a *thinking*?

Civilization begets vices, but the want of it occasions crimes.

Mediocrity is only offensive when accompanied by pretension; because it then wounds our vanity, by implying that it thought itself capable of deceiving us.

To sleep by night and dream by day is the balm of misfortune.

To be listened to with attention, and to acquire the reputation of a good talker, never speak of yourself, but always in implied praise of those you address, or in pungent satire of their contemporaries.

Poor.—A term of reproach in England, and of pity in most other countries.

Those who have been the idols of the populace, generally end by becoming its victims; for the multitude resemble children who build castles of cards, only for the pleasure of destroying them with a breath.

Metaphysics, a science, the study of which *proves* that to be incomprehensible which was before only suspected of being so.

As bees can breed no poison, though they suck the deadliest juice, so the noble mind, though forced to drain the cup of misery,

can yield but generous thoughts and noble deeds.

If we could bring ourselves to consider self but as a subordinate atom in the great mass that forms the world, we should perhaps bear our troubles with more equanimity; but such is our vanity, that each considers himself the centre of a little world of his own.

There are certain hearts in which the germ of melancholy is implanted even in their earliest youth, and maturity only strengthens it. On such persons the inevitable ills of life fall with a weight that, if it crush them not wholly, leaves them eternally bruised in spirit.

Arithmetic.—A science differently studied by fathers and sons: the first generally confining themselves to addition, and the second to subtraction.

There are some qualities in our natures rendered noxious or innoxious by their encounter with others,—just as various medicines lose or receive power by an intermixture.

Politeness may prevent the want of wit and talents from being observed; but wit and talents cannot prevent the discovery of the want of politeness.

Give me a friend, within whose well-poised mind Experience holds her seat. But let my bride Be innocent as flowers that fragrance shed, Yet know not they are sweet.

The Future.—A consolation for those who have no other.

Few people look on any object as it really is; but regard it through some fantastic prism presented by their own prejudices, which invest it with a false colour.

Time is a stream in which there is no mooring the barks of life, because there is no casting anchor in it.

In seeking happiness we overlook content, which is always attainable, while happiness, though sometimes in view, is never within reach.

Pride prevents not the commission of unworthy actions, though it forbids the avowal of them.

People are seldom tired of the world until the world is tired of them.

While we value the praise of our friends, we should not despise the censures of our enemies; as, from the malice of the latter, we frequently learn our faults, which the partiality of the former led them to overlook.

Happiness resembles the bird of paradise, which is said never to be seen but at a distance.

Politics, a science, which no one believes those who differ with him to understand.

All desire, but few are willing to pay the price of, the good opinion of the world.

Periodicals.

* NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, NO. XVI.

[The sketchy story proceeds in its three sections—the Nicklebys,—the black-legs,—and the gripping miser; and the Number before us is brimful of love, madness, and murder. The incidents are attractive, their broad humour, and some of the common-places of life, being set down with that close identity which has secured for the sketches of Boz such extensive popularity. "*Difficile est proprie communia dicere*," says the pleasant old Latin poet; and there are few merits which the world in our day so readily recognise, and so liberally encourage, as excellence in this art of portraying the little scenes and minor incidents, or hy-play, of every-day life. The truth is, the multitude had rather be reminded than informed; though novelty be pleasing in its way, there is a pleasure in the recognition of certain points of human character, to which few are knowable. Unexpected associations, we know, are the great source of laughter: hence Mrs. Nickleby, with her truly feminine blunders, though sometimes tiresome to the few, amuse the many; "she is so natural," say the latter—"so like some one we have seen or heard;" and to hit the humour of the large class of readers must surely be the secret string of the puppet popularity. Boz is well aware of this fact. He is, moreover, an excellent painter of domestic affections, of those brief phases of our brief life which are enacted in every drawing-room, parlour, kitchen, and hall; whilst he is a very master in picturing the fond enjoyments of hearth and home, which he invests with the lights, shadows, and touches of reality. The great success of this species of writing, in an age characterized by a desire to be informed, is remarkable: one would imagine that the many instead of the few would turn aside from these scenes of common life and humour, with the observations, "we know all this, and what good comes of it?" The reply, we suspect must be, that such homeliness, such sketches of Nature when she is not sitting for her portrait, seize upon the affection and the understanding with double the hold of those rhetorical displays which make a dead set at the feelings, and not unfrequently by pandering to their misgivings. Boz succeeds in catching Nature at home, in dishabille, or rather not made up for abroad, and not knowing that she is observed—for Nature, like her loveliest representative, beautiful woman, in such seasons, is most to be admired. Again, these sketches of familiar occurrences are pleasant reliefs to the studied scenes of more ambitious life. The Nickleby court-

ships (and they are thickening as the tale approaches finality), may be trifling in print, and, at times, almost experiments upon the reader's patience; and especially to him who in full-blown vanity forgets that one of the full-grown characteristics of human nature is weakness. We envy him not his perceptions, for we more than suspect that he is the loser by his own errors. G. A. Steevens, we believe, calls courtship the bowling-green of life, and in the Number before us, Boz certainly shews us the game. Yet its vivacity is occasionally tinged with pathos, as in the following touching paragraph:—]

There is a dread disease which so prepares its victim, as it were, for death; which so refines it of its grosser aspect, and throws around familiar looks unearthly indications of the coming change—a dread disease, in which the struggle between soul and body is so gradual, quiet, and solemn, and the result so sure, that day by day, and grain by grain, the mortal part wastes and withers away, so that the spirit grows light and sanguine with its lightening load and feeling immortality at hand, deems it but a new term of mortal life—a disease in which death and life are so strangely blended, that death takes the glow and hue of life, and life the gaunt and grisly form of death—a disease which medicine never cured, wealth wanted out, or poverty could boast exemption from—which sometimes moves in giant strides, and sometimes at a tardy sluggish pace, but, slow or quick, is ever sure and certain.

[The middle chapter of the Number "involves a serious catastrophe," being neither more nor less than the death of Lord Francis Verisopht, in a duel with Sir Mulberry Hawk, arising out of a dispute at Hampton Races, which, by the way, are graphically described in the author's best manner. Here are a few capital reflections on seeing gipsies on the race-course.]

Even the sun-burnt faces of gipsy children, half naked though they be, suggest a drop of comfort. It is a pleasant thing to see that the sun has been there, to know that the air and light are on them every day, to feel that they are children and lead children's lives; that if their pillows be damp, it is with the dews of Heaven, and not with tears; that the limbs of their girls are free, and that they are not crippled by distortions, imposing an unnatural and horrible penance upon their sex; that their lives are spent from day to day at least among the waving trees, and not in the midst of dreadful engines which make young children old before they know what childhood is, and give them the exhaustion and infirmity of age, without, like age, the privilege to die. God send that old nursery tales were true, and that gipsies stole such children by the score!

[The gaming market is well sketched, especially the portraits of a proprietor of a gambling-booth, and the president of a *rouge-et-noir* table. The scene of the gamblers maddened with wine is fearfully drawn; and the preliminaries of the duel being arranged, the parties "join company in the avenue of trees which leads from Petersham to Ham House." Meanwhile, here are whole-lengths of the seconds:—]

Both utterly heartless, both men upon town, both thoroughly initiated in its worst vices, both deeply

in debt, both fallen from some higher estate, both addicted to every depravity for which society can find some genteel name and plead its most depraving conventionalities as an excuse, they were naturally gentlemen of most unblemished honour themselves, and of great nicety concerning the honour of other people.

[The going-out to fight, and the result, are terrifically told :—

What a contrast, when they reached the street, to the scene they had just left! It was already day-break. For the glaring yellow light within, was substituted the clear, bright, glorious morning; for a hot, close atmosphere, tainted with the smell of expiring lamps, and reeking with the steams of riot and dissipation, the free, fresh, wholesome air. But to the fevered head on which that cool air blew, it seemed to come laden with remorse for time mispent and countless opportunities neglected. With throbbing veins and burning skin, eyes wild and heavy, thoughts hurried and disordered, he felt as though the light were a reproach, and shrunk involuntarily from the day as if he were some foul and hideous thing.

So died Lord Frederick Verisopht, by the hand which he had loaded with gifts and clasped a thousand times; by the act of him but for whom and others like him he might have lived a happy man, and died with children's faces round his bed.

The sun came proudly up in all his majesty, the noble river ran its winding course, the leaves quivered and rustled in the air, the birds poured their cheerful songs from every tree, the short-lived butterfly fluttered its little wings; all the light and life of day came on, and amidst it all, and pressing down the grass whose every blade bore twenty tiny lives, lay the dead man, with his stark and rigid face turned upwards to the sky.

[In the third chapter, the abode of Arthur Gride is thus minutely detailed :—

In an old house, dismal, dark and dusty, which seemed to have withered, like himself, and to have grown yellow and shrivelled in hoarding him from the light of day, as he had in hoarding his money, lived Arthur Gride. Meagre old chairs and tables of spare and bony make, and hard and cold as misers' hearts, were ranged in grim array against the gloomy walls; attenuated presses, grown lank and lantern-jawed in guarding the treasures they enclosed, and tottering, as though from constant fear and dread of thieves, shrunk up in dark corners, whence they cast no shadows on the ground, and seemed to hide and cower from observation. A tall grim clock upon the stairs, with long lean hands and famished face, ticked in cautious whispers, and when it struck the time in thin and piping sounds, like an old man's voice, rattled as if 'twere pinched with hunger.

[The scene of the old miser and his housekeeper, Peg Sliderskew, with his resolution to be married in the bottle-green suit which he bought cheap at the pawnbroker's, with a tarnished shilling in the waistcoat pocket—is excellent; as is also the old woman's railleury on her master's ill-assorted nuptials: "she's very frugal, and she's very deaf; her living costs next to nothing, and it's no use her listening at keyholes, for she can't hear."]

The Naturalist.

BIRTH OF A GIRAFFE.

On the 19th ult. a giraffe, at the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, gave birth

to a male, which died on the 28th; it is supposed, from the parent refusing to nurture it, and the cow's milk, provided as a substitute, not agreeing with it. This interesting little creature was exhibited four days, and attracted many visitors; no less than £75 having been received on the day previous to its death. From some notes read by Professor Owen to the Zoological Society, on June 25, we gather that the mother's period of gestation had been, as nearly as possible, ascertained to be fourteen months, eighteen days, or fifteen lunar months. The young animal, when born, was perfectly motionless, and apparently dead, or strangled, its lips and nose being tinged with blood; but after gentle friction had been used for a short time, breathing and motion quickly followed; the mother was in no way depressed or debilitated. It came into the world, like other ruminants, with the eyes open, but the hoofs were disproportionately large, and very soft and white at their expanded extremities; the skin was marked as distinctly as in the adult; the horns were represented by stiff and long black hairs, and the mane was well developed. It made many vigorous efforts to stand, raising itself on the fore knees, and was able to support itself on outstretched legs two hours after birth: in ten hours, it had gained sufficient strength to walk. It sucked with avidity warm cow's milk from a bottle, and once or twice uttered low gentle grunts, or bleats, like a fawn or calf: the mother had not hitherto shewn signs of affection or parental care, nor were there any symptoms of nourishing her offspring; yet, once having pushed down the young one when hastily moving from it, she stood still, and gazed on the prostrate animal with an expression of maternal feeling. It is related by the keeper of the male giraffes, that whilst one looked upon the mother and her young one with indifference, the other, the sire, shewed great restlessness and impatience to approach them, and, when allowed to do so, licked and caressed the young stranger. The length of the young one, from the muzzle to the setting of the tail is 8 ft. 10 in.; and when standing it could reach with the muzzle six feet.

Varieties.

The best Knock.—Lord Erskine always directed his tiger to knock at the house where he intended to call with a postman's knock; his lordship observing, that he had long observed servants always more punctually answered knocks of that kind than any other.

Tyburn Tree.—This "fatal retreat for the unfortunate brave" was marked by a low wooden railing, within which stood the triple tree. Opposite the gallows was an open gallery, or scaffolding, like the stand at a race-course, which, on state occasions, was crowded with spectators. Within the enclosure were reared several lofty gibbets, with their ghastly burthens. Altogether, it was a hideous and revolting sight.—*From Jack Sheppard, in Bentley's Miscellany.* [This is a capital commencement of a new volume. The editor, by the way, excels in suburban scenery: his sketches have none of the miminy-piminy of the Cockaigne school, but abound with nature, and a nice perception of the picturesque: some of the bits in the present paper are perfection. Washington Irving has been added to the roll of contributors.]

New Steamer.—A steam-vessel of greater magnitude and power than either the *British Queen* or the *Great Western*, the largest, we believe, that has ever been built, and, in respect to internal arrangements, the most elegant and commodious, is shortly to be launched, to ply between England and America. This vessel, called "The President," and commanded by Lieut. Campbell, R. N., is expected to make her first voyage for New York on the 1st of August.—*Monthly Chronicle.*

Sang froid.—At an Irish festival, not many years since, a fellow cut off his antagonist's hand, which he lifted up and tossed to him, saying coolly: "Arrah! honey, you've dropp'd your glove."

English Luxury.—The state and magnificence of the English court, (says Bishop Goodman,) did especially appear in the time of King Henry VIII.: the order and allowance of his house was contrived by Cardinal Wolsey in as magnificent a manner as any prince hath in the world; here was no putting to board-wages; the meanest yeoman had three good dishes of meat; every gentleman's table had five dishes; the clerk comptroller had eight dishes—very substantial meat, more than would have served forty or fifty people, and his table cost the King, buying the meat at the King's price, very near £1,000 per annum: the lord chamberlain had sixteen dishes; two joints of meat went for a dish.

Norwood.—In this delightful suburb, The South Metropolitan Cemetery, and the Beulah Spa, remind one of "Death and the Doctor."

A Hint.—The Princess of Wales, in one of her shrewd letters says, "My better half, or my worse, which you choose, has been ill I hear, but nothing to make me hope or fear."

The world is wide enough for all. There is nothing new under the sun, "Le beau est mon bien, et je reprend on je retrouve." The novelty consists in the fashion, the "callida junctura" of the workman; "à l'œuvre on connaît l'artisan." [We extract this liberal sentiment from the *Quarterly Review*, from its bespeaking the precise position which, it is our anxious wish, the *Literary World* should present to the public.]

Pun funebre.—Some years since, Lord Auckland's eldest son, Mr. Eden, was missing under calamitous apprehensions, when a wag could not resist saying, "Oh! they ought to look for him in Eden; he must be there."

Old Physician.—The *Æsculapius* of the age of James I. was one Butler, "the great physician of Cambridge, and the first Englishman who applied chemistry to the study of medicine with greater success than any of his predecessors. When Tresham, (one of the gunpowder traitors,) fell very sick in the Tower, Butler, on visiting him, gave him a piece of very pure gold, to be put into his mouth; and upon the taking out of that gold, Butler said that he was poisoned. Knowing himself to be the prince of physicians, Butler would be observed accordingly. Compliments would prevail nothing with him, entreaties but little; surly threatenings would do much, and a witty jest do anything. He died in 1621, and was buried in St Mary's, Cambridge: an expert apothecary was subsequently buried by him; and, Fuller observes, 'if some eminent physician were interred on his other side, I would say that Physic lay here in state, with its two pages attending it.'"

The Tench has been called the fish's physician, because the slime which is spread all over it, like that of the eel, appears to have a healing quality for wounded fishes; and the ravenous pike himself, is said to be so sensible of this property in the tench, that he will not feed upon him.—*Hofland's Angler's Manual.*

Snuff-taking in South Africa.—One half of the powder having been transferred to the palm of the hand, by means of a small ivory spoon, which is usually hung round the neck, the recipient leisurely seats himself under a convenient bush, drawing every grain into his nostrils at once, with an eagerness which is followed by a copious flood of tears.

Fashionable Novels.—Sir Henry Halford attributes to green tea, which injures the pineal gland, and to water parties, which weaken the digestive organs, the wishy-washiness of West-end literature.—*Quarterly Review.*

A Georgian Prince.—Nothing could be more primitive than the architecture of his house: the principal room was scarcely twelve feet square, and furnished only with a bench and table; the walls were made of trunks of trees, cemented with mortar, and were scarcely proof against the rain, which fell in torrents. Though in name a prince, the occupier was scarcely above the labouring class in station or intelligence: he was the owner of a vineyard, by the produce of which he lived, and in which he himself worked, together with his servants.—*Wilbraham's Travels.*

Funerals in Ireland.—A few years since, there were howlers by profession, and of different degrees of excellence, as there are in opera singers. A woman named Sheela, was a Catalani in the science, and people said "Have you bespoken Sheela? Och, she howls iligantly! Ah! God bless you, do get Sheela, or it will not be worth going to."

To a Lady's Parasol. By Sülney Smith.

Detested shade! thou that dost oft beguile
My watchful eyes of many a winning smile;
Why dost thou spread thy silken arch above
Her dazzling face, and dim the light of love?
Why hide the wandering sunbeams from her eyes?
No gem so bright the wandering sunbeam spies.
Why stop the breezes from their fleeting bliss?
No lips so sweet the fleeting breezes kiss.
'Twere something worth, if thy soft gloom could stay
The gazing soul, and cloud the inward day—
Could veil that form that thrills my inward breast,
And give me days of ease, and nights of rest.

Louis XII. and Condé.—Louis, when he heard of the arrival of Condé at Versailles, after his last victory, paid him the high honour of coming to the top of the principal staircase to meet him. Condé, scarcely able to mount the steps at all, (for he was suffering severely from the gout,) besought the monarch to pardon him for making him wait. "Cousin," replied the king with a smile, "when one is so loaded with laurels, it is, of course, difficult to walk."—*James.*

Rum.—Calling one morning upon Lord Erskine, (when he lived in Bryanston-street,) and waiting to be let in, a trolloping girl came to it with a tea-cup in her hand, covered with a corner of her shawl, which a puff of wind lifted and revealed—lo and behold, the cup contained about a quartern of rum! Just at that moment, the ex-chancellor himself opened the door, and observing me smile, smiled too.—*Diary Times Geo. IV.*

Dryden.—Lord Erskine getting into an argument respecting the merits of Dryden the poet, and waxing earnest, affirmed that "glorious John" had done nothing excellent but the ode of Alexander's feast; and that, said he, "is a jewel in a sow's snout."

Curious Watch.—A few years since, a person at Cork possessed a watch which had belonged to Louis XVI. It was only the size of a common French watch, but was full of mechanism; and comprised, besides the ordinary works of a time-piece, an almanac, a diary of the weather, and various other singular contrivances.

Railways.—From a recent parliamentary return of all the moneys authorized to be raised under the sanction of the Acts whereby railway companies have been incorporated, between the first of January, 1826, and that of January, 1839, a period of thirteen years, it appears that the moneys so authorized to be raised amount to the sum of £57,789,444; of which sum, £41,610,814 are capital in joint stock, the remaining £16,177,630 being made up of the sum which the various companies are authorized to raise by loan or mortgage.

Barbel.—Most of the barbel taken in nets are sold by the fishermen to the Jews about Whitechapel, who are very fond of this fish, and are said to have a mode of stewing them, so as to make an excellent dish.—*Hugland's Angler's Manual.*

Maintenance of State.—Shakspeare, (in Henry VIII.) by one little trait, marks the habit of state, a second nature—Catharine, divorced and dying, at peace with all, forgiving all, even Wolsey, forgot all, save that she was a queen, and daughter of a queen. Her Castilian blood boils at the omission of the usual ceremony by the messenger; nor will any excuse appease her: "But this fellow let me never see again."—Henry VIII., iv. 2.—*Quarterly Review.*

Lady Oxford, one of the belles of 1814, was named the "Harleian Miscellany;" the family name being Harley.

New Reading.

"Auri sacra fames."—(Ovid.)

An uncommonly dear gold frame.

Lord Byron.—The Princess of Wales, in one of her odd letters, writes: "Lord Byron was all *couteur de rose* last evening, and very pleasant; he sat beside me at supper, and we were very merry: he is quite another man when he is *wid* people he like, and who like him, than he is when he is *wid* oders who do not please him so well. I always tell him there are two Lord Byrons; and when I invite him, I say, I ask the agreeable Lord, not the disagreeable one. He takes my plaisanterie all in good part, and I flatter myself I am rather a favourite with this great bard."

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NEW ZEALANDERS.



[HERALDO, OR PEACE-MAKER.]

[We resume, (from page 147,) our notices of the important country of New Zealand, with the above portraits of two remarkable natives, copied, by permission, from the Messrs. Martin's clever lithographs, from drawings by Mr. Earle. The sole occupation of the Herald, or Peace-maker, is to carry messages between adverse chiefs, to prevent hostile meetings, and to bring about treaties of peace; his person being held sacred under all circumstances. The woman, whose name is Avow, is lawfully married to an English captain, a regular trader at the Bay of Islands, and is the mother of several beautiful children: she is, in every respect, a good and faithful wife, and an affectionate mother; she usually wears European clothes, and only put on her native clothes, at Mr. Earle's request, to sit for her portrait; and our artist used to consider her beautiful.]

In general, the New Zealanders are a tall race of men, many of the individuals belonging to the upper classes being six feet high and upwards. They are strong, active, and almost uniformly well shaped. Their hair is commonly straight, but sometimes curly: Crozet says, he saw a few of them with red hair. Cook describes the females as far from attractive; but other observers give a more flattering



[AVOW.]

account of them. Mr. Savage, for example, assures us that their features are regular and pleasing; and he seems to have been much struck by their "long black hair, and dark, penetrating eyes," as well as "their well-formed figure, the interesting cast of their countenance, and the sweet tone of their voice." Major Cruise's testimony is almost equally favourable.

This race of people bears no affinity to that of the neighbouring continent of Australia, which appears to be identical with the Oriental or Papuan negro. The New Zealander is physically so superior to the Australian, that he regards him with the same contempt that most Europeans do the negro. Mr. Earle remarks: "The natives of Australia seem of the lowest grade, the last link in the great chain of existence which unites man with the monkey. Their limbs are long, thin, and flat, with large bony knees and elbows, a projecting forehead and pot-belly. The mind, too, seems adapted to this mean configuration; they have neither energy, enterprise, nor industry, and their curiosity can scarcely be excited. A few exceptions may be met with, but these are their general characteristics; while the natives of New Zealand are "cast in beauty's perfect mould." The children are so fine

and powerfully made, that each might serve as a model for an 'infant Hercules'; nothing can exceed the graceful and athletic form of the men, or the rounded limbs of their young women. These possess eyes beautiful and eloquent, and a profusion of long, silky, curling hair; while the intellect of both sexes seems of a superior order. All appear eager for improvement, full of energy, and indefatigably industrious."

Mr. Nicholas says, in describing a chieftain: "There was an easy dignity in the manners of this man, and I could not behold, without admiration, the graceful elegance of his deportment, and the appropriate accordance of his action. Holding the pattoo-pattoo in his hand, he walked up and down along the margin of the river with a firm and manly step, arrayed in a plain mat, which, being tied over his right shoulder, descended, with a kind of Roman negligence, down to his ankles, and, to the mind of a classical beholder, might well represent the toga, whilst his lowering stature and perfect symmetry gave even more than Roman dignity to the illusion." In another place, he says: "Duaterra's two sisters were the most remarkable among the females; one of whom was distinguished for her uncommon beauty, and the other for the facetious vivacity of her manners. The former appeared about seventeen, and would have been deemed, even in England, where there are so many rivals for the palm of beauty, a candidate of the strongest pretensions. Her regular features, soft and prepossessing, displayed an engaging delicacy, the effect of which was heightened by the mild lustre of her eye; and her cheek, lightly tinged with the roseate hue of health, needed not the extraneous embellishment of paint, to which some of our finest belles are so fond of resorting. In her figure she was slender and graceful, whilst the artless simplicity of her manners gave additional interest to her charms."

Lieut. Breton observes: "They are a fine race of people, being well formed, athletic, and active." He then gives some extraordinary instances of their activity and strength whilst employed as sailors on board of English vessels. Mr. Savage says, "The natives are of a very superior order, both in point of personal appearance and intellectual endowments. The men are usually from five feet eight inches to six feet in height, well-proportioned, and exhibit evident marks of great strength. The colour of the natives, taken as a mean, resembles that of an European gipsy; but there is considerable difference in the shades, varying between a dark chestnut and the light agreeable tinge of an English brunette."

But it is needless to accumulate evidence, the only value of which is to prove that you have a race of aborigines calculated, by intermarriage with Europeans, to form the basis of a great nation: there is not, as there is in the United States between the American and the negro, any physical repugnance to the complete amalgamation of all classes of settlers, should a colony be founded there, with the native population, as fast as they become civilized; for which they manifest an extraordinary aptitude and desire. One point in their character is very satisfactory,—an invincible dislike to ardent spirits, and a general habit of temperance and sobriety. Captain Cook bears testimony to their modesty, by which he says, they are distinguished from all other inhabitants of the South Seas. They are as ardent in friendship and love as they are cruel in their jealousy, hatred, and revenge. There is a natural politeness and grandeur in their deportment; a yearning after poetry, music, and the fine arts; a wit and eloquence that remind us, in reading all the accounts of them, and in conversing with those who have resided among them, of the Greeks of Homer. Their language is rich and sonorous, abounding in metaphysical distinctions; and they uphold its purity most tenaciously, although they had no knowledge of writing until the missionaries reduced their dialect to a grammatical form. It is radically the same with that of Tahiti, and of the kindred nations. They have an abundance of poetry, of a lyrical kind, of which may be seen many specimens, in a metre which seems regulated by a regard to quantity, as in Greek and Latin. They are passionately fond of music. Mr. Nicholas speaks of a "plaintive and melodious air, which seemed not unlike some of our sacred music, in many of its turns," as it forcibly reminded him of the chanting in our cathedrals.

They excel in carving, of which their war canoes, carrying 100 men, are specimens; they display their natural talents also in their pursuit of astronomy. Mr. Nicholas assures us that "they remain awake during the greater part of the night in the summer season, watching the motions of the heavens, and making inquiries concerning the time when such and such a star will appear. They have given names to each of them, and divided them into constellations; and have, likewise, connected with them some curious traditions, which they hold in superstitious veneration. If the star they look for does not appear at the time it is expected to be seen, they become extremely solicitous about the cause of its absence, and immediately relate the traditions which they

have received from the priests concerning it." Baron Hügel, a distinguished botanist, who visited the island, affirms, as do the missionaries, that there is not, in the northern island at least, a single tree, vegetable, or even weed, a fish or a bird, for which the natives have not a name; and that those names are universally known. Baron Hügel was at first incredulous about this: he thought that, with a ready wit, they invented names; but on questioning other individuals in distant places, he found them always to agree.

The strength of their understanding is shown in nothing more than in their total freedom from idolatry. Mr. Yate, the Church missionary, bears the most decisive testimony to this, and assures us that they have many just and admirable notions of God, quite conformable to the Scriptures. They call him Atua, and believe that he is a spirit infinite and eternal, who governs the world by his providence. They believe in the existence of the soul, and in its immortality; and, upon the whole, there has never been found a people who, whether from traditions or by force of reasoning, have made a nearer approach to the Christian religion. They have interesting traditions concerning the Creation and the Deluge: for example, they say that the first woman was formed of one of the ribs of a man, and they call her name Heevee; an extraordinary coincidence. They also say that the first man was created by three gods, of whom Toopoonah, or the grandfather, was the greatest. They have many traditions about the Flood, and the escape of one family only, in a canoe. The dove, likewise, is represented by them as instrumental in raising New Zealand from the bottom of the sea. What is very singular, they baptize their children on the eighth day, when they name them. This is done by the priest, who, as they have no idolatry, is more of a teacher than a priest. They believe also in the existence of the devil, whom they call Wiro, and to whom they give, as Mr. Yate informs us, the same attributes, as are assigned in the Scriptures to the enemy of mankind.

With this foundation to begin upon, it is not wonderful that the missionaries have met with great success. The recent publications of the Church Missionary Society, attested by many respectable eye-witnesses, have satisfied us that the missionaries have accomplished a great revolution in New Zealand, and have prepared the way for an enlightened Christian colony that would protect them, sympathise with them, and co-operate with them in their labours. These indefatigable men have established many Christian churches, have taught their converts agri-

culture and the mechanical arts, and have organized schools for both sexes, in which several thousands have been taught to read, and have acquired the elements of European knowledge. Already they have shewn their capacity for improvement, not only in examining and adopting a new religion, but likewise in carrying their freedom of inquiry so far as occasionally to dispute the interpretation of the Scriptures given by the missionaries, who seem alarmed at the progress of a species of nonconformity. We mention these things, not with a view to theological inquiry, but in order to prove the capacity of the New Zealanders, as well as their desire for improvement. Their eagerness to be taught anything and everything, is attested by every writer, and by all the voyagers who have held intercourse with them. Many of them visit Sydney, and even London, in the South Sea whalers. Dr. Lang assures us, that the best helmsman, on board a vessel by which he once returned to England, was Toki, a New Zealander. "Nothing," adds Dr. Lang, "could divert his attention from the compass, or the sails, or the sea; and whenever I saw him at the helm, and especially in tempestuous weather at night, I could not help regarding it as a most interesting and most hopeful circumstance in the history of man, that a British vessel of 400 tons, containing a valuable cargo and many souls of Europeans, should be steered across the boundless Pacific, in the midst of storm and darkness, by a poor New Zealander, whose fathers had, from time immemorial, been eaters of men."

"The New Zealanders," says Mr. Yate, "are by no means suspicious of foreigners. It is true they dislike the French, and have done so ever since the destruction of Captain Marion, in the Bay of Islands; but the English and Americans, notwithstanding the many injuries they have inflicted on the natives, are always cordially welcomed, and in most instances sought after and encouraged. I have known a thousand Europeans and Americans in the Bay of Islands at one time; it was the case in March, 1834," (the same fact has been stated already, on the authority of another eye-witness, Augustus Earle), "yet no jealousy was expressed by the natives that, from their numbers, they intended to take possession of their island, or that they wished to do so. I believe a severe struggle would ensue before they would allow any force to take possession of their soil, or of any portion of it, without what they deemed an equivalent."

Large purchases of land have been made by the missionaries, at various times, and have been held sacred by the natives. The

price appears to have been a few axes, or other implements of industry, articles of dress, &c. Mr. Cruise describes a chieftain as offering to sell a large and fertile island for a single hatchet. Mr. Nicholas informs us that he was present when the hereditary chieftain of Mootoroa, a large and fertile island, offered to sell it for two muskets. It is quite certain that they are willing to dispose of their land, uncultivated and unenclosed land, at a price which, to us, would be nominal. At the same time, we must always religiously, that is justly and generously, respect the primary and inalienable right of the aborigines to a subsistence out of the soil on which they were born. No plan of colonization ought to be encouraged, or even tolerated, that does not begin with the principle of upholding the rights and improving the condition of the aborigines.

We have only to say further, that all the labour in these islands, is undoubtedly at the command of those Europeans who should establish in them just laws and government, and be willing to treat the natives with liberality. The missionaries have demonstrated this; they have shewn that the natives have an inherent curiosity and industry, which lead them to work under Europeans voluntarily for their own amusement and improvement. To prove their great thirst for knowledge, we might quote the accounts of their thronging round the missionary mechanics with expressions of amazement and delight, when they saw the wonder of the anvil, and the forge, the saw, the lever, and the axe,—and thus explained the idolatry with which the ancients commemorated the authors of those now common, but once novel, and always admirable, inventions. One chieftain burst into tears on being introduced to a rope-walk at Sydney, and exclaimed, in the bitterness of his regret: "New Zealand no good!" Another worked his passage to England purely from a desire to carry back knowledge to his countrymen; but the savages in the English Thames never once permitted him to go ashore. These were not irreclaimable minds, in which such noble sentiments existed.

At the suggestion of the missionaries, roads have been formed; many substantial wooden bridges have been erected over broad rivers; ships of 300 tons burden have been built; and all with the superintendence of only two or three Englishmen. The numerous and extensive buildings of four or five missionary settlements have been completed; and the agriculture of several extensive farms, as well as the operations of several flax-dressing manufactories, rope-walks, and other estab-

lishments, are now carried on by means of the voluntary hired labour of the New Zealanders.*

THE LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM RAILWAY.

A Correspondent has favoured us with the following corrections of, and additions to, our description of the London and Birmingham Railway, pp. 193-196:—

Bletchley Station, 48 miles from London, omitted.
Length of Linslade Tunnel, 285 yards.

"	Stowe Hill	do.	484	"
"	Kilsby	do.	2,442	"
"	Beechwood	do.	292	"

This Railway appears to have been projected as early as the year 1825. Its entire cost will be, say six millions; of which five millions and a half have been already authorized by Parliament.

THE OLD WHIG POET TO HIS OLD BUFF WAISTCOAT.

BY THE LATE CAPTAIN MORRIS.

FAREWELL, thou poor rag of the muse!
In the bag of the clothesman go lie:
A sixpence thou'lt fetch from the Jews,
Which the hard-hearted Christians deny.

Twenty years, in adversity's spite,
I bore thee most proudly along:
Stood jovially *buff* to the fight,
And won the world's ear with my song.

But, prosperity's humbled thy case:
Thy friends in full banquet I see,
And the door kindly shut in my face,
Thou'st become a *fool's garment* to me!—

Poor rag! thou art welcome no more,
The days of thy *service* are past,
Thy toils and thy glories are o'er,
And thou and thy master are *cast*.

But, though thou'rt forgot and betrayed,
'Twill ne'er be forgotten by me,
How my old lungs within thee have play'd,
And my spirits have swelled thee with glee.

Perhaps they could swell thee no more,
For Time's icy hand's on my head;
My spirits are weary and sore,
And the impulse of Friendship is dead.

Then adieu! tho' I cannot but fret
That my constancy with thee must part,
For thou hast not a hole in thee yet,
Though thro' thee they have wounded my heart.

I change thee for sable, more sage,
To mourn the hard lot I abide;
And mark upon *gratitude's* page
A blot that hath buried my *pride*.

Ah! who would believe, in these lands,
From the *Whigs* I should suffer a wrong!
Had they seen how with hearts and with hands
They followed in frenzy my song.

Who'd have thought, though so eager their claws,
They'd condemn me *thus hardly* to plead!
Through my *prime* I have toll'd for your cause,
And you've left me, when aged, in need.

Could ye not, 'midst the favours of fate,
Drop a mite where all own it is due?
Could ye not, from the *feast of the state*,
Throw a *crumb* to a servant so true!

* British Colonization of New Zealand.

In your *scramble* I stirred not a jot—
Too proud for rapacity's strife;
And sure that all hearts would allot
A scrap to the *claims* of my life.

But go, faded rag, and while gone
I'll turn thy hard fate to my ease;
For the hand of kind Heaven hath shewn
All crosses have colours that please.

Thus a *bliss* from thy shame I receive,
Though my body's met treatment so foul,
I can suffer, forget, and forgive,
And get comfort, more worth for my soul.

And when seen on the rag-seller's rope,
They who know thee 'll say ready enough,
"There service hangs jilted by hope,
This once was poor M—rr—le's buff."

If they let them give virtue her name,
And yield an example to teach,
Poor rag, thou hast served in thy *shame*
Better ends than thy *honours* could reach.

But, though the soul gain by the loss,
The stomach and pocket still say,
"Pray what shall we do in this *crisis*?"
I answer, "be *poor* and be gay."

Let the muse gather mirth from her wrong,
Smooth her wing in *adversity's* shower;
To new ears and new hearts tune her song,
And still look for a *sun-shining* hour!

While I, a disbanded old Whig,
Put up my discharge with a smile;
Face about—prime and load—take a wig,
And march off—to the opposite file.

G. R. Aug. 1st. 1815.

GLIMPSES OF ROMAN PALACES.

PALAZZO ROSPIGLIOSI.

Among the many palaces which attract visitors in Rome, there are few, perhaps, containing more objects really worth seeing, in a limited space, than the Palazzo Rospiigliosi. Driving through the courtyard, we ascended a flight of steps into a beautifully laid out garden, bordered by orange and lemon-trees, which, at the time of our visit, were laden with fruit. In the centre stands a pepper-tree which has only been planted fifteen years, and has nevertheless attained a considerable height, but has only of late begun to bear any produce; according to the *custode*, it was brought from America. The part of the palace shown to visitors is a hall, flanked by two lofty apartments, and entirely unconnected with the remainder of the building: the entrance-hall is indeed a *dépot* of valuable objects; on the ceiling is the famous *Aurora* of Guido, in fresco, in excellent preservation, the colours being beautifully vivid. In the centre of the hall is a bronze horse, the work of Berni, possessing great merit; and in two corners are a bust of Nero when a youth, and an antique figure of Diana in the act of shooting. The bow is gone, but the handle still remains, and is, indeed, a fine piece of sculpture. In the apartment on the left of the entrance may be seen the *Andromeda* of Guido; the *Triumph of David*, by Dome-

nichino; and a picture of Our Saviour, by Rubens; and in that on the right, Sampson pulling down the temple, by Ludovico Caracci; and Adam and Eve in Paradise, by Domenichino; all first-rate pictures. This room also contains a fine bust of Scipio Africanus, found on excavating the Baths of Constantine, on the site of which this palace stands. It would be difficult to find a collection so *unique* as this, containing, as it does, the *chef-d'œuvres* of some of the best masters, as well as some truly curious remains of ancient sculpture. The Palazzo Rospiigliosi was built by Cardinal Scipio Borghese.

PALAZZO BORGHESE.

• This is a splendid building, situated in the Piazza Borghese, and contains a superior gallery of pictures, which is accessible to strangers, at certain hours of the day. The suite of rooms containing these masterpieces of art is extensive, and is terminated by a garden embellished by a fountain. We will enumerate a few of the chief pictures as samples of the value of the general collection; but the Sibyl, by Domenichino, deserves a separate notice. This lovely painting, in our opinion, one of the finest extant, is in wonderful preservation; the expression of the countenance denotes a degree of heavenly inspiration, which is in itself inimitable, while the soft tone of the colouring and the sweetness of the smile are absolutely enchanting. Such, at least, is our idea, and if we had the happiness of being a Rothschild, and that picture was for sale, we would gladly pay down a cool ten thousand for such a masterpiece. Among the other good paintings are a head of Raphael, by himself; the Visitation, by Rubens; Sacred and Profane Love, by Titian; the Prodigal Son, by Guercino; and the Saviour on the Cross, by Vandyck. One of the apartments also contains several pictures executed on lapis lazuli, as well as a magnificent mosaic table; and another, called the Glass Chamber, is walled with mirrors, on which flowers are painted. As a large collection of ancient and modern art, few galleries in Rome can vie with that of the Palazzo Borghese.

PALAZZO FALCONIERI.

This palace, the residence of Cardinal Fesch, looks out on the Tiber, and enjoys a beautiful view of the surrounding hills. The gallery of paintings is valuable and *unique*; and the whole of it, with the exception of the pictures of the French school, is shewn to strangers. The best worth notice of the Italian school are, the Assumption, by Guido; S. Carlo Borromeo, by Domenichino; a landscape, by Salvator Rosa; and two children, by Corregio. But the Flemish pictures are the gems of this

collection, comprising valuable specimens of the first artists of that country. Among them may be found a Battle Scene, by Wouvermanns; landscapes, by Cuyt and Paul Potter; the Saviour in Prison, by Teniers; the Inside of a Cottage, by ditto; the Ascension, by Vandyck; and an *Ectes Homo*, by Rembrandt. In one of the apartments is a bust of Madame Mère, the Cardinal's sister. It is very agreeable for English visitors, who in their own country have little or no opportunity of seeing good pictures, to be able with such facility to obtain admittance to these splendid collections, containing the best works of masters of almost every age. It is necessary to obtain an order from the Cardinal's secretary, previous to viewing his gallery of pictures; but it is a mere affair of form, and on the stranger's card of address being sent, permission is instantly given.

MOTLEY.

SKETCHES OF EVENING PARTIES.

CONCLUSIVE.

TAKING out the tumblers and trifles for an evening party, from their quiet shelves in the china-closet, is very troublesome; but we are sure it must be ten times worse putting them away again, especially when all the fun is over. And yet people generally contrive, somehow or another, to get their house into tolerably good order by the middle of the next day; at least, as far as the drawing-room and visible apartments are concerned. What state the kitchen is in, we do not know, because visitors who make morning calls are not generally ushered into it; but we can imagine that it must be a fearful scene of confusion and dirty plates.

Reader, we will suppose you are fond of evening parties, and make a point of going to all you are invited to. If our supposition be true, we will inform you how you conduct yourself when the party is over, presuming you are of our own sex. You have paid your respects to the mistress of the house, (who is beginning to think her visitors have danced enough, and to wish they would all go,) and you come down into the hall for your hat, which, if it was new, or at all respectable in appearance, you will esteem yourself lucky in again possessing; because the guests who have departed before you are so liable to make mistakes amongst the multiplicity of hats and mackintosh capes before them. It is a fine evening, and you think you will walk home at a saving of two shillings coach-hire. If you are quite collected and cool about the

brain, you will doubtless bend your steps towards your dwelling steadily enough; but if you are at all excited with the blanc-manger and lobster-salad you have eaten at supper, you will skip along the trottoir as far as the corner of the street, wondering what a little noise your pumps make on the pavement; and then, getting rather out of breath, settle down into a walk, first trying to step on all the divisions of the pavement flags, and then endeavouring to miss them all, with a laudable perseverance, to place your foot on the iron top of every coal-cellar you may chance to pass. If you meet a policeman, you will probably beg to know, in the politest manner possible, how his inspector is; and if the night cabs with no doors and seats hail you, you will refuse, saying you are in a hurry. When you arrive at home, your first act will be to take a long draught out of the water-bottle on your wash-hand-stand; and having thus refreshed yourself, you will undress, carelessly throwing your clothes in wild confusion about the room, and jump into bed. You will not, however, go to sleep directly, for you feel too hot and excited; and every time you close your eyes you will imagine that many miniature railroads are passing through the tunnels of your brain. Then come the mingled and visionary retrospections of the party—the chandeliers, the “*tum, tum, tumtity tum*” of the finale of *Les Echos*, and the indistinct visions of the people moving about; and, though last, not least, the shadowy form and imaginary voice of the young lady in the check muslin, that you danced with three times running after supper.

There is an exquisitely touching little French ballad called *La Folle*, that we remember to have once heard, which describes the feelings of a young girl going mad with love for some false one she had met at a ball, and endeavouring to recall the circumstances connected with the air of a waltz she is listlessly humming; she, at length, remembers it was to that same air she was dancing with him; and it furthermore appears, that during the waltz something more than words, and yet not blows, passed between them. With the madness we have nothing to do, for we think it would take a great deal to drive us mad for love; but, with regard to the recollections aroused by the air, we know that many old scenes of former amusements are conjured up by the sound of the music we then heard; and we will be bound, that if all the associations connected with Strauss' Waltzes were collected and published, they would form a most interesting volume.

How peculiarly disagreeable is the next morning; when you first thoroughly arouse yourself, after being called four times, feverish and tired, with the pleasant thought, that all your every-day attire is quietly reposing in your drawers, and nothing but your dress-costume lying about the room. Everything looks provokingly annoying: there are the two or three faded flowers, or rather stalks, in your coat, which looked so blooming last night; the dirty kid gloves, with all the fingers split into ribbons; the empty carafe, that you have drained during the night, and consequently, hindered your dental *toilette*; and your delicate shirt-collar delightfully stained with your satin stock. We would not ask a favour of you then for the world—more especially if you have an engagement in the city at half-past ten, and live out of line of the omnibuses.

Your discomfort the next day always bears an inverse proportion to your enjoyment the night before. If you had "one of the most pleasant evenings you ever recollect," depend upon it you will feel peculiarly "seedy" the next day; but if the party was dull, or slow, or shady, or whatever other epithets you like to apply, you will get up the next day nearly as if nothing had occurred. And, after all, a great deal of your pleasure at a party depends upon whether it be your own *set* or not. Not that we always like meeting the same faces over and over again; but a slight intimacy with the manners and dispositions of those you come in contact with in society, will enable you to enjoy yourself much more. Still, we are not writing an essay, and so we will stop. If you have thought our small opinions worth reading, we will follow up the great secret of being thought well of in life, and retire when we have made a good impression. Allow us to add, in the words of the "wall-flowers" to the mistress of the house when they leave: "We are much obliged to you for your attention this evening."

ALBERT.

CHARIOT RACES IN THE OLYMPIAN HIPPODROME.

In the *Sporting Review* has lately been commenced by the distinguished Editor, "Craven," a series of papers entitled "The History of the Turf: its origin, progress, and present condition." The second of these tasteful contributions is devoted to "the Olympic Games," a festival of antiquity so remote as to have defied all attempts to ascertain its origin. The author commences with the great ceremonial from its restoration by Iphitus, about 800 B. C.; or rather, with the revival of the chariot-race a century later. After advert-

ing to the scarcity of horses in Greece long subsequent to the restoration of the great Olympic festival, the writer adds:—

"Greece needed horses; it was therefore essential to adopt and promote some scheme that might give an impulse to the production of them. To this end no efforts were spared to invest the chariot-races, upon their institution, or revival in the great national Festival at Elis, with unusual pomp and circumstance. They at once assumed the place of honour, and such was the glory which attached to those imperial contests, that to be vanquished in them was esteemed more honourable than to be the victor in less noble triumphs:

"non tam

"Turpe fuit vincl, quam contendisse decorum."

The prize offered was one that appealed alone to spirits of a generous and exalted ambition. It was the chaplet of wild olive, to be contended for in the presence of all Greece, that drew within the Olympic Hippodrome the most renowned of all her citizens. The simple wreath, twined from the green emblem of peace, saw Athens sending forth her Alcibiades, Macedon her Alexander, to an arena whose conquests were valued beyond all price—whose spoils were the soul-breathed offerings of assembled nations.

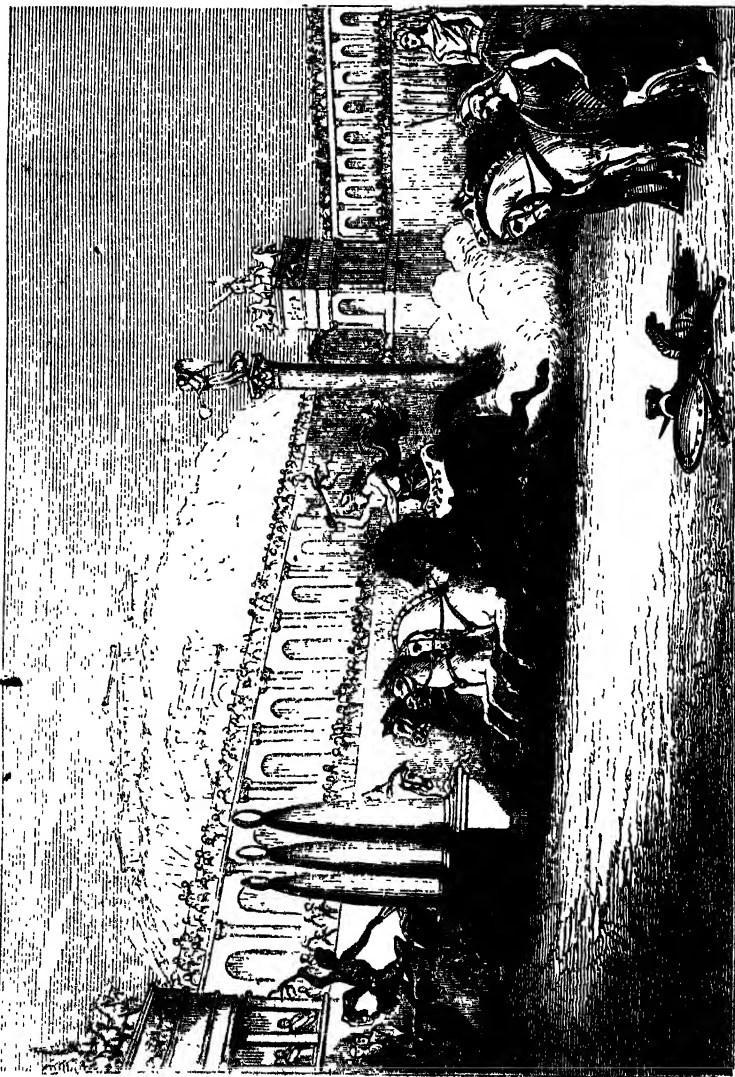
As with us, so among the Greeks, the business of the course was principally executed by deputy, a proof of the excellence of their policy. None were prohibited from driving their own chariots, neither were any required to contend in person. All the exercises, introduced into the ceremonies observed on the return of each Olympiad at Elis, were instituted for the purpose of assisting some civil object. The chariot-races had for their end the improvement and extended production of the horse in all the Grecian states. There was excellent wisdom, therefore, in exempting the great and powerful from the necessity of exposing themselves personally to the risk of those encounters. That some idea may be formed of the manner in which these races were conducted, and the nature of the course over which they were run, I subjoin, from Pausanias, a description of the Olympic Hippodrome at Elis.

"As you pass out of the Stadium, by the seat of the Hellanodicks, into the place appointed for the horse-races, you come to the barrier, where the horses and chariots rendezvous before they enter into the course. This barrier, in its figure, resembles the prow of a ship, with the rostrum or beak turned towards the course: the other end is very broad. At the extremity of the rostrum or beak, over a bar that runs across the entrance, is placed a figure

of a dolphin in brass. On the two sides of this barrier, each of which is above four hundred feet in length, are built stands or lodges, as well for the riding horses as for the chariots, which are distributed by lot among the competitors in those races; and before all these lodges is stretched a cable, from one end to the other, to serve the purpose of a barrier. About the middle of the prow is erected an altar, built of unburnt brick, which every Olympiad is plastered over with fresh mortar; and

upon the altar stands a bronze eagle which spreads out its wings to a great length. This eagle, by means of a machine which is put in motion by the president of the horse-races, is made to mount up at once into the air to such a height as to become visible to all the spectators, and at the same time the brazen dolphin, before-named, sinks into the ground. Upon the signal, the cables, stretched before the lodges on either side of the portico of Agaptus, are first let loose, and the

THE OLYMPIC GAMES.



CHARIOT RACE IN THE HIPPODROME.

horses there stationed, move out and advance, till they come over against the lodges of those who drew the second lot, which are then likewise opened. The same order is observed by all the rest, and in this manner they proceed through the bank or rostrum, before which they are drawn up in one line or front, ready to begin the races, and make trial of the skill of the charioteers, and the fleetness of the horses. On that side of the course, which is formed by a terrace raised with earth, and which is the longest of the two sides, near to the passage which leads out of the course across the terrace, stands an altar of a round figure, dedicated to Taraxippus—the terror of horses—as the name implies. The other side of the course is formed, not by a terrace of earth, but a hill of a moderate height, at the end of which is erected a temple consecrated to Ceres Iamyne, whose priestess has the privilege of seeing the Olympic games.

This passage is certainly far less comprehensive than could be desired; for, while it affords information upon matters of little consequence—merely alluding to the shape and general nature of the Hippodrome at Elis, it leaves us wholly in the dark as to the manner and principle of the thing: the length and breadth of the race, the *meta*, round which both horses and chariots went, the distances between them, and in fact as to any understanding of the economy of the course. Of the actual size of the Olympic Hippodrome we are without any direct knowledge, but if we may venture to form a conclusion from analogy, we are enabled to draw our deductions from sufficiently clear premises. On the occasion of the appearance of Alcibiades as an actor in the Olympian ceremonies, he brought seven chariots to contend in the games, and no doubt he had many competitors opposed to him. In a description of a chariot-race by Sophocles, (I think in the *Electra*.) he speaks of ten as engaged at once; and Pindar tells us of forty that ran at one and the same time. Now the Romans never permitted more than four to contend together, and we may therefore reasonably conclude, that the Circus Maximus was far inferior in extent to the Elean Hippodrome. From Dionysius Halicarnassus, we derive accurate information of the dimensions of the Circus Maximus. He describes it as an oval building of three stadia, or fifteen hundred feet long, and four plethra, or four hundred feet broad. In the centre was a line of pillars, obelisks, and altars; at either end of which were the *meta* or goals, round which the chariots and horses made their turns.

Though we cannot, certainly, from these

data, arrive at any correct estimate of the space allotted to the course within the arena of the Grecian Hippodrome, we may fairly infer that it was considerably more extensive than that of the Roman Circus: upon the equally interesting questions, the lengths and classification of the Olympic races, we possess much clearer information. I do not think it convenient to mystify those who simply read for amusement or curiosity with quotations and conveyances from musty volumes of "Heathen Greek," but merely referring the curious in authorities to Pindar, Pausanias, and Hesychius, proceed to offer the essence extracted from the gleanings of their pages. The earliest description of chariot, which we find introduced into the Olympic games, was the "complete" chariot, from its being drawn by four horses of full age. In the 93rd Olympiad came the chariot drawn by two horses of full age: in the 99th that drawn by four colts, and in the 129th that drawn by two colts. Of the harness used by the Greeks; how their horses were attached to their chariots; indeed of almost any item of their horse-furniture, we know little or nothing. They used the rein and the trace, we are certain, but beyond that we can go little farther than surmise. We find, in the writers above-mentioned, long compound words relating to articles of equestrian caparison, but whether they bore resemblance to any now in use, or, indeed, whether we understand the uses to which they were applied by the ancients, is very doubtful. I made inquiry of Mr. Henning, the modeller of the Elgin and other ancient marbles, whose knowledge of the equestrian antiquities of early Greece constitutes him an authority on all matters relating to them, for some information respecting the bits of which he had discovered any traces. He could not assist me beyond the fact that, on some of the Elgin marbles, which had been exposed to the rain, he discovered the mouths of the horses stained as if from the effects of brass or copper, which led him to conclude that they at some period contained bits formed of either of those metals.

To return to the business of the racing.—I have spoken already of the *meta*, which were situated at the two extremities of the line of statues and altars that occupied the centre of the area of the Hippodrome. These two pillars (one of which served for the starting post, and round both of which the course ran,) divided the circuit of the arena into two equal parts, and were two stadia distant from each other. Now the race between the "complete" chariots, or those drawn by aged horses, consisted of twelve rounds, or forty-eight stadia, and that of the chariots drawn by colts, of 10

eight rounds, or thirty-two stadia—the former equal to six, and the latter to four Grecian miles, or one-fifth less than the same distance according to our measurement. Here we have the length of course performed by the equipages according to the classes to which they belonged; and to this simple expedient all attempt to bring them together appears to have been limited. Lots, indeed, were drawn for places, but in a race extending to a dozen rounds, the constant changes must have rendered that a precaution of little consequence."

Glancing at the object of the chariot-race, it is well observed:

"If we look carefully into the old system of the contests between chariots, as well as those between mounted horses in the Elean Hippodrome, we shall soon discover that they were by no means intended as mere trials of speed. Courage and ardour, in both men and horses, were the first and infinitely the most essential properties. Let us for an instant imagine the start for a chariot-race. They draw up abreast, perhaps forty—even suppose twenty—constituting a field of eighty horses! not a quarter of a mile before them is the pillar round which all must turn, and on which the eyes of the charioteers are eagerly intent. The trumpet peals, and away they burst with a crash like the artillery of heaven. The barrier has fallen, and they press for the one point. What courage, what skill must they possess, who steer this fearful passage! What perfect obedience, what training, what strength and speed should distinguish the coursers chosen for so desperate an encounter! But the dangers and difficulties they had to contend with were not confined to such as were incidental to the race itself. Artificial annoyances and perplexities of various kinds were placed at different points of the course, such as called for a high degree of training in animals exposed to them. In the description of the Olympian Hippodrome by Pausanias, already quoted, mention is made of one of these artificial obstacles—the altar of Taraxippus. It is not necessary to go the whole way with the Grecian, and suppose that some supernatural horror affected such horses as were compelled to pass that ill-omened shrine. We can easily conceive that, it being deemed necessary to devise some means of subjecting the horses, engaged in the chariot-races, to a sudden and violent alarm, those who were chosen to conduct the business of the games were at no loss to accomplish it. Some artifice, and one as powerful as ingenious, no doubt, was practised, by which, in many cases, as we are told by Pausanias, "the consternation of

the coursers was so great, that, regarding no longer the rein, the whip, or the voice of their master, they broke and overturned the chariot, and wounded the driver. The charioteers, therefore, failed not to offer sacrifice to Taraxippus, in order to deprecate his wrath and render him favourable to them."

In conclusion, the author maintains, that "Racing, as a sport whose end was to contrast the speed of horses only, was unknown to the Greeks;" and that it did not, as is generally supposed, form a part of the Olympic games.

"The chariot-races at Elis were essentially warlike exercises, and nothing else. Ardour, spirit, strength, and courage, combined all the physical properties required of the animal about to engage in them. And even did not the character of those contests convince us of this, the construction of the Grecian horse, handed down to us by her living marbles, would be proof past gainsaying. The coursers of the frieze of the Parthenon, is a highly artificial creation; a perfect union of those particular qualities, the possession of which constituted the degree of his excellence. Peace was all but unknown to the Greeks. War was the great concern of their lives, and to it their pleasures were made to apply and administer. Their social code may, indeed, be regarded as typified in Lucian's celebrated dialogue between Solon and Anacharsis. To fit her citizens for the field, was the object and sole purpose of those who first gave to Greece the renowned festival at Olympia. So long as it endured, throughout the whole civilized world there was an incentive to improve the original species of the horse."

We scarcely know how far the recent displays in Vauxhall Gardens, by the most accomplished equestrian *artists* of our times, can be identified with the sports of the Grecian Hippodrome: but the subject, *per se*, has attractions of such classic interest for every educated mind, that we have gladly taken the opportunity of borrowing from the pages of the *Sporting Review* the annexed engraving, (by Landells, from a drawing by Henning,) and the accompanying judicious illustration by the Editor.

New Books.

A DIARY IN AMERICA, BY CAPTAIN MARYAT, C. B.

[THE announcement of three volumes of a "Diary" and "Remarks," by the author of *Peter Simple*, promised much amusement to thousands of readers who were weary of the fallacies and common-places of

English writers on America. The promise is here fulfilled to the letter, and with the entertainment comes very welcome information; the author's object being "to examine and ascertain what were the effects of a democratic form of government and climate upon a people which, with all its foreign admixture, may still be considered as English." In a lively Introduction, the Captain tells us that upon close observation he found there was a great deal to reflect upon and investigate, and that America and the American people were indeed an enigma: he ascribes the errors of writers upon America to their representing the Americans as a nation; whereas, they are not yet, nor will they for many years be, a nation—they are a mass of people cemented together, to a certain degree, by a general form of government; but they are in a constant state of transition, and no amalgamation has as yet taken place: not only are the populations of the various states distinct, but even those of cities; and it is hardly possible to make a remark which may be considered as general to a country, where the varieties of soil and climate are so extensive. Hence, America should be examined and portrayed piecemeal, every state separately; for every state is different, running down the scale from refinement to a state of barbarism almost unprecedented. We are next told that the Americans are often the cause of their being misrepresented, from their love of boasting travellers.] "Another difficulty and cause of misrepresentation is, that travellers are not aware of the jealousy existing between the inhabitants of the different states and cities. The eastern states pronounce the southerners to be choleric, reckless, regardless of law, and indifferent as to religion; while the southerners designate the eastern states as a nursery of over-reaching pedlars, selling clocks and wooden nutmegs. This running into extremes is produced from the clashing of their interests as producers and manufacturers. Again, Boston turns up her erudite nose at New York; Philadelphia, in her pride, looks down upon both New York and Boston; while New York, chinking her dollars, swears the Bostonians are a parcel of puritanical prigs, and the Philadelphians a would-be aristocracy. A western man from Kentucky, when at Tremont House in Boston, begged me particularly not to pay attention to what they said of his state in that quarter. Both a Virginian and Tennessean, when I was at New York, did the same.—At Boston, I was drinking champagne at a supper. 'Are you drinking champagne?' said a young Bostonian. 'That's New York—take claret; or, if you will drink cham-

pagne, pour it into a green glass, and they will think it *hook*; champagne's not right.' How are we to distinguish between right and wrong in this queer world? At New York, they do drink a great deal of champagne; it is the small beer of the dinner-table. Champagne becomes associated with New York, and therefore is not *right*. I will do the New Yorkers the justice to say, that as far as *drinks* are concerned, they are above prejudice; all's right with them, provided there is enough of it."

[Captain Marryat acknowledges the ingratitude of certain English writers for American hospitality, but complains of being himself insulted and annoyed from nearly one end of the Union to the other: he considers too, that the Americans can no longer expect iciness from the English traveller, they having latterly so deeply committed themselves. The three last works upon the Americans, written by English authors, were, on the whole, favourable to them; Mr. Power's and Mr. Grund's decidedly so; and Miss Martineau's, filled as it is with absurdities and fallacies, was *intended*, at all events, to be favourable: whereas Mr. Cooper has been unfairly severe upon England, and Mr. Carey, of Philadelphia, has the self-satisfaction to assert that, in security of person and property, morals, education, religion, industry, invention, credit, and consequently, honesty, "*America is in advance of England and every other nation of Europe!*" The tables then are turned: it is no longer the English, but the Americans, who are the assailants. As a specimen of the writer's comprehensive and enlightened views, we take the following remarks on the

Prospects of America.]

America is a wonderful country, endowed by the Omnipotent with natural advantages which no other can boast of; and the mind can hardly calculate upon the degree of perfection and power to which, whether the states are eventually separated or not, it may in the course of two centuries arrive. At present all is energy and enterprise; every thing is in a state of transition, but of rapid improvement—so rapid, indeed, that those who would describe America now would have to correct all in the short space of ten years; for ten years in America is almost equal to a century in the old continent. Now, you may pass through a wild forest, where the elk browses and the panther howls. In ten years, that very forest, with its denizens, will, most likely, have disappeared, and in their place you will find towns with thousands of inhabitants; with arts, manufactures, and machinery, all in full activity.—In reviewing America, we

must look upon it as shewing the development of the English character under a new aspect, arising from a new state of things. If I were to draw a comparison between the English and the Americans, I should say that there is almost as much difference between the two nations at this present time, as there has long been between the English and the Dutch. The latter are considered by us as phlegmatic and slow; and we may be considered the same, compared with our energetic descendants. Time to an American is every thing,* and space he attempts to reduce to a mere nothing. By the steam-boats, rail-roads, and the wonderful facilities of water-carriage, a journey of five hundred miles is as little considered in America, as would be here a journey from London to Brighton. "Go ahead" is the real motto of the country; and every man does push on, to gain in advance of his neighbour. The American lives twice as long as others; for he does twice the work during the time that he lives. He begins life sooner: at fifteen he is considered a man, plunges into the stream of enterprise, floats and struggles with his fellows. In every trifle an American shews the value he puts upon time. He rises early, cuts his meals with the rapidity of a wolf, and is the whole day at his business. If he be a merchant, his money, whatever it may amount to, is seldom invested; it is all floating—his accumulations remain active; and when he dies, his wealth has to be collected from the four quarters of the globe.

Now, all this energy and activity is of English origin; and were England expanded into America, the same results would be produced. To a certain degree, the English were in former times what the Americans are now; and this it is which has raised our country so high in the scale of nations; but since we have become so closely packed—so crowded, that there is hardly room for the population, our activity has been proportionably cramped and subdued. But, in this vast and favoured country, the very associations and impressions of childhood foster and ripen the intellect, and precociously rouse the energies. The wide expanse of territory already occupied—the vast and magnificent rivers—the boundless regions, yet remaining to be peopled—the rapidity of communication—the dispatch with which every thing is effected, are evident almost to the child. To those who have rivers many thousand miles in length, the passage across the

* The clocks in America—there rendered so famous by Sam Slick—instead of the moral lessons indicated by the dials of this country, such as "Time flies," &c., teach one more suited to American feeling:—

"Time is money"

Atlantic (of 3,500 miles) appears but a trifle; and the American ladies talk of spending the winter at Paris with as much indifference as one of our landed proprietors would, of going up to London for the season.

America is, indeed, well worth the study of the philosopher. A vast nation forming, society ever changing, all in motion and activity, nothing complete, the old continent pouring in her surplus to supply the loss of the eastern states, all busy as a hive, full of energy and activity. Every year multitudes swarm off from the East, like bees: not the young only, but the old, quitting the close-built cities, society, and refinement, to settle down in some lone spot in the vast prairies, where the rich soil offers to them the certain prospect of their families and children being one day possessed of competency and wealth.

THE BRITISH ANGLER'S MANUAL. BY T. C. HOFLAND, ESQ.

[THIS work, by one of our favourite landscape painters, is a plain, straightforward treatise upon the Art of Angling, with little or none of the pedantry or coxcomby which usually distinguishes professional books upon the same subject. For example, fellow-anglers are called "brothers of the angle" occasionally; but the conventional familiarity, we believe, proceeds no further. There is none of the *slang* of the art, or rather of its literature; for Mr. Hoffland, though alive to its countless poetical associations, does not allow himself to be led into rhapsodies and mad ecstasies, such as have disfigured almost every work written upon angling since the time of Isaac Walton. These puerilities may delight weak persons, who are content to spend a lifetime in collecting books upon one especial art or amusement, and to leave behind them the very equivocal merit of exercising industry, but directing it to no useful purpose; in short, of hoarding information, (scarcely to be called knowledge), instead of spreading it abroad—of putting the candle under the bushel, instead of allowing all to benefit from its light. Happily, the class of persons to whom we allude, is gradually passing from among us; and their hoarded treasures produce less money than they did, on the average, a few years since; men having now resolved to estimate things by their utility and actual worth rather than their rarity: it is no longer the genius of the age to overrate "decayed intelligence," but to explore, to weigh, and consider, before they venerate and take for granted; and those who are unwilling to join this onward march must

be satisfied with contempt, on account of the neglect shewn by them of the higher objects of life and being.

Mr. Holland, in his labour of love now before us, brings more than thirty years' practical experience in the principal rivers, lakes, and trout-streams of Great Britain. During his summer excursions, the fly-rod has generally accompanied the sketching-stool, and thus he has garnered practice "in either field." His general residence on the banks of the Thames has given him many opportunities of observing the various modes of angling in that noble river: all his remarks on Thames-fishing are the result of experience; as he has visited every favourite resort of the angler from London to Reading. In his accounts of fishing-stations, he leads us to the most beautiful scenery, the best points for angling, and the most comfortable inns; and he conducts us where, he believes, no other angler has—"to the numerous trout-streams in the northern counties, to the grand and romantic scenery of Westmoreland, Cumberland, and the Highlands of Scotland;" and, we are bound to add, that in the two-fold character of piscator and painter, the author leads the reader through a volume of pleasantry and profitable instruction; assuring him that it will make him most happy, and suffice to reward his labour, if, in conducting him to those scenes which he has frequented with such pure delight, he can impart a portion of the pleasure he has himself experienced, and thus add to the improvement or amusement of the British angler. His introductory chapter resembles a brief invitation to the gentle art, with authorities from Job, the poet of Scripture, to Thomson, the poet of the Thames. Here are two very winning passages:—]

Poets and painters may, indeed, more especially enjoy many delightful hours of recreation in pursuit of the finny tribes, and, at the same time, gather materials for their future studies. The angler rises with the sun, and, therefore, has frequent opportunities of beholding the various beautiful phenomena which attend the advent of that glorious orb; he hastens with buoyant spirits to his favourite stream, wending his way through flowery meadows, or to some lone mountain glen, where the congregated waters of the hills find a devious passage through rocks and woods, to the calm bosom of the expansive lake. All the varieties of light and shade, of form and colour, are presented to his view, amidst a succession of sublime, pastoral, or romantic scenery, and the botanist, mineralogist, and entomologist, may find ample room for observation on the borders of a mountain stream. The amus-

ing study of entomology is necessary to a skilful fly-fisher, who ought to be acquainted with all the various insects and flies applicable to his art, and be able to produce a close imitation of them.

[The Manual is judiciously divided into chapters—as "materials used in angling; baits; salmon;" the author notes:] "The Thames formerly produced abundant salmon of the finest quality, but the gas-works and steam-navigation have now totally destroyed the salmon fishery. Thirty years ago, at Mortlake, and between Isleworth and Richmond, I have seen from ten to twenty salmon taken at a draught: the last I saw caught in the Thames was in the year 1820, but they have been occasionally taken since that time. The samlet, brandling, or skegger, have also disappeared."

[Of Killarney:] "All the islands and shores of these lakes are thickly covered with the arbutus, and in no other place have I seen this beautiful tree in such perfection. Myself and friends dined almost every day on one or other of the islands; but, on two occasions, at Kenmare Cottage, permission for that purpose being liberally granted to strangers by the amiable proprietor, Lady Kenmare. On one of these occasions we had a newly-caught salmon, broiled, or roasted, on skewers made of the green wood of the arbutus, which is said to give the fish a fine and peculiar flavour:—however this may be, I can safely say that never before, or since, have I enjoyed salmon in such perfection."

[Then follow "trout, grayling," and the other river fish, with the best methods of taking them; interspersed with pleasant anecdotes, and poetical illustrations, not forgetting the culinary art.

[The chapter on artificial flies is copious: that on Thames-fishing is full of information and agreeable anecdote: *e. g.*]

The vast metropolis of the British empire contains many thousand brothers of the angle, "who have few opportunities of exercising their gentle craft," at any great distance from home; it is, therefore, a happy circumstance, that they have so noble a river as the Thames, in which to practice their art. The scenery on its banks is of unrivalled beauty, and few streams contain a greater variety of fish, and fishing stations. I have met with anglers, who affect to despise Thames-fishing; but for myself, after having cast a fly in many of the principal rivers and lakes in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, I can still enjoy a day's barbel, or roach, and dace-fishing at Richmond, Teddington, or Hampton. A fine balmy day, the delicious scenery, a cheerful and skilful

companion, a pic-nic dinner on board your punt, and ten or fifteen brace of barbel to carry home, are pleasures not to be scorned; and give me leave to tell those gentlemen who despise Thames fishing and cockney anglers, that many of them would cut a poor figure in a punt, or on shore, if they had to contend with the practised neatness, quickness, and dexterity of a London artist.

Formerly, Blackfriars' and Westminster bridges were favourite places of resort, but various causes have driven the fish further up the river; and I now find the first station to be Battersea bridge, where good roach and dace-fishing may be had, during the months of July, August, September, and October, from a boat fastened to the piles of the bridge.

[The "excursions" to Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, will be enjoyed by the dipper into books as well as rivers; and the author amiably bids farewell, by wishing his brothers of the gentle craft many a happy day by winding stream or sparkling lake, with "a southern wind and cloudy sky." We must, however, retrace our steps, to a well-told anecdote of the author's boyhood:]

When I was a boy, and living at Nottingham, I frequently accompanied, to the river Trent, a gentleman who was fond of fishing for salmon from the bridge; he used to stand within the recess of a pier, and baited with two lob-worms; he had a bullet on his line about twelve inches above the hook, with at least eighty yards of line on his reel. He dropped his bait into the deep eddies, or pools, near the starlings; and in this manner he frequently caught large barbel, and sometimes a salmon. On one occasion, when I was only nine years old, I followed him to the bridge, and after I had patiently watched him for two or three hours, without seeing a fish caught, he gave the rod into my hands, shewing me how to support it on the bridge, and telling me, if I felt a tug at the line, to let it run freely, and not to touch the reel, but to call out loudly, that either the toll-bar keeper or himself might come to my assistance. He then went to a public-house at a short distance from the turnpike-house for refreshment, and had not been gone many minutes, when, to my great surprise and delight, I felt two smart strokes at the line, which then ran out furiously, whilst I called out lustily, to the extent of my voice, and soon brought both my friend and the gatekeeper to my assistance. They were just in time to turn the fish before it had run out the extent of the line:—a boat was procured, and assistance given on the water to the angler on the bridge, and, after nearly an hour's

labour and anxiety, the fish was landed, and proved to be a salmon, in beautiful condition, weighing eighteen pounds and a half, so that I may say (in one sense) I caught a salmon at nine years of age, a circumstance which, undoubtedly, greatly fed my early passion for angling, and might have been a foundation for my becoming a great salmon-fisher, but circumstances have prevented me from having much practice in this noble branch of our art. I have, however, eagerly sought the *salmo fario*, his near relation, in almost every river and lake in the United Kingdom, and have not been unsuccessful in this part of our "gentle craft."

[The artistical merit of the Angler's Manual rises considerably above the embellishments of similar works. The illustrations are very numerous, and are, with some half-dozen exceptions, from paintings and drawings by Mr. Hoffman. They number fourteen plates on steel, by W. R. Smith, of sparkling execution; and upwards of six and thirty woodcuts, by Landells, and other eminent engravers. The volume is altogether produced in excellent taste, even to the verdant binding, with its golden flies, &c.]

Scientific Facts.

NEW INSTRUCTIONS IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE following cheap and simple method of preparing paper for Photographic drawing, in which the use of any salt of silver is dispensed with, has just been communicated to the Society of Arts for Scotland, by Mungo Ponton, F.R.S.E., &c.

While attempting to prepare paper with the chromate of silver, for which purpose (says the author) I used first the chromate of potash, and then the bichromate of that alkali; I discovered that when paper was immersed in the bichromate of potash alone, it was powerfully and rapidly acted on by the sun's rays. It accordingly occurred to me, to try paper so prepared to obtain drawings, though I did not at first see how they were to be fixed. The result exceeded my expectations. When an object is laid in the usual way on this paper, the portion exposed to the light speedily becomes tawny, passing more or less into a deep orange, according to the strength of the solution, and the intensity of the light. The portion covered by the object retains the original bright yellow tint, which it had before exposure, and the object is thus represented yellow upon an orange ground, there being several gradations of shade, or tint, according to the greater or less degree of transparency in the different parts of the object.

In this state, of course, the drawing though very beautiful is evanescent. To fix it, all that is required is careful immersion in water, when it will be found that those portions of the salt which have not been acted on by the light are readily dissolved out, while those which have been exposed to the light are completely fixed in the paper. By this second process, the object is obtained white upon an orange ground, and quite permanent. If exposed for many hours together to strong sunshine, the colour of the ground is apt to lose in depth, but not more so than most other colouring matters.

This action of light on the bichromate of potash differs from that upon the salt of silver. Those of the latter which are blackened by light, are of themselves insoluble in water, and it is difficult to impregnate paper with them in an equable manner. The blackening seems to be caused by the formation of oxide of silver. In the case of the bichromate of potash again, that salt is exceedingly soluble, and paper can be easily saturated with it. The agency of light not only changes its colour, but deprives it of solubility, thus rendering it fixed in the paper. This action appears to me to consist in the disengagement of free chromic acid, which is of a deep red colour, and which seems to combine with the paper. This is rendered more probable from the circumstance that the neutral chromate exhibits no similar change.

The active power of the light in this instance, resides principally in the violet rays, as is the case with the blackening of the salt of silver. To demonstrate this, three similar flat bottles were filled, one with ammoniuret of copper, which transmits the violet rays, one with bichromate of potassa, transmitting the yellow rays, the third with tincture of iodine, transmitting the red rays. The paper was readily acted on through the first, but scarcely, if at all, through the second and third; although much more light passed through the bottle filled with bichromate of potassa than through the one filled with ammoniuret of copper.

The best mode of preparing paper with bichromate of potash, is to use a saturated solution of that salt; soak the paper well in it, and then dry it rapidly at a brisk fire, excluding it from daylight. Paper thus prepared acquires a deep orange tint on exposure to the sun. If the solution be less strong or the drying less rapid the colour will not be so deep.

A pleasing variety may be made by using sulphate of indigo along with the bichromate of potash, the colour of the object and of the paper being then of dif-

ferent shades of green. In this way also the object may be represented of a darker shade than the ground.

Paper prepared with bichromate of potash is equally sensitive with most of the papers prepared with salt of silver, though inferior to some of them. It is not sufficiently sensitive for the camera-obscura, but answers quite well for taking drawings from dried plants, or for copying prints, &c. Its great recommendation is its cheapness and the facility with which it can be prepared. The price of the bichromate of potash is 2s. 6d. per lb., whereas of the nitrate of silver only half an ounce can be obtained for that sum. The preparing of paper with the salt of silver is a work of extreme nicety, whereas both the preparing of the paper with the bichromate of potash and the subsequent fixing of the images are matters of great simplicity, and I am therefore hopeful that this method may be found of considerable practical utility in aiding the operations of the lithographer.

Varieties.

Macmonics.—On the 28th ult. Master Basse, who is only 13 years of age, went through an extraordinary mnemonic performance at Willis's Rooms. Five large sheets of paper, closely printed, with tables of dates, specific gravities, velocities, planetary distances, &c., were distributed among the visitors, and every one was allowed to ask Master Basse a question relating to these tables, to which he received a correct answer. He would also name the day of the week on which any day of any month had fallen in any particular year. He could repeat long series of numbers, backwards and forwards, and point out the place of any number in the series; and, to prove that his powers were not merely confined to the rows of numbers in the printed tables, he allowed the whole company to form a long series, by contributing each two or three digits in the order in which they sat, and then, after studying this series for a few minutes, to commit it to memory, repeated it entire, both backwards and forwards, from the beginning to the end. These performances are believed to be not the result of any natural mnemonic powers, but of a method acquirable by any person in a course of twelve lessons.—*Abridged from The Times.*

A New Line-of-battle Ship.—"The Nile," of ninety-two guns, was launched at Devonport, on the 28th ult. She was designed by Sir R. Seppings, and was laid

down in 1827: she is a sister-ship to "the Rodney," ninety-two, launched at Pembroke in 1833, and now on the Mediterranean station, which vessel has proved to possess admirable qualities as a man-of-war. "The London," ninety-two, building at Chatham, is also a sister-ship of "the Nile." The dimensions of the latter are: length, from figure-head to taffrail, 240 ft. 6 in.; length of the gun-deck, 205 ft. 6 in.; height of figure-head above the under part of the keel, 51 ft. 2 in.; ditto taffrail ditto ditto, 58 feet; extreme breadth of main-wales, 54 ft. 3½ in.; moulded breadth, 52 ft. 11½ in.; depth in hold, 23 ft. 2 in. Burden in tons (new measurement), 2,622½; ditto, by the old measurement, 2,545½.

Mal-à-propos.—At the banquet at Goldsmiths' Hall, on the 3rd inst., the piece of music which followed the toast of "The Queen Dowager and the rest of the Royal Family," was, oddly enough, "The Light of other Days."

Shipwreck.—It appears that the Institution for the Preservation of Life from Shipwreck, from March, 1837, to the present time, have been the means of saving 728 lives, by the use of life-boats and other apparatus established by them on various parts of the coasts of Britain: in this time they have likewise distributed, as prizes, ten gold medallions and fifty-one silver medals. The Society has, since its formation, voted sixty-three gold medallions and two hundred and seventy silver medals, to persons who have signalized themselves by their intrepidity in saving lives; the cost of which, with pecuniary rewards of 5,140*l.*, amounts to upwards of 6,000*l.*; whilst the cost of life-boats and other apparatus, has been upwards of 5,000*l.* Yet this excellent Society is pining upon annual subscriptions of 220*l.*! Such things ought not to be; unless we are altogether to give up "the Wooden Walls."

Odd Epitaphs.—Among the monumental eccentricities of St. Saviour, Southwark, are some miserable lines on one of the Company of Grocers, beginning,

Garrett some call him, but that was too high,
His name is *Garrard*, who now here doth lie.

and concluding:

Weep not for him, for he is gone before,
To Heaven, where there are grocers many more.

In some lines to the memory of a girl ten years of age, are these:

Such grace the King of Kings bestowed upon her,
That she now lives with him a Maid of Honour.

Personal Preaching.—Naturally of a choleric disposition, the Rev. John Fresco made many enemies, and was not very much liked by the good folks of *Downey*, who, although many of them were rich, were mostly uneducated, and principally graziers. One accusation they

brought against him was that of being personal in his sermons; to which he replied, "It is false. I never said a word against sheep-feeders, and there's nothing else here."—From *Charley Chalk; or, the Career of an Artist*; a new periodical, partaking of the easy humour of the *Nickleby* school. In this Number, the first, the miseries of a portrait-painter, who has an unfortunate propensity to caricature, and is almost hunted out of a town for making all his sitters uglier than they really are,—are related with much drollery.

Aged Swan.—A few days since, died a gigantic and venerable swan, named "Old Jack," at the age of seventy years. He was hatched about the year 1770, on the piece of water in the grounds of Buckingham House, and for many years basked in the favour of Queen Charlotte, who frequently fed him herself. On the relaying out of St. James's Park, about ten years since, "Old Jack" was removed to the lake there, and his immense size, sociable disposition, and extraordinary courage, excited the admiration of the promenaders. His strength was remarkable: he has often seized a dog by the neck, and drowned him; and, on one occasion, he seized a boy, about twelve years of age, who had been teasing him, by the leg of his trousers, and dragged him knee-deep into the water. Jack, however, never acted on the offensive, but always on the defensive, and, if not annoyed, was exceedingly tractable. But the march of modern improvement affected Poor Jack, as it has done thousands of more pretending bipeds. Soon after the formation of the Ornithological Society, a host of feathered foreigners found their way on to the lake, and with these intruders Jack had many fierce encounters, but invariably came off successful. Still, all glory must have an end: a legion of solan-geese arrived, who attacked the poor swan *en masse*, and pecked him so severely that he drooped for a few days, and then died. His body, we understand, is to be stuffed for one of the metropolitan museums.—*Times* (*abd*).

The Princess of Wales.—Upon one occasion, when all her Royal Highness' ladies had been invited to a fête by the Prince Regent, from which she herself was excluded, she presented each of them with a very handsome dress; and to one, H.R.H. wrote: "Dear —, Pray do me the favour to accept and wear de accompanying gown, and when you are in de ball at Carlton House, tink of me, and wish me well. For ever your affectionate C.R."—*Diary Times, Geo. IV.*

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Price 2d.

THE NORTH LONDON CEMETERY, HIGHGATE



SOUTHERN ENTRANCE IN SWAIN'S LANE.



THE EGYPTIAN AVENUE.

THE NORTH LONDON CEMETERY.

"In the midst of life we are in death" was our reflection whilst wending our way along the bustling road of Camden Town, and looking out for the black and white finger-posts pointing "to the North London Cemetery." Following the lower bifurcation of the road, a change came over us as we passed through the village lull of Kentish Town, and so onward to Swain's Lane, at the base of Highgate Hill. Following this winding suburban way, we soon reached the Cemetery, on the northern slope of the hill; its buildings, in general effect, harmonizing with Mr. Vallian's pointed church on its crest.

The extent of the burial-ground may be stated at twenty acres; although, by skilful disposal, it has been made to resemble a delightful landscape-garden of double its actual size; enclosed at the sides, with a wall, built in terrace-like descents with the natural slope. The architectural features of the establishment have but equivocal merit; the grounds, as a specimen of landscape gardening, are more attractive; and it is chiefly to illustrate the latter that the picturesque vignettes upon the previous page have been prepared.

The building in Swain's Lane is a showy composition, in the pointed or Old English style; for the most part machicolated, and flanked with turrets and octagonal buttresses, pierced with windows or panelled, the former capped with cupolas and finials, and the latter surmounted with pinnacles and finials. The centre consists of a Tudor-arched gateway, above which is an apartment, lit at each end by a bay window; the roof terminating with two bold pointed gables, bearing in its centre an octangular bell-tower of two stories, enriched with pinnacles, and surmounted with a cupola and finial. The right wing contains the lodge and clerk's office; and the left wing is appropriated as a chapel, the windows being filled with stained glass. Of this building, the vignette represents the inner front, and shews a portion of the landscape-garden; in which the appearance of parterres of gay flowers sadden the feelings in contrast with a place of sepulture.

About half-way up the acclivity, the several paths and roads incline to the Egyptian Avenue, shewn in the second vignette; being the entrance to a tunnel or passage 100 feet in length, flanked with coupled Egyptian columns, and a pair of plain obelisks. The group around this entrance is one of the most artistical bits in the whole garden. Within the avenue, on each side, are eight sepulchres, furnished with stone shelves for twelve coffins; having

passed which, you enter a polygonal road, 500 feet in circuit, flanked with sepulchres similar to those in the Avenue; and having an inner polygon of sepulchres, upon the flat roof of which are planted a cedar of Lebanon and other appropriate trees and shrubs. The ranges of sepulchres are in the Egyptian style, and resemble a miniature City of Tombs. The massive cornices and doorways are imposing, and the enrichments are in corresponding taste; as the winged mundus and spiritual emblems on the former; and the inverted torch, allegorical of extinguished life, on the several cast-iron doors.

From the roadway is a handsome ascent, flanked by lotus-leaved columns, to an extensive terrace of catacombs in the pointed style; ranging immediately beneath Highgate church, and presenting one of the most ingenious points of design in the Cemetery, of which the church appears an integral structure.

The Cemetery is the undertaking of a Company incorporated by Act of Parliament for the formation of burial-grounds in the northern, southern, and eastern suburbs of the metropolis. The Highgate ground is, we believe, their first work; its architect being Mr. S. Geary, and Mr. D. Ramsay, landscape-gardener. The establishment has been recently consecrated, which fact is announced in right commercial form: beside the gateway are also posted tables of charges for interments, with omnibus fares, and other worldly arrangements, so as to make the whole a matter of *dead certainty*.

THE WISH."

If wishing only, were the Muse's task,
And, but to wish, would give thee all I ask:
I'd wish thee all that tongue or pen can tell,
In this one, honest wish,—"I wish thee well."

L. H. C.

Impromptu Latin Translation.

Si tantum voluisses, foret mandata Camænis,
Atque, volens etiam, tibi si daret omnia posco;
Omnia quæ Lingua aut Calamus dicat, tibi vellem,
Hoc probo uno voto,—"Bene tibi volo."

D. RYAN.

EPITAPH.

Stay, passenger, and lend a tear,
Youth and virtue both lie here.
Reading this, know thou hast seen
Virtue tomb'd at but fifteen.
And if after thou shalt see
Any young and good as he,
Think his virtues are reviving,
For examples of those living.
Prælae these, and then thou may'st
Fearless die, where now thou stay'st.

Owen Feltham.

WRESTLING.

THE genealogical biography of England abounds with interesting instances of attachment to manly sports, and their encouragement of the same among the peasantry. Among such anecdotic reminiscences of olden times, the name of Sir Thomas Parkyns is entitled to especial commemoration.

Sir Thomas, the first baronet, died July 15, 1684; and his son and successor, who enjoyed the title and estates nearly fifty-seven years, dying in March 1741, is the benevolent and eccentric individual above named. An ingenious Correspondent, W. Braban, states:—"He was twice married, and his son and successor, Sir Thomas Boothby Parkyns, married his grand-niece, Jane, the grand-daughter of his half-brother, Sampson Parkyns, the eldest son of Sir Thomas, by his first wife.

"The nearest parallel to this singular union which I have met with, is that of the descendants of two of the sons of Edward III.; in that instance, Richard, Earl of Cambridge, son of Edmond Langley, Duke of York, married the great grand-daughter of his father's brother, Lionel of Antwerp, Duke of Clarence.

"He, (Sir Thomas) came to his title early in life, and took possession of the family estate, Bunny Park. He was made a justice of the peace for Nottinghamshire and Leicestershire; and endeavoured, by all the means in his power, to do good to the peasantry and indigent people around him. To this end he studied physic, for the sole purpose of benefiting the poor and his tenantry.

"Sir Thomas was particularly partial to Latin sentences and quotations; but not satisfied with enlarging his writings with them, this eccentric baronet took every slight occasion to inscribe them on way-side benches, door-posts, window-seats, and other convenient tablets of a like, or an unlike nature. Upon a seat, which stood by one of the Bunny roads, he caused to be indited this truly urbane invitation to a strayer, from a man of property:

'Hic sedcas Viator, si tu defessus es ambulando.'

Another inscription took its birth from one of the judges, while on the circuit, having ascended his pad by the help of Sir Thomas's horse-block. This was an honour not to be let slip; and the block—a block no longer—told its classic story thus:

'Hinc Jusiticiarius Dormer equum ascendere solebat.'

"Happy and long was the life which Sir Thomas Parkyns led at Bunny Park; and a 'bold peasantry, its country's pride,'

by his advice and example grew up gallantly around him. He gave prizes of small value, but large honour, to be wrestled for, upon sweet Midsummer-even, upon the green levels of Nottinghamshire; and he never felt so gratified with the scene, as when he saw one of his manly tenantry, and the evening sun, go down together. He himself was no idle patron of these amusements—no delicate and timid superintendent of popular sports, as our modern wealthy men, for the most part, are; for he never objected to take the most sinewy man by the loins, and try a fall for the gold-laced hat he had himself contributed. His servants were all muscular, upright, fine young fellows,—civil, but sinewy,—respectful at the proper hours, but yet capable also, at the proper hour, of wrestling with Sir Thomas for the mastery; and never so happy, or so well approved, as when one of them saw his master's two brawny legs going handsomely over his head. Sir Thomas prided himself, indeed, in having his coachman and footman, (chosen, like Robin Hood's men, for having in a trial, triumphed over their master,) lusty young fellows, that had brought good characters for sobriety from their last places, and had laid *him* on his spine!

"One of our amiable baronet's whims, and heaven had given him his share, was an ardent love, through life, of curious stone-coffins; of these he had a very rare, and we should rather imagine, an unexampled collection, which he kept with great nicety in Bunny church.

"The mere empty passion, however, for a score or two of stone-coffins, did not satisfy the capacious soul of the titled champion of Bunny. He loved to read a moral in everything; to find 'tongues in the trees, books in the babbling brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything.' The coffins ranged before him, humbled him moderately; but he, full of life, as he was out of doors, required strong inducements to humility within. In the field, he was mighty;—he wished to be tamed in the house of prayer; and he, therefore, caused his own monument, or 'the marble effigies of Sir Thomas Parkyns,' as he called it, to 'be put up in the chancel of his church, that he might look upon it and say, What is life? In his monument, as in all things else, wrestling was not neglected. His figure was carved in a moralizing posture, in his chancel of the church of Bunny, being the first posture of wrestling; an emblem of the divine and human struggle for the glorious mastery.' Such is the description of this remarkable 'effigies' as given by Master Francis Hoffman, a gentleman, a poet,

and a friend of Sir Thomas, who wrote a copy of heroic verses in defence of the monument* and its moral. There is an awkward wood-cut of this singular stone, in one of the old editions of Sir Thomas's Institutes, (dedicated to George I.) which is worth the reader's looking to. Sir Thomas is represented standing in his country coat, potent, and postured for the Cornish hug. On one side is a well-limbed figure, lying above the scythe of Time, with the sun rising gloriously over it, showing that the wrestler is in his pride of youth. On the other side is the same figure, stretched in its coffin, with Time standing, scythe in hand, triumphantly over it; and the sun gone down, marking the decline of life, and the fate even of the strong man! Thus did Sir Thomas Parkyns moralize, and decorate, with solemn emblems, the quiet walls of Bunny's simple church."—*Retrospective Review*.

Our Correspondent adds: "It is not without regret, that I read that the ancient family of Parkyns, of Bunny, is nearly extinct. Sir T. B. Parkyns survived his son, who was raised to the Irish barony of Raneliffe in 1795, and, dying in 1806, left the baronetcy to his grandson, the present and second Lord, who is married, but has no heir-apparent, or presumptive." W. BRABAN.

LYNES

BY VISCOUNT MELBOURNE.

(Written in 1797.)

A year has pass'd since, oh! my friendship's choice,
I saw thy countenance or heard thy voice;
A year has pass'd, yet scarce a day I view,
But what that day, my friend, I think on you—
Think on thy talents, on thy virtues more
And hope that time has added to their store.
With eye prophetic through the veil of time,
In honour firm, in sentiment sublime,
A rising patriot youth o'erjoyed I see,
And glory to behold that youth in thee.
But to anticipate thy future fame,
And pleas'd to call thee by a private name,
Hoping that I thy friend may have thy praise,
And catch some gleam of splendour from thy blaze.
A year has pass'd—a year of grief and joy—
Since first we throw aside the name of boy,
That name which in some future hour of gloom,
We shall with sighs regret we can't resume.
Unknown this life, unknown Fate's numerous shares
We launch'd into this world, and all its cares;
Those cares whose pangs, before a year was past,†
I felt, and feel, they will not be the last.
But then we hail'd fair freedom's brightening morn,
And threw aside the yoke we long had borne;

* On the monument is a Latin inscription (? by Sir Thomas) which may be thus translated:—

"At length he falls, the long—long contest's o'er,
And Time has thrown whom none e'er thrown before;

Yet, boast not Time, thy victory, for he
At last shall rise again, and conquer thee."

† A poet is a prophet, and frequently foretells the doom that awaits himself and others. The gift of poetry is inspiration.

Exulted in the raptures thought can give,
And said alone, we then began to live;
With wanton fancy, painted pleasure's charms,
Wine's liberal powers, and beauty's folding arms.
Expected joys would spring beneath our feet,
And never thought of griefs we were to meet.
Ah! soon, too soon is all the truth display'd,
Too soon appears this scene of light and shade!
We find that those who every transport know,
In full proportion taste of every woe;
That every moment new misfortune rears;
That, somewhere, every hour's an hour of tears.
The work of wretchedness is never done,
And misery's sigh extends with every sun.
Well is it if, when dawning manhood smiled,
We did not quite forget the simple child;
If, when we lost that name, we did not part
From some more glowing virtue of the heart;
From kind benevolence, from faithful truth,
The generous candour of believing youth,
From that soft spirit which men weakness call,
That lists to every tale, and trusts them all,
To the warm fire of these how poor and dead
Are all the cold endowments of the head.
Happy 't will be if interested man
Instruct not us upon his general plan;
If chilling prudence, and suspicious age,
If Fortune favours, or if Fortune rage,
Succeed not. (Oh! I may I withstand)
To freeze the breast, and close the liberal hand,
To dry those eyes whence pity used to flow,
Suppress the sighs that sympathize with woe,
Teach us to spurn those, Fate from high has hurl'd,
With all the barbarous knowledge of the world.*

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF NATHANIEL BOWDITCH.

(Continued from page 217.)

BUT I must hasten on to speak, as briefly and comprehensively as I can, of what is the most important part of every man—namely, his moral and religious character—the qualities of his heart, and his principles of action.

Dr. Bowditch was a man of unsullied purity, of rigid integrity, and uncompromising principle. Through life, truth seems to have been at once the great object of his pursuit, and his ruling principle of action. "FOLLOW TRUTH," might have been the motto on his escutcheon. "Truth! Truth! Truth!" were among his last words to one whom he dearly loved. He was himself perfectly transparent. A child could see through him. There was no opaqueness in his heart, any more than in his intellect. It was as clear as crystal, and the rays of moral truth were transmitted through it without being refracted or tinged. In all his intercourse and transactions he was remarkably frank and candid. He revealed himself entirely.

* The above verses are of more value and curiosity from the station which the author now holds, than they, perhaps, may be deemed from their own poetical merit. As the expression of the youthful feelings of a statesman, they are a singular production. If the sentiments given forth in the foregoing lines were truly felt, they must do credit to the disposition of the writer:—and should the breast of the statesman echo the feelings of the youth, he is a happy man to have passed through life so unspoil'd by all its turmoils, and all its hardening influences.

He had no secrets. He kept nothing back, for he had nothing to conceal. He lived openly, and talked freely, of himself, and of his doings, and of everything that was uppermost in his mind. He never hesitated to speak out what he thought on all subjects, public and private, and he avowed his opinions of men and things with the utmost freedom and unconcern. It seemed to me that he never had the fear of man before his eyes, and that it never checked, in the least, the free and full utterance of his sentiments.

Dr. Bowditch was perfectly fair and just in the estimate which he formed of his own capacities and gifts. He did not, on the one hand, overrate his talents; nor, on the other hand, did he, as some do, with a sort of back-handed humility, purposely undervalue his powers, in order to enjoy the pleasure of being contradicted by those about him, and told that he was really a much greater man than he seemed willing to admit. As an illustration of this, let me mention a little conversation of his. "People," said he, "are very kind and polite, in mentioning me in the same breath with La Place, and blending my name with his. But they mistake both me and him; we are very different men. I trust I understand his works, and can supply his deficiencies, and correct his errors, and render his book more intelligible, and record the successive advancements of the science, and perhaps append some improvements. But La Place was a genius, a discoverer, an inventor. And yet I hope I know as much about mathematics as Playfair!"

I have been informed by a gentleman of Boston, that soon after his return from Europe a few years since, he happened, in a conversation with Dr. Bowditch, to mention to him incidentally, the high estimation in which he and his labours were held by men of science abroad, and told him, that he had often heard his name spoken of in terms of the strongest commendation by persons in the most elevated walks of society in England. "Dr. Bowditch," says my informant, "seemed to be sensibly affected by my statement, so much so that I saw the tears glisten in his eyes. But he immediately remarked, that however flattering such testimonials might be, yet the most grateful tribute of commendation he had ever received was contained in a letter from a backwoodsman of the West, who wrote to him to point out an error in his Translation of the *Mécanique Céleste*. 'It was an actual error,' said the Doctor, 'which had escaped my own observation. The simple fact that my work had reached the hands of one on the outer verge of civilization, who could understand

and estimate it, was more gratifying to my feelings than the eulogies of men of science and the commendatory votes of Academies.'"

He was a singularly modest man. He made no pretensions himself, and there was nothing that he so much despised in others. He was remarkably simple in all his manners and intercourse with the world. He put on no airs and assumed no superiority on the ground of his intellectual attainments, but placed himself on a level with every one with whom he had any concern. He revered integrity and truth wherever he found them, in whatever condition in life. He felt and shewed no respect for mere wealth or rank. He fearlessly rebuked, to his face, the mean and purse-proud nabob, and "condescended to men of low estate."

Dr. Bowditch used to relate a little anecdote concerning himself, which strongly and beautifully illustrates the child-like simplicity and naturalness of his character.

In the year 1824, when General Lafayette, in his progress through the country, among other places, visited Boston, the mayoralty of the city was filled by the Honourable Josiah Quincy. Dr. Bowditch, in common with all the world, had a curiosity to behold the entrance of the nation's guest into the city; and accordingly accepted an invitation from a friend, whose house was in Colonnade Row, to take a station on his balcony. But finding that the chariot wheels tarried, and the General delayed his coming, he thought that he should have time to go down to his office to transact a little business, and return in season for the spectacle. But, in the mean time, the procession had arrived and passed on, and was fast advancing to State-street. He concluded, therefore, to wait where he was, and, in order to get a nearer and better view, took his stand on the steps of the United States' Bank. On the appearance of the barouche in which Lafayette was seated, Dr. Bowditch remarked, that he was glad to see Mr. Quincy at his side; he was the proper man for that place, being the son of one of the earliest and best of the patriots of the Revolution. "As the shout of the multitude rose unto heaven," he said, "I know not how it happened, but I could not keep my place; my hat would not stay on my head, nor could I hold my tongue. And to my astonishment, I found myself, all at once, in the midst of the crowd by the side of the chariot, and shouting with the rest at the top of my voice." The President of Harvard University recollects distinctly seeing him in the position and attitude thus described.

At first sight there may seem something ludicrous and puerile in this grave philosopher and calculator, this votary of abstract science, huzzinga in a mixed crowd on a city's holiday. But to me it seems a most natural and beautiful expression of his simplicity, his self-forgetfulness, his utter unconsciousness of greatness, his generous sympathy with the people, and his grateful and ardent patriotism. This little incident cannot fail to raise him in the estimation of every right-minded and single-hearted man.

Dr. Bowditch was a man of ardent natural feelings, and of an impetuous temperament. A venerable lady, after her first interview with him, said, "I like that man, for he is a *live* man." He was strong in his attachment to men and to opinions, and was not easily turned from any course of speculation or action, which he had once satisfied himself was right, wise and good. At the same time, he always kept his mind open to evidence; and if you brought before him new facts and arguments, he would consider the subject—deliberately, not hastily—and *the next day*, perhaps, would tell you that you were in the right, and that he had altered his mind. He was sometimes quick, warm, and vehement in expressing his disapprobation of the character or conduct of an individual, particularly if he thought that the person had practised any thing like duplicity or fraud. In such cases, his indignation was absolutely scorching and withering. But he never cherished any personal resentments in his bosom. He did not let the sun go down upon his wrath. His anger was like a cloud, which passes over the disk of the moon, and leaves it as mild and clear as before; or, as the judicious Hooker's was represented to be, "like a phial of clear water, which, when shook, heads at the top, but instantly subsides, without any soil or sediment of uncharitableness."

Dr. Bowditch was, in all his habits of life, a very regular and temperate man. He never tasted any wine till the age of thirty-five. He approved the remarkable changes which have been effected in the customs of society, within a few years, by "the temperance reform," and he heartily rejoiced in the success of that good cause. God bless it and speed it!

In his religious views, Dr. Bowditch was, from examination and conviction, a firm and decided Unitarian. His parents were Episcopalians, and he himself had been educated in the tenets of that church. But he had no taste for the polemics or peculiarities of any sect, and did not love to dwell on the distinctive and dividing points of christian doctrine. His religion

was rather an inward sentiment, flowing out into the life, and revealing itself in his character and actions. It was at all times, and at all periods of his life, a controlling and sustaining principle. He confided in the providence and benignity of his Heavenly Father, as revealed by his blessed Son, our Lord, and had the most unshaken confidence in the wisdom and rectitude of all the divine appointments. He looked forward with firm faith to an immortality in the spiritual world.

AN EXCURSION TO CHILLON.

AMONGST all the interesting localities with which the Lake of Geneva abounds, there is not one more generally visited, especially by English tourists, than the *château* of Chillon; and the excursion thither by water, provided always that the weather be favourable, is one of the most delightful that can be imagined. Two steamers, the *Leman* and *Guillaume Tell*, leave Geneva every other morning at nine o'clock; there is, however, another fine boat in the harbour always at anchor, called the *Winkleried*, which never stirs out, in consequence of the other companies buying up its opposition at so much *per diem*; and the proprietor, we were told, realizes a handsome income by his indolent craft. The distance from Geneva to Villeneuve, which is the nearest landing-place to Chillon, and which also comprehends the entire length of the lake, is about seventeen leagues; and the boat stops at all the intermediate towns. The fare is sixty batz (7s. 6d.) for the best part of the vessel, but you may go much cheaper in the fore-cabin.

It is an extremely difficult task to recount from memory all the interesting sites that are pointed out to you during your little voyage. You will notice Ferney, where Voltaire resided; and the picturesque Lausanne, where our countryman Gibbon wrote the greater part of his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*; the well-known Campagne Diodati at Coligny, which Lord Byron inhabited during his stay in Switzerland; the village of Coppet, where Madame de Stael once had an elegant *château*; together with the mighty Alps crowned by Mont Blanc on one side, and the "darkened Jura" on the other, stretching along the horizon on each side of the lake. But it is with

"The self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau,"

that the principal features of the Lake of Geneva are associated. At the base of the Saleve, on your right, is the little village of Bossey, where he was placed at school with the good M. Lambercier; and

further on, you will pass the clean town of Nyon, where his father followed the humble trade of watchmaking after he left Geneva, and where Jean Jacques divided the first affections of his heart between Mesdemoiselles de Vulson and Goton, whose rival attractions he describes with such piquancy in his *Confessions*. Then comes the *château* of Chailly, the abode of his fair friend Madame de Warcus, and the birth-place of her gardener, Claude Aruet; and higher up you discern "Clarens, sweet Clarens," on which modest village the *Novvelle Héloïse* has conferred an everlasting celebrity:

" 'Twas not for fiction chose Rousseau this spot,
Peopling it with affections; but he found
It was the scene which passion must allot
To the mind's purified beings; 'twas the ground
Where early Love his Psyche's zone unbound,
And hallow'd it with loveliness."*

On the opposite side are the rocks of Meillerie, where the boat of St. Preux and Madame Wolmar was driven for shelter during the storm; but their inequalities have been much levelled by the formation of the Simplon *route*. It is also close to the castle of Chillon that the *dénouement* of the novel is fixed, or rather the circumstances that lead to the death of Julie, the heroine.

We landed at Villeneuve, after a tolerably rough passage for an inland piece of water, and accomplishing a beautiful walk of twenty minutes along the edge of the lake, arrived at Chillon. On knocking at the postern, we were immediately allowed to enter by an old soldier, the peaceful sentinel of the fortress; and were by him committed to the guidance of the female who exhibited the curiosities of the castle—an intelligent *Vaudoise*, with all the pleasing expression of her canton depicted on her face. Following our conductress across a court-yard, and then down some dark and time-worn steps, we passed through an aperture in the wall rather than a door, and stood in the celebrated dungeon. It is too gloomy at first to discern objects clearly, but by degrees we became sensible of being in a long low vaulted apartment, with a row of pillars "of gothic mould" down the middle, and small loopholes on one side to admit light and air. All the views we have yet seen of the prison make it too lofty: it is in reality a *crypt*, and we should think that the pillars are barely eight feet high. Our guide persuaded us to buy a little pamphlet descriptive of the castle, at the expense of a franc, and we gained

* "Je dirai volontiers à ceux qui ont du goût, et qui sont sensibles: Allez à Vevey—visitez le pays, examinez les sites, promenez vous sur le lac, et dites si la Nature n'a pas fait ce beau pays pour une Julie, pour une Claire, et pour un St. Preux: mais ne les y cherchez pas."—*Les Confessions*, livre iv.

some information from it about Bonnivard and his captivity.

The castle itself is an irregular mass of square buildings, and, before the invention of artillery, was deemed impregnable, as it entirely shut the narrow passage between the lake and the mountain, whose *escarpments* were formerly thought to be inaccessible; it could now, however, be easily commanded by cannon on the heights. Our little book describes it as being built in 1238 by Amadée IV., Count of Savoy, upon a rock which formed a small island in the lake, united to the main-land by a light wooden bridge. The dungeons served from time, to time, to incarcerate many important prisoners, and Francis Bonnivard, Prior of St. Victor at Geneva, languished here six years in captivity. He has been commonly known as the "Prisoner of Chillon," but this is erroneous; since, Lord Byron was not aware of his existence when he wrote the poem; and the celebrated sonnet on Chillon, which is now usually placed at the commencement, was written at a future period. The poem itself was composed in the little parlour of the neat inn that overlooks the lake at Ouchy, a small village near Lausanne, where its noble author was detained two days by bad weather, in June, 1816.

There are two or three common errors in circulation respecting Chillon which we may safely correct. In the first place, the floor of the dungeon is described as being below the level of the watermark outside:—

"A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made—and like a living grave,
Below the surface of the lake,
The dark vault lies wherein we lay."

This is a mistake, and may be easily disproved; for, in the very next dungeon, whose floor is on the same level as Bonnivard's, they shew you a trap-door, through which the bodies of the murdered prisoners were thrown into the lake;—of course, had the floor been lower than the water, the dungeon would have been inundated on opening the trap.* Again, most of the authors and guide-

* Since the above was written, a paper on Chillon has appeared in the *Saturday Magazine*, and from it we quote the following remarks: "In 1817, M. Simond visited the castle and the far-famed dungeon, which had so long been reported to be below the level of the lake. On comparing the height of the loophole gratings above the water's edge from the outside, and above the rocky floor inside, he satisfied himself that the latter was more elevated than the former; especially after having observed a hollow place full of water, which must have come from the lake, and would have risen above the floor of the dungeon, if it had really been lower than the level of the water outside." It is somewhat remarkable that the name of Byron, who has conferred such deathless fame upon the Castle of Chillon, is never once mentioned throughout the article.

books that have spoken of Chillon, (and they all appear to copy from each other), describe Lord Byron's name as being cut upon the column to which Bonniyard was confined. Here is another error: the pillar containing the iron staple is the fifth in order from the entrance, and the noble poet engraved his name upon the third, in company with Fenimore Cooper's, and several others of equal note. Some two or three years back, a mischievous brute took advantage of the momentary absence of the guide, to let a line through the name of Byron, and succeeded too well in his wanton attempt. The woman told us there were only two visitors in the dungeon at the time, an Englishman and an Italian; but we will hope, for the credit of our nation, it was not the former. We took the impression of the name ourselves, of which we present the readers of the *Literary World* with a fac-simile; and can,

therefore, answer for its being correct. After visiting some other dungeons, to which the original entrance was merely a species of chimney, we were introduced to the chamber of the Duke, with another old decaying apartment or two; but the kitchen interested us most. It is a large room, with a floor and ceiling of wood, the latter being supported by stone columns. We were told it was formerly much larger, but had been divided into several apartments. The top of the castle was the last part we visited. There is a fine view from the turrets, of the Alps and the rich Pays de Vaud, with the blue and sparkling waters of the lake beneath; and we were pleased to see the "small green isle" which has been celebrated in the poem. There is a tree upon it with two or three shrubs, but no habitation; nor, indeed, is there room for one.

ALBERT.

New Books.

DIARY ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE TIMES OF
GEORGE THE FOURTH. VOLS. III. — IV.

[We have neither space nor inclination to characterize this work as more than certain Letters from the late Queen Caroline, the Princess Charlotte, and other personages; nearly two-thirds of the third volume consisting of Sketches of Public Characters, and a Review of the Regency and Reign of George the Fourth. The volumes before us are not so piquant as their predecessors, which were highly censured for "going too far;" and were, consequently, ten times more read than if they had been treated according to their actual merit. Truth was formerly hidden in a well; now, we may say, it is concealed in an Artesian well; and, to be effective in our days, the lantern of Diogenes should be primed with the oxy-hydrogen light. The letters in this portion of "the Diary" are more amusing than mischievous; and are rather pointed with humour than scandal. The editor, the late Mr. Galt, replies to some charges made against the first and second volumes of the work, and recommends its perusal as the best refuta-

tion of such charges; a piece of advice naively given, and it is to be hoped, for the publisher's sake, liberally followed. Now, if the desired end be not directly arrived at, the reader's time will not altogether be lost; for there are abundance of pleasant gossip, light wit, and entertaining anecdotes scattered throughout these pages. We quote a few specimens.

Odd Mistake.]

Lady Frances Wilson was a lady of very plain personal appearance; yet one gentleman, for several seasons, perseveringly gazed at her from the pit in the Opera House, so as to cause her considerable annoyance; until at length one day she was informed that Mr. — had left her all his fortune; and prompted by curiosity to ascertain if it was the same person who had admired her at the theatre, she requested to see the deceased, and identified the corpse as being that of Mr. —. It was said, Lady Frances owed this piece of good fortune to a mistake, as it was a very beautiful woman who occupied the next box to her's, to whom the gentleman had intended to leave his property, and that he was misinformed as to the name of the object of his *belle passion*.

[We have heard the lady intended was

the beautiful Mrs. Lock, of Norbury Park.

Brougham and Denman.—The *Diarist's* Notes of a party at Rome.]

They spoke of Mr. Brougham and Mr. Denman, and seemed to think the latter a truer friend to the Princess than the former. They asked me my opinion on the subject, and I said, that I believed Mr. Brougham wished to serve her Royal Highness, and *right* her in the estimation of the public, and as a royal person; but that I thought that he had permitted himself frequently to speak of her as a private character, in private society, in a manner quite at variance with his declarations in his public speeches in her defence; and that I knew he used to indulge his spirit of sarcasm on her Royal Highness's *ridicules*, whenever he felt inclined, and especially at 11—House, he had often made her the butt of the dinner-parties of *beaux esprits* collected at that rendezvous of wits and politicians; whereas Denman, on the contrary, upheld her Royal Highness, when speaking of her to his own most intimate friends; thereby adding weight to his public defence of her. Mr. N— corroborated the truth of my remarks, and added, that any other person similarly situated would have given Mr. Brougham as fine a field for the exhibition of his powers as a lawyer, and an orator; and that it was the *cause*, and not the *woman* he was interested in.

Queen Charlotte.

Jan. 3, 1816.—The Prince Regent left town last night. He has been so much hissed by the mob, he is quite disgusted; and the old Queen also, in going to her last drawing-room, was hissed and reviled, and the people asked her what she had done with the Princess Charlotte. They stopped her chair, and she put down the glass, and said, "I am seventy-two years of age—I have been fifty-two years Queen of England, and I never was hissed by a mob before." So they let her pass on without further molestation. The Regent sent several aids-de-camp to attend her Majesty: she would not permit them to do so, but desired them to go back to Carlton House. They replied they could not, for that they were ordered by the Prince to see her Majesty safe to Buckingham House. She said, "You have left Carlton House at his orders—return there at mine, or I will leave my chair, and go home on foot;" so they left her. There was something like coolness and magnanimity displayed on this occasion.

From the Princess Charlotte.

November 7th.—I had the pleasure of receiving a brief, but very welcome letter from the Princess Charlotte, in which she

says, "The only person now remaining with my mother, and who, I trust, will take courage and continue with her, is Dr. Holland, who, I believe, from everything I have heard of him, is a most respectable and respected character. I have it not in my power at present to repay any services shewn the Princess of Wales; but if I ever have, those who remain steadfast to her shall not be forgotten by me; though I fear sensible people like him never depend much on any promises from any one, still less from a royal person; so I refrain from making professions of gratitude, but I do not feel them the less towards all those who shew her kindness."

"I have not heard from my mother for a long time. If you can give me any intelligence of her, I should be much obliged to you to do so. I am daily expecting to be confined, so you may imagine I am not very comfortable. If ever you think of me, dear —, do not imagine that I am *only a princess*, but remember me, with Leopold's kind compliments, as your sincere friend,

"CHARLOTTE, Pss. of S. Coburg."

From Caroline, Princess of Wales.

December 10th.—I received the following strange reply to-day from the Princess of Wales:—

"Thank you a thousand times, my dear —, your kind inquiries after my health, which has suffered as little as I could expect from my late misfortune. I cannot at dis moment inform you where I shall go to; my plan depends on letters from England, about dat vile money, who do always annoy me. As to my household, I hear people are meddling wid it, and saying it is improper. In de first place what would they have me do? All de fine English folk leave me. I not send them away, though, by-the-by, some of dem not behave as civil as I could like. No matter—I wud have had patience wid them, but dey choose to go, so I not prevent them; but I must have some one to attend me, and I make my choice of some very agreeable persons, in every way fit to be my attendants: though de jealous English beggars, such as Miss —, and one or two more of our acquaintance, dear, wud have liked to have had de situation which La Comtesse Oldi now fills, to her and my great satisfaction. Her brother also is a very intelligent and gentlemanlike person. Dey are of a decayed nobleman's family, much better born and bred than William B—l. But I know people are very ill-natured, and choose to abuse me for de choice I have made in my household. No matter, I not care—from henceforth I will do just as I please, that I wif. Since de English neither give me de great honour of being a Princessse de Galle, I will be Caroline—a

happy merry soul; but, *simplement*, what do you tink, my dear —? just before and Lady — parted, I hope never to meet again, I gave her a very pretty cast of an antique. I should have been proud of it in my room. Well, a day or two after she broke it, *purposely* I know, and had de'impudence to come and say to me, 'Oh! ma'am, dat figure your Royal Highness bought for a bronze is only plaster;' to which I reply, 'I knew that, Lady —, very well, when I gave it to you. Dat is so like de English people; dey always ask, when one make them a *souvenir*, how much is cost? how much is worth? You are a true English, my dear Lady —, there can be no mistake.'

"C. P."

I received a short note from the Princess of Wales, sent by a person whom she introduced to me—a German flute-player. The letter of introduction was certainly a very novel one. It was as follows:—

"Dear —, the bearer of this epistle is Monsieur R—, a fiddle-player, or a pipe-player,—I don't know which you would call him in English—no matter; he was recommended to me by a cousin of mine, whom I wish had been in de Red Sea when he sent dis man to my retreat here, which I would like to keep unmolested from tiresome people. But I find dat impossible; so I must submit like a martyr on de steak, to being annoyed all my life long, and live in hopes of a reward for my patience and my virtue in anoder world, which cannot be worse than de present. Monsieur R— teased me to present him to you; so I beg to waste your anger upon him, and not on me. His appearance will make you laugh till you die—that, at least, he has the power to do; *au reste*, he is the dullest man God ever did born, and I recommend you to have nothing to do wid him; he is a grand bore.

"Why do you not come to Como? I vould make you welcome at my anchorite's dinner every day, if you vould eat my humble fare. Neither de Comtesse Oldi nor myself are epicures; and very often we cook our own dinner! What vould de English people say if dey heard dat! Oh fie! Princess of Wales. The old *beguine* Queen Charlotte is on her last legs, I hear. *Mais ça ne me fait ni froid ni chaud* now; there was a time when such intelligence might have gladdened me; but now noting in the world do I care for, save to pass de time as quickly as I can: and death may hurry on as fast us he pleases—I am ready to die. But I weary you, my dear —; *ayez de l'indulgence pour moi* and my grumbling, and believe dat

"I am ever yours,

"C. P."

Death of Queen Caroline.

The persons who attended the Queen at the latter end of her life were faithful and attached to her, but they were not persons calculated to give her the best advice. She endeavoured, poor unhappy Princess, to amuse herself, but as — informed me, she took no pleasure in anything. She once saw Prince Leopold, and his manner was affectionate and feeling. From all I ever heard of him, he is a good-hearted man, but timid and self-interested, and he was kept in such order by the King, that the only visit he ever paid his mother-in-law was in secret, unattended, and without any witnesses except the Queen's lady.

A very short period elapsed between the trial and the Queen's death. Her illness was sudden, and she was for some hours ignorant of her danger. When she became aware of her awful situation, she called to some of the attendants, and said, "I forgive all my enemies, I owe no one any ill-will, although they have killed me at last;" or words to that effect. A curious circumstance occurred whilst she was on her death-bed, the night or rather the morning on which she expired. A boat passed down the river, filled with some of those religious sectarians who had taken peculiar interest in her fate; they were praying for her, and singing hymns as they rowed by Brandenburg House; and at the same moment a mighty rush of wind blew open all the doors and windows of the Queen's apartment, just as the breath was going out of her body. It impressed those who were present with a sense of awe, and added to the solemnity of the scene.

From the Princess Charlotte.

Dated Friday, Claremont.

"MY DEAR —,

"Having so very lately troubled you with a letter, I will not be guilty of indiscretion in plaguing you with another long one so soon. This is only a few lines, to hope you will be able to do us the favour and pleasure of coming to us next Thursday, and, should you not find it *too dull*, perhaps you would prolong your stay till Saturday. Our dinner-hour being seven o'clock, and our rule that of everybody's following their own habits as to hours, and doing that which is most agreeable and comfortable to themselves, in order to make them feel as much at home as possible, it is not *à façon de parler* to say that this is Liberty Hall, and that we are only too happy to dispense with form and ceremony.

"I heard from my mother a few days ago; she had reached Geneva, and was much pleased with her reception there. I hope she will derive much benefit from her tour, *mais je ne sais*; at all events, change of air must do her health good. It would

require more than novelty of place and society, I fear, to do her spirits service. However, I hope time and Providence may yet have much happiness in store for her.

"Adieu, my dear —, and believe me yours, most sincerely and affectionately,

(Signed)

"C. P. S. C."

The great simplicity and unaffected style of the foregoing letters render them exceedingly interesting, as being the production of a royal personage. And they are a true index of the Princess's mind, which was, like them, true, natural, and kind. But her Royal Highness mistook, when she promised her correspondent should find no form or ceremony at Claremont, for it was far otherwise, whatever the Princess might have wished on that point. There was another person, whose will was paramount to hers, and who considered, and perhaps with justice, that it was not advisable to dispense with all observance of etiquette, and the circle was by no means without form and stiffness. It was remarked by persons who were present, that the Prince never quitted the Princess for a single moment when she was in company, and her Royal Highness seldom, if ever, saw anybody alone after her marriage; her husband was always present, and the chief favourite of the Princess Charlotte, Miss M. E——I, who was accustomed formerly to go straight to her Royal Highness's private apartment, was always subsequently shewn into the public reception-rooms, and made to await there the announcement that *Their Royal Highnesses* were ready to receive her.

It was a singular fact, that the heiress-apparent to the throne was not permitted to have an establishment in any degree suited to her rank, and that the Princess Charlotte had no regular attendants. Certainly, every means were taken to keep her in subjection, and there can be no doubt that the "rising sun" was an eye-sore to the Regent, more especially as it was the daughter of the Princess of Wales who was to be his successor. And, both Princess Charlotte and her husband evinced much discretion and forbearance, in the dignified manner in which they avoided causing any tumult in the country, by attempting to enforce their rights, or asking for the dignities and privileges to which they had a claim.

CAPT. MARRYAT'S DIARY IN AMERICA.

(Continued from page 252.)

[The Captain arrived at New York during the *panic* of 1837, which the Americans, with their natural love of hyperbole, turned to merry account. He notes on the

Panic at New York.]

The Americans delight in the hyperbole; in fact they hardly have a metaphor without it. During this crash, when every day fifteen or twenty merchants' names appeared in the newspapers as bankrupts, one party, not in a very good humour, was hastening down Broadway, when he was run against by another whose temper was equally unamiable. This collision roused the cholera of both.

"What the devil do you mean, sir?" cried one; "I've a great mind to knock you into the middle of next week."

This occurring on a Saturday, the wrath of the other was checked by the recollection of how very favourable such a blow would be to his present circumstances.

"Will you? by heavens, then pray do; it's just the thing I want, for how else I am to get over next Monday and the acceptances I must take up, is more than I can tell."

All the banks have stopped payment in specie, and there is not a dollar to be had. I walked down Wall Street, and had a convincing proof of the great demand for money, for somebody picked my pocket.

The militia are under arms, as riots are expected. The banks in the country and other towns have followed the example of New York, and thus has General Jackson's currency bill been repealed without the aid of Congress. Affairs are now at their worst, and now that such is the case, the New Yorkers appear to recover their spirits. One of the newspapers humorously observes—"All Broadway is like unto a new-made widow, and don't know whether to laugh or cry." There certainly is a very remarkable energy in the American disposition; if they fall, they bound up again. Somebody has observed that the New York merchants are of that *elastic* nature, that, when fit for nothing else, they might be converted into *coach springs*, and such really appears to be their character.

"They may say the times are bad," said a young American to me, "but I think that they are excellent. A twenty dollar note used to last me but a week, but now it is as good as Fortunatus' purse, which was never empty. I eat my dinner at the hotel, and shew them my twenty dollar note. The landlord turns away from it, as if it were the head of Medusa, and begs that I will pay another time. I buy every thing that I want, and I have only to offer my twenty dollar note in payment, and my credit is unbounded—that is, for any sum under twenty dollars. If they ever do give change again in New York, it will make a very unfortunate change in my affairs."

The distress for change has produced a curious remedy. Every man is now his own banker. Go to the theatres and places of public amusement, and, instead of change, you receive an I. O. U. from the treasury. At the hotels and oyster-cellars it is the same thing. Call for a glass of brandy and water, and the change is fifteen tickets, each "good for one glass of brandy and water." At an oyster-shop, eat a plate of oysters, and you have in return seven tickets, good for one plate of oysters each. It is the same every where. The barbers give you tickets, good for so many shaves; and were there beggars in the street, I presume they would give you tickets in change, good for so much philanthropy. Dealers, in general, give out their own bank-notes, or, as they are called here, *skin plasters*, which are good for one dollar, and from that down to two and a-half cents, all of which are redeemable, and redeemable only upon a general return to cash payments. Hence arises another variety of exchange in Wall Street. "Tom, do you want any oysters for lunch to-day?"—"Yes!" "Then here's a ticket, and give me two *shaves* in return."

[Among the causes of the crash was the illimitable

Speculation in Land.]

The city of New York, which is built upon a narrow island about ten miles in length, at present covers about three miles of that distance, and has a population of 300,000 inhabitants. Building lots were marked out for the other seven miles; and, by calculation, these lots when built upon, would contain an additional population of one million and three-quarters. They were first purchased at from 100 to 150 dollars each, but, as the epidemic raged, they rose to upwards of 2,000 dollars. At Brooklyn, on Long Island, opposite to New York, and about half a mile distant from it, lots were marked out to the extent of fourteen miles, which would contain an extra population of one million, and these were as eagerly speculated in.—At Staten Island, at the entrance into the Sound, an estate was purchased by some speculators for 10,000 dollars, was divided into lots, and planned as a town to be called New Brighton; and had the whole of the lots been sold at the price for which many were, previous to the crash, the original speculators would have realized three million of dollars. But the infatuation was not confined to the precincts of New York: everywhere it existed.

Sea-serpent and Lobsters.

Since I have been here (Boston), I have made every inquiry relative to the sea-serpent which frequents this coast alone.

There are many hundreds of most respectable people, who, on other points, would be considered as incapable of falsehood, who declare they have seen the animals, and vouch for their existence. It is rather singular that in America, there is but one copy of Bishop Pontoppidon's work on Norway, and in it the sea-serpent is described, and a rough wood-cut of its appearance given. In all the American newspapers a drawing was given of the animal as described by those who saw it, and it proved to be almost a *fac-simile* of the one described by the bishop in his work.—Now that we are on marine matters, I must notice the prodigious size of the lobsters off Boston coast: they could stow a dozen common English lobsters under their coats of mail. My very much respected friend Sir Isaac Coffin, when he was here, once laid a wager that he would produce a lobster weighing thirty pounds. The bet was accepted, and the animal despatched people to the proper quarter to procure one: but they were not then in season, and could not be had. The admiral, not liking to lose his money, brought up, instead of the lobster, the affidavits of certain people that they had often seen lobsters of that size and weight. The affidavits of the deponents he submitted to the other party, and pretended that he had won the wager. The case was referred to arbitration, and the admiral was east with the following pithy reply, "*Depositions are not lobsters.*"

American Curiosity.

The Americans are excessively curious, especially the mob: they cannot bear anything like a secret,—that's *unconstitutional*. It may be remembered, that the Catholic convent near Boston, which had existed many years, was attacked by the mob and pulled down. I was inquiring into the cause of this outrage in a country where all forms of religion are tolerated; and an American gentleman told me, that although other reasons had been adduced for it, he fully believed, in his own mind, that the majority of the mob were influenced more by *curiosity* than any other feeling. The convent was *sealed* to them, and they were determined to know what was in it. "Why, sir," continued he, "I will lay a wager that if the authorities were to nail together a dozen planks, and fix them up on the common, with a caution to the public that they were not to go near or touch them, in twenty-four hours a mob would be raised to pull them down and ascertain what the planks contained." I mention this conversation, to shew in what a dexterous manner this American gentleman attempted to palliate one of the grossest outrages ever committed by his countrymen.

Periodicals.

A PIC-NIC FROM THE JULY MAGAZINES.

Inns of Court Hall Dinners.—The Inner Temple professes to receive the rich and great more exclusively, and accordingly the legal bill of fare at that inn is *recherché* in a high degree—nothing plain ever being put upon the tables, and French cookery preferred. The strictest silence is enjoined in this Hall during the whole time of gastronomic study, hob-nobbing being interdicted as low, and no further intercourse permitted among the several members of the mess, than an occasional scowl transmitted from one side of the table to the other, after the manner of the English who have not the honour of one another's acquaintance, and who, consequently, have an undoubted right to assume every stranger to be a pickpocket, until there is good evidence to the contrary. In the Inner Temple Hall it is understood that you *may*, in a case of great emergency, ask your neighbour for the salt; but it is also understood that he is not obliged to let you have it. It will be advisable that the young and inexperienced student should not venture to hazard an observation upon the weather in the Hall, that being here considered an indirect attempt to make your neighbour's acquaintance, which he very properly re-sents by staring you earnestly in the face, and buttoning up his breeches' pockets. The Middle Temple is of a different temperament, as

"The Inner for the rich, the Middle for the poor."

And here accordingly the course of professional education is confined to the scrag-end of a neck of mutton, and occasionally griskins. The consequences of this meagre course of study may be easily predicted; and the fact is well ascertained, that the Middle Temple has given to the world fewer great men, and these at longer intervals than any of the other Inns of Court. How indeed could it be otherwise? What professional acumen can be derived from the scrag-end of a neck of mutton, or what inspiration can the sinking advocate imbibe from griskins?—*Blackwood.*

French Diligences.—Curious it is to see those gaunt Holbein-looking horses, scampering away under the thundering blows of the gnarled whip-handle, or suddenly halting, or rolling groggily to one side, or shuffling knee-deep in dust, of their own raising, dragging their little friend, the associated donkey, through it,—such as these, and many others, meet or pass you in long succession, two, three, four at a time, with right jovial crews inside, who sing, smoke, and make the most of their

short drive; while at the distance of several miles off, o'er canopied and emerging each from its cloud, the towering roof, the herculean build, and the approaching thunder of rival diligences freighted from England and Boulogne, approach, arrive, and pass with all the honours, privileges, and concessions of the road, leaving the cloud of dust which has dredged us like millers, to be slowly dissipated.—*Blackwood.*

Abury and Stonehenge.—On June 13, Mr. Rickman communicated to the Society of Antiquaries an Essay, containing some important arguments, tending to shew that the era of Abury and Stonehenge cannot reasonably be carried back to a period antecedent to the Christian era. After tracing the Roman road from Dover and Canterbury through Noviomagus and London to the West of England, he noticed that Silbury is situated immediately upon that road, and that the avenues of Abury extend up to it, whilst their course is referable to the radius of a Roman mile. From these and other circumstances, he argued that Abury and Silbury are not anterior to the road, nor can we well conceive how such gigantic works could be accomplished, until Roman civilization had furnished such a system of providing and storing food as would supply the concourse of a vast multitude of people. Mr. Rickman further remarked, that the temple of Abury is completely of the form of a Roman amphitheatre; which would accommodate about 48,000 spectators, or half the number contained in the Colosseum, at Rome. Again, the stones of Stonehenge have exhibited, when their tenons and mortices have been first exposed, the workings of a well-directed steel point, beyond the workmanship of barbarous nations. It is not mentioned by Cæsar or Ptolemy, and its historical notices commence in the fifth century. On the whole, Mr. Rickman is induced to conclude that the era of Abury is the third century, and that of Stonehenge the fourth, or before the departure of the Romans from Britain; and that both are examples of the general practice of the Roman conquerors to tolerate the worship of their subjugated provinces, at the same time associating them with their own superstitious and favourite public games.—*Genleman's Magazine.*

[The above we take to be a very sensible conjecture; though we fear its effect upon the author of *Cæsar and the Britons*. The silence of the *Commentaries* upon Abury and Stonehenge, more especially in the account of Druidism, is almost confirmation of the non-existence of these monuments in Cæsar's time.]

Public Amusements.—Sixty years since, the Mall, in St. James's Park, continued the fashionable promenade in the evening. The Mall is now only useful as a thoroughfare from Whitehall to Piccadilly, and evening promenade there is none; for the strongest possible reason, that the class of persons who give the tone to society, dine at the hour at which their grandfathers supped, and dress for dinner at the period when their ancestors, two centuries since, were undressing for bed. But the beautiful garden which has superseded the swampy meadow, and the Dutch canal, within the enclosure, is thronged in the summer evenings with those who have dined, and enjoy themselves quite as much as those who have not, and affords a new source of amusement to the public, and keeps a multitude of pleasure-hunters away from the suburban tea-gardens and bowling-greens, which, within the last quarter of a century, were so popular with the subjects of Cockaigne. The promenades of the fashionable world have taken altogether a new character. Science and art are essential to its commonest recreations. Gardens, to be attractive, must be filled with "bears, lions, and all that." The characters and dispositions of otters and ostriches, the habits of the hippopotamus, the manners and customs of monkeys, and baboons, and the domestic history of the giraffe, the family of which has been so recently favoured with an addition, form the subject of conversation for our young ladies, as a refined medium, through which they may hear the soft nonsense of their attendant swains; and, in order to give the whole affair a more striking effect with the multitude, they select the Sabbath-day for the exhibition, at the same time excluding "the people" from a participation in their amusements—all days in the week being alike to the rich and great, and Sunday being the only day in which the mechanic and artisan has leisure to see anything beyond the ken of his workshop, or breathe a purer air than its heated atmosphere. Then it is right to make periodical visits to Chiswick, in pursuit of the science of horticulture; and medals and vases, and a variety of desirable objects, are presented to such ladies and gentlemen as are able to produce the largest larkspur, the prettiest pink, or the loveliest lily of the season. For seeing this, ten shillings are most properly paid at the door, in order to keep up the funds, out of which, perhaps, it may be right to say, as it seems almost the wisest part of the affair, the governors and "council" are supplied with the finest vegetables at the lowest rate. Another fashion has recently obtained; that of taking walks of

pleasure in the burying-grounds in the vicinity of the metropolis which occupy the most agreeable situations, and command the finest views. This fashion is considered most advantageous to the gaiety, health, and morality, of the people, and is held by those who participate in its pleasures, to be what the dramatist calls "deadly-lively." All these things are new within the last quarter of a century. Formerly, Kensington Gardens were quite good enough for the Sunday promenade, which was open for all respectable persons who delighted in mingling with those with whom they could not elsewhere be associated—now nobody goes to Kensington Gardens, except to hear one of the splendid bands of the household cavalry regiments play—and this is always on what is called "a week day," and lest anybody beyond the chosen few should benefit by the amusement, the day, and even the hour of the performance is kept a secret from all but what Mrs. Trollope calls "*La Crémé*," as closely and seriously as was, in the days of pugilism, the place at which the fight was to come off. The custom of hazard-playing was discontinued after the accession of George III.; but, it is odd enough upon looking backwards only eighty years, to find the sovereign, after attending divine service with the most solemn ceremony in the morning, doing that in the evening, which, in these days, subjects men to all sorts of pains and penalties; and for the prohibition and detection of which, a bill, now before parliament, is to arm the police with the power of breaking into the houses of her Majesty's lieges at all hours of the day and night.—[From a shrewd but pleasant paper in the *New Monthly Magazine*, "we guess" by the accomplished editor.]

Punch Song :—From the German.

Four noble elements,
 Join'd in the bowl,
 The mirror of life are
 The light of the soul.
 Crush first the golden lime,
 Crush his bright rind,—
 Aye sharpness and bitterness
 Joy leaves behind.
 With the sugar-cane's milk, from
 The Isles of the West,
 Tame his fierce bitterness,
 Calm him to rest.
 Dash in the water, now,
 Foam-gleaming tide,—
 Water embraceth
 The universe wide.
 Next the Spirit who builds on
 The wine-press his throne,
 He that the life of life
 Giveth alone.
 Quick, ere he vanisheth,
 Fill for the brave;
 While yet glows the nectar,
 Drink deep of his wave—*Fraser*

Varieties.

An old Friend.—The Editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine* lately received a letter, signed "A Subscriber from the commencement!" The Magazine, it will be remembered, commenced in 1731!

Lincoln's Inn.—On the evening of the coronation-day of our gracious Queen, the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn gave the students a feed; when a certain profane wag, in giving out a verse of the national anthem, which he was solicited to lead in a solo, took that opportunity of stating a grievance as to the modicum of Port allowed, in manner and form following:

"Happy and glorious"—
Three half-pints 'mong four of us,
Heaven send no more of us,
God save the Queen!

which ridiculous perversion of the author's meaning was received with a full chorus, amid tremendous shouts of laughter and applause.—*Blackwood.*

Kean's Monument.—In "the Thames and its Tributaries," in *Bentley's Miscellany*, the inscription on Kean's monument is stated to be, "To the memory of Edmund Kean: erected by his son, Charles Edmund Kean, 1839:" whereas, the precise words are those in our engraving of the tablet, at page 209. We more than suspect, too, the boatman's information—that £800 has been collected at Richmond towards the erection of a monument to Kean.

Ecarté is but a refined edition of "all-fours."

Whitebait.—Theodore Hook likens whitebait, when served up, unto silkworms in batter.

Patagonian Burials.—The corpse is placed in a square pit (where others have been deposited), in a sitting posture, adorned with marbles, plumes of feathers, and beads. The spurs, sword, balls, &c. of the deceased, are laid beside him, and the pit covered with a high conical pile of dried twigs and branches, decorated with red flags, bells, cloth, &c. The favourite horse is afterwards killed, and sometimes more than one. They are skinned and stuffed, and propped up on sticks, (for legs,) with the head towards the grave. The clothes of the deceased are burnt; and they finish all, a feast is made of the horseflesh.

Southampton Railway.—When the line is completed, the mails will be conveyed the whole distance, 76½ miles, in 3½ hours.

Ascot Races.—On the golden cup day, May 30, there were carried by the Great Western Railway, 7,559 persons, and the

receipts were 1,393*l.* 8*s.*; and for the week, 23,519 passengers, and receipts, 4,087*l.* 12*s.* 2*d.*—*Railway Magazine.*

A Correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine* observes: "with reference to the names ending with—cock, Luke Badecot was Sheriff of London, 1266. It is possible, after all, that Badecot may be the corruption of this surname, originating from, not 'a shocking bad hat,' but a shocking bad coat."

Buffon wrote his *Epoque de la Nature* at the age of seventy, and had it re-copied eighteen times.

The Stomach.—In the human machine all its sympathy; and no organ can go wrong without the rest, sooner or later, paying the piper. But this being the case, it is of consequence to remember that the stomach is the common terminus of all these sympathies; and as the spider, sitting in the centre of its web, feels the remotest impact in its wide-spread machinery, so does the stomach, communicating with head, heart, lungs, and skin, partake in all the disturbances which occur in those distant parts.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

Registration.—The new Number of the *Journal of the Statistical Society of London* contains an analysis of the First Report of the Registrar-General on Births, Deaths, and Marriages in England; 1837-8. It is impossible, (observes the Journal,) to appreciate too highly the value of the information contained in this Report. One of the great advantages which it possesses, is, that the facts are given as well as the deductions, by which means the latter may be tested, and the former be employed for the purposes of new comparisons and calculations. When the system of registration shall have been perfected throughout the country, more particularly with respect to births, and when the census of 1841 shall have been taken, as we hope it will be, in as perfect a manner as circumstances will admit, we shall possess a mass of statistical data relating to our population, which will open a new and vast field of improvement to the legislator, the actuary, and the physician; and is calculated to bring about results of important advantage, not only to this country, but to the whole human race.

Odd Review.—The *Metropolitan* thus notices a medical work: "We do not like the manner in which our author has blended revelation with secretions, and christian faith with diseased kidneys."

The Rose.—Theophrastus describes roses, which have not a pleasant smell; wherefore, some classical writers have gone so

far as to say that he, Theophrastus, never saw a rose, which we take to be a very reasonable opinion. Democritus says that if a rose-tree be watered twice every day, with warm water, in the middle of summer, it will bear flowers in the month of January. We hope the old fellow is not laughing at us.

Lord Brougham's Errata.—In his lordship's *Historical Sketches of Statesmen*, just published, at p. 378, first series, he asserts that the Empress Catherine purchased D'Alembert's Library. It was Diderot's; for which she paid him 100,000 livres. Again, (p. 400,) his lordship assigns the character of Portuguese ambassador to Don Pantaleon Sa, who was executed in 1654, under Cromwell, for murder; and indeed Hume, vol. vii. p. 254, states that he was joined by his brother in the commission; but that document, when produced at the trial, proved only a written promise that he should succeed his brother in the office. His lordship's assertion, therefore, is too broad and unsupported; particularly when we learn that the unhappy young man was not above nineteen years old. (See *State Trials*, vol. v. p. 461, quoted by Lingard xi. 176.) In the report of the omniscient lord's speech on the State of Ireland, on the 22nd of last month, it is stated that, in his recollection, no English king had visited that island from John to George IV., except William III., rather in a military than a royal capacity. His lordship forgot the two journeys of Richard II.—the first in 1394, so vividly narrated by Froissard (livre iv. chap. 62); and the second in 1399, of which we have a translation by George, Earl of Totness, from the French of one of Richard's attendants. The writer does not include James II.'s residence there, as it was posterior to his expulsion from the British throne.—*Gentleman's Magazine*, July, 1839.

Criticism.—The *Monthly Chronicle* for the present month contains a review of "Books of the Season," upon a scale which we often see attempted, but very rarely carried out with success. We know there is a convenient mode current among critics, of clannish or classifying new books, and dispatching their merits as the doctor directed his assistant to attend the patients, by physicking the whole ward,—or dealing with the books in a line or two. But the paper in the *Monthly Chronicle* is not of this description: it extends to sixteen pages of large type, and notices, or rather characterizes, fifty-four books in a sort of panoramic view, "as much as the reader is likely to desire, or, in this age of activity, can be expected to have leisure to enjoy."

The notices are brief in letter, but comprehensive in spirit; and they reduce "into a succinct form the final impressions left by a careful examination of each work." We believe, after all, (adds the Editor), that this kind of criticism, as applied, at least, to the bulk of the productions of the day, is more useful in its results than that minute and exhausting process which, in such instances, exhibits a wasteful expenditure of time and power, the consequences of haste rather than deliberation. We repeat that the execution of this plan is admirable, and we hope the Editor will, from time to time, thus strike his critical balance with his readers; though we are recommending a system which we regret time will not allow us to introduce into our own little "world;" for the specimen before us must prove abundantly entertaining, and very serviceable to a large circle of readers.

Shakspeare.—The season at Covent Garden Theatre closed on the 16th inst., and with it also terminated the management of Mr. Macready. The house was filled with the admirers of this truly classic actor, and long, loud, and heartfelt were the many recognitions of his high merits during the evening. The play was *King Henry the Fifth*, the last and perhaps the most effective of the recent tasteful revivals of Shakspeare. After its close, Macready appeared before the admirable Shakspearean drop-scene, by Smirke, and was received with boundless enthusiasm: he was greeted with a shower of floral honours, and we counted upon the stage upwards of thirty bouquets, besides wreaths of laurel, &c. His address was in excellent taste: it was courteously yet earnestly delivered, well-timed, and altogether impressive; but we regretted to hear, that the "sacrifices" required by the proprietors of the Theatre would not allow Macready to continue in the management. Much as we regret his retirement, we think he has acted with becoming firmness. In two little years, he has done more to cherish the dramatic art than his immediate predecessors have effected in many seasons: we admire his zeal, we honour his genius, and as he gracefully withdrew from the scene of his triumphs, fervently did we add our *viva!* for the adornment and exaltation of his ennobling art.

Birmingham.—One of the days of the celebrated "Riots" of 1791 was July 15, on the anniversary of which day the outbreak took place in the present week.

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Price 2d.

THE VAMPIRE BAT, AT "THE SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS."



(FLYING.)



(ASLEEP.)

THE VAMPIRE BAT.

A VAMPIRE BAT, stated to be "the first living specimen ever seen in England," has just been received from Sumatra at "the Surrey Zoological Gardens," and is a very interesting addition to the menagerie. It is of the Indian species, *Vampyrus spectrum*; the *Phyllostoma spectrum* of some authors, *Vampyrus sanguisuga* of others, the *Andira guacu* of Pico, and the *Vespertilio spectrum*, of Linnæus.* The specimen before us is a young male: the body is covered with black, and the membrane or wing, in appearance resembles fine black kid: he has not yet been seen at the bottom of his cage, but suspends himself from the roof or bars of the cage, head downwards. The second and third cuts represent the animal in this peculiar position, his wings being also wrapped around his body. The first cut shews him with his wings spread, their full extent being nearly two feet. Although this specimen is the Vampire Bat, to whom so many bloodthirsty traits have been attributed, his appearance is, by no means, ferocious: he is active yet docile, and the only peculiarity to favour belief in the blood-sucking propensity is his long, pointed tongue. The species has popularly been accused of destroying not only the larger mammifera, but also men when asleep, by sucking their blood: "the truth," says Cuvier, in his *Regne Animal*, "appears to be that the Vampire inflicts only small wounds, which may, probably, become inflammatory and gangrenous from the influence of climate." In this habit, however, may have originated the celebrated vampire superstition.†

* The natural family, or division of mammiferous animals, known as *Bats*, and to which the above specimen belongs, are widely spread over the globe; being found in the Old and New World, and in New Holland. In the days of Linnæus, they all, from their appearance at twilight, went by the family name of *Vespertilio*. They are omnivorous and insectivorous, and are especially fond of fruit. They have all the faculty of sustained flight: the bones of the fingers are extremely elongated, and united by a membrane, which is continued down the side of the body, and extended on the leg as far as the tarsus. Agreeing universally in this particular, they form a very natural family, under the appropriate term, *Chiroptera*, constructed from two Greek words, signifying *hand* and *wing*. Specimens of the Spectral Vampire (*Phyllostoma spectrum*), from Surinam, and of the Jamaica Vampire (*Phyllostoma Jamaicense*, Horsfield,) are preserved in the Museum of the Zoological Society of London.

† The belief in blood-sucking spectres, also called Vampires, is as old as Greece; and the *lamia* and *lemures* of the Romans originated from the same superstition. In 1732, great commotions were caused in Hungary by the general belief in human Vampires, so that investigations were instituted by the Government. The common people believed that the bodies of persons who died, under sentence of excommunication for sorcery or other crimes, did not decay, but devoured their own flesh; and, during the night, left their graves and sucked the blood of

The authority for attributing the love of blood to the Vampire Bat of India, such as that before us, is, however, of modern date. Captain Stedman, who travelled in Surinam from 1772 to 1777, gravely relates that he was thus bitten by a Vampire on the great toe, and in one night lost from twelve to fourteen ounces of blood. Wood, in his *Zoography*, quotes from Stedman, adding: "it is said to perform the operation by inserting its aculeated tongue into the vein of a sleeping person with so much dexterity as not to be felt; at the same time, fanning the air with its large wings, and thus producing a sensation so delightfully cool that the sleep is rendered still more profound, and the unfortunate person reduced almost to death before he awakes." Similar stories are to be found in most books of Natural History up to a late period. Wood's work was published in 1807; and the tales are repeated in Bewick, in the edition of 1820. One of the first travellers to explain away the delusion, was Bishop Heber, who, in his *Narrative*, published in 1823, says: "the Vampire Bat of India is a very harmless creature, of habits entirely different from the idea entertained of it in England. It only eats fruit and vegetables, and, indeed, its teeth are not indicative of carnivorous habits; and from blood it turns away when offered to it. During the day time, it is, of course, inert; but, at night it is lively, affectionate, and playful, knows its keeper, but has no objection to the approach and touch of others." These characteristics accord generally with the habits of the specimen at the Surrey Gardens: we saw him devour a cherry; when he was touched by a stranger he shewed satisfaction; but, he has already bitten one of the keepers.

A living traveller, Mr. Waterton, however, believes, that the Vampire of South America sucks blood. According to the accounts there given, "the Vampire, (*Vespertilio spectrum*), is a species of bat, which sucks the blood of man and every unprotected animal. There are two species in Demerara, both of which suck living animals: one is rather larger than the common bat; the other measures above two feet from wing to wing extended. So gently does this nocturnal surgeon draw the blood, that, instead of being roused, the patient is lulled into a still profounder sleep."—(*Wanderings*.) The larger Vampire sucks men and other animals; the smaller seems to confine itself chiefly to birds. Mr. Waterton, in explanations with whom they had been connected, so as to kill them. Among the most recent revivals of this popular superstition is Lord Byron's poem, *The Vampire*. The subject may be a fit one for poetical license to embellish, but is too absurd for sober belief.

nation, observes, that the Vampyre of India, and that of South America, are distinct species. "I have never yet seen a bat from India with a membrane rising perpendicularly from the end of its nose; nor have I ever been able to learn that bats in India suck animals, though I have questioned many people on the subject. I could only find two species of bats in Guiana with a membrane rising from the nose. Both these kinds suck animals and eat fruit; while those bats without a membrane on the nose seem to live entirely upon fruit and insects, but chiefly insects. A gentleman, by name Walcott, from Barbadoes, lived high up the River Demerara. While I was passing a day or two at his house, the Vampyres sucked his son, a boy of about ten or eleven years old, some of his fowls, and his jackasses. The youth shewed me his forehead at day-break: the wound was still bleeding apace, and I examined it with minute attention. The poor ass was doomed to be a prey to these sanguinary imps of night; he looked like misery steeped in vinegar. I saw, by the numerous sores on his body, and by his apparent debility, that he would soon sink under his afflictions. Mr. Walcott told me that it was with the greatest difficulty he could keep a few fowls, on account of the smaller Vampyre; and that the larger kind were killing his poor ass by inches. It was the only quadruped he had brought up with him into the forest."

Mr. Waterton adds, that he could never find out how the Vampyres "actually draw the blood;" although he has repeatedly seen men and beasts who had been so sucked. He often put himself in the way of trial; but the Vampyre seemed to take a personal dislike to him, though he would tap the more favoured Indian's toe, in a hammock within a few yards of him. Mr. W. slept alone in the loft of a wood-cutter's abandoned house in the forest, for eleven months: the Vampyre flew into the place every night, and often hovered over the traveller's hammock, but never did he touch the traveller.*

ON THE TENDENCY OF LIBERTY TO ENLARGE ITSELF.

"More liberty begets desire of more,
The hunger still increases with the store."

DRYDEN.

Very true, and very good, "glorious John,"—though your object here is, doubtless, to disparage and despise it. "More liberty begets desire of more." To be sure it does—why shouldn't it? Such a begetting is one of the happiest occurrences among the catalogue of human blessings.

It is a perfectly natural one too. There is hardly a relation in which it appears, that it does not manifest itself for the highest purposes of good. It seems to be a principle in the very constitution of human affairs, designed, undoubtedly, to urge us onward to still greater degrees of civilization, freedom, and happiness. The maxim, then, is both true and glorious, whether we apply it on a large or a small scale—whether we consider it as to its developments in communities or individuals, in public or in private, in youth or in age, in religion, politics, or philosophy.

"More liberty begets desire of more." Where and what were man without this tendency of freedom to enlarge itself? Only consider the several stages of his progress from infancy to childhood; from childhood to youth; from youth to manhood; all each advanced and matured by this feeling of "hunger" after fresh accessions of liberty and power. Look at that child just beginning to toddle—how he strives after them—how he longs, just finding his feet, to reach that chair, and then the stool, and then another chair, and then the sofa; till, at length, he has perambulated the room, and there he stands now—the bold fellow!—in all the conscious dignity of infantile pride, at having performed so great a feat for himself,—there he stands and smiles at you triumphantly, for he finds himself comparatively free; he has just tasted the sweets of liberty: his next will be a more copious draught, if he can compass it; for there is the passion for it already, if not the ability just yet. Thus is the child led on by the sense of independence and freedom increasing to him at every stage of his glorious struggle. Consider him again, a little further advanced, when he has left his 'nurse's arms,

"And when the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping, like a snail,
Unwillingly to school!"

look at him then, and contemplate him: analyze his thoughts, his feelings, his aspirations. What are they? O for the days of our boyhood again, that we might enter upon the description and the analysis of those feelings with perfect fidelity as well as *gusto*—that we might faithfully tell of the beatific scenes that were then pictured to the imagination as about to be realized, when we should attain to a still higher point of our personal liberty: what great and mighty feats we would do when we became a man—how many fine things we would possess, and be as happy as a prince; and what longing aspirations we felt, and efforts we made, to realize "the blissful vision!" But the past can only be recalled by memory and the power

* Magazine of Natural History, vol. v. p. 673.

of association ; and these, in conjunction with our actual sensations, bear ample, and, for our present purpose, perhaps sufficient testimony to the force, and beauty, and gladness of the unfettered thoughts and fancies of that early period, increasing and enhancing at each successive gradation of physical and moral freedom. Oh, how the imagination of youth roams over the wide theatre of the "free, the beautiful, and the vast," prefiguring its destiny, and colouring it with all the fair tints of the rainbow ; and though the vista be indistinct and flitting, yet do we cling to it, and dwell upon it, and look towards it, with a confidence and rapture, as if it were an index and guide as faithful as the clue that led to fair Rosamond's bower !

In all periods and situations of life, who is there that is not anxious for, and striving after, a greater independence, and, therefore, a larger measure of liberty,—at least, in a free country ? The merchant, the trader, the shopkeeper, the lawyer, the physician ; in short, all classes and professions in the body social (except, perhaps, the poor labourer,) are extending their views to a time when they hope to be less subject to the power or caprice of others. To be free, to be independent of the world—who does not long for it, endeavour after it ; and with the more earnestness the nearer the desired object is approached ! We love freedom of action, freedom of thought and opinion ; our minds and our bodies love it ; they cannot bear subjection or bondage of any kind ; nothing, to those who have tasted it, is so delightful as freedom : "it is like the air we breathe," as some one has said, "if we have it not, we die." How apt and admirable is the anecdote told of Cowper, or rather which he tells himself, that he could not, without the greatest uneasiness, remain in a room the door of which was fastened, were it only for a few minutes, and which he had otherwise no desire or occasion to leave.* Would that he could have had the same sensitiveness in respect of mental or religious thralldom, that he manifested as to the corporeal ; then how much more happy and contented a being he might have been than he was, with that really fine and noble intellect of his, even with all his morbid tendencies to gloom.

Further, let us go from individuals to societies or nations. But few, if any, of these that have once tasted civil liberty, have relaxed their efforts to obtain more. Does not all history attest the fact ? It is true that some have been unsuccessful,

and have occasionally lost what they had already acquired ; and others, though once at the very pinnacle of what was generally thought freedom, have been hurled from it, never, perhaps, to rise again, like the republics of ancient Greece, or the modern Italian ; but then the disposition of the people has not been wanting, at one time or another, to augment, to preserve, or to recover it. The misfortune of their downfall arose often from extraneous causes, and the force of peculiar circumstances in the then condition of the world. In more recent times, of what do the annals of nations, comparatively free, consist principally, but of the efforts of the people to wrest from their rulers a greater number of free institutions—a further extension of popular liberty ? or of their struggles to throw off the yoke of tyranny and subjection, either in respect of some foreign influence yet remaining, or of that prevailing within their own precincts ? Yes ! at one time the burden of religions, at another of political domination—of priestcraft or kingcraft, and sometimes of both. The fact is undeniable. The world, even the comparatively free portion of it, would seem ever to be in a ferment, in order to the vanquishment of more concessions to the popular cause. One version of this excitement sometimes is, that the displacing of one species of misrule has, through the actual ignorance of men, been followed, unfortunately, by the substitution of another, perhaps a worse. But the wish for the right direction is still unimpaired. The "poverty" of the people in political experience, "and not their will, consents" to such a result.

Moreover, we are surely justified in saying, that, in general, this reverence for an increased free nationality prevails in the ratio of national intelligence—the quick and urgent stimulus operating on the social predisposition to acquire the blessings of an enlarged freedom. And this "hunger" we not only witness as increasing, in proportion to the degree of human civilization in the past and present history, of the human race, but we mark the evidences of its being a natural and commendable passion, in the eulogies bestowed upon it by the most celebrated poets, philosophers, sages, and moralists : for no one could remain long celebrated, who sanctioned or shadowed forth what was not in correspondence with the natural feelings and general commendations of men.

That mankind are not willing to remain stationary in any degree of liberty already attained, is, we think, certain. The question now is, then, why not ? Whence arises this desire of continued progress

* We have experienced, from childhood, a similar nervous antipathy to being shut in a room ; though it has often exposed us to raillery.—Ed. L. W.

sion? Is it not because the greater are, or are expected to be, the advantages and blessings likely to flow to them from an advanced than from a lower state of freedom?—Doubtless it is. But are they justified in such expectation? Who shall say they are not? Has the measure of it hitherto acquired and exercised, brought with it such fruits as were to have been anticipated *a priori*? Let us see what David Hume has said upon this point, in his comparison of the various benefits that have accrued from free and despotic governments. In his Essay on *Civil Liberty*, he remarks:

“It had been observed by the ancients, that all the arts and sciences arose among free nations; and that the Persians and Egyptians, notwithstanding their ease, opulence, and luxury, made but faint efforts towards a relish in these finer pleasures, which were carried to such perfection by the Greeks, amidst continual wars, attended with poverty, and the greatest simplicity of life and manners. It had also been observed, that as the Greeks lost their liberty, though they increased mightily in riches by the conquests of Alexander, yet the arts from that moment declined among them, and have never since been able to raise their head in that climate. Learning was transplanted to Rome, the only free nation at that time in the universe: and having met with so favourable a soil, it made prodigious shoots for above a century, till the decay of liberty produced also the decay of letters, and spread a total barbarism over the world. From these two experiments, of which each was double in its kind, and shewed the fall of learning in despotic governments, as well as its rise in popular ones, Longinus thought himself sufficiently justified in asserting, that the arts and sciences could never flourish, but in a free government; and in this opinion he has been followed by several eminent writers in our own country, who either confined their view to ancient facts, or entertained too great a partiality in favour of that form of government which is established amongst us.” He then goes on to say in another place, that “it has become an established opinion, that commerce can never flourish but in a free government; and this opinion seems to be founded on a longer and larger experience than the foregoing, with regard to the arts and sciences. If we trace commerce in its progress through Tyre, Athens, Syracuse, Carthage, Venice, Florence, Genoa, Antwerp, Holland, England, &c. we shall always find it to have fixed its seat in free governments.”

The question has been suggested from

the example of America, where a tyrannical public opinion has been substituted for the old-fashioned scarecrows incident to monarchical systems, whether a relatively higher measure of individual liberty be compatible with a higher degree of national? or, which is nearly the same thing, whether, where the latter is increased, the former has not a tendency relatively to retrograde? We shall not stop to answer the query; but whatever reply may be given to it, it is no doubt true that all so-called free nations ought to possess, and probably will some time enjoy, that measure of political and social freedom, which will ensure not only liberty of thought and opinion, but the just and due reward of every individual's industry, ingenuity, and talent; instead of illustrating, as too many continue to do, the fable of the dog and the wolf. It is, nevertheless, to be borne in mind, that such an auspicious state of things can only co-exist with a proportionate degree of popular intelligence and public and private morality. Where these are deficient, in the actual condition of the world, that cannot long be maintained, even were it gained, in its purity and efficiency. People may clamour for it,—and such a desire to enjoy its blessings is to be honoured,—but if it were obtained to-morrow, its preservation would depend mainly on the mental and moral fitness generally to be found in the community possessing it. Some minds, and they none of the weakest as to other matters, have been foolishly led astray in this, by the cry of “*above all things liberty*.” This was the political creed of Shelley. He held, at least at Oxford, that not only is the greatest possible amount of civil liberty to be preferred to all other blessings, but that this advantage is all-sufficient, and comprehends within itself every other desirable object. The former position is as unquestionably true, as the latter is undoubtedly false.

If the zeal for an enlargement of individual and national freedom be as here represented, and if every stage of it has a tendency to tread on the heels of the next, how important the inference we would wish to enforce; that, for its proper appreciation, and enjoyment, and permanent advantages, it is necessary that the parties to its consummation, namely, the people, should receive a commensurate amount of knowledge and training, to qualify and fit them to put to the best account every accession of good arising from the gradual but unavoidable recognition of free principles, whether in commerce or politics, religion or philosophy.

That we should recommend, however, the exclusion of a benefit which runs some

risk of being lost, or undervalued, or made little adequate use of, if unaccompanied by another blessing which might render it more prized and useful, and less liable to be lost, especially when the realization of the latter may depend on that of the former,—this surely would be preposterous. We ought to prize the gift of freedom even were its blessings single and alone; and because it is an attribute fit to "clothe th' immortal mind withal." It ought to be sufficient for us that the passion, the love, the aspiration after it, is a generous one; that it is natural, and born with us; that "it grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength."

T. G. (D.)

LOST KNOWLEDGE.

Royal Publishing.—The Pacha of Egypt "has just published" a work on Physics "for the use of schools." Within these few years, chemistry has been taught, for the first time, in Arabic; and a Frenchman has employed French words in cases where no Arabic could be found. (*Foreign Quarterly Review.*) It is curious, however, to reflect, that the very term *chemistry* is traceable to the Arabic, in which language it signifies "the knowledge of the composition of bodies." Cuvier referred the term to *chim*, which was the ancient name for Egypt; and he believed that minerals were known to the Egyptians, "not only by their external characters, but also by what we, at present, call their *chemical characters*." Facts such as these sometimes force upon us a belief that all human knowledge is but a series of revolutions, and that much of what we claim for our own times, is but the *dropped knowledge* of past ages.

Popular Statistics.

MARRIAGES, BIRTHS, AND DEATHS, IN 1837-8.

[THE First Annual Report of the Registrar-General on Marriages, Births, and Deaths in England, in 1837-8, having very recently been presented to Parliament, it may be interesting to advert, though briefly, to a few of the important statistical facts which it embodies.]

The country is divided into 618 districts, over each of which is appointed a Superintendent-Registrar, and which are generally coincident with the poor law unions. In the latter end of 1838 there were 2,193 Registrars employed. Certified copies are transmitted to the General Register Office quarterly: they are collected by the Superintendent-Registrars from more than 14,000 persons charged with the duty of compiling them. More than 80,000 sepa-

rate papers, containing 847,149 entries, have been thus transmitted, of which 739,737 (being all the entries of births and deaths, and such marriages as are registered by the Registrar of Marriages) have been compared with the original by the Superintendent-Registrar, and certified to be correct. The certified copies are examined, arranged, and indexed at the General Register Office, and there the abstracts are made which are contained in the Annual Report.

Marriages.

In the year ending June 30th, 1838, it appears that 111,481 marriages were registered; 107,201 according to the rites of the Established Church, namely, nine by special license, 13,677 by license, 68,410 by banns, and 493 by a certificate from a Superintendent-Registrar; while in 24,612 instances it was not stated in which of the foregoing forms the marriage was performed: 4,280 marriages took place *not* according to the rites of the Established Church, namely, 2,976 in registered places of worship, 1,093 in the offices of Superintendent-Registrars, 76 between Quakers, and 135 between Jews. In the first quarter 24,030 marriages were registered, in the second 34,449, in the third 23,201, in the fourth 29,801. The mean of the three last quarters was 29,150; and this would make the annual number 116,600.

Births.

399,712 births were registered—204,863 of males, 194,849 of females. The numbers registered in the first quarter amounted to 74,588, in the second to 89,528, in the third to 113,815, in the fourth 121,781. The registration of births "has, since the commencement, made a considerable and progressive advance; and, during the fourth quarter of the first year, attained a superiority, in point of numbers, over the average registration of baptisms," which, it is estimated by the Registrar-General, would have amounted to 111,147 quarterly in 1837-8. It is, on every account, greatly to be desired, that the registration of births should be rendered complete; but this appears scarcely attainable, unless the Act of Registration shall be made compulsory.

Deaths.

The deaths registered in the year amounted to 335,956, to which must be added 2,704 deaths which occurred in the first year, and were registered in the first quarter of the second. This would make 338,660 deaths in the year, while, according to former proportions, the probable number of burials entered in the parochial registers during the same period would be

291,715. Mr. Finlayson, in a communication addressed to the Registrar-General, and appended to the Report, estimated the total deaths at home, in the year ending June 30th, 1838, at 335,968.

The following is an abstract of a table, shewing the number of registered deaths of males and females at each age.

AGES.	Total Number of Deaths.		
	Male.	Female.	Total.
Under 1 year *	39,990	31,898	71,888
1 and 2 years...	21,672	21,219	42,891
3 ... 4 ...	8,108	8,147	16,255
From 5 to 9 ...	7,821	7,619	15,440
10 ... 14 ...	4,188	4,496	8,684
15 ... 19 ...	5,276	6,172	11,448
20 ... 24 ...	6,651	7,164	13,815
25 ... 29 ...	5,966	6,582	12,548
30 ... 34 ...	5,633	6,162	11,795
35 ... 39 ...	5,518	5,641	11,159
40 ... 44 ...	5,609	5,383	10,992
45 ... 49 ...	5,556	5,047	10,603
50 ... 54 ...	5,474	5,073	10,547
55 ... 59 ...	5,716	5,174	10,890
60 ... 64 ...	6,005	6,692	13,597
65 ... 69 ...	6,997	6,888	13,885
70 ... 74 ...	7,320	7,403	14,723
75 ... 79 ...	6,868	7,157	14,025
80 ... 84 ...	5,189	5,746	10,935
85 ... 89 ...	2,893	3,435	6,328
90 and upwards	1,068	1,566	2,634
Unknown.....	547	327	874
Total.....	170,965	164,991	335,956

Similar tables are given for each of twenty-five divisions of the country, which have been made with reference, as far as possible, to the natural character of the several districts, and the employments of the population.

From a very able report by Mr. Farr, upon the causes of death, it appears that, in the half-year ending 31st December, 1837, the causes of death were assigned in 141,607 instances. The total deaths of males and females from each cause are given for England and Wales, and for each of twenty-five divisions of the country, and the annual mortality by each of ninety-one causes of death has been deduced from the facts registered.

The per-centage proportion of deaths by small-pox, typhus, and phthisis, was as follows:—

	Males.	Females.	Total.
Small-pox ...	4.262	3.935	4.104
Typhus	6.213	6.567	6.389
Phthisis		21.073	19.599

With respect to the principal disease in the first class, it appears that 2,520 persons died of scarlatina, 3,044 of whooping-cough, 4,732 of measles, and 5,811 of small-pox. The ages of 1,056 persons who died of small-pox are enumerated, and the number under five years of age was

* Excluding still-born children, who are not required to be registered.

887. It is probable, therefore, that the majority of the 5,811 had never been vaccinated, and that about 12,000 die annually by small-pox, through the neglect of the parents.

The diseases of towns and of the open country are shewn to differ very considerably both in character and intensity. Two comparative tables of the diseases in cities and in counties are given; from which it appears that the excess of mortality in the metropolis, compared with the five southern counties of England, is sixty-four per cent., or, in other words, that for every 100 persons who died in those counties, 164 died in the metropolis. The comparison of the other towns and counties is rather more favourable for the former, the proportion being as 100 to 158. The mortality and diseases of cities vary greatly.

It is found, from a comparison of the several districts, that, *ceteris paribus*, the mortality increases as the density of the population increases; and, where the density and the wealth of the population are the same, that the rate of mortality depends upon the efficiency of the ventilation, and of the means which are employed for the removal of impurities.

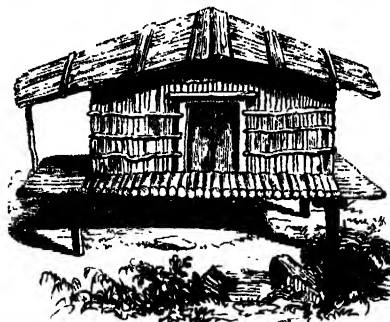
Longevity.

Among the diversities which especially demand attention, and by which there is least danger of being led to false conclusions, are those which relate to longevity, shewing the varying proportions of deaths in old age in different portions of the kingdom. From a few instances of longevity no inference can be safely drawn; but the fact that, of the deaths in any district, a comparatively large portion is above the age of seventy, is a strong presumption in favour of the healthiness of that district. These proportions are found to vary greatly. In the whole of England and Wales, out of 1,000 deaths, 145 have been at the age of seventy and upwards; while in the North Riding and northern part of the West Riding of Yorkshire, and in Durham, excluding the mining districts, the proportion has been as high as 210. In Northumberland, excluding the mining district, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and the north of Lancashire, the proportion has been 198; in Norfolk and Suffolk 196, in Devonshire 192, and in Cornwall 188. In contrast with this evidence of the large proportion of persons who attain to old age in these more thinly-peopled portions of the kingdom, we find results extremely different where the population is densely congregated. In the metropolis and its suburbs the proportion who have died at seventy and upwards has been only 104; and even this proportion

is favourable, when compared with that of other large towns; the proportion in Birmingham being 81, in Leeds 79, and in Liverpool and Manchester only about 63. A comparison of the mining parts of Staffordshire and Shropshire, and of Northumberland and Durham, with the rural districts surrounding each, exhibits great differences in this respect, the former averaging 109, and the latter 76. A very marked diversity also appears in the proportion of deaths of infants in different parts of the country. In the mining parts of Staffordshire and Shropshire, in Leeds and its suburbs, and in the counties of Cambridge and Huntingdon, and the lowest parts of Lincolnshire, the deaths of infants under one year have been more than 270 out of 1000 deaths at all ages; while in the northern counties of England, in Wiltshire, Dorset and Devon, in Herefordshire and Monmouthshire, and in Wales, the deaths at that age, out of 1000 of all ages, have scarcely exceeded 180.

NEW ZEALAND.

THE dwellings of the natives of this interesting country are of peculiar form and construction. The annexed wood-cut shows a specimen selected from the village of Parkuni, on the river Hokianga.



NATIVE HUT.

The huts were formerly built of rushes wattled, thatched with strong-bladed native grass, and lined with palm leaves. In the neighbourhood of the settlements, the sides are now of weather boards; they are rarely above five feet in height; it being considered unlucky to have anything suspended above the head; but they frequently reach sixteen feet in length, with a portico or veranda at one end. The gables are ornamented with grotesque carving, usually painted red; the only opening is a square door of entrance, closed when wanted, by a sliding panel.

Furniture they have none; a few rushes for a bed, a calabash for water, a small box or basket for ornaments, a cooking pot and hatchet, are their only domestic utensils. In fine weather, however, the New Zealander rarely either cooks, eats, or sleeps in his house, but under a low shed, or in the open air.

The second cut represents



A TABOO STORE.

These stores are attached to most huts, and, in large villages, are of greater size, and much more elaborately carved and ornamented than the dwellings. They are *taboo'd*, or rendered sacred, by a kind of incantation muttered over them by a priest or *snz*. Every reader of Cook's *Voyages* will recollect the *taboo*, a species of superstition common to all the South Sea Islands. In none, however, is it held so sacred as in New Zealand. It is alike used for political and religious purposes, and more or less influences the actions of the natives. When potatoes are planted, all who are engaged in the work, and the ground itself, is *taboo'd*; and it would be death to any other to interfere. At the gathering, it is the same. In fishing expeditions, the canoes and the river are thus made sacred. Cutting the hair places both parties in a state of *taboo*, during which, probably for three days, they must not feed themselves; nor is any one allowed to hold intercourse with them, save an old woman *taboo'd* for the purpose. The sick are *taboo'd*, and if ill with

an inward complaint, for which they have no remedy, the patient is removed from his hut into the open air, is taboo'd, despairs, and dies. Even the dead are taboo'd. So important are the taboos, that the alleged infringement of one often raises war between tribes. Cook more than once relates instances of harbours full of boats being taboo'd.

These cuts have been selected from two of Martin's Lithographs, already noticed: they are from sketches by Mr. Earle, who, in his drawings for Mr. Burford's Panorama, recently exhibited, rendered the above description of Hut and Taboo Store picturesque and prominent objects. The carved figure at the apex of the Store bespeaks the sacred purpose of the building itself.

Scientific Facts.

THE LAW OF STORMS.

THE labours of Colonel Reid have no directed and rivetted general attention to the momentous questions involved in the law of storms, that every contribution of facts connected with the phenomena has become of public value. In this light the following may be received:—"On March 30, 1836, at 4 A. M., being in the brig Matilda, of St. John, New Brunswick, off the Bay of Naples, the Island of Ischia bearing east, and distant 10 leagues, it blowing hard N.W. and thick weather, I observed a very curious appearance in the N.W. It seemed columnar, and, like a lighthouse, enveloped in a white blaze of fire, and continued so for fifteen or twenty minutes, and then disappeared. Immediately after the wind fell to a moderate breeze, and the weather cleared up, when we had a fine pleasant day." This is authenticated by the signature of John Buckley, mate of the bark Barlow, and was recently sent to Colonel Reid, the recipient of a number of similar communications respecting remarkable waterspouts. That gallant and intelligent officer, we are happy to state, has arrived in safety at his government in Bermuda; and we may add, that the men posted at the signal-stations there are ordered to observe the mode of action of waterspouts, which are of frequent occurrence in these latitudes, and to describe them in their own manner, which descriptions will be published in the newspapers. The example ought to be followed wherever an opportunity is offered. There was an instance lately seen at Bermuda, which is described as having appeared of a reddish colour in the middle, although the sun was not shining at the time. A collection of data is likely

to lead to very curious and interesting discoveries in this new and important branch of science.—*Literary Gazette.*

FROZEN WELL.

[NEAR Owego occurs this apparent contradiction of Nature's laws, which is thus described, by a Correspondent, in *Silliman's Journal*.]

The well is excavated on a table of land, elevated about thirty feet above the bed of the Susquehanna River, and distant from it three-fourths of a mile. The depth of the well, from the surface to the bottom, is said to be seventy-seven feet; but for four or five months in the year, the surface of the water is frozen so solid as to be entirely useless to the inhabitants. On the twenty-third of the present month, in company with a friend, I measured the depth, and found it to be sixty-one feet from the surface of the earth, to the ice which covers the water in the well, and this ice we found it impossible to break with a heavy iron weight attached to a rope. The sides of the well are nearly covered with masses of ice, which, increasing in the descent, leave but about a foot space (in diameter) at the bottom. A thermometer let down to the bottom, sunk 38° in fifteen minutes, being 68° in the sun, and 30° at the bottom of the well. The well has been dug twenty-one years, and I am informed, by a very credible person who assisted in the excavation, that a man could not endure to work in it more than two hours at a time, even with extra clothing, although in the month of June, and the weather excessively hot. The ice remains until very late in the season, and is often drawn up in the months of June and July. Samuel Mathews drew from the well a large piece of ice on the 25th day of July, 1837, and it is common to find it there on the 4th of July.

The well is situated in the highway, about one mile northwest of the village of Owego, in the town and country of Tioga. There is no other well on that table of land, nor within sixty or eighty rods, and none that presents the same phenomenon. In the excavation, no rock or slate was thrown up, and the water is never affected by freshets, and is what is usually denominated "hard," or limestone water. A lighted candle being let down, the flame became agitated and thrown in one direction at the depth of thirty feet, but was quite still, and soon extinguished at the bottom. Feathers, down, or any light substance, when thrown in, sink with a rapid and accelerated motion.

Owego, Feb. 26th, N. Lat. 42° 10'.

[Prof. Silliman, in attempting to solve this extraordinary and difficult problem, observes:—]

At the depth of more than sixty feet, the water ought not to freeze at all, as it should have nearly the same temperature of that film of the earth's crust, which is at this place affected by atmospheric variations, and solar influence, being of course not far from the medium temperature of the climate. Could we suppose that compressed gases, or a greatly compressed atmosphere were escaping from the water, or near it, this would indicate a source of cold; but as there is no such indication in the water, we cannot avail ourselves of this explanation, unless we were to suppose that the escape of compressed gas takes place deep in the earth, in the vicinity of the well and in proximity to the water that supplies it. Perhaps this view is countenanced by the blowing of the candle at the depth of thirty feet, blowing it to one side, thus indicating a jet of gas which might rise from the water as low as at its source, and even if it were carbonic acid, it might not extinguish the candle, while descending, as the gas would be much diluted by common air; and still in the progress of time, an accumulation of carbonic acid gas might take place at the surface of the water sufficient to extinguish a candle.

New Books.

HOFLAND'S ANGLER'S MANUAL.

(Concluded from page 254.)

[We return to this delightful book for the sake of a few of the artistical *bits* with which its pages abound. The sketches of Thames scenery are full of poetry as well as reality.]

Richmond.—The amateur painter may also here find abundance of subjects, on which to exercise his pencil, or gratify his taste for nature and art; admiration of the former, and knowledge of the latter, being alike called into action by the scenery around him. The placid stream verifying Denham's description,

"Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full,"—presents on one side, emerald turf, of the finest texture and brightest verdure, lofty elms, interspersed with chestnuts, poplars, acacias, and all the lighter shrubs, shading noble mansions with hanging gardens, and elegant cottages *ornée*; while, on the other, is seen the ancient village of Richmond, rising terrace-wise, and exhibiting every form of stately, and of rural dwelling. A peculiar air of cheerfulness everywhere pervades the scene, which is alike remote from the noise and confusion attendant on the metropolis, and the

sequestration which belongs to isolated dwellings, in more remote districts. The pleasures of society, and the tranquillity of retirement, are nowhere better combined, and completely enjoyed, than in this beautiful village and its vicinity.

Twickenham.—The neighbourhood of Twickenham is not only singularly beautiful and rich, in its adornments of elegant villas and noble mansions, but it abounds in memorials interesting to the historian, the antiquarian, and the lover of literature and art. The manor-house was, for a long period, the jointure-house of the queens of England. Catharine of Aragon, and Henrietta of France, have here been bewailed, in their day, a cruel, and a martyred husband. Queen Anne was born here, in York House, and lost her promising son whilst inhabiting the mansion, now, or lately, the property of Sir George Pocock, Bart., which was for some years inhabited by the present King of France, when Duke of Orleans. Strawberry Hill, the seat of the celebrated Horace Walpole (Lord Orford); the house where Lady Mary Wortley resided; that of Earl Howe, and several others of great interest, are all in view; and within a little distance is Marble Hill, immortalized by Swift and Gay; Ham House, the splendid seat of Lord Dysart; Twickenham Meadows' House, once the property of the celebrated Owen Cambridge: these met the admiring eye of the angler as he made his way to the *deep* in question, where he now rests, and from which he gazes, untired, on that spot of ground which presents the most remarkable objects and associations, endeared by time and taste. *Here*, Pope wrote "The denticless satire, the immortal song," which neither time, fashion, nor envy, can obliterate; *here*, he entertained the most highly-gifted men of his own, or, perhaps, any other time; the most noble, influential, and amiable. The grotto which he formed, and where he loved to sit with his friends, is before us, as well as the garden he planted; but which was much enlarged in dimensions, as well as beauty, by his first successor, as an inscription informs us:—

"The humble roof, the garden's scanty line,

Ill suit the genius of the bard divine;

But fancy now displays a fairer scene,

And Stanhope's plans unfold the soul of Pope."

Chertsey.—There is a small stream that runs at the back of Chertsey, called the Abbey Mill river, containing jack, perch, chub, &c., which are probably the descendants of those fish which fed the brethren of that noble monastery which was planted on its banks. Many interesting recollections belong to this place, for

"Here the last accents flow'd from Cowley's tongue,"

as we see inserted in the walls of his house, by the late chamberlain of London (Mr. Clark), a most admirable man, and brother angler; and Shakspeare has given the village immortality in his Richard III.

Windsor.—In the neighbourhood of this royal residence, there is excellent gudgeon-fishing, and a few trout may be taken; the late Benjamin West, Esq., President of the Royal Academy, was a skilful fly-fisher, and formerly, whilst much employed by King George the Third, he was very successful in taking trout in the sharp streams below the old bridge. Windsor Castle, in its present renewed and improved state, is an object of veneration, not less than of grandeur and beauty; and, surrounded as it is by park and forest, green meadows, and golden corn-fields (through which the silver Thames glides on with lingering wave, as if loath to leave the paradise he decorates), is, perhaps, unrivalled in Europe. Many fine views of its lofty towers and stately battlements will be obtained from various openings in the forest (besides that of the long walk); but I prefer, to any other, some which are found in the delightful grounds of W. Harcourt, Esq., St. Leonard's Hill, the plantations there judiciously hiding the town of Windsor, and giving the effect of an abrupt hill, crowned with an interminable edifice of stately towers and battlements.

Maidenhead.—The Great Western Railroad has made Maidenhead a resort for London Anglers.

[The next chapter, "The Rivers and Lakes of England," is equally attractive: here are a few sketchy notes:]

Waltham Abbey.—The village is sequestered and picturesque; the venerable abbey and gateway give a character of the "olden time" to the scene. Often have I fished here in May, and, under the gentle influence of the season and the spot, recalled to mind the beautiful lines of the highly-gifted, but unfortunate, Lord Surrey;

"The sovte season that bud and bloome forth brings,

With grene hath cladde the hyl and eke the vale;
The nightingall with fethers new she singes,
The turtle to her mate hath told her tale;
Somer is come, for every spraye now springes,
The fishes flete with new repayred scale,
The adder, all her slough away she flynges,
The busy bee her honey now she mynges."

Angler's Album.—Near Stockbridge, a society has been formed, called the "Haughton Club," by a party of gentlemen, and the water is well preserved. I have been so fortunate as to have seen their common-place book, in which every member is expected to narrate the events of his day's fishing; his triumphs, mi-

series, &c.; and I was highly delighted and amused with the gaiety and good humour which I found in this witty, and curious miscellany. The book is also embellished with original sketches, by members and visitors, of caricatures, scenery, &c.

The Eden.—On visiting this river, the angler, artist, or amateur, would find Kirkoswald, about six miles from Penrith, convenient head-quarters for a few days. Well do I remember the primitive landlady of the little inn there, when I complained that the port was new, assuring me "she knew better than that, for she had seen it bottled herself, at Penrith, six months ago." She, however, made me very comfortable; and, with Eden salmon, Foll nutton, and abundance of delicious mushrooms, I fared sumptuously, and with remarkably moderate charges.

Skiddaw.—It is now twenty-eight years since I first ascended this mountain; I had a friendly guide (Mr. D. Crosthwaite), and our first object was to see the sun rise from Latrig (Skiddaw's cub); but when we reached that elevation we were disappointed, as the cloudy cap of Skiddaw began to descend and obscure the sun. We were soon enveloped by a damp mist, but as my companion was well acquainted with the way, we continued to ascend, and by six o'clock, A.M., we had reached the summit. Soon afterwards the day began to clear, and, as the white curtain of clouds that floated beneath us appeared to move, we gained occasional glimpses of the sparkling sun-lit lake, and vale of Keswick, seen through vistas of the rolling clouds; and as these openings closed, others succeeded, producing the most magical effects. At one moment, the houses in Scotland were distinctly seen, and as suddenly withdrawn; at another, the wild mountains of Borrowdale appeared in all their majesty, thus giving a succession of the most enchanting scenes. The wind was high and cold, so that we were glad to take shelter under the small pile of stones on the top of the mountain, where we enjoyed our breakfast of bread and cheese, and brandy, and, at the same time, the magnificent moving panorama before us. We remained under shelter from the wind till the clouds had entirely dispersed, and we had an uninterrupted view of the boundless prospect around us. Looking towards the south-east, were seen the mountains Grisedale Pike, and Causey Pike, and the vale of Newlands, backed by the Fells of Buttermere; and, at our feet, Bassenthwaite lake; a little more southward, immediately under the eye, were seen Keswick, Derwent-water, and the gorge of Borrowdale; to the left of

these, Lowdore, Wallow-crag, and above them, the towering Ilvellyn. To the east lay the rugged Saddleback, and the long, lofty, range of Cross Fells; northward, we saw the shining Solway Firth, and the hills of Dumbartonshire. [This is, indeed, a charming sketch.]

Mary of Buttermere.—I saw her in the year 1809, after her unhappy marriage with Hatfield the swindler, who had paid the forfeit of his life some years before; she had then married a respectable person, lived at the inn with her parents, and acted as waitress. She was remarkably grave, and had something dignified in her manners. She was tall and well formed, but I saw little of the beauty for which she had been celebrated.

Brougham Castle.—Few places of the same description boast more beauty and interest than Brougham Castle, and often have I contemplated the proud towers and massive walls of this once hospitable and noble residence, whilst angling at the confluence of the Lowther and Eamont, yet not, therefore, unpleasing or unprofitable.

Bolton.—Being permitted by the late and present Duke of Devonshire to reside at a shooting-lodge of his Grace's (formed out of the Priory gateway), I am well acquainted with every "dingle, nook, and mossy dell," to be found in the purlieus of this enchanting place, which I believe to concentrate, within a few miles, a greater variety of rich, wild, and beautiful scenery, than any other place in Great Britain. I consider my opinion justified in consequence of having met with Major Smith (the once envied possessor of the peerless Piercefield on the Wye), at Bolton, and walked with him over most of the grounds, and he candidly declared that, taken altogether, he gave a decided preference to Bolton Abbey. Much of the beauty of Bolton has been rendered accessible of late years, by the good taste of the vicar, Mr. Carr, who was empowered by the noble owner to make pathways, and open vistas, where necessary. The charm of association also accompanies the fascination of exquisite scenery; for here the shepherd Earl, the lover of Prior's nut-brown maid, wandered in desolation, at once the heir and the exile, and in the tower of Bardon closed, in honoured age, his eventful and interesting life.

CAPT. MARRYAT'S DIARY IN AMERICA.

(Concluded from page 268.)

[The facts of this work are as amusing as its fun; and its humour oozes out in every page. With a few more quotations we must take leave.]

Canadian Forest.

From Hamilton, on Lake Ontario, to Bradford, the country is very beautifully broken and undulating, occasionally precipitate and hilly. You pass through forests of splendid timber, chiefly fir, but of a size which is surprising. Here are masts for "tall admirals," so lofty that you could not well perceive a squirrel, or even a larger animal, if upon one of the topmost boughs. The pine forests are diversified by the oak; you sometimes pass through six or seven miles of the first description of timber, which gradually changes, until you have six or seven miles of forest composed entirely of oak. The road is repairing and levelling, preparatory to its being macadamised—certainly not before it was required, for it is at present execrable throughout the whole province. Every mile or so you descend into a hollow, at the bottom of which is what they term a *mud-hole*, that is, a certain quantity of water and mud, which is of a depth unknown, but which you must fathom by passing through it. To give an Englishman an idea of the roads is not easy; I can only say, that it is very possible for a horse to be drowned in one of the *ruts*, and for a pair of them to disappear, wagon and all, in a *mud-hole*.

"As a Gentleman."

I have often remarked the strange effects of intoxication, and the different manner in which persons are affected by liquor. When I was on the road from London to Chatham, a man who was very much intoxicated got into the wagon, and sat beside me. As people in that state usually are, he was excessively familiar; and although jerked off with no small degree of violence, would continue, until we arrived at the inn where we were to sup, to attempt to lay his head upon my shoulder.

As soon as we arrived supper was announced. At first he refused to take any, but on the artful landlady bawling in his ear that all *gentlemen* supped when they arrived, he hesitated to consider (which certainly was not at all necessary) whether he was not bound to take some. Another very important remark of the hostess, which was, that he would have nothing to eat until the next morning, it being then eleven o'clock at night, decided him, and he staggered in, observing,—“Nothing to eat till next morning! well, I never thought of that.” He sat down opposite to me, at the same table. It appeared as if his vision was inverted by the quantity of liquor which he had taken; everything close to him on the table he considered to be out of his reach, whilst everything at a

distance he attempted to lay hold of. He sat up as erect as he could, balancing himself so as not to appear *corned*, and fixing his eyes upon me, said, "Sir, I'll trouble you—for some fried ham." Now the ham was in the dish next to him, and altogether out of my reach; I told him so. "Sir," said he again, "as a gentleman, I ask you to give me some of that fried ham." Amused with the curious demand, I rose from my chair, went round to him, and helped him. "Shall I give you a potato," said I—the potatoes being at my end of the table, and I not wishing to rise again, "No, Sir," replied he, "I can help myself to them." He made a dash at them, but did not reach them; then made another, and another, till he lost his balance, and lay down upon his plate; this time he gained the potatoes, helped himself, and commenced eating. After a few minutes he again fixed his eyes upon me. "Sir, I'll trouble you—for the pickles." They were actually under his nose, and I pointed them out to him. "I believe, Sir, I asked you for the pickles," repeated he, after a time. "Well, there they are," replied I, wishing to see what he would do. "Sir, are you a gentleman—as a gentleman—I ask you as a gentleman, for them 'ere pickles." It was impossible to resist this appeal, so I rose and helped him. I was now convinced that his vision was somehow or another inverted, and to prove it, when he asked me for the salt, which was within his reach, I removed it farther off. "Thank ye, Sir," said he, sprawling over the table after it. The circumstance, absurd as it was, was really a subject for the investigation of Dr. Brewster.

Prairies in Upper Canada.

The roads through the forests had been very bad, and the men and horses shewed signs of fatigue; but we had now passed through all the thickly wooded country, and had entered into the prairie country, extending to Fort Winnebago, and which was beautiful beyond conception. Its features alone can be described; but its effects can only be felt by being seen. The prairies here are not very large, seldom being about six or seven miles in length or breadth; generally speaking, they lie in gentle undulating flats, and the ridges and hills between them are composed of oak openings. To form an idea of these oak openings, imagine an inland country covered with splendid trees, about as thickly planted as in our English parks; in fact, it is English park scenery, Nature having here spontaneously produced what it has been the care and labour of centuries in our own country to effect. Sometimes the prairie

will rise and extend along the hills, and assume an undulating appearance, like the long swell of the ocean; it is then called rolling prairie. Often, when I looked down upon some fifteen or twenty thousand acres of these prairies, full of rich grass, without one animal, tame or wild, to be seen, I would fancy what thousands of cattle will, in a few years, be luxuriating in those pastures, which, since the herds of buffalo have retreated from them, are now useless, and throwing up each year a fresh crop, to seed and to die unheeded.

Rattlesnakes.

Perhaps, there is no portion of America in which the rattlesnakes are so large and so numerous as in Wisconsin. There are two varieties; the black rattlesnake, that frequents marshy spots, and renders it rather dangerous to shoot snipes and ducks; and the yellow, which takes up its abode in the rocks and dry places. Dr. F—— told me that he had killed, inside of the fort Winnebago, one of the latter species, between seven and eight feet long. The rattlesnake, although its poison is so fatal, is in fact not a very dangerous animal, and people are seldom bitten by it. This arises from two causes: first, that it invariably gives you notice of its presence by its rattle; and secondly, that it always coils itself up like a watch-spring before it strikes, and then darts forward only about its own length. Where they are common, the people generally carry with them a vial of ammonia, which, if instantly applied to the bite, will at least prevent death. The copper-head is a snake of a much more dangerous nature, from its giving no warning, and its poison being equally active.

The Sioux Indians.

The Sioux are a large band, and are divided into six or seven different tribes; they are said to amount to from 27,000 to 30,000. They are, or have been, constantly at war with the Chippeways to the north of them, and with Sauks and Foxes, a small but very warlike band, residing to the south of them, abreast of Des Moines River. The Sioux have fixed habitations as well as tents; their tents are large and commodious, made of buffalo-skins dressed without the hair, and very often handsomely painted on the outside. I went out about nine miles to visit a Sioux village on the borders of a small lake. Their lodges were built cottage-fashion, of small tipis, erected stockade-wise, and covered inside and out with bark; the roof, also of bark, with a hole in the centre for the smoke to escape through. I entered one

of those lodges: the interior was surrounded by a continued bed-place round three of the sides, about three feet from the floor, and on the platform was a quantity of buffalo-skins and pillows; the fire was in the centre, and their luggage was stowed away under the bed-places. It was very neat and clean; the Sioux generally are; indeed, particularly so, compared with the other tribes of Indians. A missionary resides at this village, and has paid great attention to the small band under his care. Their patches of Indian corn were clean and well tilled; and although, from demi-civilization, the people have lost much of their native grandeur, still they are a fine race, and well disposed. But the majority of the Sioux tribe remain in their native state; they are *Horse* Indians, as those who live on the prairies are termed; and although many of them have rifles, the majority still adhere to the use of the bow and arrows, both in their war parties and in the chase of the buffalo.

During the time that I passed here, there were several games of ball played between different bands, and for considerable stakes; one was played on the prairie close to the house of the Indian agent. The Indian game of ball is somewhat similar to the game of golf in Scotland, with this difference, that the sticks used by the Indians have a small network racked at the end, in which they catch the ball and run away with it, as far as they are permitted, towards the goal, before they throw it in that direction. It is one of the most exciting games in the world, and requires the greatest activity and address. It is, moreover, rendered celebrated in American history, from the circumstance that it was used as a stratagem by the renowned leader of the northern tribes, Pontiac, to surprise in one day all the English forts on and near to the lakes, a short time after the Canadas had been surrendered to the British. At Mackinaw they succeeded, and put the whole garrison to the sword, as they did at one or two smaller posts; but at Detroit, they were foiled by the plan having been revealed by one of the squaws.

Pontiac's plan was as follows:—Pretending the greatest good-will and friendship, a game of ball was proposed to be played, on the same day, at all the different outposts, for the amusement of the garrisons. The interest taken in the game would, of course, call out a proportion of the officers and men to witness it. The squaws were stationed close to the gates, of the fort, with the rifles of the Indians out short, concealed under their blankets. The ball was, as it by accident, to be

thrown into the fort; the Indians, as usual, were to rush in crowds after it: by this means they were to enter the fort, receiving their rifles from the squaws as they hurried in, and then slaughter the weakened and unprepared garrisons. Fortunately, Detroit, the most important post, and against which Pontiac headed the stratagem in person, was saved by the previous information given by the squaw; not that she had any intention to betray him, but the commanding officer having employed her to make him several pair of moccasins out of an elk-skin, desired her to take the remainder of the skin for the same purpose; this she refused, saying that it was of no use, as he would never see it again. This remark excited his suspicions, and led to the discovery.

The game played before the fort when I was present, lasted nearly two hours, during which I had a good opportunity of estimating the agility of the Indians, who displayed a great deal of mirth and humour at the same time. But the most curious effect produced was by the circumstance, that having divested themselves of all their garments except their middle clothing, they had all of them fastened behind them a horse's tail; and as they swept by, in their chase of the ball, with their tails streaming to the wind, I really almost made up my mind that such an appendage was rather an improvement to a man's figure than otherwise.

Varieties.

Bunyan was, unquestionably, a genius. He is one of those who, by the forced spring of intellectual power, rise far above the sphere in which they were originally placed. Shakespeare in the drama, Milton in epic, Burns in Doric lyrics, and Bunyan in religious allegory, are all unrivalled. They occupy the highest walks in their respective empire. With the exception of one, they were self taught. The fine genius they inherited rendered the polish that is essentially necessary for inferior minds useless to them. They had by instinct what others acquire by education. These vast minds appear at intervals in the annals of our race to teach us, with the freshness of visible exemplars, what high powers are ready to be unfolded within us—what mind is and may be—how glorious things are predestined to accompany its expansion in after ages—how rich and imperishable the visions it is to enjoy, and the scenes it is to traverse, when the earthly tabernacle that now shrouds its glories is exchanged for the heavenly. Man even in his ruins is great.

Man restored in Paradise regained will, indeed, be glorious.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

Bavarian Toys.—At Nuremberg is, perhaps, a larger and more ingenious display of children's playthings than anywhere else in the world. Their elaborate imitations in tin or pewter of every kind of carriage, from a little gig to a railroad train, with all the springs, joints, and fittings in *miniature*, would delight an English child, more especially the scientific little boys of the present day; whilst their dolls, with twenty changes of dresses, would raise the envy of even the furbelowed misses of three feet high, that are to be seen pacing the parks. A gentleman, who lives in the finest house at Nuremberg, quite a palace, is a wholesale dealer in such articles, and we no longer wondered at the street-bargains with the Jews in the *pencil* line, when we heard that some of the pencils from *this* manufactory, were consigned at the rate of one penny a dozen.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

Sonnet. (Monthly Chronicle.)

A shape of Grief it is words cannot paint,
That on my weeping heart its gaunt hand places,
And with relentless strength, that leaves me faint,
Crushes its salt tears out. Time, that effaces
All other memories, makes this immortal,
As the deepest woe should also be
The longest lived: as though it were not well
To suffer and forget—but, lingering, see
The shadows darkening day by day upon
The earth, blotting out all things fair and good,
But showing still their spectres in the sun,
Making the Past our Present. Hope, that stood
Upon the horizon's verge, is vanished,
And I am left alone, companioned with the Dead!

Geology: Huttonian Theory of the Earth.—Probably, the most striking article in the *Edinburgh Review*, just published, is an elaborate paper proving, by Geological evidence, that Dr. Hutton's (Plutonic) views respecting the construction and revolutions of the earth, though at first opposed with great vehemence, are in fact the same with those now almost universally received. Meanwhile, the reviewer admits that Cuvier, his contemporaries and successors, have produced new facts and results, in departments, on inquiry, almost unknown to Hutton, but harmonizing beautifully with his views—respecting the fossil contents of the strata; their relations to the existing forms of organized beings; the succession of fossil species, and the various analogies between several existing causes, and those which operated during former conditions of the globe. The Number contains also a paper on the Duke of Wellington's European Dispatches, and an able *précis* of the recent voyages of Captains King and Fitzroy.

Post Letters.—What can have made the London public so active in their correspondence of late, we are at a loss to

imagine; especially as the season is on the wane, and there has been no very momentous event to record; but it appears, from a statement in the *Times*, that "the greatest number of letters that were ever known to pass through the General Post-office in one day, was received at St. Martin's-le-Grand on Monday, (July 15). Their numbers exceeded 90,000, and their amount of postage no less than 4,050*l.*, an amount greater by 53*0*l.** than any that has hitherto been collected in one day."

Mexican Mummies.—A million of mummies, it is stated, have lately been discovered in the environs of Durango, in Mexico. With them were found fragments of finely worked elastic tissues, (probably our modern India-rubber cloth,) and necklaces of a marine shell found at Zacatecas, on the Pacific, where the Columbus of the forefathers of the Indians probably, landed from Hindostan, or from the Malay or Chinese coast, or from their islands in the Indian ocean.—*Philadelphia Presbyterian*; *Silliman's Journal*.

The Coronation.—Mr. Martin has just finished a picture of the Coronation: it is of smaller size than the pictures painted by Mr. Parris and Mr. Hayter: it contains upwards of 100 portraits, some of which are admirable likenesses. The action of the picture is the Queen receiving homage of the Peers, with the accident of the venerable Lord Rolle stumbling on the steps of the throne, and Her Majesty advancing as if to assist his lordship in rising.

Oil of Roses is mentioned by Homer: there is, indeed, nothing new under the sun.

The Savage State.—Voltaire having read Rousseau's paradoxical eulogy of the savage state, with dry irony remarked, in thanking him for his essay—"that it was so seductively written, that it really tempted a man to walk on all-fours after reading it."

Leland.—We are happy to learn that Mr. J. G. Nicholls is about to prepare for the press a new edition of *Leland's Itinerary*; to which he proposes to give a clearer text and arrangement, but without modernizing the orthography; and he intends to illustrate it with notes.

The Wealth of Kent, originally a portion of the *Cott Andred* of the Britons, is thus described by Mr. Loudon, in one of his interesting Gardening Tours: "The whole surface of this part of the country appears, at no distant period, to have been native forest, or, at all events, under coppice wood; and hence, in many of the fields, and in all the hedgerows, there are groups of oak-trees, aged thorns, maples, and hollies, which give the face of the country the woody appearance of a park."

The Photogenic Art.—We perceive with

pleasure, that in France have been granted pensions, of 3000 fr. to M. Daguerre, and of 4000 fr. to M. Niepce, for their improvements on the Camera-Obscura.

Poisoning.—A Swiss paper states, that upwards of 400 persons, members of a musical Society at Andelfingen, near Zurich, were poisoned a short time since by partaking of a dish at a public feast, which had been dressed in a copper vessel. Several have died, and many are still suffering severely.—*Times*.

Ice.—The ice taken from Fresh Pond, near Boston, U. S., is transparent as glass. Its proprietor clears many thousand dollars a year by the sale of it. It is cut out into blocks of three feet square, and supplies most parts of America, down to New Orleans; and every winter latterly, two or three ships have been loaded and sent to Calcutta, by which a very handsome profit has been realized.—*Capt. Marryat*.

Women are born Tories, and admit no other than petticoat government as legitimate.—*Ibid*.

The American Women are the prettiest in the whole world.—*Ibid*.

Schenectady College is called Botany Bay, from its receiving young men who have been expelled from other colleges.—*Ibid*.

In America, may occasionally be seen a horse, saddled and bridled, taking his way home without his master, who has given him certificate of leave, by chalking in large letters on the saddle-flaps on each side, "Let him go."—*Ibid*.

Temperance.—A minister in America, preaching upon temperance, observed, that "alcohol was not sealed by the hand of God."—*Ibid*.

Emigration.—It is calculated from the reports, that in America, upwards of 100,000 emigrants pass to the west every year by the route of the Lakes, of which it is estimated that about 30,000 are from Europe, the remainder migrating from the eastern States of the Union.—*Ibid*.

"The Toledo Blade" is a not inappropriate title (for a newspaper,) though rather a bold one for an editor to write up to, as his writings ought to be very sharp, and, at the same time, extremely well-tempered.—*Ibid*.

Making Calls.—The muddy and impassable state of the streets at Detroit has given rise to a very curious system of making morning or evening calls. A small one-horse cart is backed against the door of a house; the ladies dressed get into it, and seat themselves upon a buffalo-skin at the bottom of it; they are carried to the residence of the party upon whom they wish to call; the cart is backed in again, and they are landed clean and dry.—*Ibid*.

Clerks' Library.—Mr. Wood, a retired merchant, of independent fortune, of New York, has established in that city a library for the use of mercantile clerks. Young men, who, after the hours of business, had no other means of passing their time than by indulging their vices, have taken, in the most decided manner, to the pursuits of literature and science, by aid of this excellent establishment. The members are 1200. The library consists of 18,000 volumes; and in the last year there were above 25,000 loans of books. There are likewise lectures in a large hall, a general reading-room, &c. Mr. Wood is now in this country, using his utmost exertions to found a similar library in London.—*Correspondent of the Times*. [If the writer will forward his address to our printers, we shall be happy to co-operate with him in this excellent design. We are aware of the existence of many private libraries in large commercial establishments in the metropolis; but the plan requires extension. Opportunity, we know, is a surprising aid to success, especially in mental culture, notwithstanding the old saw of the "will" and "the way." By the way, we heard some time since of a projected "Library of Reference" in the metropolis: it is to be hoped the scheme has not been nipped in the bud, by the empty boast of the advantages of national libraries, to feed which authors and publishers are robbed by wholesale, though "as the Act directs."]

Critical Wit.—In the Pictorial edition of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, the editor notes on Nym's quip, "The good humour is to steal at a minute's rest." "Some would read 'at a minim's rest.' This seems to us a crotchet." We like the wit better than the objection; for Falstaff having just spoken of Bardolph's filching "like an unskilful singer, he kept not time," Nym could not better keep up the metaphor than by employing the word *minim*.—The editorial illustrations of this comedy are peculiarly interesting, from the writer's "perfect knowledge of the localities of Windsor," and the accompanying very tasteful designs, by Mr. Crewick, giving "some notion of the Windsor of the time of Henry IV.:" thus, conjointly, the editor and artist have produced a very pleasant piece of antiquarianism, without any of the wearying minuteness with which such investigations are usually encumbered.

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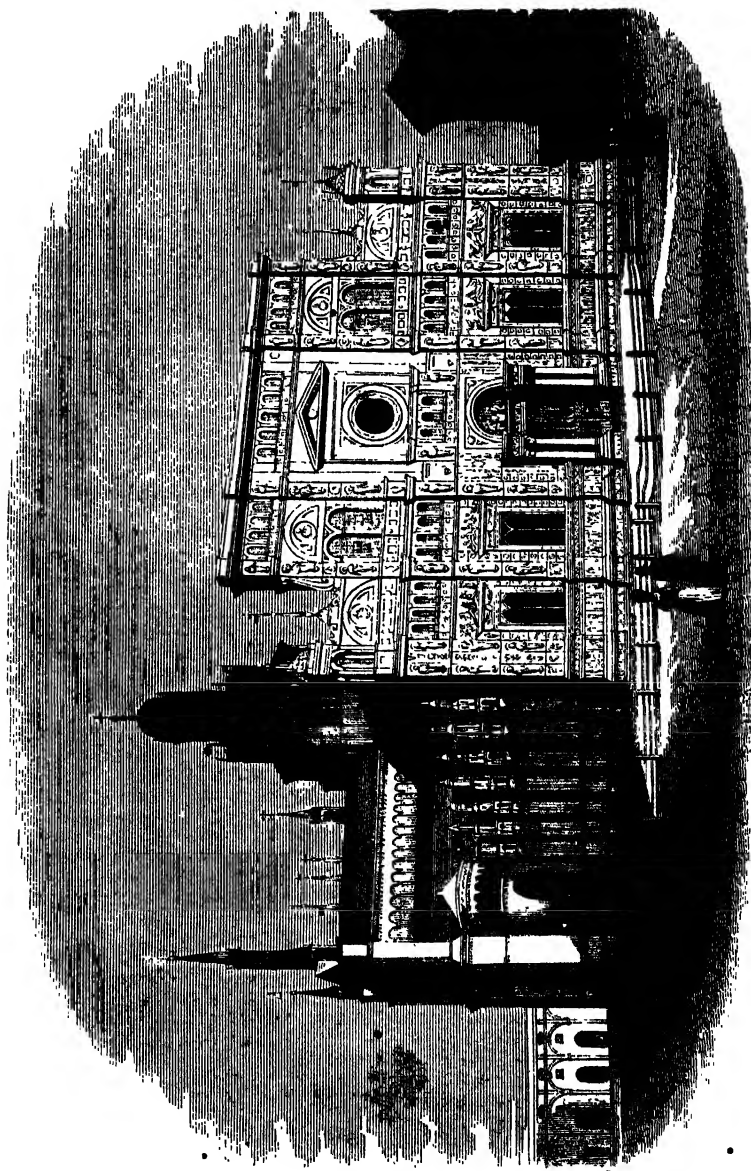
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THE CERTOSA OF PAVIA. AUSTRIAN ITALY.

THE CERTOSA.

THIS magnificent church, celebrated as "one of the most beautiful buildings in the world," rises at about five miles distance from Pavia, "the metropolis of Italian science," and not much out of the road to Milan.* Mr. Hope, in his *Historical Essay on Architecture*, (chap. xxxi-xlvii.) states the Certosa to have been founded towards the end of the fourteenth century, by John Galeazzo, first Duke of Milan, but continued at different periods: the nave is in the pointed style; and the sides and east end, though in the Lombard style,† are wonderful instances in *terra cotta*. The octagonal cupola, also a Lombard specimen, is remarkable for the suspended pillars that support its ribs, and divide its small galleries. The nave, and east end are attributed to Galeazzo; and to them was added, in 1474, the gorgeous west front so prominent in the prefixed engraving: it is avowedly of the *cinque-cento* style, and dazzles the eye with its marble, bronze, porphyry, serpentine, and other sumptuous materials, displaying an endless profusion of ornaments and sculpture; its large and small cloisters have likewise *cinque-cento* ornaments, which, though in *terra cotta*, are rich beyond description.

A more detailed description of this elaborately decorated edifice will, however, be found in Woods's *Letters*,‡ whence the following is extracted:

"It (the Certosa) is here considered as one of the most beautiful buildings in the world; and may be cited to shew how much more effect the appearance of riches and splendour has on the judgment of the multitude than fine taste and elegant proportion. It was begun in 1396, a period at which several splendid ecclesiastical structures were raised in Italy. The cathedral of Milan; the church of S. Petronio, at Bologna; and the church of S. Francesco, at Assisi; are all nearly of this date. The architect is said to be the same Henry of Zamodia or Gamodia, who designed the Duomo at Milan. Mal-

aspina, (*Guida di Pavia*,) supposes it rather to have been built under the direction of a certain Marco di Campilione, who disputes also the honour of the cathedral at Milan; but this appears to be a mere guess. There is a bust of the architect within the building, but without name or date. The style of the two edifices is so different, as almost to preclude the possibility of their being the productions of one man; and the present offers no indication of the taste of our northern artists, while the cathedral above-mentioned abounds with them. The nave has four square divisions, each subdivided on the vault, with oblique groins. The groining of the side-aisles is singular, each space being, in fact, covered with five unequal pointed vaults, meeting in a common centre. Beyond the side aisles, on each side, two chapels open toward each square division of the nave. The choir and arms of the cross have each two square divisions, so that there are seven on the whole length of the church, and five on that of the transept. The whole is in the highest degree rich with painting and gilding, and the orders* of the altars of the chapels of the side aisles are of the richest marbles, while the altars themselves are of inlaid work in precious stones. Nothing is neglected. Even the washing-place of the monks is a magnificent marble monument. The tomb of the founder, John Galeazzo Visconti, is said to have been designed about 1490, and completed in 1562, which is the date mentioned in the inscription. Circumstances might induce us to expect here one of the finest productions of the *cinque-cento*, but this is not the case. The ivy represented on a door-jamb just by is far more beautiful than anything in the tomb. The outside of the flanks and transept of the building is full of pinnacles and ornaments, which do not rise naturally out of the construction of the building; but I examined the inside first, and, to confess the truth, I was fairly tired out with the interminable splendour of the edifice: every little part seems to say, come and admire me. There are two large cloisters, one of which is of immense size, with marble columns, and a profusion of ornamental brickwork; and there is a spacious palace of later date, for the reception of visitors.

"I have left the front till last, because it was erected after the rest of the church, and is itself a distinct object. It was begun in 1473, from the designs of Ambrogio Fossano; and, as might be supposed from

* From Milan it is easy to make an excursion to Pavia, either by land or water; the latter town being only seven leagues distant from the former. —Mrs. Starke.

† Lombardic Architecture was defined by the late Thomas Hope, as that style which arose in Lombardy after the decline of the Roman empire; was thence introduced into France, and afterwards (variously modified in its progress), proceeded to Normandy and into England. It is essentially the same as that commonly called the Norman style, by recent English writers. —Hope's *Hist. Essay on Archit.*; Britton's *Dict.*

‡ Woods's *Letters of an Architect*, from France, Italy, and Greece. 4to. vol. i. p. 223. This very popular work contains remarks on more than 240 churches in Italy and Greece, and on 62 cathedrals.

* The word order, as here used, includes the column with its entablature, and the pedestal, if there is one; all of which goes to make up one of the Grecian orders of architecture.

the place and date, is not Gothic, but an immense heap of little parts, in the taste of the *cinque-cento*, often beautiful in themselves, but having no impression as a whole, except an undefined sentiment of immense prodigality of riches. I should not raise your ideas too high, if I were to say that there are acres of bas-reliefs in figures and ornaments, often beautifully executed, and never ill done. The material is marble throughout; but, after all I could say or write, I could never sufficiently impress you with the richness of the building, or with the feeling of fatigue with which you take leave of it."

SWIFT'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

I REMEMBER when I was a little boy, (says Swift, in a letter to Lord Bolingbroke,) I felt a great fish at the end of my line, which I drew up almost on the ground, but it dropt in, and the disappointment vexes me to this day; and, I believe, it was the type of all my future disappointments.

This little incident, perhaps, gave the first wrong bias to a mind predisposed to such impressions; and, by operating with so much strength and permanency, it might possibly lay the foundation of the Dean's subsequent peevishness, passion, misanthropy, and final insanity. The quickness of his sensibility furnished a sting to the slightest disappointment; and pride festered those wounds which self-government would instantly have healed. As children couple hobgoblins with darkness, every contradiction of his humour, every obstacle to his preferment was, by him, associated with ideas of malignity and evil. By degrees, he acquired a contempt of human nature, and a hatred of mankind, which at last terminated in the total abolition of his rational faculties.—*Percival.*

CANOVA'S FIRST LOVE.

THE old palace clock of the imperial residence of Fontainebleau had just sounded its evening chimes, when Napoleon, drawing his chair near the blazing hearth of one of the antique apartments, gave himself freely up to one of those unrestrained and almost trifling conversations with Marie Louise, that he so loved to indulge in. His fine countenance had never borne an expression of *laissez-aller* more simple or more gladsome. He laughed, he joked, and rubbed his hands with gaiety, as he smilingly provoked the Empress to hazard a few French words, still difficult for her to pronounce, and which she uttered with a delightful imperfection.

"Sire," exclaimed Duroc, opening the door of the chamber, "the Italian artist has arrived."

"Shew him in then, immediately," returned the Emperor, placing his foot against the marble of the chimney-piece, and pushing his *fauteuil* backwards, so as to leave a place for the new comer by his side.

The visitor entered, made a respectful salute to the two illustrious persons before whom he was introduced, and, upon a sign from Napoleon, took his seat with courteous ease, upon a chair which the Emperor himself had placed for him, before the fire-place.

"You are welcome to France, my dear Canova," said the master of Europe, with one of his most winning inflexions of voice; "but how pale and thin you have become since I last saw you! Decidedly you must quit Rome, and come to dwell with us in Paris: the air of our capital will restore your health and *embonpoint*. Look," he added, pinching the fresh and rosy cheek of Marie Louise with his small white hand; "look, how healthy we are in France."

"Sire," returned the sculptor, "you must attribute my bad health to study—not to the climate of my country. Allow me, I beseech you, to return to Italy as soon as I have finished the bust which you have ordered me to execute."

"*Diable d'homme*," cried the Emperor, "to refuse to live near me. See! Louise; he has no other ambition than to be the first sculptor in the world, and he is all impatience to leave us, and return to chip marble at Rome, and produce some new work equally sublime as the Paris, the Terpsichore, the *Danseuses*, the Venus, or the Magdalen."

The conversation now became general, and a variety of topics were discussed: nothing appeared strange to Napoleon; he spoke of all with a profound knowledge of them, and astonished Canova by the superiority of his views.

"I have sixty millions of subjects," said Napoleon, smiling; "eight or nine hundred thousand soldiers, and a hundred thousand horses—the Romans themselves ne'er reckoned so many. I have contested forty battles: at that of Wagram, I fired a hundred thousand cannon balls away, and this lady, who was then Archduchess of Austria, would fain have seen me fall before one of them."

"*Il être bien frai*," said Marie Louise, prettily affecting her natural accent.

"I should think," added Canova softly, "that things are now much altered."

"*Oh! cela est bien vrai!*" exclaimed the Empress warmly, speaking this time the best French in the world, and raising the

hand of Napoleon to her lips, who put his arm round the waist of his young wife, and forced her to sit on his knees. "Bah! bah!" said he, as his blushing partner slightly resisted: "Canova is our friend, *et l'on ne se gêne pas devant ses amis*. Were he not so, I am sure his tender and impassioned heart would rejoice to see a ménage so happy. *Tiens!* Louise," he added, "I will tell you a story, of which you shall guess the hero, and then you will see if there is any harm in my toying with you before Canova;" and, still keeping the Empress a prisoner, he commenced:

"In the province of Trévise, there is a little village called Possagno: I shall open my tale there, for in this place my hero passed his infancy. His father, an architect, died at the age of twenty-seven, and his mother remarried Sartori de Crespiano. The child, then about four years old, was named Antonio, and he dwelt with his stepfather; but he was harshly treated, and was at last sent to pass an autumn at Pradazzi with one of his friends, named Faliero. This acquaintance, remarking the intelligence of his young visitor, and the instinct with which he moulded a few clay images, placed him, as a pupil, with a sculptor of moderate talents, named Torretto."

"Is it possible!" interrupted Canova, confounded, "your majesty knows then the most minute details of my private life?"

"And of many others," returned Napoleon, with a smile, as he continued.

"Torretto was a severe master, although a good one, and exercised a strict *surveillance* over his favourite pupil: nevertheless, he could not prevent his occasionally stealing from the *atelier* to dance at the *fêtes* in the vicinity. He was then sixteen years old. One day, during the vintage, he fell in with a joyous troop of peasant girls, clad in their best habits in honour of a *jour de vendange*; and things so fell out, that one of them, named Gertruda Biasi, finished by placing her arm within that of Antonio, and all that evening they danced together in the Tarantella."

A sigh escaped from Canova's breast: the Emperor pressed the hand of Marie Louise, to draw her attention, but without interrupting his recital.

"Gertruda," he continued, "was but fourteen. Her large black eyes sparkled like globes of fire; my two hands would have been too large to span her slender waist; and more beautiful hair was never seen than hers. Well, all went on smoothly, and they met often; they formed projects of marriage, and the union was nearly completed between them, when Torretto

and Faliero learned, for the first time, what was passing. They foresaw that this marriage would destroy the brilliant career of their *protégé*. . . . One night, they both entered Antonio's chamber, and ordered him to follow them. In spite of his tears, his resistance, and his grief, they carried him with them to Venice, and there, during one entire year, they kept a strict watch over him, and compelled him to seek, in his noble art, that consolation which the 'pure and deep caverns of memory' denied him.

"Time, however, flew on with his untiring wings, and the bright reputation of the young sculptor gradually developed itself. He became rich and celebrated, and Volpato played his cards so well, that his pupil thought much less of Gertruda Biasi, and occupied himself much more with Domenica, the handsome coqueting daughter of the engraver. A marriage was spoken of, but as Domenica was only thirteen years of age, they betrothed the two lovers, and the nuptials were postponed until the following year. Alas! for the affection of a flirt: one year afterwards, Domenica married Raphael Morghani! The forsaken lover nearly sunk beneath the cruel blow that his false intended had brought upon him."

Canova had fallen into a profound reverie, and appeared no longer to hear a syllable of what was passing around him. The Emperor continued:

"His physicians and friends advised him to try the benefit of his native air. He departed then; but, on the way, the long-slumbering thoughts of his almost forgotten Gertruda arose again, and he pictured her once more so young, so beautiful, so disinterested in her love, and more gay and laughing than ever.

"No sooner had he caught the first glimpse of the church tower of Possagno, than, too much excited to loiter in the dawdling *veturino*, he sprang to the ground, and reached the gates of the little town by a short footpath. But his arrival had been anticipated, and a crowd of young people, awaiting his approach, pressed forward to welcome him, making the country resound with their joyous *vivas*. He could not address them, for his heart was too full, and tears were streaming from his eyes. The road was covered with laurels and *immortelles*; all the inhabitants of Possagno in their *fête* dresses, women, children, and vine-dressers, with green branches in their hands, bordered the road, and saluted their clever young compatriot as he advanced. His old master, the venerable Torretto, came to press him to his heart; and behind him stood a young female, who was gazing with quivering

lip and moistened cheek upon the young sculptor. '*Gertruda! mia Gertruda!*' cried Canova, for it was the fair girl herself."

"Ah! sire! sire!" interrupted Canova, "for pity's sake do not proceed further with a recital that awakens in me so many cruel *souvenirs*."

But Napoleon felt gratified at the impression he was producing: the sculptor was deeply affected, and Marie Louise was listening with intense interest.

"Hear the remainder, Louise," said he, addressing himself entirely to the Empress. "We are approaching the *dénouement*, and it is worthy the rest of the story. Five years had diminished nothing of Gertruda's beauty. She was pale, it is true, and resembled one of Canova's own white marble statues, of which some whimsical artist had coloured the hair and eyes: 'Oh! Gertruda!' he exclaimed, leading her a little apart from the throng that was pressing around him;—'you will pardon my ingratitude, will you not? you will render me that happiness of which I am so little worthy? I have but seen you to find all our holy and fervent love of other days revived!'

"'I suffered much,' said the beautiful girl, in a voice of deep emotion; 'I suffered much, *Antonio mio*, when I learnt you were about to marry Domenica; and yet, my friend, I knew that the humble peasant girl of Pradazzi,—that the betrothed of the apprentice Antonio, would be ill received as the wife of the celebrated sculptor Canova. Nevertheless, I refused all the offers that were addressed to me, for five years, and during that time I lived only for your remembrance. But when I learnt that you were about to return to Possagno; when I recollected, however, circumstances might be changed between us, that you would not see me again without some emotion, for we loved each other dearly; when I thought that, perhaps, we might be both feeble enough to renew those projects rendered almost futile by your actual position; I wished to avoid not only the possibility of yielding to them, but still more the heart-rending agitation our meeting would have caused. ... I am married.'—'Married, Gertruda!'—'It is now eight days since, to a worthy young man who has sought my hand for four years.'"

"*Oh! voilà une noble et digne creature!*" cried Marie Louise, with all her natural enthusiasm, as Canova quitted his seat, on the Emperor finishing his recital, and retired into the recess of the window to conceal his emotion.

At this moment they heard a soft knock at the door, and the Duke of Otranto, the Minister of Police, entered.

"Truly, M. le Duc," said Napoleon, "you could not arrive more *à propos*. See the effect I have just produced, thanks to the information you brought me from Italy a week back. Adieu, Canova!" he added, laying his hand on the shoulder of the sculptor. "Occupy yourself with the bust, and when you have finished it, return to Italy if you will. Ah! the Emperor's trade is a rude one, and it is not often I can enjoy a fireside conversation with my wife and friend, as I have done this evening. *Allons, M. le Duc;*" and he left the apartment.

This evening was that of the 30th October, 1810; and the Emperor, Marie Louise, and Canova had passed it in the same room where, on the 11th of April, 1814, Napoleon signed his abdication.

ALBERT.

SIXTY-THREE.

YOUTH, alas! is faded,
And too well I know,
Time my brow has shaded,
Wrinkles scare each beau:
Perished is the freshness
That once charmed the men,
Dimmed my eyes' bright lustre,
Ne'er to gleam again.

Balls no longer charm me,
From vain thoughts I'm free,
Evening dews alarm me,
I am sixty-three.
People say I'm frumpish,
Sober, stiff, and staid;
But what does it matter?
Slander is their trade.

I once had a lover,
Nay, at times I'd two;
But those days are over,
Men are seldom true.
Now I keep a parrot,
Doubly dear to me;
For it never twits me
That I'm sixty-three.

MOTLEY.

THE COIN SALE.

"I knew Anselmo. He was shrewd and prudent, Wisdom and cunning had their shares of him; But he was shrewish as a wayward child, And pleased again by toys which childhood please; As book of fables grac'd with print of wood, Or else the jingling of a rusty medal."

The Antiquary: Scott.

A SHORT time since, we dropped in at a Sale of Medals and Coins, by a celebrated disposer of such treasures, near Waterloo Bridge. The scene had none of the usual excitement of an auction; there was a gravity about the whole affair, a predominance of calculation over chance, which, with Addison's epigraph* in our mind, partook of the "deadly-lively." In our slight acquaintance with the study of Numismatics, we were surprised at the mul-

* "A series of an Emperor's coins, is his life digested into annals."—Addison, on the Usefulness of Ancient Medals.

tiplicity of the Coins offered for sale; for here were not only the age and body, the form and pressure, of our own immediate predecessors, the Saxons and Danes, but those likewise of Greece and Rome. The company, we were informed, was more numerous than usual, and of all grades (for genius, like misery, makes us "acquainted with strange bed-fellows;") from the noble Viscount H. to the unassuming medallists, or, as the president of the Numismatic Society terms them, "professional estimators of Coins." Here was an elderly clergyman, whose countenance beamed with benevolence, and who was "very high in the church." Next stood a distinguished patriot, and late a member in "the lower house." Another had made the law his study, and, after rising almost to the highest honours of the bar, had retired with distinguished credit to himself and the good wishes of all; and his recreation lay in the "rusty medals," as Lord Tenterden's amusement was penning Latin verses—his intervals of measuring consciences or heads being employed in scanning feet. Behind our retired lawyer stood a noble Baron, who was discussing the merits or genuineness of some passing coin with "a mint" of judgment. Nor was the company restricted to our own countrymen; for the celebrity of some of the items of the sale had drawn thither several foreign bidders.

Amongst the treasures were Medals of Ancient Greece, the Civic, of Athens, Macedon, Sicily, Italy, &c.; Regals, of the Kings of Ancient Persia, Syria, Macedon, and Egypt; Etruscan and Roman copper coins of the noble Consular families, in gold as well as silver; and of the Imperial series, exhibiting the portraits of a sanguinary Brutus, or an amiable Aurelius; and reminding one of Gibbon's remark, that if all our historians were lost, *medals*, inscriptions, and other monuments, would be sufficient to record the travels of Hadrian.

By a turn of the head, we identified some memorials of our own country in times but obscurely recorded by the pen: for here were coins of our early monarch, Canobelin, (the Cymbeline of Shakspeare), and others of the British and Roman period. Here were also Saxon Alfreds, Egberts, Canutes, and Harolds: Pennies of our early sovereigns, from the ruthless Norman to "our most gracious Queen:" the varieties of Half-groats, and Groats, to the Testoon, or to the Crown: the smaller coins, not omitting the silver Farthing and Halfpenny; with the gold of the same monarchs, save the ten first, who struck none but silver, and those not larger than

the Penny.* Of our copper currency were specimens from Charles II. to the present era.†

Among the *foreign rarities* were Coins of China, Turkey, Russia, Denmark, and Sweden, (some of the latter as large as a dessert plate;) indeed, here were coins of most parts of the world.

The British rarities, too, were Medals bearing the busts of the comely Henry VII., the youthful Edward, his sisters Mary and Elizabeth, the pedantic James, the philosophic Charles, Oliver the Protector, Charles and James the Second; James, termed the Old Pretender, and his son Charles Edward, with their consorts, bearing the empty titles of sovereigns in their exile; also, of Henry Benedict, Cardinal of York, the last of the Stuarts, as Henry IX.; and others. Among the Medals of genius were those of Shakspeare, Milton, Newton, Handel, &c. Alas! such memorials of such men are but as "sounding brass" in comparison with the imperishable works which they have left for the admiration of all time. Princes may bequeath their effigies to posterity upon precious metals; but these memorials are all base, in comparison with the labours of godlike genius; and the longest reign is brief as a summer's day beside the immortality of mind! Yes, man is mortal; but his noblest works "put on immortality."

The beautiful specimens of art with which the study of Numismatics renders us familiar, must alike awaken admiration of human ingenuity; as in the medallic achievements of Simon, Tanner, Croker, Kuchler, and Wyon, all artists, as a wag at one elbow says, of the first stamp. Nor must we forget the many exquisite labours of the gravers of the Hammerani, Hedlinger, Droz, Adrien, the Roettiers, and others, among foreign artists.

Reverting to the English series, we remarked Tokens representing our London and provincial buildings, which will hand these structures to time immemorial, when their materials shall long have crumbled into elementary atoms.

Such a mass of medallic records as were here concentrated, would astound any but those persons who are accustomed to inspect the cabinets of our leading Numismatists. These treasures had been the

* Edward III. is the first English sovereign, of whom we have gold coins; of him we have the Noble and its parts. Snelling, indeed, has engraved a piece, said to be a Penny in gold of Henry III., of the value of 20s.; but it is of extreme rarity.

† There were Farthing Tokens of James I. and his successor; but halfpence and farthings of the size of those now in use were first coined by Charles II.

property of Mr. Matthew Young, known throughout Europe as one of our most pains-taking medallists, and who had devoted a long life to excellence in his profession. The results of this sale proved the science of Numismatics to be "looking up;" for, (we speak from the experience of an eminent medallist,) had this auction taken place a few years previous, the attendance of bidders would have been less by half than it actually was. The establishment of the Numismatic Society, and the publication of several works on the science, must have materially aided this progress. It is also but a feature of the vast intellectual improvement which has been spreading for some years past; a circumstance which best proves that the study of Coins is, by no means, so puerile and profitless as some few persons have imagined it to be. It has too often been regarded as a mere branch of antiquities, whereas it is not the province of the antiquary alone; and, we are happy to see its utility thus attractively set forth in a work designed for the many:

"Coins are among the most certain evidences of history. In the latter part of the Greek series, they illustrate the chronology of reigns. In the Roman series, they fix the dates and succession of events. (Gibbon's well-timed observation is then quoted.) The reign of Probus might be written from his coins. In illustrating the history and chronology of sculpture and ancient marble, Coins enable the scholar and the artist not only to discern those peculiarities which characterize style, as it relates to different ages and schools, but to ascribe busts and statues to the persons whom they represent. The personation of the different provinces, too, forms another point of interest upon the Roman coins. Coins are frequently essential to the illustration of obscure passages in ancient writers; and preserve delineations of some of the most beautiful edifices of antiquity not existing now even in their ruins. Addison, in his *Dialogue of the Usefulness of Ancient Medals*, has long convinced the world of the connexion of this science with poetry. As a branch of the fine arts, it may be sufficient to say, that some of the medals of Sicily belong to a period when sculpture had attained its highest perfection. We would particularly refer to the coins of Syracuse. In every quality of art, too, the Roman coins, to a certain period, yield to the Greek alone. From Augustus to Adrian, the Roman mint was the seat of genius; and coins of admirable execution are found down to the time of Posthumus."

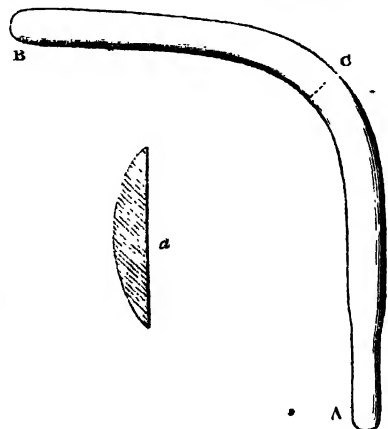
PHILO.

THE BOOMERANG.

This scientific toy is incidentally mentioned in one of our clever Correspondent's (Albert) "Sketches of Evening Parties," as the "Australian crooked lath, with the out-of-the-way name, that has the singular property, when you throw it from you, of returning and knocking the thrower's eyes out." (See page 136.) It is believed to have been first described in a volume of travels in Van Diemen's Land, published about four years since. It is there described as made of heavy wood; and, as being in the hands of a native, a very dangerous and powerful instrument of offence. About three years since, some specimens were imported into Dublin, and thence soon became such a demand for them, that they have since been manufactured there. They are used by the students at Oxford and Cambridge, to throw for recreation. The specimen whence the annexed sketch was taken, was imported from Australia; but is evidently intended for England, and is made of light materials which could do little harm should it chance to strike any one.

It is made of some native wood, and has been either cut out of a branch, having the appropriate bend by nature; or it must have been twisted by means of steam, the vein of the wood following the curve to prevent its splitting.

From A, the handle, to B, it measures, including the curve, two feet nine inches. It is two inches in breadth, and about the eighth of an inch in thickness. The upper side is slightly rounded, the lower one is flat. By holding the missile by one end, A, the plane side undermost, and throwing it towards C, as if to hit the ground at thirty yards distance, and giving it, on leaving the hand, a rapid rotary as well



(The Boomerang. a. vertical section.)

as progressive motion, instead of striking the ground, it rises into the air horizontally, sixty or eighty feet, flies round *behind* the projector, and finally falls near his feet; or, if thrown with skill, it may be made to form two circles before coming to the ground. The natives of Australia have attained to such skill in the use of it, that they can hit objects at a great distance, and procure their food by means of it; but to a foreigner, such a degree of accuracy appears to be next to impossible.

The rotary motion may be tried on a small scale by cutting a piece of card the same shape as the annexed wood-cut, and throwing it with a jerk of the finger, from the back of a book.

We quote these details from Sillimán's *Journal*. An explanation of the singular motions of this missile has already been given in one of our scientific periodicals, and shall receive early attention.

Fine Arts.

PAINTING ON STONE.

CICERI, the celebrated decorative painter, of Paris, has discovered a means of fixing colours in stone: he can imitate marble, or paint subjects on the natural stone. The colour becomes so engrafted into the pores of the stone, that it may be ground or polished without injury to the colours.—*Foreign Quarterly Review*.

LITHOGRAPHY.

M. Dupont, a Parisian printer, has just invented a method of reproducing *old engravings* and printed books, in any number, without injuring the original impression,—by means of Lithography. The print is covered with a preparation that, on being transferred to the stone, leaves a fac-simile of the engraving, from which impressions may be taken. Something of this kind was attempted fifteen or twenty years ago, but without success: whether this be an improvement on that method, or an entirely new invention, remains to be seen. The process is stated to admit of a reduction of 75 per cent. upon the expense of printing; and engraving, which on copper would have cost 100 francs, will now cost but twenty francs.—*The Art-Union*; a *Monthly Journal of the Fine Arts*.

PAINTING BY MECHANISM.

An invention, by means of which it is possible to multiply, in a mechanical way, oil-paintings, with all their brilliancy of colours, and that with a fidelity hitherto unattainable, is approaching to perfection at Berlin. The inventor, Jacobi Leipman, has been engaged ten years in accomplishing this difficult object.—*Foreign Monthly Review*.

CHROMALITHOGRAPHY.

Specimens have just appeared, from the press of Hullmandel, of a volume of sketches of the "Picturesque Architecture of Paris, Rouen, &c.," by T. S. Boys; in which the effects of water-colour drawings are produced by *chromolithography* with wonderful power and richness. A street-view in Rouen, shewing the Gothic spire of St. Laurent, over an old conventual building, would be mistaken for an original work of the artist, at a little distance; and is only to be detected as a printed production, on close inspection, by an experienced eye. The blue of the sky, warming into a purple hue towards the sun, the deep tone of colour in the old building, and the texture of the foreground objects, are imitated in a masterly style of handling; nor is there anything crude or patchy, meagre or flaring, in this specimen, as in prints coloured by hand; it is really fine art. With such a print as this before us, as a first effort of a new application of the art of chromolithography—for the blending of tints, and the graduating of tones, and the effect of glazing, produced by one colour shewing under another, render this mode essentially different from, and far superior to, the mere collocation of positive hues and flat ungraduated tints—it is impossible to say where the art of multiplying pictures will stop.—[From the *Art-Union*, No. 6, full of novelty and discrimination.]

New Books.

INTRODUCTION TO THE LITERATURE OF EUROPE. BY HENRY HALLAM, F.R.A.S.

[THE first volume of this truly valuable work appeared about two years since, when we took occasion to introduce it to our readers as "an admirable synoptical view of the literary history of three centuries, by the celebrated author of the *History of the Middle Ages*." The work is now completed by the publication of the second, third, and fourth volumes; and the whole must be considered as one of the most treasurable contributions made to historical literature in our time. To characterize its merits at sufficient length, to furnish the reader with a correct idea of their importance, would be the work of some days, and occupy the extent of several pages. Suffice it, therefore, to observe, that the "Introduction" is well calculated to add to the well-earned reputation of Mr. Hallam, as one of the most accomplished historians of the age. Every chapter bears impress of laborious research, and the application of its results to the elucidation of disputed points in history, with a

spirit of uprightness and literary integrity, which is the best security for truth, as it is also the best basis for the fame of the author. Such we take to be the most prominent feature of the work before us. In methodical arrangement, it ranks with the best productions of its class; whilst in general attractiveness it is somewhat in advance of them; for, by peculiarly felicitous illustration, Mr. Hallam has invested the *dry bones* of history with new life and vigour; and incidents which, in less skillful hands, would have been mere matters of commonplace reference, are, in these volumes, placed before the reader with much of the brilliancy of novelty. The criticism throughout is marked by nicety of perception and elegance of diction, such as we rarely witness in the literature of our day; the old and new views are alike sparkling, and what we may metaphorically call the *impingement* of the •

"Long trails of light descending down,"

evinces the mastery of the manipulator. Careful analysis, by the nicest processes of reason, and due regard to the relationship of facts and inferences, are foremost in the characteristics of this labour of leisure; for here we do not detect the crudities of haste, nor the disfigurements of a hurried performance. As we did not, however, bargain for an exposition of the "Introduction," we shall pass on to a few evidences of its claim to the high station we have assigned to this work, merely adding, that to the well educated mind it will prove a delightful refreshment; to that numerous class who are athirst for knowledge, a stream of living truth; and to the author, a source of lasting popularity.

At present, our attention will be restricted to the second volume, which comprises the history of ancient literature; theological literature; speculative philosophy; moral and political philosophy and jurisprudence; poetry; dramatic literature; and polite literature in prose; from 1550 to 1600: and physical and miscellaneous literature from 1500 to 1600. The chapters are subdivided into sections. From so brilliant a period it will be a pleasant task to select a few illustrative passages.]

Learning in England, under Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth.

We come to the condition of ancient learning in this island; a subject which it may be interesting to trace with some minuteness, though we can offer no splendid banquet, even from the reign of the Virgin Queen. Her accession was indeed a happy epoch in our literary, as well as civil annals. She found a great and miserable change in the state of the universities since the days of her father.

Plunder and persecution, the destroying spirits of the last two reigns, were enemies, against which our infant muses could not struggle.* Ascham, indeed, denies that there was much decline of learning at Cambridge before the time of Mary. The influence of her reign was, not indirectly along, but by deliberate purpose, injurious to all useful knowledge. It was in contemplation, he tells us (and surely it was congenial enough to the spirit of that Government) that the ancient writers should give place, in order to restore Duns Scotus, and the scholastic barbarians.

It is, indeed, impossible, to restrain the desire of noble minds for truth and wisdom. Scared from the banks of Isis and Cam, neglected or discountenanced by power, learning found an asylum in the closets of private men, who laid up in silence stores for future use. And some, of course, remained out of those who had listened to Smith and Cheke, or the contemporary teachers of Oxford. But the mischief was effected, in a general sense, by breaking up the course of education in the universities. At the beginning of the new queen's reign, but few of the clergy, to whichever mode of faith they might conform, had the least tincture of Greek learning, and the majority did not understand Latin.† The protestant exiles, being far the most learned men of the kingdom, brought back a more healthy tone of literary diligence. The universities began to revive. An address was delivered, in Greek verses, to Elizabeth at Cambridge in 1564, to which she returned thanks in the same language.‡ Oxford would not be outdone. Lawrence, regius professor of Greek, as we are told by Wood, made an oration at Curfax, a spot often chosen for public exhibition, on her visit to the city in 1566; when her majesty, thanking the university in the same tongue, observed, "it was the best Greek speech she had ever heard."§ Several slight proofs of classical learning appear from this time in the "History and Antiquities of Oxford;" marks of a pro-

* The last editor of Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses* bears witness to having seen chronicles and other books mutilated, as he conceives, by the protestant visitors of the university under Edward. "What is most," he says, "to the discredit of Cox (afterwards bishop of Ely), was his unwearied diligence in destroying the ancient manuscripts and other books in the public and private libraries at Oxford. The savage barbarity with which he executed this hateful office can never be forgotten," &c., p. 468. One book only of the famous library of Humphrey, duke of Gloucester, bequeathed to Oxford, escaped mutilation. This is a *Valerius Maximus*. But as Cox was really a man of considerable learning, we may ask whether there is evidence to lay these Vandal proceedings on him rather than on his colleagues."

† Hallam's *Constit.* Hist. of Eng. i. 249.

‡ Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*, p. 270.

§ Wood Hist. and Antiq. of Oxford.

gress, at first slow and silent, which I only mention, because nothing more important has been recorded.

In 1575, the queen having been now near twenty years on the throne, we find, on positive evidence, that Greek lectures were given in St. John's College, Cambridge; which, indeed, few would be disposed to doubt, reflecting on the general character of the age and the length of opportunity that had been afforded. It is said in the life of Mr. Bois, or Boyse, one of the revisers of the translation of the Bible under James, that "his father was a great scholar, being learned in the Hebrew and Greek excellently well, which, considering the manners, that I say not, the looseness of the times of his education, was almost a miracle." The son was admitted at St. John's in 1575. "His father had well educated him in the Greek tongue before his coming; which caused him to be taken notice of in the college. For besides himself there was but one there who could write Greek. Three lectures in that language were read in the college. In the first, grammar was taught, as is commonly now done in schools. In the second, an easy author was explained in the grammatical way. In the third was read somewhat which might seem fit for their capacities who had passed over the other two. A year was usually spent in the first, and two in the second." It will be perceived, that the course of instruction was still elementary; but it is well known that many, perhaps most students, entered the universities at an earlier age than is usual at present.

Books on Sorcery.

I hardly know how to insert, in any other chapter than the precept, (theological literature) the books that relate to sorcery and demoniacal possessions, though they can only in a very lax sense be ranked with theological literature. The greater part are contemptible in any other light than as evidences of the state of human opinion. Those designed to rescue the innocent from sanguinary prejudices, and chase the real demon of superstition from the mind of man, deserve to be commemorated. Two such works belong to this period. Wierus, a physician of the Netherlands, in a treatise, "*De Præstigiis*," Basle, 1564, combats the horrible prejudice by which those accused of witchcraft were thrown into the flames. He shews a good deal of credulity as to diabolical illusions, but takes these unfortunate persons for the devil's victims rather than his accomplices. Upon the whole, Wierus destroys more superstition than he seriously intended* to leave behind.

A far superior writer is our countryman,

Reginald Scot, whose object is the same, but whose views are incomparably more extensive and enlightened. He denies altogether to the devil any power of controlling the course of nature. It may be easily supposed that this solid and learned person, for such he was beyond almost all the English of that age, did not escape in his own time, or long afterwards, the censure of those who adhered to superstition. Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft* was published in 1584. Bodin, on the other hand, endeavoured to sustain the vulgar notions of Witchcraft in his "*Demonomanie des Sorciers*." It is not easy to conceive a more wretched production; besides his superstitious absurdities, he is guilty of exciting the magistrate against Wierus, by representing him as a real confederate of Satan.

*Essays of Montaigne.**

[The exposition of Montaigne is, indeed, a delightful piece of writing, extending to some dozen pages; but we have only space for a few extracts.]

The *Essays of Montaigne*, the first edition of which appeared at Bourdeaux in 1580,† make in several respects an epoch in literature, less on account of their real importance, or the novel truths they contain, than of their influence upon the taste and the opinions of Europe. They are the first *provocatio ad populum*, the first appeal from the porch and the academy to the haunts of busy and of idle men, the first book that taught the unlearned reader to observe and reflect for himself on questions of moral philosophy. In an age when every topic of this nature was treated systematically and in a didactic form, he broke out without connexion of chapters, with all the digressions that levity and garrulous egotism could suggest, with a very delightful, but, at that time, most unusual rapidity of transition from seriousness to gaiety. It would be to anticipate much of what will demand attention in the ensuing century, were we to mention here the conspicuous writers who, more or less directly, and with more or less of close imitation, may be classed in the school of Montaigne; it embraces, in fact, a large proportion of French and English literature, and especially of that which has borrowed his title of *Essays*. No prose writer of the sixteenth century has been so generally read, nor probably given so much delight. Whatever may be our estimate of Montaigne as a philosopher, a name which he was far from arrogating, there

* Montaigne, it will be remembered, was one of Byron's favourite authors: it is strange, however, that the *Essayist's* scepticism on supernatural stories had little weight with our poet.—Ed. L. W.

† This edition contains only the first and second books of the *Essays*; the third was published in that of Paris, 1588.

will be but one opinion of the felicity and brightness of his genius.

It is a striking proof of these qualities, that we cannot help believing him to have struck out all his thoughts by a spontaneous effort of his mind, and to have fallen afterwards upon his quotations and examples by happy accident. I have little doubt but that the process was different; and that, either by dint of memory, though he absolutely disclaims the possessing a good one, or by the usual method of commonplace, he had made his reading instrumental to excite his own ingenious and fearless understanding. His extent of learning was by no means great for that age, but the whole of it was brought to bear on his object; and it is a proof of Montaigne's independence of mind, that, while a vast mass of erudition was the only regular passport to fame, he read no authors but such as were most fitted to his habits of thinking. Hence he displays an unity, a self-existence, which we seldom find so complete in other writers. His quotations, though they perhaps make more than one half of his *Essays*, seem parts of himself, and are like limbs of his own mind, which could not be separated without laceration. But over all is spread a charm of a fascinating simplicity, and an apparent abandonment of the whole man to the easy inspiration of genius, combined with a good-nature, though rather too epicurean and destitute of moral energy, which, for that very reason, made him a favourite with men of similar dispositions, for whom courts and camps, and country mansions were the proper soil.

Montaigne is the earliest classical writer in the French language, the first whom a gentleman is ashamed not to have read. So long as an unaffected style and an appearance of the utmost simplicity and good nature shall charm, so long as the lovers of desultory and cheerful conversation shall be more numerous than those who prefer a lecture or a sermon, so long as reading is sought by the many as an amusement in idleness, or a resource in pain, so long will Montaigne be among the favourite authors of mankind. I know not whether the greatest blemish of his *Essays* has much impeded their popularity; they led the way to the indecency so characteristic of French literature, but in no writer on serious topics, except Bayle, more habitual than in Montaigne. It may be observed, that a larger portion of this quality distinguishes the third book, published after he had attained a reputation, than the two former. It is also more over-spread by egotism; and it is not agreeable to perceive that the two leading faults of his disposition became more unrestrained and absorbing as he advanced in life.

Writers on Morals in England.

There was never a generation in England which, for worldly prudence and wise observation of mankind, stood higher than the subjects of Elizabeth. Rich in men of strong mind, that age had given them a discipline unknown to ourselves; the strictness of the Tudor government, the suspicious temper of the queen, the spirit not only of intolerance, but of inquisitiveness as to religious dissent, the uncertainties of the future, produced a caution rather foreign to the English character, accompanied by a closer attention to the workings of other men's minds, and their exterior signs. This, for similar reasons, had long distinguished the Italians; but it is chiefly displayed, perhaps, in their political writings. We find it, in a larger and more philosophical sense, near the end of Elizabeth's reign, when our literature made its first strong shoot, prompting the short condensed reflections of Burleigh and Raleigh, or saturating with moral observation the mighty soul of Shakspeare.

The first in time, and we may justly say, the first in excellence of English writings on moral prudence, are the *Essays* of Bacon. But these, as we now read them, though not very bulky, are greatly enlarged since their first publication in 1597.

RECONNOITERING VOYAGES AND TRAVELS, WITH ADVENTURES IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

[The author of this work, one of startling statements, by the way, is Mr. W. H. Legh, who, in the autumn of 1836, was appointed surgeon to the South Australian Company's barque, "South Australia," destined to convey emigrants to that colony. His narrative is a very interesting one, as all experience in this portion of the New World must be. He states his only object to be to tell the truth, as regards emigration to Australia; although, his statements and general views being greatly at variance with existing opinions, he is prepared for the wrath of theorists and speculators. Upon this point we shall not enter; for, after all, we suspect the results of emigration to be represented, as are most other affairs of life; "every man speaks of the market as he has found it;" for example, Mr. Legh's report of Adelaide is discouraging in the extreme; whereas, a private letter lying before us is the very reverse; the writer, who has scarcely been two years in the colony, looking forward to saving a competence for his family.]

Mr. Legh, in his opening chapter, glances at two classes of persons who emigrate: those who have a "mature conviction that another land holds forth advantages which their own does not possess, and who are resolutely determined to

rough it. They will, with due exertion, meet with success, whether they be gentlemen with large families and small capital, labouring men, mechanics, or tradesmen." The second class are those "reckless and dissatisfied beings who fancy every one is better than themselves, and that every land enjoys advantages superior to their own." For such worthies, Mr. Legh quotes from a brother emigrant: "I find in emigration but very little of the romance. It is nothing but downright *labourious plodding*." Having noticed a party of "flighty young fellows," whom he found drinking, smoking, and hunting, in Kangaroo Island, the author adds:]

I never could recommend thoughtless young men to come out to these young colonies, abandoning the gay dissipation of England for the gloomy wilds of Australia, where nothing but the strictest perseverance can make way. The comforts of society must be disregarded for awhile; years must elapse before you can think of enjoying the comforts of happy England. The want, not merely of luxuries, but of even the *necessaries of life*, must often be submitted to. Not even, after all your toil in preparing your foster-home, are you secure from disappointment, since the long drought to which these climes are subject may destroy all your labour, and leave the once verdant field, upon which you anchored all your hopes, a brown and withered wilderness.

Forget, if it be possible, that you have lived in England; *forget*, at all events *refrain* from comparing your native with your adopted country, and then,—with your wife and domestics, your little home, though rude as the huts which held our sturdy forefathers in Britain, you may have many comforts; indeed, I have spent as gay and as happy a night in a hut composed of bark and reeds, or under a log-hut, as ever I passed in the vicinity of Turkey carpets, purple and fine linen.

[Mr. Legh did not sail till December 22, 1836; his first misfortune was to find he was in a "leaky ship," and that, upon one particular tack, she made six inches water per hour: the incidents of the voyage—as sea-sickness, bottle-experiments, flying fish, sharks, crossing the Line, colour of the sea, &c. must be passed over. Not so, however, a visitation of typhus fever, aggravated by the vessel being frequently becalmed upon the Line, under a sun that seemed suspended perpendicularly overhead, the emigrants being crammed into unwholesome berths, like Africans in a slave-ship, and this for a voyage of so many thousand miles, and of four months duration; a ship of 120 tons being inadequate for 100 individuals, with provisions, water, bullocks, pigs, sheep,

spare tackling, booms, sails, &c. Surely, this is cruelty to helpless whites, which our philanthropists at home would do well to counteract.

Three chapters are devoted to the author's sojourns at Tristan D'Acanha, and the Cape; and the voyage is then resumed. A terrific storm ensues; and April 2 and 3, "all are heartily sick of sea, provisions turn out uneatable, the men are constantly wrangling, the water is undrinkable; the vessel is yet 3,800 miles from her destination, and the emigrants have nothing to hope from touching anywhere; providentially, some heavy rains fall: by spreading the awning, a bucket or two each of water is caught, of which, though it tasted tarry, they are very chary; and the author recommends to all emigrants a filter. At length, on April 22, they reached the "land of promise," the first impression of which is thus recorded:]

The appearance of Kangaroo Island, as we coasted along, was far from inviting; it was a very bold sandy red rocky shore, and hilly, with no appearance of verdure—nothing but a burnt-up brown barren land, with here and there a thicket of umbrage. To us any land was pleasing: but, generally speaking, the farming gentry "pulled long faces."

We worked with a tolerably fair wind down the Strait, the land everywhere looking bleak, till we came to near Point Marsden, at the head of the bay, where the land assumed a more garden-like appearance, and we were planning a journey across it to the settlement, a proposition, luckily for all, not carried into effect. Rounding this point we at once beheld the settlement of Kingscote.

[In a note is a melancholy experience of the value of guide-books.]

The doctor of the vessel immediately preceding us, with a party of four or five, did land at this place with the same intention. Taking Sutherland's book as a guide, with a bit of pork, a few biscuits, &c., guns and ammunition, off they started to cross to the settlement. Sutherland says, "the island is surrounded near the beach by a belt of jungle, which, when passed, shews fine plains abounding with kangaroos and emus." They struggled through the terrible bush in the vain hope of finding the plain and kangaroos; not a living thing disturbed those solitudes; thirst, hunger, and fatigue overpowered the doctor and two others, and he begged those that could proceed to do so and leave them there. The remainder had the fortune to make the sea, and a few periwinkles and a sea-gull, the blood of which they sucked, just served to keep life within them, till those in quest of the distressed settlers discovered their gaunt and ghastly frames asleep on the beach. Search was instantly made for the doctor and his hapless companions, but the spot where they had lain was deserted; they had straggled farther into the bush, to fall and die a lonely miserable death.

[Some interesting sketches ensue; as of
Clearing the Land.]

We were put on shore on the morning of the 24th; the men were escorted ra-

ther more than a quarter of a mile, through a bush, that induced them to keep pretty close to each other, as it was impossible to see a yard before them. I accompanied them, not a little amused at hearing the imprecations they heaped on certain gentry, who before had been the worthiest of the worthy. Every one had his axe and saw, and they were all ordered to commence clearing a piece of ground, where they were informed their tents would be erected. This spot was full of young gum-trees from twenty to thirty feet high, and about as thick as a man's thigh. No sooner was the command given, than down came the gum-trees. Many a one, whilst engaged in felling his own tree, was knocked to the ground by the fall of his neighbour's. I earnestly advised them not to cut down every tree, but to leave the finer ones for shade and ornament, a plan which they adopted.

Kingscote.

The aspect of Kingscote at the time of our landing was thus:—Before us were the hills, on the slope of which lies the town. These hills are covered entirely with wood, having, from the sea, the appearance of one impenetrable jungle, with here and there a group of dead trees, rearing their gaunt and withered limbs above their fellows. A little patch had been cleared at the slope of one of these hills, and there stood a solitary white cottage, the property of S. Stephens, Esq. On the brow of the hill, looking down a steep precipice into the sea, were some half-dozen wooden huts, which contained farmer emigrants. On the beach was the skeleton of a storehouse then under erection, around which were four or five huts built of bushes; in one of them they were performing divine service, the summons to attend which was given by means of a bell hung up in a tree. I soon landed, and then, for the first time, rested my foot on this distant region. We were met on the beach by T. Beare, Esq., settler there, who hospitably invited us to his house. We accompanied him to the door, where, in spite of good breeding, we indulged in a hearty laugh. I must describe the rich scene. In the centre of five or six gum-trees was a canvas tent, very much like an eating-booth at a country fair; before it was a fire-place made with a few stones, and a pot swung à-la-gipsy. There was on a bench, which ran along the front, a pigeon-house with its inhabitants; there were also two or three native parrots cawing away; agricultural implements, &c., and all around you were his poultry. The tent was upon a kind of stage, and we were invited, good humouredly, "to walk up and secure our places, as the performance inside would

commence immediately." Notwithstanding the ludicrous figure the tent cut outside, it looked very respectable within, for he had, in his kind hospitality, spread his table, whereon was very good cheer, to which we did ample justice.

Kangaroo Island.

Capt. Flinders tells us the island abounds with kangaroos and emus, and Capt. Sutherland seconds the assertion—there was nothing to be feared. Accordingly I purchased a splendid rifle, double-barrelled gun, single gun, pistols, powder, and shot. Now mark the interpretation of our dreams. There is not a kangaroo within twenty or thirty miles of the settlement; if you want to shoot one you must prepare for a fortnight's march in the interminable bush; and when shot, how is it to be got home? According to men who have lived there, there has no emu been seen these ten years; and, as it regarded the cow-jobbing business, when we landed our two goats, the manager said, "Pray send some corn with them, for we have not a blade of grass upon the island!!!" Nor was there; for what little grass springs up, is a long way from Kingscote, and is only periodical, the dry weather destroying it.

The top canvas of all tents should be white, as least attracting the rays of the sun, which probably raises the thermometer in Australia as high, if not higher than it does in any country of the world. I have seen it in my tent, on Kangaroo Island, as high as 115°; and I have been informed by respectable inhabitants, who arrived there a few months before me, (namely, during the heat of their summer, Christmas time) that the thermometer, in their tents, has reached to 120°; yet, though standing so extraordinarily high, the heat is not felt to that oppressive degree as it is in India, when the thermometer is 20 or 30°-degrees lower. . . .

The soil of this island, in the vicinity of Kingscote, is composed of sand left by the retiring sea, mixed with a small portion of vegetable mould. A Mr. Menzies, who is the Company's geologist here, has been trying these nine months, to raise a cabbage, but in vain. The want of rain upon land so thirsty in its nature, renders it impossible to produce vegetables except during the rainy season. I have seen this gentleman travelling with a bag full of mould which he had been at the pains to fetch from a distant spot, in order to plant some favourite seedling.

Kingscote is built upon the beach, where the traveller sinks ankle-deep in the sand at every step. About 200 or 300 yards from the sea, where the geologist has taken up his abode, there is to be found

as good soil perhaps as any in this part of the island.

There are belts of iron and limestone running through the island, in the interstices of which good soil is frequently found. The best I have seen was nine miles in the interior, where the Company keep their piggery. This was the location of some runaway convicts, who resided here with some native women, and of whom the Company bought the ground. I have seen excellent corn grown here; but a terrible blight came over it this year, and what that spared was destroyed by the parrots, which attacked it in myriads. There are other very grievous drawbacks upon the labours of the farmer, in this country. I will enumerate some of them. In the first place, when the agriculturist lands, he will endeavour, of course, to select the best soil, which is to be found where the largest timber grows, as at the place above-mentioned, where I have measured trees, as high as I could reach from the ground, nineteen feet in girth, enormously lofty and umbrageous, and growing as thick as an English wood; while minor plants and climbers spring up at their roots, and woe betide the stranger who ventures among them! These will defy the efforts of any man to cut down; he must look for an open spot near them, which being found, he must next look for water; then cut down what trees he can, and grub up the roots. He must also fence every foot round his land as close as a wall, to protect it from the wallaba and the bandicoot, which, like hares in England, destroy all the young corn, while the crows and magpies, *et hoc genus omne*, visit your potato-field. Allowing even that the season is unusually wet; and that neither blight nor scalding winds occur, he is yet exposed to the depredations of the parrots, which are, without exception, the most impudent thieves I ever saw; flying down before your face, and chattering away until you shoot the very last of the flock. There is in some parts of the island a quantity of the kangaroo grass, which shoots up in the rains, but I have no opinion of it for sheep; it may do for a few hungry oxen. Potatoes may, I have no doubt, be grown, though probably to no great size, as I never saw an old potato of native growth.

Popular Antiquities.

THE CAMDEN SOCIETY,

"For the publication of early historical and literary remains," goes on and prospers. "Indeed, such is the interest excited by its praiseworthy purpose of literary cul-

ture, that the number of members has been extended from one thousand to twelve hundred; and the candidates for admission are numerous. The impression already produced by the Association must be highly gratifying to its warmest promoters, amongst whom stand foremost the Messrs. Nichols, who have taken considerable pains, beyond a commercial interest, in the welfare of the Society, and in advancing "the interest of that branch of Literature, for its connexion with which their house has long been so honorably distinguished."

The Society's fifth publication has just appeared; and consists of "A Collection of Anecdotes and Traditions illustrative of Early English History and Literature, derived from MS. Sources:" suggested to the Council, and edited by Mr. Thoms, the secretary. It is, withal, a very pleasant assemblage of "quips, quirks, and quiddities," interspersed with much judicious illustration and comment, and abundantly stored with wit and anecdote; so that the present volume may, probably, become more popular than either of its predecessors. Mr. Thoms, in his Preface, hints at "the intermixture of lighter matters," and at the "Members of the Society, who think Minerva looks most bewitching when her face is dimpled with a smile," being "allowed an occasional glimpse of their divinity in that mood which they deem her happiest." At such pleasantry, the gravest of the Somerset House magnates must relax: there must be milk for babes, wherein the dry crusts of antiquarian literature must be sopped for the many; and, notwithstanding the multitude of literary distinctions in the Society's list, Mr. Thoms's volume will, doubtless, be acceptable to the members.

The raw materials of the Collection are "Merry Passages and Jests," from the Harleian MS. No. 6,395, compiled by Sir Nicholas Lestrangle, of Hunstanson, of whom, by the way, Mr. J. G. Nichols has drawn up for this volume a very elaborate and interesting account. The second part is derived from the Lansdowne MS. No. 231, written by John Aubrey, and containing his materials (with additions by Dr. Kennett,) for a projected work entitled *Remains of Gentilism and Judaism*, in which Aubrey draws a parallel between the Superstitions of Greece and Rome and those of his own country. The subject of coincident superstitions, though by no means a novelty in antiquarian literature, is a very attractive one; and, as Mr. Thoms has only availed himself of such passages from the MS. as have not been previously appropriated, they form not the least readable portion of this volume. The third portion has been

derived from No. 3,890 of the additional MSS. in the British Museum, the common place-book of a Mr. John Collet, supposed to have been related to "Old Mr. Collet," of the Record-office in the Tower, who is spoken of by Anthony Wood, in his memoir of Sir William Dugdale. A few specimens of this volume are intended for quotation in our next Number.

From the Report of the Council, we learn that they have in the press a Collection of Political Songs in Latin, Anglo-Norman, and English, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; History of the Bishoprick of Somerset, to 1174; Chronicle of Joscelinde de Brakelonde, Monk of St. Edmundsbury, 1157 to 1211. Upon the Society's list of suggested publications are, a Miracle Play, acted at Croxton, in the fifteenth century; Sir John Hayward's *Annals of the first Four Years of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth*; the *Doctrines of the Lollards Defended*, (attributed to Wickliffe); Warkworth's *Chronicle*, 1461 to 1474; and a reprint of "Kemp's Nine Daies Wonder; performed in a (Morrice) Daunce from London to Norwich," 1600. These announcements augur well for the gratification of the members; and render almost supererogatory our best wishes for the continued prosperity of the Camden Society.

Varieties.

A Newspaper for the Blind has lately been published at Palermo. According to the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, "the letters are in relief, and are read by the blind passing their fingers over the lines;" we suppose by the same means that editions of the Scriptures are prepared for the blind in this country.

Gulliver's Travels.—A new edition of Swift's immortal satire, translated by Dr. F. Kottentramp, is publishing in Germany, in two 8vo volumes, with 450 wood-cuts; to be completed for 18s.—*Foreign Quarterly Review*. [This is a hint for the London publishers. We have long thought an edition of Swift's works, illustrated by G. Cruikshank, would be a good spec. He is the prince of graphic humorists, and well merits the high encomium in the last *Quarterly*. See also his *brochure of Lord Bateman*, published the other day.]

How to live alone.—The Princess of Wales writes: "unless I do show dem de knife and fork, no company has come to Kensington or Blackheath, and neither my purse nor my spirits can always afford to hang out de offer of 'An ordinary.'"

To kill Beetles.—Slice a cucumber, scatter it about their haunts, and in a few hours numbers of them will be found dead.

The Tournament.—So, high-born chivalry, at length, turns out to be illegitimate; for, according to Blackstone, a tilt or tournament is as unlawful as a boxing match; and the killing of a knight is "felony of manslaughter." A correspondent of the *Times*, therefore, begs "to remind the noble lords and gentlemen who seek to revive this antiquated and barbarous usage, (at Eglintoun Castle, next August,) that, supposing death to ensue from their sport, and that they should be convicted of manslaughter, they would be liable to be transported for life, or for not less than seven years, or to be imprisoned with or without hard labour in the gaol or house of correction, not exceeding four years, or to be fined, by stat. 9 George IV. c. 31, 89." They mean nothing but sport; but

"——— Sad Chatillon on her bridal morn
Weeping her bleeding love,"

is a well-known instance that sport of this kind often terminated in death. Tradition says, that her husband, Andemar de Valentia, Earl of Pembroke, was slain at a tournament on the day of his nuptials.

"Hæc nunc serie ducunt

In mala derisum semel exceptumque sinistre."

The writer also thinks it clear law that, "the Queen of Beauty," and all the noble dames and demoiselles, who, as spectators, may be aiding and abetting at this illegal 'passage of arms,' will be guilty of a misdemeanor, and liable, in consequence, to the punishment of fine or imprisonment, one or both."

Maple Sugar.—At an average, the full-grown maple-tree will yield about five pounds of sugar each tapping, and if carefully treated, will last forty years.—*Captain Marryat*.

Perquisites.—Captain Marryat asked an American how much his office was worth, and his answer was 600 dollars, besides *stealings*: in England the word would have been softened down to *perquisites*. It is a common expression in the States to say a place is worth so much, besides *cheatage*.

Fable.—A hare and a fox met one day on a vast Canadian prairie, and after a long conversation, they prepared to start upon their several routes. The hare, pleased with the fox, lamented that they would, in all probability, separate for ever. "No, no," replied the fox, "we shall meet again, never fear." "Where?" inquired his companion. "In the *hatter's shop*, to be sure," rejoined the fox, tripping lightly away.

Conjugal Jokes.—Allusions to the gentle violence of wives, tickles pittites and box-ites alike, for that shoe pinches every foot.—*Quarterly Review*.

The German Drama.—At Vienna, the Gelehrte Gellgesellschaft have offered a prize of 100 ducats (47*l.*) for the best tragedy, and the same amount for the most successful comedy. Thirty-nine original pieces were produced during the last year at the national theatres.—*Foreign Quart. Review.*

Organ.—Linz possesses the largest organ in Germany, or perhaps, in Europe.

Genoa.—The principal pupils of the Deaf and Dumb Institution have lately represented Monti's tragedy, *Aristodema*, with great success, for the benefit of the poor.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

Paër, one of the most accomplished composers since the days of Mozart, and author of the finest domestic opera, (excepting Beethoven's *Fidelio*;) died lately at Paris. Paganini is convalescent: his favourite amusement is bowls, a game in which he greatly excels.—*Ibid.*

American Churches.—The churches scattered about the hamlets and rising towns of America are small even to ridicule; built of clap-boards, and so light, that, if on wheels, two pair of English post-horses would trot them away to meet the minister.—*Capt. Marryat.*

The Nelson Column.—The statue has been assigned to Mr. Bailey; and the four lions at the angles of the base have been assigned to Mr. Lough. The bas-reliefs on the four faces of the plinth will be assigned to other sculptors. The funds, however, at present, amount to £17,000.—*Times.*

Silkworms.—Mr. Leeds, of Norwich, has now upwards of 50,000 silkworms at work, and has commenced collecting the cocoons.

Swunders, the noted showman, died on the 26th ult., at the advanced age of ninety years. He is stated to have fostered Kean, Ducrow, and W. West, in their theatrical boyhood.

Evasion of Laws.—The Americans excel in these manoeuvres. An act was passed to prohibit the playing at *nine-pins* (a very foolish act, as the Americans have so few amusements): as soon as the law was put in force, it was notified everywhere, "Ten pins played here," and they have been played everywhere, ever since.—*Capt. Marryat.*

Snakes.—Kingscote, in South Australia, is, by the natives called "Snake's Point;" from the number of snakes which were found there; and now, observes a traveller, "they are quite as large as the settlers know how to manage."

Metropolitan Cemeteries.—We are not surprised at London being belted with Cemetery speculations; for Kensal Green is a flourishing concern; the original £25 shares being at £55.

Palace of Shah Abbas.—In the centre, beneath a dome, inlaid with blue porcelain, was a spacious reservoir supplied either by a spring, or more probably, by an aqueduct from the adjoining hill; for, from each corner flowed a copious stream, conducted in stone channels through the garden. Gigantic ivy-trees had protruded their branches through the fissures of the wall and detached huge masses of solid masonry, while wide-spreading fig-trees had taken root in every part of the building, excluding the light of day with their thick foliage.—*Capt. Willbraham's Travels.*

In one of the Miss rolls of the reign of King John, we find the following item: "For taking the rust off the King's sword, 4*d.*"

Charles I.—In Owen Feltham's epitaph upon this ill-fated King is the following strange blasphemy, which has been the subject of much animadversion; though some allowance should be made for the times in which it was written:

"When he had rose thus, Truth's great sacrifice,
Here Charles the First and Christ the Second lies.

Thames Salmon.—Thirty years ago, at Mortlake, and between Isleworth and Richmond, (says Mr. Holford) I have seen from ten to twenty salmon taken at a draught. The last I saw caught in the Thames was in the year 1820, but they have been occasionally taken since that time.—*British Angler's Manual.*

Hospitality in the East appears to be strangely overrated; for, Captain Willbraham notes: "during a residence of nearly three years in the East, I cannot remember receiving one single instance of genuine hospitality. Such may yet, perhaps, be found in the tents of the wandering tribes, but it has disappeared from towns and cities."

A Hint.—In the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, Music is properly stated to be suffering from "the non-patronage of native talent by those whose duty it is to take the lead in fostering it; the mania of fashion which leads people to pay a guinea for not being admitted into a Concert Room!"

"Italian music's sweet because 'tis dear,
Their vanity is tickled, not the ear;
The taste would lessen, if the prices fell,
And Shakespeare's wretched stuff do quite as well."

Young's Satire.

Letting a Railway.—The Aylesbury branch from the London and Birmingham line, has been taken by that Company for five years, at £2,500 per annum. The branch was opened on June 10 last; its length is seven miles.

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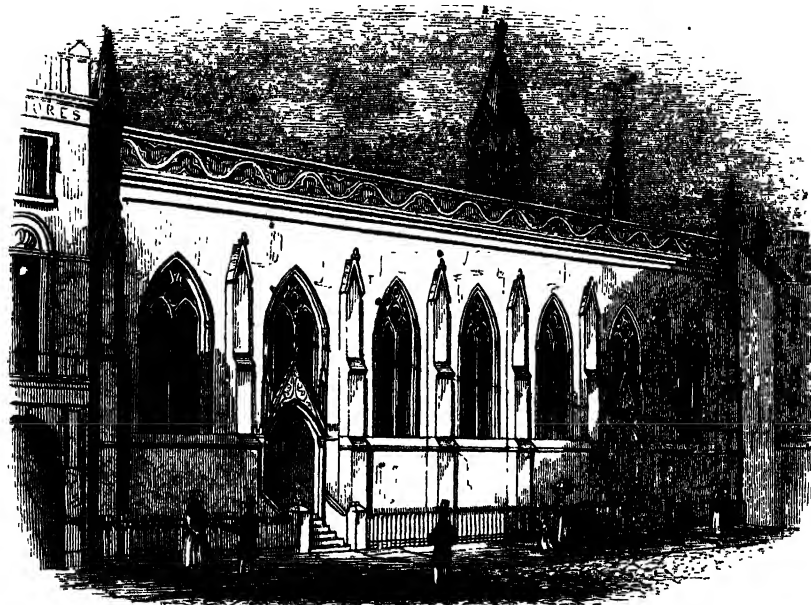
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THE NEW CHURCH, BERWICK STREET, SOHO.

THIS handsome church, the largest erected in the metropolis for several years, is situated on the west side of Berwick-street, in the parish of St. James, Westminster. The first stone was laid about eighteen months since by Earl de Grey; the architect was Mr. Blore; and the church was consecrated by the Bishop of London, on the 23rd of July last. The cost of its erection and site has exceeded £14,000, of which £2,500 have been supplied by the Metropolitan Churches Fund Society; and upwards of £10,000 have been subscribed by the nobility, gentry, and tradesmen of the district, and other benevolent persons, anxious for the dissemination of religious instruction, and the extension of the welfare of the National Establishment. The spiritual wants of this thickly-peopled neighbourhood had long been a subject of complaint; and it affords us much pleasure to find that the appeal being fitly made, has been munificently responded to by the affluent parish of St. James.

The new church is a better specimen of

the Gothic than any of the churches lately erected in that style; though unfortunately, it is so enclosed by the adjoining houses that only one side is visible in Berwick-street. This consists of a single uniform elevation, consisting chiefly of seven large windows; beneath two of which are the entrance doorways, ornamented with canopied heads. Between the windows are buttresses, with stone finishings; the walls being of brick, surmounted with a pierced Gothic parapet in stone, and of pleasing design. The ends of the building are likewise finished with stone; and at the north end is a small bell-tower. Altogether, we are disposed to concur in the opinion of a very competent architectural critic as to the merits of this church: "though by no means affecting richness, the details are of excellent character; whereas, most new structures of the same class offend by extreme insipidity and meagreness of manner, coupled with an affectation of display they by no means admit of."

* Companion to the *Almanac*, 1839.

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF NATHANIEL BOWDITCH.

(Continued from page 282.)

He said to one, in his last illness, "From my boyhood my mind has been religiously impressed. I never did or could question the existence of a superintending Being, and that he took an interest in the affairs of men. I have always endeavoured to regulate my life in subjection to his will, and studied to bring my mind to an acquiescence in his dispensations; and now, at its close, I look back with gratitude for the manner in which he has distinguished me, and for the many blessings of my lot. I can only say, that I am content, that I go willingly, resigned and satisfied." To another he said, "I cannot remember when I had not a deep feeling of religious truth and accountableness, and when I did not act from it, or endeavour to. In my boyish days, when some of my companions who had become infected with Tom Paine's infidelity, broached his notions in conversation with me, I battled it with them stoutly, not exactly with the logic you would get from Locke, but with the logic I found *here*, (pointing to his breast,) and here it has always been, my guide and support; it is my support still. My whole life has been crowned with blessings beyond my deserts. I am still surrounded with blessings unnumbered. Why should I distrust the goodness of God? Why should I not be grateful and happy, and confide in his goodness?"

Dr. Bowditch was very familiar with the Scriptures, both of the Old and New Testaments, more so than some professed theologians who make it their special study. He had read the Bible in his childhood, under the eye of a pious mother, and he loved to quote and repeat the sublime and touching language of Holy Writ.

Such had been the life, and such the character of this distinguished man; and such was he to the last, through all the agonies of a most distressing illness. In the midst of health and usefulness, in the full discharge of the duties of life, and in the full enjoyment of its satisfactions, the summons suddenly comes to him to leave it. And he meets the summons with the utmost equanimity and composure, with the submission of a philosopher and with the resignation of a Christian. He certainly had much to live for—few have more—but he gave up all without repining or complaint. He said he should have liked to live a little longer, to complete his great work, and see his younger children grown up and settled in life. "But I am perfectly happy," he added, "and ready to go, and entirely resigned

to the will of Providence." He arranged all his affairs, gave his directions with minuteness, and dictated and signed his last will and testament. While his strength permitted, he continued to attend to the necessary affairs of his office, and on the day previous to his death, put his name to an important instrument. In the intervals of pain, he prepared, as I have already remarked, the remaining copy, and corrected the proof-sheets, of the fourth volume of his great work, the printing of which was nearly finished at the time of his death. It is a little remarkable that the last page that he read was the one thousandth. It was gratifying to him to find that his mind was unenfeebled by disease and pain; and one day, after solving one of the hardest problems in the book, he exclaimed, in his enthusiastic way, "I feel that I am Nathaniel Bowditch still—only a little weaker."

He continued, indeed, in all respects, the same man to the last. He did not think that this was the time to put on a new face or assume a new character. His feelings were unaffected, his manners unchanged, by the prospect before him. He seemed to those about him only to be going on a long journey. To the end, he manifested the same cheerfulness, nay pleasantries, which he had when in health, without, however, the least admixture of levity. In his great kindness, he exerted himself to see many friends, every one of whom, I believe, will bear testimony to his calm, serene state of mind. The words which he spoke in those precious interviews, they will gather up and treasure in their memory, and will never forget them so long as they live. She certainly will not, to whom, when on her taking leave of him she had said "Good night," he replied, "No, my dear, say not 'Good night,' but 'Good morning,' for the next time we meet will be on the morning of the resurrection."

One day, toward the close of his lingering illness, after he had himself given up all hope of recovery, he asked one who stood by him, what were the two Greek words which signify "easy death." The word not immediately suggesting itself to the person, and he having mentioned over several phrases and combinations of words, Dr. Bowditch said, "No, you have not got the right word; but you will find it in Pope's Correspondence." The person found the letter, which was the last that Dr. Arbuthnot* wrote to his friend.

* Dr. Arbuthnot was an eminent physician and brilliant wit in the time of Queen Anne, the contemporary and friend of Swift and Pope. He died in 1735. Dr. Johnson, in his Life of Pope, says of him, "Arbuthnot was a man of great comprehension, skilful in his practice, versed in the sci-

The conclusion of it is as follows: "A recovery, in my case, and at my age, is impossible. The kindest wish of my friends is *euthanasia*." On hearing this read, Dr. Bowditch said, "Yes, that is the word, *euthanasia*. That letter I read forty years ago, and I have not seen it since. It made an impression on my mind which is still fresh. It struck me, at the time I read it, that the good physician who wrote it would certainly have an easy death. It could not be otherwise. The excellent, the virtuous, must be happy in their death." He afterwards frequently recurred to this subject, and the day previous to his departure, he said, "This is, indeed, *euthanasia*."

Through the whole of his illness he manifested the same happy and delightful frame of mind. His room did not appear like the chamber of sickness and dissolution. The light of his serene and placid countenance dispelled all gloom, and his cheerful composure robbed death of all its bitterness and anguish. He exemplified in his own case the sentiment so beautifully expressed by the Persian poet, which he loved to repeat:—

'On parent knees, a naked, new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st, whilst all around thee smiled:
So live, that, sinking in thy last, long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, when all around thee weep."

He did not wish to see those about him look sad and gloomy. On one occasion he said, "I feel no gloom within me; why should you wear it on your faces?" And then he called for Bryant's Poems, and desired them to read his favourite piece, "The Old Man's Funeral."

'Why weep ye then for him, who, having won
The bound of man's appointed years at last,
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labour's done,
Serenely to his final rest has pass'd?"

And then he went on and commented on the remaining lines of the poem, pointing out those which he thought were descriptive of himself, and modestly disclaiming others that were commendatory, as not belonging to him; but which all impartial persons would unite in saying were singularly applicable to his character.

On the morning of his death, when his sight was very dim, and his voice was almost gone, he called his children around his bedside, and arranging them in the order of age, pointed to and addressed each by name, and said, "You see I can distinguish you all; and I now give you

meas, acquainted with ancient literature, and able to animate his mass of knowledge by a bright and active imagination; a scholar, with great brilliance of wit; a wit, who, in the crowd of life, retained and discovered a noble ardour of religious zeal; a man estimable for his learning, amiable for his life, and venerable for his piety."

all my parting blessing. The time is come. 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word.' " These were his last words. After this, he was heard to whisper, in a scarcely audible tone, the words "pretty, pleasant, beautiful." But it cannot be known, whether he was thinking of his own situation as pleasant, in being thus surrounded at such a time by those he loved, or whether he "snatched a fearful joy" in a glimpse of the spiritual world. Soon after this, he quietly breathed away his soul, and departed. "And the end of that man was peace." Such a death alone was wanting to complete such a life, and crown and seal such a character. He died on Friday, the 16th day of March, having nearly completed his 65th year.

• The disease of which Dr. Bowditch died was found, by a *post mortem* examination, to be a schirrus in the stomach, a disease of the same type with that which caused the death of Napoleon Buonaparte. For four weeks previous to his death, he could take no solid food, and barely swallowed any liquid. He suffered, however, but little from hunger, but constantly from thirst; and the only relief or refreshment he could find, was in frequently moistening his lips and mouth with cold water. His frame was consequently exceedingly attenuated, and his flesh wasted away. At intervals his sufferings were so intense, that, as he said, the body at times triumphed over the spirit; but it was only for a moment; and the spirit resumed again and retained its natural and legitimate sovereignty.

He was buried, as he had lived, privately, and without parade or show, on the quiet morning of the Lord's day. His funeral was attended only by his family and two others; yet, in the person of the Chief Magistrate, I fancied I saw the spirit of the Commonwealth doing homage to the talents and virtues of her illustrious son. As the hearse passed along through the silent streets, bearing that precious dust to its last resting-place, the snow-flakes fell upon it, the fit emblems of his purity and worth. And many a wet eye, in the city of his adoption, and in the place of his nativity, and elsewhere, wept for him; and many a heart blessed his memory, and mourned that a friend, and a benefactor, and a good man, had departed.

He has built his own monument, more enduring than marble; and in his splendid scientific name, and in his noble character, has bequeathed to his country the richest legacy. The sailor traverses the sea more safely by means of his labours, and the widow's and the orphan's treasure is more securely guarded, in consequence

of his care. He was the Great Pilot who steered all our ships over the ocean; and, though dead, he yet liveth, and speaketh, and acteth, in the recorded wisdom of his invaluable book. The world has been the wiser and the happier that he has lived in it.

He has left an example full of instruction and encouragement to the young, and especially to those among them who are struggling with poverty and difficulties. He has shewn them that poverty is no dishonour, and need be no hindrance; that the greatest obstacles may be surmounted by persevering industry and an indomitable will. He has shewn them to what heights of greatness and glory they may ascend, by 'truth, temperance, and toil.

Above all, Dr. Bowditch has left us a most glorious and precious legacy in his example of integrity, love of truth, moral courage, and independence. He has taught the young men here, and the world over, that there is nothing so grand and beautiful as moral principle, nothing so sublime as adherence to truth, and right, and duty, through good report and through evil report. He has, indeed, blessed the world greatly by his science and his practical wisdom; but quite as much, nay, far more, I think, by his upright and manly character. He has taught mankind that reverence for duty, and trust in Providence, and submission to His will, and faith in the rectitude of all His appointments, and a filial reliance upon His love, are sentiments not unworthy nor unbecoming the greatest philosopher. For this we honour and eulogize him; not for wealth, title, fortune,—those miserable outsidings and trappings of 'humanity, but for the qualities of the inner man, which still live, and will live for ever. He studied the stars on the earth—may he not now be tracking their courses through the heavens? Long ere this, perhaps, he knows all the beauties and the mysteries of their tangled mazes—has examined the rings of Saturn and the belts of Jupiter, traversed the milky way, and chased the comet through infinity. Methinks I hear his departing and ascending spirit exclaiming, as it wings its flight upwards, in the language of the beautiful hymn:—

"Ye golden lamps of heaven! farewell,

With all your feeble light:

Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night!

And thou, refulgent orb of day!

In brighter flames array'd,
My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

Ye stars are but the shining dust

Of my divine abode,

The pavement of those heav'nly courts,
Where I shall reign with God.

The Father of eternal light
Shall there its beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day."

Popular Statistics.

HEALTH OF THE POLICE, AND THE METROPOLIS.

[Ar the request of the "Vital Statistics" Committee of the London Statistical Society, the Commissioners of the Metropolitan Police have made ample returns of the sickness and mortality experienced by the force under their charge, from its institution to the end of the year 1838; whence the following facts have been deduced:]

The Metropolitan Police Force was embodied in the year 1830, and had subsisted eight entire years at the end of the year 1838. The average strength of the force during the eight years was 3,314, the numbers being very nearly stationary throughout the whole period. This force is distributed in seventeen divisions, distinguished by different letters of the alphabet, each being attached to a particular locality or district of London. The strength of each division averages 195 men; the smallest division is that of Whitehall (A), consisting of 116 men; the largest is that of Stepney (K), consisting of 290 men.

In order to maintain the average strength of 3,314 men, it is found necessary to recruit annually as many as 1,100 new members, the vacancies being created by 1,068, who are removed or retire from the force, and thirty-two who die, every year. The average duration of the service of each policeman is consequently three years. The average age at which the men enter is 28½ years; about two-thirds enter between the ages of twenty to thirty-one, and the remainder, with a very few exceptions, enter between the ages of thirty-one and thirty-five years. The few who have been admitted above that age, were chiefly old officers who were attached to the police offices before the formation of the Metropolitan force. The proportional numbers retiring at different ages agree very nearly with the proportions admitted at the same ages; at least, such is the case, if the ascertained ages of the 1,029 men, who retired in the single year 1838, correspond with the ages of retirement in other years, which may be presumed to be most probable.

The average number of annual deaths which occurred among the Metropolitan Police, during the eight years over which the observation extends, was thirty-two; the average strength during the same time having been 3,314 men, the annual rate of

mortality was consequently .97 per cent., or very nearly one per cent. The average age of the men being thirty years, the mortality which they suffer is very moderate, and does not exceed that of the general population of England at the same age. The mortality of the general population of London at the same age is thirty per cent. greater than that just mentioned. Considering, however, the manner in which the police force is constituted, there exists no ground for presuming that the circumstances in which they are placed are more favourable to life than the circumstances of the general population of London. It must be borne in mind that the police force is a select body; the men are first chosen as being of sound and vigorous health, and the force is afterwards kept select, by frequent discharges of men shewing symptoms of impaired health or strength. Hence the health of the men entering the police force is above the average; and the tendency to fall towards the general average of health is counteracted, by discharging all the less healthy members.

The amount of bodily labour required from each individual of the police force is very considerable: he has to walk twenty miles every day in going his rounds, besides being obliged to attend charges at the police offices, the labour of which may be estimated as equal to walking five miles more—in all twenty-five miles a day. During two months out of every three, each police constable is on night duty, for nine hours each night, from nine o'clock in the evening to six o'clock in the morning. The labour thus demanded of the police is considered by many as excessive, and detrimental to their health; such may be the fact, although the amount of sickness suffered by the police force (consisting of select lives) does not sensibly differ from that which is found to exist among the general population of London at the same age.

The chief information contained in the present police returns, relates to the sickness suffered by the members. In these returns are separately stated, for each division of the police force, the number of days of sickness suffered during each month of the eight years, from 1831 to 1838. The results deducible from these statements may aid in determining the relative healthiness of the districts to which the different divisions are attached, as well as the relative healthiness of the different months of the year.

According to the present returns, out of the seventeen districts* to which the several divisions are attached, the most healthy are those of Whitehall, Westminster, and

Kensington; and the least healthy are those of Holborn, Finsbury, and Hampstead. Throughout the eight years observed, in the total police force, without distinction of divisions or districts, the average amount of sickness suffered by each man in one year was $10\frac{1}{4}$ days; hence the proportion of the total force constantly sick is equal to $2\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. In the least healthy districts above-mentioned, the average yearly sickness to each man was $12\frac{1}{4}$ days. In the three most healthy districts, there were only $6\frac{1}{2}$ days of sickness yearly to each man. The proportion of sickness in these three last-mentioned districts is, however, so much lower than that of any other district, without any apparent cause, that it would be premature to conclude, without further information, that the salubrity of these districts was proportional to the low degree of sickness suffered by the police located therein. The apparently high salubrity of these districts might be supposed to be consequent on some peculiar circumstance in the constitution or service of the force resident within their limits; but the Commissioners of Police expressly state that no such circumstances exist.

With regard to the healthiness of different months or seasons of the year, the present returns afford some valuable information. The maximum sickness is suffered in the month of January, the minimum sickness in the month of June or July; the maximum being to the minimum in the proportion of more than three to two. The progressive increase or decrease of sickness from month to month is sufficiently regular when no epidemics supervene, the sickness generally increasing as the temperature of the month decreases. On viewing the table of sickness formed from the monthly aggregates of the four years 1835-38, we might be justified in drawing the following conclusion,—that in healthy years, not distinguished for epidemic disease, the sickness of the police force is at a minimum at the end of the month of June; and that the sickness increases uniformly throughout the six months, measured backwards or forwards from the last day of June. The disturbing effect of the usual epidemical diseases, on the above presumed law of sickness, is to elevate considerably the maximum for January, and to elevate, in a minor degree, the relative sickness of the months of April and August.

It is doubtful whether the relative healthiness of the different months of the year, is the same among the general population as in the police force. The general population being less exposed to the influence of temperature, it appears probable

that their sickness will not depend so much on temperature as does the sickness of the police. From the experience of one of the largest London Benefit Societies during four years, it is found that the maximum quarterly sickness occurs in the three months, January, February, and March, and that the minimum occurs in the three months, May, June, and July. These results for London artisans do not differ materially from the results deduced from the present police returns, and we may safely draw the conclusion, that the relative sickness of any month for the general population is greatly dependant on the temperature of that month.

Scientific Facts.

POLARIZATION OF LIGHT BY LIVING ANIMALS.

Mr. J. F. GODDARD having observed that the scurf-skin of the human subject, sections of human teeth, the finger nails, bones of fishes, &c. possessed the polarizing property, he was led to examine some living objects with his polariscope, when he discovered that, among many others, the larvæ and pupa of a tipulidan gnat (the *Corethra plumicornis*), possessed the same property, and that in a very eminent degree. Its existence in the different substances above enumerated, is exceedingly important; but that it should also exist in living animals is infinitely more so, and opens a new field altogether, disclosing characters that lead to an intimate knowledge of their anatomy, and which cannot possibly be discovered by any other means.

This creature is found in large clear ponds, generally in great abundance when met with; but this is by no means common. Having constructed a water-trough, made with two slips of glass about 1·25 inch wide and two inches long, with very narrow slips of thin glass cemented with Canada balsam between them, at the bottom and sides, thus having it open at one end with about 0·050 of an inch space between in the middle, Mr. Goddard filled it with clear water, in which he placed some of the larvæ; and such was the extraordinary transparency of the creature, as to display, in a most beautiful manner, the whole of its internal structure and organisation; and which, when viewed in polarized light, present the most splendid appearances. Thus, when they place themselves with their head and tail both in the plane of primitive polarization, or in a plane at right angles to it, they have no action upon the light transmitted through them; but when in a plane in-

clined 45 deg. to the plane of polarization, the light is depolarized, their whole bodies becoming illuminated in the most brilliant manner, varying in intensity according to their size, and the nature of the different parts and substances; the peculiar interlacing of the muscles marking out regular divisions, which, as the creature changes its position with regard to the plane of polarization, exhibit all the varied hues and brilliant tints that have rendered this important branch of physical optics exceedingly interesting.

And, while thus viewing them, if we place behind a thin plate of sulphate of lime or mica, the change and play of colours, as the creature moves, are greatly increased, and are surpassingly beautiful.

These phenomena in the larvæ of the *Corethra plumicornis* are seen, if possible, in a more splendid manner, in the spawn of many large fishes; but more particularly in the young fishes themselves, many of which, in their early state, are equally transparent, particularly those of marine production.

Mr. Goddard has lately exhibited these striking experiments to the Zoological Society; and has communicated them to the *Philosophical Magazine* for the current month.

SIR WM. GARRARD'S MONUMENT, IN DORNEY CHURCH.

THERE is no track of our "merrie greenwoode" more associated with the by-gone romances of English history, than the fair and smiling piece of country, which the forest of Windsor formerly covered with its leafy shade. The blood-stained pages that chronicle the annals of the Tower of London, while they add to the importance of its antiquity, have left a painful interest attached to its ancient walls: but Windsor Castle is connected by stories of a brighter hue, with the records of the past—by legends of royal love and courtly splendour—by traditions rather of the palace than the prison. And proudly does the noble castle rise above the surrounding foliage. Many, many years have rolled on since the Norman William first commenced its stately elevation; and much of the wooded country that surrounded it, has yielded to civilization and improvement: the fern coverts of the timid deer have been rooted up for the habitations of man, and to the labour of the axe has succeeded that of the ploughshare; but there are the same fine trees still flourishing around the castle walls, that were witnesses of their first elevation, and which doubtless spread their shadows over our early fair-haired

scions of royalty, as they played in childhood beneath them.

Within a walk of Windsor, and situated on the opposite bank of the Thames, is the humble village of Dorney. It has little attraction for the casual passer-by, beyond that of being a perfect sample of an English village. There is its broad verdant *blowy* common, with the surrounding farms and white cottages; and its ancient ancestral church, embosomed in a grove of trees, whose green branches sweep above the tower, with the patriarchal rooks cowering about it, and flying in and out the windows of its old belfry. There is also its old manor-house, or court, adjoining the church; together with its one inn, bearing the arms of 'the family' for a sign. And Dorney-court is not a modern building, but a perfect old English home, probably first erected when the grapes clustered round the now ruinous walls of the adjacent abbey of Burnham, of whose last abbot the jolly rubicund visage still hangs in the lofty hall, in company with many other portraits of family interest; and then each subsequent possessor built a room in one place, and pulled down a wall in another, until it would be difficult to tell what the proper aspect of the house was originally intended to be.

In a small chapel attached to the northern end of the church, is an old monument to the memory of Sir Wm. Garrard, his lady, and their twenty-four children. Martha, one of his daughters, married Sir James Palmer, "Knight of the Bed-chamber to King James I., gentleman of the Privy-Chamber to Charles I., and Chancellor of the most noble order of the Garter." This lady died, leaving Sir Philip Palmer of Dorney, who carried on the line of descent to the present family; and then Sir James married Lady Vaughan, by whom he had Roger Palmer, Earl of Castlemain, and husband of the celebrated Barbara Villiers, subsequently the proud, beautiful, and revengeful Duchess of Cleveland.

The monument is of marble, and was formerly painted and gilded, in the false taste of the time; but now the decorations are fast decaying. Only the effigies of sixteen of the children remain, which are in relief; and the armour of Sir William was once hung on brackets round the tomb. The helmet is still there, and appears to have been handsomely inlaid; but it is rusty with age and damp; the other pieces have disappeared by degrees, probably through other means than the gradual thefts of time. A visit to this relic of other days, during last Spring, suggested the homely verses that follow:

A ray of noontide's sunshine bright
Is through the narrow casement streaming,
In one long chequered line of light,
On the old marble mildly gleaming.
And 'neath the window's ivied height,
Glad birds are pouring forth their lay,
Uprising joyous in the morn,
To welcome back fair smiling May.
O'er hill and upland, mead and fell,
And common wide, and lonely dell,
A spirit gay is bounding:
Blossom and leaf and each fair thing,
The emblems of the gentle Spring,
In one glad vest surrounding.
And insects, poised on golden wings,
With thousand gentle murmurings,
Their notes of joy are sounding.
But here, beneath the pavement old,
Lie lady bright and warrior bold,
Long number'd with the dead;
Unconscious they of aught around,
The rustic hymn, the church bell's sound,
Or stranger's echoing tread.
Upon their tomb the sculptor's art,
Their tale to tell, hath played its part,
And graven pair by pair;
Yet not devoid of simple grace,
The parents, and their goodly race,
All bending low in prayer.
'Twould be a pleasant task, and yet
Solemn, if we consider it,
To picture them once more on earth,
Once more to hear their joyous mirth,
When happy, gladsome, laughing elves,
They thought all mortal but themselves.

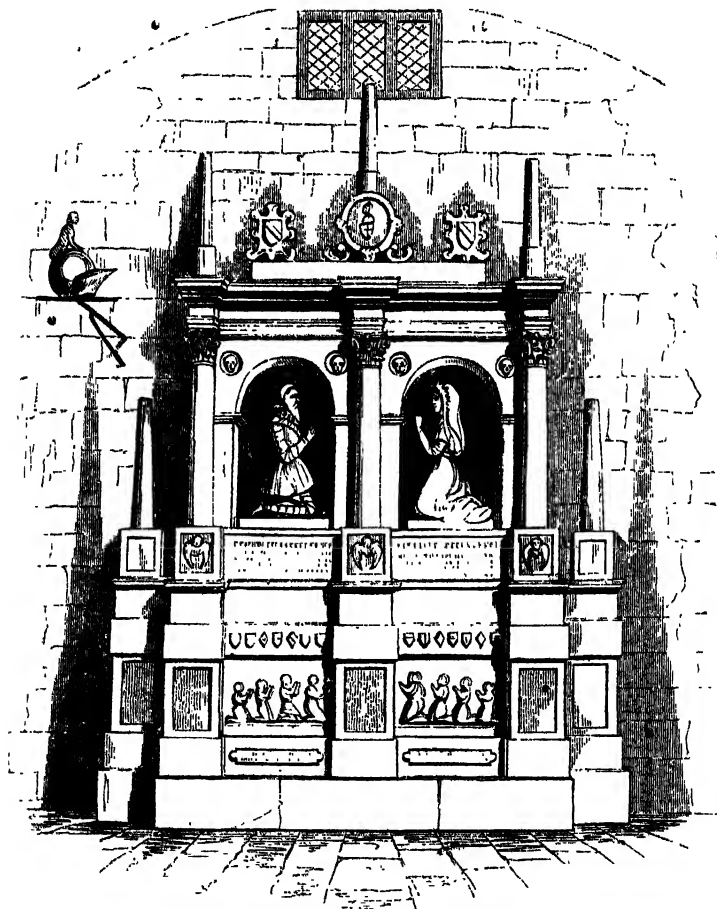
The eldest boy in armour bright,
Say, was he squire, or belted knight?
Did he our old romaunts ere sing,
Or in the tourney pierce the ring?
Or had he fought in Palestine,
And bled before his Saviour's shrine;
Or did he in some dungeon pine,
'Till life's last torrent ebbed away,
And left its tenement for aye?—
The scholar next to him is seen,
"Lean as a rake" was he I ween,
As Chaucer sang of old;
And all day long he pondered o'er
Huge musty tomes of antique lore,
To the world's pleasures cold.
And the illuminated page,
With picture deck'd, and distich sage,
For him had greater charms,
And far more did his mind engage,
Than lady's love, or arms.
To that fair girl, in former times,
Perchance gallants sang loveborn rhymes,
Upon their wild guitars;
Perchance they wore her scarf or glove,
As emblems of devoted love,
When, in their mimic wars,
They twined it gaily in their casque,
A pleasing and romantic task,
And one that well became an age,
Of spear and bridle, serf and page,
When a "fayre ladye's" beaming eyes,
Did more in battle enterprise,
Than clarion, pennon, lance, or shield,
Glitt'ring upon the bloody field;
The infant train, in gambols wild,
As best become the guileless child,
Formed a bright laughing little band,
That frolicked gaily hand in hand,
Adown the forest glade;
Where the old green ancestral trees,
Succumbing gently to the breeze,
A pleasant shelter made.

And picture now the worthy sire,
When winter storms raged high,
And tempest shook the old church spire,

That creak'd and trembled 'neath its ire,
 He gathered round the hall's bright fire
 His goodly family;
 And watched them with a father's pride,
 "Grow up in beauty, side by side:"
 While gladly flew the hours along
 In legend old and ancient song;
 Ill dreaming of the time to come,
 When strangers should inspect their tomb,
 As work of times gone by.

Yet so it is—each fair thing must,
 Alike with them but come to dust;
 The ruby lip, the rounded arm,
 The heaving bosom, young and warm,
 Must all be still and cold;
 And ages hence our tomb may be
 To lover of antiquity,
 As curious and as old.

ALBERT.



SIR W. GARRARD'S MONUMENT, DORNEY CHURCH.

Spirit of Discovery.

NEW LAND IN THE SOUTHERN OCEAN.

We rejoice to find that intelligence has been received of the Expedition to the South Seas, (fitted out chiefly under the direction of Mr. Charles Enderby,) and which sailed in the summer of last year,

and consisted of two, not three, vessels, as stated at p. 11 of the first Number of this Miscellany. Mr. Balleny, (an appropriate name for the master of a whaler,) the master of the *Eliza Scott*, one of these vessels, has transmitted to Mr. Enderby a letter dated April 23rd,* which

* Communicated to the Nautical Magazine.

states, that, on the 9th of February last, Mr. Balleny fell in with land which had the appearance of three large islands and several smaller ones, or rocks.—Volumes of smoke were seen issuing from two volcanic craters on the centre island. A landing having been effected, several pieces of stone were picked up and brought on board. Prior to making the land, the water had assumed a dirty, discoloured appearance, and was strewn with feathers; but the weather was so thick as to limit the view to a quarter of a mile round the ship. Mr. Balleny places the land in lat. $66^{\circ} 44'$ S. and long. $163^{\circ} 11'$ E.

On the 2nd of March he had the gratification of following up this discovery by a second, in lat. $65^{\circ} 10'$ S. and long. 117° E.

This occurring in the night, he awoke to till daylight; and describes the scene of drift ice, field ice, and ice-bergs, as the most extraordinary he had ever witnessed, with, says he, "evidently land at the back." The ice was a solid body to the southward. Mr. Balleny notices that there had been a rapid increase in the magnetic variation.—On the 23rd he seemed to have reached the northern edge of the ice in long. 93° E.—Easterly winds had prevailed, but there were then heavy gales from the westward.

ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

THE following interesting letter has lately appeared in the *Inverness Courier*, from Mr. Thomas Simpson, one of the leaders of the expedition for confirming the discovery of the North-west Passage.

"Fort Confidence, 19th December, 1838.

"Our old enemy, the ice, has stepped cruelly in between us and the fulfilment of our hopes. I had a party of five men and two Indians on foot, and set out from this place on the 7th June. We successfully crossed the height of land with our boats, a portion of one undertaking long deemed particularly difficult and doubtful. But my repeated and fatiguing journeys of last winter had so thoroughly explored every route, that we were quite prepared for each obstacle that occurred. On the 30th we reached the Copper-mine, and found it still fast! It gave way a few days afterwards, and we descended all its terrific rapids, then swollen to their utmost height, along with the driving ice; grand but perilous running, I assure you. Often had we to pull for life or death, to avoid the suction of the precipitous cliffs, along whose base the waters raged with overwhelming fury. The descent of Escape

Rapid was the finest thing of the kind I ever witnessed. Below, the breakers made a clean breach over our little vessels; while above we were involved in a cloud of spray that dashed from an overhanging rock a hundred and fifty feet in height, and formed a magnificent rainbow around us in the bright sunshine. It was a gorgeous shower bath, however, that few would relish. On the 1st of July we encamped at the Northern Sea, which still glistened with ice as firm and impenetrable as adamant. It kept us imprisoned in the mouth of the Copper-mine till the 17th, and our subsequent progress to Franklin's Point Turnagain (which was attained on the 9th of August) was one of incessant struggle with the same relentless foe, in which our poor boats got several planks more than half cut through. At Point Turnagain they were finally arrested, and remained beset for twenty-two days, so different was the season of 1838 from that of 1824, when Franklin found a perfectly clear sea on the 16th of August. The mild weather we experienced in July, though very agreeable at the time, was, in fact, our bane: the gales which there would have cleared the ocean for us, reserved themselves till the following month, and brought down the ice from far and near upon the very part of the coast where we were so unfortunately confined. It was during ten days of that tedious interval (from the 20th to the 29th August) that I performed the pedestrian journey to the eastward; its results are the tracing of 100 miles of the coast, the surveying thirty miles further, the discovery of an extensive snow-covered land to the north (distant about thirty miles from the main) which I have had the honour of naming 'Victoria Land,' besides many islands, and of an open sea to the eastward. At my furthest point we erected a lofty stone pillar, with a letter for the information of 'whoever might find it.' The march altogether was a most fatiguing one, and the weather, on our return to the boats, very inclement. Five days carried us to the 'Bloody Fall' of Hearne, as it is called; five more up the Copper-mine to our boat deposit; and in a third space of five days we crossed the mountains on foot to this place, where we found everything in good order on the 14th instant. Some dry venison was stored up during our absence. We have now two dozen of nets set in the lake, and want no longer stares us in the face, as it did for several months after our arrival here last year. Luxuries we have none, our only beverage being an infusion of the Arctic tea plant (a rather bitter but wholesome herb), without sugar.

"My hopes of final success, instead of being depressed, are elevated by the check this year received, and the knowledge thus painfully acquired. The existence of an open sea to the eastward is no more doubtful, and should the main shore be again encircled by ice in August, the southern coast of the great northern land before alluded to, will, afford an earlier passage into that eastern sea. Besides, I now regard September as the best month of the year for arctic navigation, and from the mouth of the Copper-mine to this place is merely a hop, step, and a jump; an eight days' journey on foot. I traversed that ground over and over last winter, and again this autumn. By the way, that is the country for princely hunting; not a day but I had several chases after the rein-deer. A full grown buck, with his towering antlers, is a noble animal; in fact, I now despise all meaner game. I have three tamed white wolves, two of my own taking."

The account of the expedition of Messrs. Dease and Simpson is now published in vol. 15th, part 2nd, of the Royal Geographical Society's Journal, in which also will be found the President's address on presenting to Mr. Simpson (through Mr. Harrison of the Hudson's Bay Company) the medal which has been so deservedly awarded to him by that Society.

Popular Antiquities.

ANCIENT HISTORY OF THE ROSE.

AMONG both the Greeks and Romans some attention appears to have been paid to the cultivation of flowers, as offerings or as ornaments; as offerings in the temples of their deities, and as ornaments on occasions of public or private festivity. The Romans, however, appear to have esteemed flowers more than the Grecians, and the origin of this greater regard for them may not improbably be found in the imitation of that luxury and splendour which the Romans had witnessed in eastern countries.

The rose is mentioned by Homer and by Anacreon. By the former, in the hymn to Ceres; by the latter, in many of his odes; through which we learn that it was a flower remarkable for the beauty of its petals; that it grew amidst thorns; that it had a divine fragrance; was of the colour of the human complexion; that it was the most beautiful of all flowers; "the queen of flowers;" the "flower of love."

According to the Calendar of Natural Occurrences in Greece, the rose blossomed in March, the Rosa Græca, or Lychnis coronaria, in May. In the Roman Calendar we find early roses were in blossom in April, and that in May they were generally in flower. In Egypt, according to

Theophrastus, the rose blossomed two months before it appeared in Italy, and continued in flower for almost as long a time in the former country, after it had ceased blowing in Italy. In the latter country it succeeded the blossoming of the violet and the lily.

Among the ancients, the rose was employed as a medicinal remedy; at their festivals and sacred ceremonies; and as an article of luxury at their banquets. Of the medicinal uses of the rose frequent mention is made by Oribasius, Actuarius, Marcellus, Myriscus, Celsus, &c., together with many ancient writers on pharmacy; the accounts afforded by these writers are not sufficiently interesting to claim particular notice.

In alluding to the more general uses of the rose among the Greeks and Romans, the employment of flowers generally must, in some degree, be referred to; but the rose was unquestionably the most esteemed of all flowers.

By the Greeks and Romans flowers were frequently employed. It was usual for them to adorn the temples, altars, and statues of their gods with them. (See *Euripides: Hippolytus, Troades, Helena, &c.*) Wreaths of flowers were also worn by those who were present at, or assisted in, the celebration of sacred rites (*Eurip. Iphigenia in Aulide*). They were also offered to those divinities to whom they were considered most grateful. It was a Grecian custom, according to Athenæus, to decorate the doorposts of houses where a maiden, about to become a bride, resided. The dead were crowned with flowers.* Sophocles has represented Electra and Orestes as repairing to their father's tomb, to deck it with garlands, and honour it with libations. The relatives of the deceased wore garlands of roses during the days of mourning, as emblematical of the shortness of life, which passes as quickly away as the beauty of those roses would, which formed the mourner's crown. The tombs of the dead were decorated with roses, under the idea that they possessed the power of protecting the remains of the deceased, and were peculiarly acceptable as an offering to their manes. Other flowers besides the rose were selected as having a special fitness for these purposes. The Greeks also used the amaranthus, which is commonly regarded as the flower now known by the name of "everlasting." Parsley and myrtle were also funeral plants. But the rose has been for ages the favourite flower for funeral and all other purposes.

* It is still a custom in the Levant to strew flowers on the bodies of the dead; and in the hands of young persons to place a nosegay.

Among the Romans, all flowers of a purple or white colour were regarded as grateful to the dead. They were so fond of the rose, that we find inscriptions which refer to legacies left in their wills for the express purpose of providing roses, with which their tombs were annually to be decorated.

... DONAVIT SUB HAC CONDITIONE
UT QUOTANNIS ROSAS AD MONUMENTUM EJUS DE-
FERANT.

(See *Le Antichità d'Aquileja*, Giandomenico Bertoli; Venezia, 1739: p. xix. ccxxxvii., &c.)

Roses were also strewed on the tables at their convivial entertainments, and on the floors of the rooms in which they feasted. Pacatus says: "Delicati illi et fontes parum se lautos putabant, nisi luxuria vertisset annum, nisi hybernæ poculis rosæ innatassent."* Suetonius relates of Nero, that he spent upwards of thirty thousand pounds at one supper in the purchase of roses. This custom is supposed to have been introduced during the time of Horace; an opinion which has been formed from one of his odes (lib. i. od. xxxviii.), thus translated by Francis:—

"I tell thee, boy, that I detest
The grandeur of a Persian feast;
Nor for me the linden's rind
Shall the flowery chaplet bind:
Then search not where the curious rose
Beyond his season loitering grows."

Cleopatra is said to have expended a talent in the purchase of roses for one banquet, on which occasion the floor of the apartment was covered with roses to the depth of a cubit, or one foot and a half. (*Athenæus, Deipnosoph.* lib. iv. cap. ii.)

The chief use of the rose at feasts was to form crowns and garlands, which were placed upon the heads, and around the necks, of the guests. The garlands were generally provided by the master of the house. Those who attended on the guests were also crowned, and even the drinking-bowls were wreathed with flowers. Owing to this use of the rose, we learn from Anacreon that a crown composed of them was regarded as an invitation to festivity; they were also considered as preventives of drunkenness; though certainly, in some instances, the flowery wreath seems to have been a well understood mark of inebriation.

"Capiam mihi coronam in caput, assimilabo me esse ebrium."

PLAUTUS, *Amphitryon*, act. iii. sc. 4.

"I will place a chaplet on my head, and pretend to be drunk."

Rich unguents and oils were also pre-

* "The soft and luxurious thought themselves not sufficiently refined, unless their extravagance changed the course of the seasons, unless winter roses floated in their cups."

pared from the rose (see *Homer, Il.* xxiii. 186), which were used on the same occasions as the rose flower itself.

There are many other less remarkable uses of the rose, which it would be necessary to mention, in order to render the above by any means a complete account of this flower; their importance, however, does not warrant their insertion here. To the philosophic botanist the above account of the rose will not, it is believed, be attractive; to the horticulturist it may present many pleasing features; to the classic reader, it will recall customs most intimately blended with the beauties of Grecian and Roman poetry. The feeling, too, which dictated some of the most striking and touching uses of the rose especially, and of flowers in general, is universal and natural to nearly all nations. The decoration of the tombs of the dead with flowers was an inexpressibly beautiful custom; and, though strenuously denounced by the early Christians, as savouring of idolatry, the hearts of men soon wandered back to so simple, so elegant, so natural a mode of testifying affection. This is a custom which has been well said to be "of the heart, and to speak to it, and has therefore maintained its ground in every age and region, unaffected by the constant changes in customs merely arbitrary and conventional."—*Abridged from a paper by R. W. FALCONER, Esq. Edinburgh; Gardener's Magazine.*

Periodicals.

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

[MR. AINSWORTH'S *Jack Sheppard*, with Cruikshank's illustrations, maintains this Magazine in its somewhat rapidly-acquired popular position. We have not space to follow the plot of the criminal story, although we have, from time to time, selected a few specimens of its extraordinary power, and the verisimilitude of its graphic bits. The action of the scenes is capitally wrought up, and the localities are drawn at once with minuteness and strong effect. Of the nerve of Mr. Ainsworth's style we have before spoken: he is unquestionably the most powerful romance writer of the present day; yet, his romance belongs but to real life: it is so like truth, and truth, we know, is often more strange than fiction. Leaving the incidents, from necessity, we proceed to the artistical sketches we have alluded to: here is a graceful piece of writing:—]

It was Sunday evening—a soft delicious evening, and, from the happy, cheerful look of the house, none would have dreamed of the dismal tragedy so lately acted within its walls. The birds were singing blithely amid the trees,—the lowing of the cows

resounded from the yard,—a delicious perfume from the garden was wafted through the open window,—at a distance, the church-bells of Willesden were heard tolling for evening service. All these things spoke of peace,—but there are seasons when the pleasantest external influences have a depressing effect on the mind, by painfully recalling past happiness. So, at least, thought one of two persons who were seated together in a small back-parlour of the house at Dollis Hill. She was a lovely girl, attired in deep mourning, and having an expression of profound sorrow on her charming features. Her companion was a portly handsome man, also dressed in a full suit of the deepest mourning, with the finest of lace at his bosom and wrists, and a sword in a black sheath by his side. These persons were Mr. Kneebone and Winifred.

[Again,—the first family meeting after the murder and funeral of Mrs. Wood.]

On the following night—namely, Monday,—the family assembled together, for the first time since the fatal event, in the chamber to which Thames had been introduced on his arrival at Dollis Hill. As this had been Mrs. Wood's favourite sitting-room, and her image was so intimately associated with it, neither the carpenter nor his daughter could muster courage to enter it before. Determined, however, to conquer the feeling as soon as possible, Wood had given orders to have the evening meal served there; but, notwithstanding all his good resolutions upon his first entrance, he had much ado to maintain his self-command. His wife's portrait had been removed from the walls, and the place it had occupied was only to be known by the cord by which it had been suspended. The very blank, however, affected him more deeply than if it had been left. Then, a handkerchief was thrown over the cage, to prevent the bird from singing; it was her favourite canary. The flowers upon the mantel-shelf were withered and drooping—they had gathered there. All these circumstances—alight in themselves, but powerful in their effect,—touched the heart of the widowed carpenter, and added to his depression.

[The chapter entitled "Old Bedlam," however, eclipses all in graphic power: here is a sketch of the interior—a fearful yet not overcharged picture.]

Internally, it was divided by two long galleries, one over the other. These galleries were separated in the middle by iron grates. The wards on the right were occupied by male patients, on the left by the females. In the centre of the upper gallery was a spacious saloon, appropriated to the governors of the asylum. But the besetting evil of the place, and that which drew down the severest censures of the writers above mentioned, was, that this spot,—which of all others should have been most free from such intrusion—was made a public exhibition. There all the loose characters thronged, assignations were openly made, and the spectators diverted themselves with the vagaries of its miserable inhabitants.

Entering the outer gate, and traversing the broad gravel-walk before mentioned, Jack ascended the steps, and was admitted, on seeing the porter, by another iron gate, into the hospital. Here he was almost stunned by the deafening clamour resounding on all sides. Some of the lunatics were rattling their chains; some shrieking; some singing; some beating with frantic violence against the doors. Altogether, it was the most dreadful noise he had ever heard. Amidst it all, however, there were several light-hearted and laughing groups walking from cell to cell, to whom all this misery appeared matter of amusement. The doors of several of the wards were thrown open for these parties, and as Jack passed, he could not help glancing at the wretched inmates. Here was a poor half-naked

creature, with a straw crown on his head, and a wooden sceptre in his hand, seated on the ground with all the dignity of a monarch on his throne. There was a mad musician, seemingly rapt in admiration of the notes he was extracting from a child's violin. Here was a terrific figure gnashing his teeth, and howling like a wild beast;—there a lover, with hands clasped together, and eyes turned passionately upward. In this cell was a huntsman, who had fractured his skull while hunting, and was perpetually hallooing after the hounds;—in that, the most melancholy of all, the grinning gibbering lunatic, the realisation of "moody madness, laughing wild."

[The interview of Jack Sheppard with his maniac mother, and the interruption of Jonathan Wild, who, with an assistant, enters, and captures Jack while he is clasped in his mother's arms—is related with terrific effect. We have only room for the portrait of the wretched maniac.]

Prepared as he was for a dreadful shock, and with his nerves strung to endure it, Jack absolutely recoiled before the appalling object that met his gaze. Cowering in a corner upon a heap of straw sat his unfortunate mother, the complete wreck of what she had been. Her eyes glistened in the darkness—for light was only admitted through a small grated window—like flames, and, as she fixed them on him, their glances seemed to penetrate his very soul. A piece of old blanket was fastened across her shoulders, and she had no other clothing except a petticoat. Her arms and feet were uncovered, and of almost skeleton thinness. Her features were meagre, and ghastly white, and had the fixed and horrible stamp of insanity. Her head had been shaved, and around it was swathed a piece of rag, in which a few straws were stuck. Her thin fingers were armed with nails as long as the talons of a bird. A chain, riveted to an iron belt encircling her waist, bound her to the wall. The cell in which she was confined was about six feet long and four wide; the walls were scored all over with fantastic designs, snatches of poetry, short sentences and names,—the work of its former occupants, and of its present inmate.

[One of the illustrations represents this interview: it is very startling.]

New Books.

THE CAMDEN SOCIETY.—ANECDOTES AND TRADITIONS.

[We promised to return to Mr. Thoms's very entertaining small quarto for a few specimens. Our commencement shall be with a few of *L'Estrange's*, "*Merry Passages and Jests*," which may be new to the reader; Mr. Thoms's notes, for the sake of distinction, being in small type.]

Lady Hobart's Grace.

The Lady Hobart, every one being set at the table and nobody blessing it, but gazing one upon another, in expectation who should be Chaplain—"Well," says my Lady, "I think I must say as one did in the like case, 'God be thanked, nobody will say grace.'"

We have here an anticipation of Sheridan's well-known speech when unexpectedly called upon to say grace at a public dinner—"What, no clergyman present? Thank God for all things!" So true it is



that there is nothing new under the sun, and so justly may all professed sayers of good things exclaim with Donatus, the preceptor of St. Jerome, "Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt!" One of the most striking cases is that of Talleyrand's well-known aphorism,—"Language was given to man to conceal his thoughts!" The wily diplomatist, no doubt, *thought* so, and said so; but so had Goldsmith long before him, who tells us, in his fifth essay, "that the true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them."

Lady Hobart was probably Dorothy, wife of Chief Justice Sir Henry Hobart, daughter of Sir Robert Bell, Lord Chief Baron, and aunt of our author.

A Son-burnt Woover.

Sir Henry Yelverton's lady us'd to say of any one that was a widdower, and had a sonne to inherit his estate, and desir'd a second wife, that nobody would have him he was so sonne-burnt.

A Mathematician defined.

Edm. Gurney used to say that a mathematician is like one that goes to market to buy an axe to breake an egg.

Reconciling the Fathers.

The Deane of Gloucester, having some merry divines at dinner with him one day, and amongst other discourses, they talking of reconciling the Fathers in some points, he told them he could show them the best way in the world to reconcile them in all points of difference: so after dinner he carryed them into his study and shewed them all the Fathers classically ordered, with a quartie of sacke betwixt each of them.

Small Beer.

One used to say of very small beere, that it was but strong water at the best.

Mr. Bacon the Lawyer.

Mr. Bacon the lawyer sayde of Mr. Pooley, a wrangling, dunsical parson, that his sunne-burnt face shew'd he look't more upon the ayre and a tithe-sheave then on his booke.

Neither this, nor any other of the sayings of this great man recorded in the MS. from which these anecdotes are derived, appears in the Collection of his Apothegms which I have consulted, namely, that published in 1658, in 12mo.

Lord Bacon.

The Lord Verulam used to say, that he loved to have his throat cut with a razor, and not with a saw; intimating the smooth and keene oyle knaverie of some, and the ragged, rough, and rude knaverie of others.

Lord Cooke's Shop.

A plaine country fellow comming to the Temple for counsell in some point of Law, enquir'd for my Lord Cooke's shoppe.

Somewhat analogous to this definition of the Temple in the reign of James, is that which was bestowed upon the King's Bench, when Abbot Lord Tenterden was the Lord Chief Justice, namely, "Abbot's Priory."

A born Justice.

There was one Mr. Guybon, a gentle-

man of very weake understanding, but yet in Commission, who having often publish't his folly upon the Bench, at last sayes a sly plaine fellow to another, "I pray, Sir, was not Mr. Guybon borne a Justice of Peace?" as, if his office had not descended upon him with his estate by right of inheritance, sure no man would ever have made him one.

The Guybons are a well-known Norfolk family, and the character given to the worthy Justice is such as to render it not only unnecessary, but uncivil, to particularize him. Sir Thomas Guybon, Knt. had by Agnes his second wife, daughter of Walter Baspole, of Norfolk, Gent., William Guybon, of Watlington, Gent., who married Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Drury, Gent., of Fincham, and left a son and heir, Sir Thomas Guybon, Knt., lord of the manor of Thursford, who died in 1666, and was succeeded by his third and only surviving son Francis, afterwards a Knight. (See Blomefield's Norfolk, v. 223.)

"Sing Old Rose."

Rose the old Viole-maker, had a singular facultie in making sweete instruments for single play, and, amongst other musical discourses, one was saying he knew where there was a very choice Rose Viole, and he did not think but it was at least thirty yeare old. John Holman, being by, "I protest," sayes he, "my father has an excellent good Viole, I doe not think but it will be a Rosse within these two yeare, for I am sure 't is eight and twentie yeare old."

Whether Rose, alias Rosse, "the old Viol Maker," be at all connected with "Old Rose," whose name is immortalized in the Song mentioned by honest Isaack Walton, (and printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for August, 1829, p. 111,) it is for wiser antiquaries to determine. Thus much, however, is certain, that he was the son of John Rose, citizen of London, living in Bridewell, and who is said by Stowe, in his Annals, (p. 869,) to have invented a species of lute which he called the Bandore in the fourth year of Queen Elizabeth.—See Hawkins's History of Music, iii. 345, n.; and further, iv. 389, n.; where he quotes from a Collection of Airs, entitled, "Triple Concordia," published by John Carr, living at the Middle Temple Gate in Fleet-street, the following advertisement, and tells us that the John Ross there spoken of, is the son of the John Rose before-mentioned:

"There is two Chests of Viols to be sold, one made by Mr. John Ross, who formerly lived in Bridewell, containing two trebles, three tenors, and one basse; the chest was made in the year 1598. The other being made by Mr. Henry Smith, who formerly lived over against Hatton-house in Holbourn, containing two trebles, two tenors, two basses. The chest was made in the year 1633. Both chests are very curious work."

Hearing versus Understanding.

Sir Julius Cæsar, Master of the Rolls, was reputed none of the deepest men, and had many slye jerks passed upon him; amongst others, he was once hearing of a cause somewhat too intricate for his capacity, and his judgment beganne to incline the wrong way. The Court at that time being very lowde and clamorous, one of Councill to the adverse part, steps up and calls out, "Silence there, my mas-

ters; yee keepe such a bawling the Master of the Rolls cannot *understand* a word that's spoken."

No one ought to think of this "slye jerk," without, at the same time, calling to mind that which was a counterpoise for many failings, Sir Julius Caesar's boundless benevolence and philanthropy. His coach was as well known to the poor as any hospital in England; and a gentleman who borrowed it was so beset by Sir Julius's poor pensioners, that it cost him more than would have hired twenty coaches to satisfy their importunity. "This excellent man shared with Meautys the glory of adhering to Bacon through all his troubles. The philosopher wrote some of his greatest works in Caesar's house, drew in his distresses upon Caesar's bounty, and, finally, died in his arms.—(Vide Lloyd's *State Worthies*, 934; Bacon's *Works* by Montagu, xvi. cccxxiv.)

An out-of-the-way Reproof.

King James, being hunting in the North, was forc't out of the field by a tempest, and a church being the nearest building, there he takes sanctuarie, and thrusts into an obscure and low seate, being very meanly habited and attended. The minister had newly stept into the pulpitt, and spyed some beames of his Majestie through all those cloudes, but tooke no farther notice on't. He falls to his worke, dicotomizeth his text, and proceeds a little way very logically with the parts; at last he suddenly digresses cleane from the point, and falls into a bitter declamation against swearing, and runs out all his sand upon that subject. The Sermon ended, the King sends for him to dinner, and when they were merry, "Parson," sayes he, "why didst thou flee so from thy text?" "If it please your Majestie," sayes he, "when you tooke the paines to come so far out of your way to heare me, I thought it very good manners for me to steppe a little out of my text to meeete with your Majestie." "By my saul, mon," sayes the King, "and thou has mette with me so as never mon did!"

This anecdote furnishes us with two of the most strongly marked peculiarities of James's character, his fondness for hunting and his habit of swearing. "I dare boldly say," says Osborne, in his *Memoirs*, "that one man in his reign might with more safety have killed another than a rasoul deer; but if a stag had known to have miscarried, and the author said, a proclamation, with a description of the party, had been presently penned by the Attorney-general, and the penalty of his Majesty's high displeasure, (by which was understood the Star Chamber,) threatened against all that did abet, comfort, or relieve him; thus satirical, or, if you please, tragical, was this sylvan prince against deer-killers, and indulgent to man-slayers."

While Dalryell, in his "Sketches of Scottish History," p. 86, tells us, "He would make a great deal too bold with God in his passion, both with cursing and swearing, and a strain higher verging on blasphemy; but would, in his better temper, say, 'he hoped God would not impute them as sins, and lay them to his charge, seeing they proceeded from passion. He had need of great assistance rather than hope, that would make thus bold with God.'"

How Sacrifices should be performed.

Ben. Johnson was at a taverne and in

comes Bishoppe Corbett (but not so lien) into the next room; Ben. Johnson calls for a quart of raw wine, gives it the tapster: "Sirria," says he, "carry this to the gentleman in the next chamber, and tell him I sacrifice my service to him;" the fellow did so, and in those words: "Friend," sayes Dr. Corbett, "I thanke him for his love; but pr'y thee tell hym from me hee's mistaken, for sacrifices are allwayes burn't."

This anecdote, illustrative of the love of good liquor in general, and *burnt sack* in particular, manifested by Bishop Corbet, is confirmed by Aubrey; who, in his *Lives*, (ii. 293,) after telling us, what we can readily believe, "that his conversation was extreme pleasant," adds, "His chaplaine, Dr. Lushington, was a very learned and ingeniose man, and they loved one another. The Bishop sometimes would take the key of the wine cellar, and he and his Chaplaine would goe, and lock themselves in and be merry. Then first he layes downe his episcopal hat,—There lyes the Dr.' Then he puts off his gowne, 'There lyes the Bishop.' Then 't was, 'Here'to thee, Corbet,' and 'Here's to thee, Lushington.'"

A Rural Dean.

One, declaring the analogie betwixt lay and divine officers, sayd a Rural Deane was an Ecclesiasticall High Constable.

The very analogy here suggested has been contended for by Kennett, in his "Parochial Antiquities," ii. 337, when he represents the rural dean in the church as answering to the tithing man in the state. The Rev. William Dansey, in his recently published "*Horæ Decanice Rurales*," i. 99, proves the incorrectness of Kennett's position.

No Upright Judge.

Judge Richardson, in going the Western Circuit, had a great flint stone throwne at his head by a malefactor, then condemned, (who thought it meritorious, and the way to be a benefactor to the Commonwealth, to take away the life of a man so odious,) but leaning low of his elbow, in a lazie recklesse manner, the bullet flew too high and only tooke off his hatt. Soone after, some friends congratulating his deliverance, he replyde, by way of jeast (as his fashion was to make a jeast of every thing), "You see now, if I had beene an upright Judge (intimating his reclining posture) I had been slaine."

Sir Thomas Richardson, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and afterwards of the King's Bench, and Speaker of the House of Commons in the last Parliament of James I. He was born at Mulbarton in Norfolk, a county which Fuller has described as having a great reputation for litigiousness. Beyond doubt it has produced many able lawyers, which may have given rise to the opinion, that men there study law at the plough-tail. (Fuller's *Worthies*, ii. 126.) Richardson, after passing through the rank of King's Serjeant, was appointed to the Chief Justiceship of the Common Pleas on the 28th November, 1626, and removed to the King's Bench 24th October, 1631. He died in 1634, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. He is described by Lloyd (*State Worthies*, 976), as "humourous but honest." Of his jokes recorded in other places besides the present MS. the most noted is one made upon leaving the Council, where he had been repri-

manded by Laud for an endeavour to suppress Sunday wakes and revels. Neal says, the reprimand "almost broke his heart" (*Hist. of Puritans*, ii. 213); however that might be, it certainly did not deprive him of his power, of breaking jokes, for as he passed out he declared that the lawn sleeves had almost choked him.

Varieties.

July 4, the Anniversary of American Independence, is a grand fête day in New York. "All creation," says Capt. Marryat, "appeared to be independent on this day; some of the horses particularly so, for they would not troop 'in no line not no how.' Some preferred going sideways, like crabs, others went backwards, some would not go at all, others went a great deal too fast, and not a few parted company with their riders, whom they kicked off, just to shew their independence. And the women were in the same predicament: they might dance right, or dance left, it was only out of the frying-pan into the fire, for it was pop, pop; bang, bang; fiz, pop, bang; so that you literally trod upon gunpowder. The troops did not march in very good order, because, independently of their not knowing how, there was a good deal of independence to contend with. At one time, an omnibus and four would drive in and cut off the general and his staff from his division; at another, a cart would roll in and insist upon following close upon the band of music; so that it was a mixed procession—Generals, omnibuses and four, music, cart-loads of bricks, troops, omnibuses and pair, artillery, hackney-coach, &c. "Roast pig" is the favourite "independent" dish, and in New York on the above day, are "six miles of roast pig," i. e. three miles of booths on each side of Broadway, and roast-pig in each booth! Rockets are fired in the streets, some running horizontally up the pavement, and sticking into the back of a passenger; and others mounting slantingly, and Paul-prying into the bedroom windows on the third floor or attics, just to see how things are going on there. On this day, too, all America gets tipsy."

Versailles Railway.—The railway between Paris and Versailles, by the right bank of the Seine, was opened on Friday last by four of the King's sons, several of the ministers, and other functionaries. The journey to Versailles, 5½ leagues, occupied thirty-two minutes; the return, twenty-five minutes.—*Times*.

The New General Biographical Dictionary, the undertaking of a fraternity of publishers, has been commenced, and the first Part published. Mr. Bolton Corney, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, shews it to be strangely deficient, in plan and execu-

tion, and abounding with "instances of deficient information, and of misinformation." "There is an ostentatious display of Mohammedan articles." Mr. Corney appears, in some instances, to be rather fastidious; he admits that erudition and talent are displayed in this Part, but "not much variety of talent." We are, therefore, somewhat surprised at his reference to the "neatness of composition" in Watkins's *Dictionary*.

Gildas.—On June 27, was read before the Royal Society of Literature the commencement of the *Biographia Literaria Britannica*, consisting of a life of Gildas, by Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A. This very clever piece of criticism, (observes the *Gentleman's Magazine*), contained an entire overthrow of all the previous opinions of this writer, shewing that, in all probability, such a person never existed, and that his history was a forgery. Archbishop Usher, to solve the chronological difficulties, has supposed that there were two persons of this name; but this conjecture, Mr. Wright shewed, involved greater absurdities; and he added that some, to reconcile all of it, "have supposed that there were six or seven." (Gildas is reputed to have been the son of a British king, and the most ancient historian of Britain before the arrival of the Saxons: he bears a most forcible testimony to the vices of the British kings at the above period: he is quoted by Horsley, in his *Britannia Romana*.)

The Cyclops Steam Frigate, the largest steam man-of-war in the world, has just been launched from Pembroke dock-yard. Her dimensions are as follows:—length, 225 feet; beam between paddles, 38 feet; depth of hold, 21 feet. Her tonnage is about 1,300, being 200 tons larger than the *Gorgon*, launched from the same slip about eighteen months since. Her equipment as a man-of-war will be the same in all respects as a frigate, having a complete gun or main-deck, as well as an upper or quarter-deck. On the main-deck she will carry eighteen long 36-pounders, and on the upper deck, four 48-pounders, and two 96-pounders on swivels, carrying a ball of 10 inches diameter, and sweeping round the horizon 240 degrees.—*Times*.

Enormous Cabbage.—On the 11th ult. Mr. Hurry, of Bozeat, gathered from his own garden a cabbage of the Early York kind, the heart of which measured exactly three yards round, and served one cow and twelve pigs for food for two days.—*Northampton Herald*.

A Mother's Allowance.—What with the nursing of a healthy baby, and the reflections upon your cruel conduct, four

pints of malt liquor a-day is hardly able to sustain her.—*Nicholas Nickleby*, No. 17—full of lively incident.

Georgian Body-guard.—The duties of the interior of the palace, during the residence of the Emperor of Russia in Georgia, are performed by a chosen body of young Georgian princes. Dressed in their splendid and becoming national costume, they fully uphold the character which the Georgians have acquired, of being the handsomest nation in the world. Over a closely fitting tunic of rich silk, or brocade, they wear a cloth dress with short sleeves, which reaches to the knee. Their loose eastern trouser is of silk, and a black boot fitting close to the leg confines it below the knee. A sword and pistols, richly inlaid, are fastened in their girdle, and on their head they wear a low lamb-skin cap.—*Capt. Wilbraham's Travels*.

Autographs.—The brothers Didot, of Paris, have just commenced a splendid collection of Autographs of all people and all times, to form two folio volumes.

French Copyright.—The Chambers have ultimately agreed that the right of publication to authors shall continue for their families until thirty years after their decease.—*Foreign Quarterly Review*. [Mr. Serjeant Talfourd's Bill is again postponed till next Session. By the way, here is a fact for the Committee. Three years since, the copyright of a low-priced Catechism reverted to its ingenious author, now in the wane of life and fortune. Of this little book, hundreds of thousands had been sold, a circumstance never contemplated by the author. It was, therefore, a copyright of some value, and its former proprietor generously gave the author £800 for the renewal. We are not at liberty to name the publisher, else we should be gratified in so commemorating this act of true munificence; for very rarely do men of any fraternity remunerate with an eye to past profits. "Fund" is a pleasant word; but, as Elliston once said, "there is no such word as 'refund' in the English language."]

The Royal George.—Col. Pasley is about to remove the wreck of the *Royal George*, by the same means he so effectively employed in clearing the Thames a short time since.

Eddystone Lighthouse.—In a terrific hurricane, in November, 1824, the men in the Eddystone lighthouse appear to have been in a most critical situation, alive to peril, and conscious of being beyond the hope of human aid. The report made by one of the light-keepers states that on the morning of the 23rd, "the sea was tremendous, and broke with such violence on the top and round the building, as to demolish, in

an instant, five panes of the glass-lantern glass, and sixteen cylinder glasses, the former of which is of unusual thickness." The house shook with so much violence as to occasion considerable motion of the cylinder glasses fixed in the lamps; and, at times, the whole building appeared to jump as if resting on an elastic body. The water came from the top of the building in such quantities that we were overwhelmed, and the sea made a breach from the top of the house to the bottom."—*United Service Journal*.

Caviare.—The Russians have the monopoly of sturgeon-fishing in several of the rivers of Mazanderan and Ghilan, and export immense quantities of caviare from thence to Astracan. The average number of fish taken daily in the Zejin during the spring, amounts to between six and seven hundred; their weight varying from thirty to sixty pounds each. On the arrival of a boat-load at the station, the fish are ranged in rows along the floor; a bearded Russian, armed with a broad shining axe, passes along each line, dealing death at every blow; the roe is next carefully taken out and packed in casks; and every part of the fish is made some use of. In the brigantines, the fish are packed in layers in the hold, covered with salt, which looks like mud when trampled down by the bare feet of the filthy-looking crew.—*Capt. Wilbraham's Travels*.

Picturesqueness of Poverty.—The habitations of the poor are very picturesque features of rural scenery. We are writing on a beautiful village green, which ought to be the "public walk" of the place. To our left a rich man is raising a proud pile of Italian architecture; before us is a cockneyfied cottage—a humble dwelling altered by some ignorant carpenter and house-agent into "a genteel cottage residence"—to let. To the left is an unadorned, genuine cottage, "out of the perpendicular," with shelving roof, and casements blinded with creeping plants, and garden with tumble-down pales. Which of these objects would a painter prefer?

Swan River Fleas.—The Australian fleas are half as large as a barley-corn; and in the Swan River Region, the plan of getting rid of these pests is to carry the bed and bedding and spread them near an ant-hill, the denizens of which will seize the sleeping fleas and carry them off.—*Reconnoitring Travels in South Australia*.

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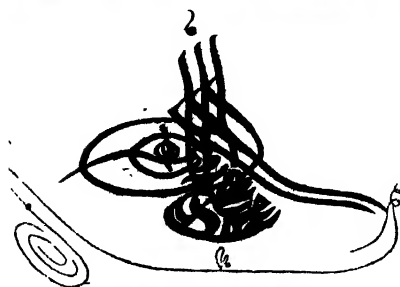
SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1839.

Price 2d.



THE LATE SULTAN, MAHMOUD II.

(Engraved, by courtesy of Sir Theophilus Lee, after a Miniature presented to him by the late Sultan.)



(Nizam, or Cypher, see page 223.)

THE LATE SULTAN.

[THE prefixed portrait has been engraved, by the courtesy of Sir Theophilus Lee, from a miniature presented to him by the late Sultan; and which has already been lithographed, and published in London by Messrs. Ackermann. Having ascertained the latter facts, we addressed a letter to Sir Theophilus Lee, at his seat, The Elma Park, in Hampshire, requesting permission to transfer the portrait to our pages: this communication was promptly and liberally replied to on July 26; and, but for anxiety that our artist should do ample justice to so rare and interesting a memorial, the present Engraving would have illustrated a previous Number of the *Literary World*. The remainder we are willing to leave to the discernment of the literary public.]

Every reader of "the folio of eight* pages" must have perused with concern the record of the recent demise of the Sultan Mahmoud Khan II.; and the majority of such readers, we are persuaded, will feel interested in the following attempt to sketch the leading events of the life of this extraordinary monarch—a man who has performed too prominent a part in the state drama of the affairs of Europe for thirty years past, to be passed over with mere encomium or censure.

Birth; Childhood; Youth.

Mahmoud II. was the thirtieth sovereign of the family of Osman, and the twenty-fourth who had reigned in Constantinople since the conquest of that city in 1453. He was born in the year of the Hegira, 1163; on the 14th of Ramazan, 1199, of the Ottoman era; or the 20th of July, 1785, of the Christian calendar. He was the son of Sultan Abdul-Hamid, and was the only survivor of a very numerous family.† His mother was of French extraction, and imbuéd his mind with more intelligence than is usually found in a Seraglio; but though early acquainted with Persian and Arabic, in the year 1836, Mahmoud is stated by Dr. Walsh to have known neither French nor any other European tongue. He was a mere infant at his father's death; and his cousin Selim, as the oldest surviving male heir, was called to the throne;‡ in whose hands, according to the barbarous regulations of the dynasty, was Mahmoud's

life and death. A few years after, when the hapless and amiable Selim was dethroned, he became for many months the companion of his imprisonment; and Selim derived an agreeable occupation for his active and afflicted mind, in imparting to his young cousin Mahmoud the knowledge he had acquired when at liberty, and a sovereign. Mustapha IV. was next called to fill the throne: he was cousin to Selim, and brother to Mahmoud, and by the vilest of his slaves was Selim foully murdered; whilst Mahmoud, apprehending a similar fate, fled and hid himself under a heap of carpets. Thence he was drawn to ascend the throne of Selim, his kind relative, his benefactor and tutor.

Mahmoud becomes Sultan.

Mahmoud ascended the throne on the 11th of August, 1808; and only a few months had elapsed, when, to maintain himself in the sovereignty, Mahmoud ordered the murder of his brother Mustapha, as that brother had before ordered the murder of Selim. Thus was the domestic tragedy completed. Fratricides are common in Turkish history, and are deemed so necessary a policy, that the people annex no moral turpitude to such murders in the Seraglio.*

On the day that Mahmoud ascended the throne, thirty-three heads were exposed at the gate of the Seraglio; among which the hideous deformity of the chief of the black eunuchs shone conspicuously on a silver dish, allotted to him on account of the dignity of his office. The leaders of the revolution, that had dethroned Selim, were strangled, and thrown into the Bosphorus; and such of the women of the Seraglio as had rejoiced at Selim's death, were sewn up in sacks, and drowned, at the tower of Kiz-Koulessi, opposite the Seraglio point.

The destruction of Mahmoud's oppressive Grand Vizier was one of the earliest events of his reign; and, compared to the horrors then committed for three days, in Constantinople, the revolutions which dethroned Selim and Mustapha sink into familiar and insignificant tragedies. The city was the scene of a terrific civil war: the massacre was indiscriminate, and help-

* The Times has spoiled the alliterative accuracy of Cowper's "folio of four pages," as he designated a newspaper.

† Macfarlane heard the number of children of Abdul-Hamid, (or the Servant of God,) differently stated—at twenty, twenty-four, and thirty, male and female. (Macfarlane's *Constantinople* in 1828, vol. ii. p. 76.) Dr. Walsh states Mahmoud to have been born in the year 1788, and to have been the only survivor of fifteen male children; of the females no account is taken, but it is said he had an equal number of sisters.—*Residence in Constantinople*, vol. i. p. 337.

‡ The order of succession is not, as in European monarchies, from father to eldest son—but on the death or deposition of a Sultan, the eldest prince of the race, be he brother, cousin, or son, is called to the throne.—*Macfarlane*, vol. ii. p. 79.

* The following are the data of the rapidly succeeding revolutions and atrocities: Selim was deposed on the 31st of May, 1807. Mustapha was deposed, after having murdered Selim, the 28th of July, 1808. Mahmoud was girt with the imperial sash on the 11th of August, 1808; and put his brother Mustapha to death on the 16th of November following. (Macfarlane.) In these three revolutions it is calculated, that about 30,000 men were destroyed in Constantinople. At each accession, the women of the former sovereign's harem were customarily destroyed; but Dr. Walsh states, that only three or four females were put to death at the accession of Mahmoud.

less women and children were butchered by the soldiery; houses were fired in every direction, arms were discharged from the windows, and stones and boiling oil were thrown upon the troops in the streets, where the flames and toppling ruins, respecting neither party, frequently interrupting their combats, consuming both, or burying them under smoking ruins. No one attempted to stay the conflagration; and soon the most populous quarter of Constantinople was covered with a sheet of fire; whilst the cries, the groans of women, and old men and children, excited no pity amidst the general crash and clamour. Mahmoud beheld the awful spectacle from one of the lofty towers of the Seraglio; but not "like another Nero," as some have unjustly asserted—the flames were not of his kindling, and he would fain have extinguished them, had not the fire been so intense as not to be arrested by throwing to the ground whole stacks of houses. The mob mistook the Sultan's commiseration and mercy for weakness and fear, and amidst their cries for vengeance, were suggestions that it was time to dispose of Mahmoud as Selim had been disposed of. Those voices were Mustapha's death-warrant. For three days his fate had been hanging by a thread; and Mahmoud now listened to those who depicted the ferocity and revengeful disposition of his brother, in a manner to shew that the hour for his becoming a fratricide had at length arrived. As the ominous voices clamoured at the Seraglio gate, the Sultan gave the horrible command—for a brother's murder. "By some, who are inclined to take the most favourable view of his character, it is said that the words died on his lips—that he twice reverted from his officers and courtiers, who expected the order with impatience, and walked to the loophole or window, whence he could observe the multitude; and that when at last he constrained himself to utter the words, 'Let it be done and quickly,' he covered his face with the shawl of his turban, and, shivering from head to foot, threw himself in the corner of a sofa. Others, however, assert, that, on hearing the cries of the people, he became furious, and rushed himself with the Kiskar-agma and the Capidji-bashi, to the prison of his brother, and presided at the murder. The facts are buried in the mysteries of the Seraglio; but whatever was the mode of execution, or the feelings of nature, the last shriek of the cowardly Mustapha soon echoed through that bloody recess, and Mahmoud felt the security of his unity—the inviolability of the sole male relict of the Osman race, and might say, with horrid triumph, 'I am alone—and there is none but me.'"

* Macfarlane, vol. ii. p. 99.

From this dreadful moment, Mahmoud may be said to have borne a charmed life: he felt this, and strong in the peculiarity of his situation, undertook and accomplished measures which none of his predecessors dared contemplate. The birth of sons did not immediately endanger his safety, for the Turks count their princes as nought until they reach manhood: "yet, the sudden death of his eldest son, (on whom the eyes of the party adverse to reform and innovation were fixed,) in the tenth year of his age, is by many attributed to poison, administered by a jealous and unnatural father; though such a crime would have been premature, and it seems more probable that the child died of the small-pox."

The death of Mahmoud's brother broke the shield and spear of the rebellious party; and when it was ascertained that the dreaded vizier, Mustapha-Bairactar, had perished in the flames of the revolution which he and not the Sultan had provoked; and when the multitude had dragged the corpse to the open square of the Eumecidan, the great resort of the Janissaries, and had there impaled it;—they listened to their Sultan, the civil war ceased, and everything returned to its accustomed order. Mahmoud did not, however, spare the friends of the Bairactar: he had one of their chiefs put to death without any remorse, and exposed his head at the gate of the Seraglio for a month; and many others were strangled. Upon this crisis, it has been remarked, that Mahmoud, "although utterly regardless of human life when opposed to his profit or his pleasure, or brought into contact with his own personal dislike or revenge, he never seems to have indulged in cruelty for cruelty's sake alone."

* Macfarlane, vol. ii. p. 100.

† Macfarlane, vol. ii. p. 103. This accomplished writer gives a picturesque version of the Bairactar's death, contrary to the generally received statement, that, being betrayed by the Janissaries, he blew himself up in a powder-magazine. The fact is, the Janissaries fired his palace, while he was drunk, and in his harem. On being aroused, and finding no avenue of escape through the fire, he retreated to a solid stone tower of the viziral palace, provided with double iron doors, wherein he hoped to be secure from the fire till his friends from without would come to his release. They, on the contrary, believed him to have escaped, and accordingly left the palace to the flames, which speedily devoured it. On the evening of the second day, some fellows, with the view of plunder, approached the stone tower, the only vestige of the palace, and having forced open the two iron doors, in a dark chamber, or cell, they found the bodies of the terrible Bairactar, his favourite female slave, and his eunuch. They had been asphyxiated. Beside the bodies were bags of gold and cases of jewels. The scene was as characteristic as might be—the Bairactar's *harem* was truly Turkish—gold, a woman, and an eunuch! There he lay, with the pledges of his jealousy, his lust, and his avarice, about him!

It is, however, time to glance at features of the Sultan's character which are less discreditable to humanity. The country had been carrying on a war with Russia but feebly; the armies of the Emperor had driven the Turks out of the provinces, and followed them across the Danube; and the Grand Vizier had retreated beyond the Balcan, and taken up a position at Adrianople, leaving nothing to obstruct the march of the enemy on the capital, but a garrison in Shumla and the Balcan mountains, which they were preparing to pass. At this critical moment, the young Sultan erected the standard of Mahomet at Daud Pacha, around which the people speedily rallied: 200,000 men were suddenly raised; a new Vizier was appointed, who partook of his master's energies; and, the Russians, instead of passing the Balcan, as was expected, were compelled to re-cross the Danube, and the peace of 1812 ensued. From this time the Turkish empire remained tranquil, till the Greek insurrection burst out, and again called forth the terrible energies of the sovereign.

Meanwhile, the heart of Mahmoud had been hardened and elated by habitual rigour and success. He did not temporize with revolted pachas or disaffected bodies, as his predecessors had done; but he saw them fall, one after another, until none remained with the semblance of power, save Ali Pacha of Yunina, and Mehemet Ali of Egypt; and they were fain to be regular in their payment of tribute, and testimonials of respect and submission.

The Sultan had now acquired the character of a man of extraordinary activity of mind, and uncompromising severity of temper: he governed not by his ministers, but by himself; he knew what was going on better than any man in his empire, and was always able to anticipate his Vizier's reports. He frequented the streets at night in disguise, like Haroun Alraschid, entering coffee-houses, mixing with all ranks, and hearing their opinions; and, though persons often recognised the imperial spy, they dared not divulge the detection.

The Janissaries.

At the accession of Mahmoud, the two great parties in the empire were the Oulmas and the Janissaries, both of which took alarm at the Sultan's reforming spirit. On the cessation of the hostilities just related, the Sultan's proud nature was humbled by the triumph of the Janissary party; and although their rebellion had relieved him from a master, by destroying the Bairactar, he treasured up all the torments he had experienced from them, resolving to revenge them; and from his feigned reconciliation with them

in 1808, until the moment when he annihilated them, in 1826, or during more than sixteen years, he never lost sight of his plans against this odious body. The terrific catastrophe, sickening as are the narratives of its horrors, has scarcely been exaggerated. The fatal revolt, to which they had been mainly excited by the Sultan, commenced in June, and the final crisis on the 15th. Heysegin, the Janissary Aga, was with Mahmoud, together with the garrisons of the castles of the Bosphorus. In the morning, the whole force of the Janissaries, with their inverted soup kettles, (the emblems of revolt,) assembled in the great square of the Etmecidan; and summoned their Aga, of whom they had no suspicion, to convey their demands to the Sultan, who was sitting with his ministers, men of rank, and military, at the Seraglio, not deliberating on reconciliation, but on extirpating the corps altogether. The Aga, having now brought them to open rebellion by flattering them, threw aside the mask, stigmatised them as infidels, and called upon them to submit to the Sultan's clemency. Their smothered rage then burst out: a party rushed to the homes of the Aga and the ministers, rased them to the ground, applied torches, and in half an hour, Constantinople streamed with blood beneath the glare of flames. Mahmoud hesitated, and was about to conciliate; but the Aga repulsed the idea with firmness, knowing that to effect conciliation, his head must be the first offering. The Sultan consented to retire, and leave the rest to the Aga, with 60,000 royal troops. He first scoured the streets, and drove the rebels into the Etmecidan, where the Janissaries were crowded together in blind confidence on their numbers. A masked battery on the hill beyond opened on them, the troops surrounded them, and the wooden buildings were fired. They strove with madness to force their passage from the burning pile; a tremendous fire of artillery was opened upon them, the carnage was terrible, and whole masses were in a moment struck down: every one who attempted to escape was driven back, and massacred on the spot; and 6,000 mangled and scorched bodies were next day found among the smoking ruins, besides nearly as many more bodies in the streets, so as in some places to stop the passage.* A hattischeriff

* The number of Janissaries destroyed is variously stated. Slade states it at 20,000 or 25,000. (*Records of Travels*, vol. i. p. 260.) Dr. Walsh states them to have amounted, by death and exile, to 20,000; but, in his Preface, observes: "the number of Janissaries destroyed has been reduced by the Turks themselves to 700 or 800". (*Residence at Constantinople*.) Macfarlane was assured, by persons who were at Pera on the bloody day, that, except the roar of two cannons, (the only pieces

was then read in the mosques declaring the Janissaries infamous, the order abolished, and the name an anathema. The Sultan, glorying in the greatness of his exploits, added to his titles that of Gazi, or Conqueror; and the treacherous Aga was advanced to the dignity of a pacha of three tails; as was the commander of the troops in Constantinople, who was likewise honoured as "the Destroyer of the Janissaries."⁶

We have not space for comment upon this sanguinary event. Undoubtedly, a great bar to improvement was removed by the extirpation of the Janissaries; but, however great the benefit, the heart sickens at its cost. Still, their vices and excesses were abominable; and the benefit of their suppression has already aided the amelioration of a vast empire. After the above triumph, in 1826, the Sultan's life became completely changed: dressed almost like a European officer, he might be seen drilling his troops and improving them in the arts of war; for, only by the organization of an army, could his other projects be executed.

Greece, Egypt, and Syria.

The dismemberment of the Turkish empire of Greece, Egypt, and Syria, can only here be referred to as events of the Sultan's reign, for the details of which our columns will not afford recapitulation. In 1821, the Greeks declared their independence; after a long and bloody conflict, the governments of Russia, France, and England interfered; though, but for the "untoward" attack of the Turks at Navarino, and the annihilation of their marine by a British Admiral, the independence of Greece would, probably, have long been delayed. The Sultan was then brought to terms; and in 1829, Greece was left to its own government. Egypt has likewise revolted; the Pacha governs according to forms and regulations which he has himself established; and his reforms may be considered as more complete and effective than those of Mahmoud in Turkey.

of artillery employed,) they heard scarcely anything on their side of the Golden Horn (*Constantinople in 1828*, vol. II. p. 127.) Among the advantages which followed the extinction of the Janissaries, was the less frequent occurrence of fires in Constantinople.

⁶ Macfarlane, in a copious note, describes the origin of the Janissaries, (*yenghi cheri*, or new soldiers,) from Gibbon, and relates their subsequent history. Instituted by Bajazet, (Othman,) after being nearly destroyed at the battle of Angora, they were resuscitated by Amurath, and received their perfect organization at Adrianople, 1389. Thus they remained till their final hour in 1826. Originally raised from a tribute of Christian children, they became, at length, composed of native-born Mussulmans. From having been a standing army for the Sultan, they were changed into a vast national guard; and hence they became the incubus of the Seraglio.

In the eighteenth century, the Ottoman power was materially crippled by the Russians; and, in our days, the same nation has again shaken the Turkish influence; when, in 1828, a Russian army crossed the Balkan, advanced nearly to the gates of Constantinople, and dictated a peace to the Sultan. Turkey, therefore, can no longer be considered a first-rate European power.

Reforms of the Sultan.

When Mahmoud began his march of improvement, he caused a complete plan of the new reforms, with answers to all the objections that had or could, with reason, be made to them, to be printed at Scutari, and dispersed through the troops, in whose discipline the reforms were contemplated. One of the Sultan's early measures was the expulsion of the packs of dogs which had long foraged the streets of Constantinople, where they had increased to such an extent as to be a great nuisance. The most marked change in the Turks' domestic usages was in their beginning to drink wine. Soldiers were paraded, instead of being always shut up in barracks: their uniforms were changed, the officers wearing Wellington coats, pantaloons, and boots. Gazettes were first published, the former practice being to record events only once in thirty years. The precursor of the newspaper was an account of an expedition of Daud Pacha of Bagdad; this being, Dr. Walsh believes, "the first printed detail of passing events ever issued by the government of Turkey for the information of the people." In 1835, appeared the first printed newspaper, in two folio sheets, in Turkish and French; for which a printing office was established, and an historian or editor appointed; the political news being daily sent to him by the Sultan's ministers, and "the Army" by the Siraskier: Mahmoud was a contributor, and occasionally wrote "the leading article;" indeed, he was the virtual editor. The Sultan's conduct to Christians cannot be too highly commended: he protected them on all occasions; in 1831, he issued a firman for the repair of the Greek churches; and his tolerant spirit more than once led the Turks to believe that he was about to turn Christian. He abolished the barbarous practice of sending the ambassadors of foreign states, in case of disagreement between them, to the Seven Towers, and the custom of exacting presents from every ambassador. His encouragement of the arts is another revolutionary trait in his character: by a commandment of the Koran, the exhibition of the human face is forbidden as idolatrous; but Mahmoud had his own portrait painted

several times by different artists.* Turkish prejudice had been equally strong against copying the human figure, and dissection; but the Sultan sanctioned, at his press at Scutari, the printing of a treatise on anatomy, and founded a school of surgery and medicine. His precautions with respect to contagious diseases were remarkable; the Turks being inveterately opposed to them on the ground that it was impious to avoid whatever disorder it pleased Allah to send: Mahmoud introduced vaccination, established quarantine offices and lazarettos, boards of health and sanitary police, as preventives of plague, cholera, &c.; and he had printed and distributed several thousand copies of a pamphlet of precautionary measures and treatment. The Sultan's political reforms were more difficult, because he had power to contend with, as well as prejudice and ignorance: formerly, the sovereign abstained from all personal contact with his subjects, and sent his opinion and dictation in writing; but Mahmoud sat in council in the divan, spoke his opinion, and encouraged others to do the same.

Among many other customs, Mahmoud adopted the useful one of visiting the different parts of his empire, for ascertaining the wants of his people, and applying the best remedies. Dr. Walsh describes one of his tours of inspection in Gallipoli, the Dardanelles, and Adrianople, in the year 1831; when he distributed money for building schools, repairing hospitals, &c.; and, on his return, being struck with the desolation of Thrace, he ordered that peasants should be sent in from other places to gather the harvest, and that hamlets should be built for them. On reaching Constantinople, he was welcomed by the children of all the schools which he had established; a scene which Dr. Walsh compares to the annual assemblage of our schools in St. Paul's Cathedral; "with this difference, that the children of only one profession appear on that day in London, but here all the varied shades of Turk, Jew, and Christian, were blended together, equally fostered, and the benefits of education and encouragement alike extended to all." "This remarkable tour of a Turkish sovereign was marked by consideration and benevolence, not like those of any former Sultan, whose progress was traced by oppression and desolation. Here was no extortion of the peasant, no hasty doing of Rayas, no strangling and decapitation of suspected pachas. Wherever he went, he left behind him traces of beneficence."†

* The miniature which he presented to Sir Theophilus Lee was painted by Manas, "Portrait-painter to His Imperial Majesty the Sultan."

† Walsh's Residence in Constantinople, vol. ii. p. 317.

Personal Appearance.

Dr. Walsh sketches the Sultan as "a tall, ill-made, mean-looking man: his countenance as dark as mahogany; his beard very full, and as black and glossy as jet; it is said he used artificial means to colour it. He was remarkable for the smallness of his hands and the length of his body; the latter being that of a man exceeding six feet in stature, though he was not more than five feet seven or eight inches. He looked always to most advantage sitting or riding, and, in fact, he was seldom seen by strangers in any other position." On the occasion of an interview, the Doctor describes the Sultan's "dress a dark, dingy red robe, and we thought there appeared nothing brilliant about him." His head seemed immovable; "but his eye was continually rolling, and the white of it, something like the colour of white glass, gleaming now and then under his mahogany forehead, as he glanced sideways at us, gave him, I thought, a most demon-like expression, according well with the cruel character I had heard of the man, the melancholy state of the country, and the gloomy cell in which he received us."* The Doctor saw Mahmoud on horseback, in European dress, boots, and pantaloons, with a military cloak buttoned under his chiu; and, instead of the awkward and contracted position in which he had seen him before, covered with a long dress, like a woman, he had a manly and firm seat, with long stirrups; he wore the fez, or red cap, having laid aside the turban.

Macfarlane relates that the Sultan had got rid of the sickly hue of the Scraglio in his military life and the field: his complexion was excessively sun-burnt, and a manly brown; he had lofty and orientally arched eyebrows, large coal-black eyes, thick beard and moustaches, and a lordly carriage of the head: his stature was not tall, but a fine breadth of shoulders, an open chest, and well set arms, denoted robustness and great bodily strength; and he boasted of pulling the longest bow of any man in his dominions. The lower part of his frame was not so good; his legs being ungraceful, from the Turkish mode of continually sitting with them crossed under the body. He wore no gloves, (which, indeed, no Turk has yet worn); and his Wellington boots were not of leather but of black velvet. Mahmoud's constitution was always good, and his military life improved his general health: he mostly wore the cloth skull-cap, with nothing to shade his eyes; and exposure to the glaring sun, in 1827, did considerable injury to his eyes. He was

* Walsh's Residence in Constantinople, vol. i. p. 361.

the best horseman, *à la Européenne*, in his army: on his visits to the mosque, he rode a horse richly caparisoned with housings of silver, and gold bit and bridle set with jewels, and stirrups of massive gold. After prayer, he emerged an altered man: disencumbered of his costly turban, plumes, diamond aigrettes, and flowing robes, he appeared in a simple military dress—a plain, dark-blue mantle, cossack trowsers and boots, with cavalry spurs fastened to the heels; his only head-covering a common fez, or scarlet cloth cap, with a blue silk tassel.*

Slade describes the personal appearance as favourable and characteristic, more in accordance with the expression of our portrait: "his eyes were saturnine; his complexion dark; his countenance hedged by a fine black beard, open, at times mild, its form oval; his hands were small; his body remarkably long; his stature, five feet eight inches."†

Miss Pardoe portrays Mahmoud as a man of noble physiognomy and graceful bearing, who sat upon his horse with gentlemanlike ease, and whose countenance was decidedly prepossessing. He wore in his fez an aigrette of diamonds, sustaining a cluster of peacock's feathers; an ample blue cloak was flung across his shoulders, whose collar was one mass of jewels, and on the third finger of his bridle-hand glittered the largest brilliant the lady had ever seen. The Sultan was not handsome, and yet it is difficult to define wherefore; for his features were good and strongly marked, and his eye bright and piercing: his jet-black hair, seen in heavy curls beneath his fez, and his bushy and well-trimmed beard, added considerably to the dignity of his appearance; and gave him a look of much greater youth than he could actually boast. Probably, our lady-traveller is the best authority on male beauty; but her admiration of Mahmoud is tempered with exposure of his "consummate personal vanity," his delicious cheaterly of painting red and white, cosmetics, self-adornment, &c.‡

Private Life.

Many interesting traits of the Sultan's personal history and private life are recorded by the travellers already quoted. Dr. Walsh learned from one in constant intercourse with Mahmoud, that he took two meals daily, one at eleven A. M., and the

other at sunset; he exchanged the Turkish stool and tray for a chair and table; the latter was laid English fashion, with gold spoons, and champagne, his favourite wine. He always ate alone; the dishes, sixty or seventy, were served covered and sealed; he broke the seal himself, tasted the dish, and when he came to one he fancied, he dined sparingly upon it; he was free in the use of wine.* His manners were mild and amiable; he was a cordial friend, and a good master to his domestics: he was very fond of his children, and would play with them by the hour, allowing them to climb up and ride on his back. Dr. Walsh, when botanising one day, stumbled upon Mahmoud, on the shores of the Bosphorus, sitting under a little tent, playing with one of his children; his Majesty took no notice of the Doctor, who did not, however, feel his head safe, until he again got beyond the prohibited circle. Slade represents Mahmoud's kindness and liberality to those about him as remarkable; but that he had no firmness or constancy: "the favourite of to-day he would bowstring to-morrow. A passion for building, a difficulty of access unusual in oriental princes, and debauchery, were the minor traits of his character; his presence made solitude a crowd; converted the vacant space into peopled haunts."†

Among all the changes effected by the Sultan, the greatest revolution seems to have been effected in himself. His early character, that of unsparing cruelty, was changed to a humane and kindly disposition. Reform, like charity, should begin at home; and so it was with Mahmoud. He once countenanced slavery: in 1830, he issued a decree as a first step to its abolition in Turkey. From being avaricious he became extremely generous; and his revenge gave place to clemency and forgiveness.

Death of the Sultan.

Mahmoud died on the morning of Monday, July 1. On June 27, he took leave of the high functionaries of the empire; and, after attempting to console his son, who had been brought to his bedside, he addressed him thus: "My son, never for a moment lose sight of the high station to which it has pleased Heaven to call you.

* See Constantinople in 1825, vol. i. pp. 496—505.

† Records of Travels, vol. i. p. 208.—Slade is somewhat contradictory: in his *Records*, he attributes to Mahmoud temperance as regards women; and in his *Turkey, Greece, and Malta*, such indecorous and unprecedented gallantry as to cause a revolt in the harem.

‡ City of the Sultan.

* The Sultan adopted the use of wine as one of the European customs to which he made such approximations. Fragments of certain long-necked bottles, which are never seen to contain anything but good French wines, were now and then espied thrown in heaps in the garden of a small lonely Kiosk, on the hills of Asia, close behind the beautiful village of Kanderli, to which the Sultan was wont to resort every evening during the summer of 1828. The usual associate in these convivial moments, was said to be his sword-bearer. — *Macfarlane*, vol. ii. p. 6.

† Turkey, Greece, and Malta, vol. ii. p. 182.

You are still young; hence you stand in need of the advice of wise and faithful counsellors. Henceforward, men will not shew themselves before you as they really are. Seldom will the truth be laid before you in all its purity. Invoke, then, the assistance of Halil and of Chosrew (two of his sons-in-law); let the one be to you a symbol of courage and firmness, and the other of prudence and judgment. Finish the work which I have commenced."

The Sultan expired at ten o'clock in the morning, at the age of fifty-four, save nineteen days, and in the thirty-first year of his reign. The body was removed to the Seraglio; by twelve, his son and successor was proclaimed; and at five in the afternoon, the funeral procession moved to the spot which Mahmoud had himself pointed out as the wished-for place of burial—in the centre of the principal street of Constantinople—the Divan Tolon. There was no pageantry: the bier was carried by the ministers and officers of the imperial household; and the lamentations of the people were long and loud.*

Mahmoud is stated to have left three princes: the present Sultan, Abdul-Medjid, born April 19, 1823; Abdul-Aziz, born Feb. 9, 1830; and Nizamud-Din, born Dec. 6, 1835: four princesses, Salyha-Sultane, born June 16, 1811, and married in 1834 to Halil Pacha; Mihr-Mah-Sultane, born June 9, 1812, married in 1836, to Muhammed-Said Pacha; Khacidje-Sultane, born Sept. 6, 1825; and Adile-Sultane, born May 1, 1836. These are the Sultan's legitimate children; the progeny of the ladies of his harem it is not so easy to enumerate.

The Nizam, or Autograph. (See Cut.)

The cut beneath the portrait represents the Nizam, or signature of Mahmoud, which, when explicated, forms the letters which express "Sultan Mahmoud Khan, son of Sultan Abdul-Hamed Khan, ever victorious." An officer of high rank, called Nizamgee, is appointed to impress this cypher officially on all public documents, as the Sultan's signature. The Nizam is likewise struck on the obverse of all Turkish coins, instead of the similitude of the sovereign's head.

The present Sultan

is in his seventeenth year: Slade described him, in 1837, as a lad, brought up *à la Turque* in the Seraglio, knowing no more of the people than the eunuchs and the ministers of his father. The newspapers of the day, however, state that he is well educated that he speaks equally well the Turkish, Greek, and

* We are not aware that the cause of the Sultan's death has been officially stated.

French languages; and that hitherto he has given signs only of a good disposition. His accession may be considered auspicious; since, "for the first time in the Seraglio, no princely heads have fallen in the path of the Emperor." He was crowned on the 11th of July.

Political Summary.

We cannot better close this sketch, than by the following brief but spirited summary of the late Sultan's reign:

"The Sultan Mahmoud, whose name will occupy a prominent figure in the annals of his country, was assuredly one of those remarkable men to whom it is impossible to refuse the homage due to a great character. His life was a perpetual struggle, and he rose greater from defeat, so admirable was his perseverance, so deep was the faith he had in him, and in his cause:—a noble Mussulman figure—devout and resigned—enlightened by a ray of the genius of civilization. The history of the Ottoman empire does not record a period of thirty years marked by so many immense reforms and great catastrophes as that of his reign. He has the credit of originating whatever good was done within that period, and of opposing whatever evil resulted from circumstances over which no human power had any control. His death is an immense misfortune for the Ottoman empire. The great man who had introduced into it the true principles of civilization is no more; but, on the other part, it has removed an obstacle to the reconciliation of the Turkish and Egyptian empires. The Sultan neither could nor would pardon Mehemet Ali his rebellion, sometimes open—sometimes hidden under the appearance of submission, or disguised by the forms of diplomacy, but constant, permanent, ever active, ever encroaching. After the insurrection of Greece, the destruction of the Janissaries, and, above all, after those attempts at reform which were in Turkey a sort of compensation for the dismemberment which weakened its power, Mehemet Ali thought always of ruining the power of the Sultan. Between a sovereign thus wounded in his honour as well as his interests, and the powerful vassal who aspired to sovereignty, there might be moments of truce, but never peace. The first cause of the inferiority of Turkey to the nations of Europe was the absence of military institutions, and the absolute want of regular armies. The Sultan Selim, comprehending the necessity for a reform, had founded the *Nizzain Djeddi*, or new militia. That institution struck at the roots of the Janissarian power, and Selim succumbed; but Mustapha IV., the Sultan created by

them, after the reign of a year, fell himself before Mustapha-Baraictar, the devoted servant of Selim, who opened the throne to Mahmoud, then twenty-three years of age. The Sultan received into his hands an authority nearly annihilated. All the provinces of the empire had become feudal sovereignties in the hands of pachas. Ali Pacha ruled in Epirus, and Mehemet Ali had commenced to raise himself in Egypt. Mahmoud himself allowed the terrible subject who had made him Sultan to govern in the divan; but the vengeance of the Janissaries soon relieved him from that control. It required all the strength of Mahmoud's mind to stand up against such omens; but he had been raised to the throne with the hatred of the Janissaries, and in the month of June, 1826, he executed the daring act which has no equal in history except the destruction of the Templars.

"The massacre of the Janissaries lasted two months. The Sultan immediately commenced his reforms, organized a real conscription, and formed regiments after the European fashion. But these projects could only be accomplished with the aid of peace; and the same year in which he had destroyed his only military force, he had to combat the insurrection in Greece. That war was fatal to him, not only because it dismembered his empire, but because it placed him at variance with the powers most naturally summoned to second and protect his plans of reform. Scarcely recovered from the disaster of Navarino, he had to make war, in 1828, against Russia, and sign at Adrianople the surrender of his northern provinces.

"During this period of defeats arose, at the other end of his empire, the powerful vassal, who, in 1832 and 1833, forced the Sultan to place himself at the mercy of his most dangerous enemy, and sign with Russia the famous treaty of Unklar Skalesu. Death arrested Mahmoud at the moment when his passion, more powerful than the injunctions of diplomacy, and excited, perhaps, by the feeling of his approaching end, was about to cast him into the chances of a war, of which he seemed to cling to the idea. A few days before his death, he had beheld his vessels leave the Bosphorus, and saluted them with his last looks.

"Sultan Mahmoud only needed to have been born amidst that civilization to which he so nobly aspired, to have been a great man. But, educated himself in the manners of the Seraglio, he never possessed the advantage of that cultivation, which would have elevated his intelligence to the height of his will. He only executed incomplete reforms; he attacked

customs more than institutions, and exercised immense energy in trifling affairs. He wished to impose at a stated hour, and with all the Oriental fatalism, the civilization which is born with time. It was also his misfortune to have effected his internal revolutions in the midst of foreign wars, and to have been obliged to war against the nations whose manners and institutions he sought to imitate. It is, therefore, the duty of the West to protect an empire which falls because it wished to resemble the West; and it is our civilization which ought to watch over the tutelage of his son, a youth of seventeen years, and gather together his weak and divided power."*

BADEN-BADEN.

EXCURSIONS IN THE ENVIRONS.

In our glance at the gaieties of this delightful resort, (p. 66-67,) we did but scant justice to the romantic and picturesque beauty of its environs. However, gentle reader, you will not be too late; for the months of July and August are *the season* when the baths are most frequented; notwithstanding that visitors are constantly coming and going from May to October, if the weather be fine. In 1833, 13,900 persons resorted to the baths.

From the number of woods and avenues in the environs, the invalid may enjoy a shady walk at all hours, even in the height of summer. The annexed cut represents one of these agreeable resorts, and a general view of the town, from the *Hut of Socrates*, mentioned at page 66. By aid of the clever *Hand-book*, already quoted, let us take a peep at a few of the "curiosities;" and first at the Duke of Baden's New Castle, the dungeons of which are *reputed* to have been the seat of the Secret Tribunal, *Vehm-gericht*. This castle rises immediately above the highest houses of the town, and is called *new* only by way of distinguishing it from the still older castle on the very summit of the hill above, in which his ancestors resided during the insecure times of the middle ages down to the sixteenth century. The new palace, as it at present exists, was built after the fatal year 1689, when the French army that ravaged the Palatinate, burnt down the one which previously existed. It is an ugly building, only remarkable for its situation and the curious *Dungeons* beneath it. Under the guidance of the castellan, the stranger is conducted into these singular vaults down a winding stair, under one of the towers in the right-hand corner of the inner court, through an ancient bath, constructed by the Romans. His entrance has been broken through in

Monthly Chronicle, August, 1839.

modern times: originally, the dungeons were only accessible from above, by a perpendicular shaft, or chimney, running through the centre of the building, and still in existence. The visitor, in passing under it, can barely discern the daylight at the top. According to tradition, prisoners, bound fast in an arm-chair, and blindfolded, were let down by a windlass into these dark and mysterious vaults, excavated out of the solid rock on which the castle is founded. "The dungeons were closed, not with doors of wood or iron, but with solid slabs of stone, turning upon pivots, and ingeniously fitted. Several of them still remain; they are nearly a foot thick, and weigh from 1,200 to 2,000 lbs. In one chamber, loftier than the rest, called the *Rack Chamber*, the instruments of torture stood; a row of iron rings, forming part of the fearful apparatus, still remains in the wall. In a passage adjoining, there is a well or pit in the floor, now boarded over, originally covered with a trap-door. The prisoner, upon whom doom had been passed, was led into this passage, and desired to kiss an image of the Virgin placed at the opposite end; but no sooner did his feet rest on the trap-door than it gave way beneath his weight, and precipitated him to a great depth below, upon a machine composed of wheels armed with lancets, by which he

was torn to pieces. This dreadful punishment was called the "*Baiser de la Vierge*," and the fatal pit, with its trap-door, an *oubliette*; because those who were precipitated down it were "*oubliés*," never heard of more. The secret of this terrible dungeon remained unknown until, as the story goes, an attempt to rescue a little dog who had fallen through the planking above the pit, led to the discovery, at a depth of many yards, of fragments of ponderous wheels set round with rusty knives, with portions of bones, rags, and torn garments adhering to them.

The last and largest of these vaults is called the Hall of Judgment. Here the judges sat upon stone benches, remains of which may still be traced round the wall. Behind the niche, where the president (*Blutrichter*) sat, is the outlet to a subterranean passage, by which the members of the court entered. It is said to have communicated at one time with the *Alte Schloss* on the top of the hill, but is now walled up.

There is little doubt that these prisons were the place of meeting of a mysterious tribunal, over which the lord of the castle most probably presided. Similar prisons (excepting the stone doors) are to be found in almost every well-preserved baronial fortress of the middle ages; and, though sometimes appropriated to the trial of real



BADEN-BADEN. GENERAL VIEW, FROM THE HUT OF SOCRATES.

offences committed within the seigneur's jurisdiction, were not unfrequently the instruments of tyranny, and the scenes of dark crime; while at the best, from the secrecy of the proceedings, such a trial must have been but "wild justice."

The upper part of the castle is only worth notice on account of the fine view from its windows, and of the open shaft running through the building from top to bottom, within the winding staircase, which was the means of access to the dungeons below. It was divided by a partition, extending the whole way down. It is supposed that a prisoner, with his eyes blindfolded, was admitted by a door in the hall, opposite the principal entrance of the castle, was seated in an arm-chair, wound up to the top by a windlass through one side of the shaft, and let down by the other into the prisons of the secret tribunal. This shaft, at least, served to convey air into those subterranean chambers. The small garden adjoining the castle and the terrace, called Schnecken-garten (snail garden, because snails were once bred in it for the table), are agreeable walks, commanding fine views.

The *Parish Church* is noticeable chiefly as being the burial place of the Margraves of Baden, and as containing several of their monuments. The most interesting are those of Margrave Louis William, who distinguished himself against the Turks, and was considered one of the first generals of his time: Prince Eugene served under him. Margrave Frederic, although Bishop of Utrecht, is represented on his tomb clad in armour, but with a mitre on his head instead of a helmet. Another of the family, Leopold William, also fought against the infidel, in token of which his monument (one of the best in the collection) is supported by Turks, chained. At the east end of the town is a *Convent* of nuns of the Holy Sepulchre: their dress is black, in sign of mourning; to be worn until the Holy Sepulchre shall be again rescued from the Infidels by the Christians. The sisters conduct a female school: the service in their convent chapel, aided by the voices of a female choir, is very impressive and pleasing.

IMPORTANCE OF ERECTING MONUMENTS TO GOOD AND GREAT MEN.

If England were to raise a lasting memento of all those men, individually, to whom she owes a deep debt of gratitude, we should have statues, obelisks, busts, and temples, at the corner of every street, in the centre of every square, and on the parapets of all the bridges. Rivals to Phidias and Praxiteles would arise from

amongst us; love of the beautiful and the good would be encouraged in the masses; and the whole economy of society would be greatly changed and improved. The time for this, although approaching, (thanks to machinery, which is fast elevating all trades into professions, and will ultimately leave men little to do but to direct,) is not yet come. Nevertheless something may be done even now, and, we trust, speedily will be. Indeed, within the last few years a commencement has been made; which, although trifling compared with what might and ought to be attempted, is, nevertheless, satisfactory as a foretaste of what will be effected hereafter.

The first step taken should be to seek out the *unmarked graves* of genius and of goodness, many of which are to be found, not merely in the provinces, but in the metropolitan churchyards; and there to raise inscriptions to the memory of their occupants. Nothing tends so much to elevate and refine the mind, to incite to virtue, or to deter from vice, as the contemplation of the burial-place of one who has rendered himself, in either of these particulars, an object of regard. The powers of association are strong within us, and the merest memento of a wise, enterprising, or virtuous man—of one who has advanced the cause of civilization, or desolated countries to gratify a restless ambition—is oftentimes sufficient to induce long trains of thought tending to good. When, however, we see his burial-place, his last and narrow home, the man himself passes before the mind's eye; and much more powerful is the impression made, the lesson inculcated. If a conqueror, we see him bereft of all his pomp and power, to obtain which the blood of his dependants had been lavishly shed, and comprehend more fully than before the folly of risking enduring happiness for that which hardly is before it is not; while, at the same time, the mind is rendered more contented with the sphere in which it is destined to run its course, convinced that, whether powerful or weak, rich or poor, all will find the grave the goal; and that the time which shall intervene is so short as hardly to be worth consideration.

Do we contemplate the remains of a good man? All his noble sacrifices, all the fine results of his exertions; the family saved from ruin, the generation advanced in knowledge—pass vividly before our eyes. The heart involuntarily acknowledges the example, and good seed is sown. If then these reflections be correct, it is important to a state that the mouldering remains of all men who have distinguished themselves above their fellows, should be

preserved and pointed out to notice ; and when party feeling or prejudices lead to its disregard in one generation, it should be the business of the next to repair the omission.

G. GODWIN, Jun.

— LINES,

SUPPOSED TO BE SPOKEN BY A YOUTH, WHO
HAD BEEN BLIND FROM HIS BIRTH.

I MOURN not that I thus endure
One sad uninterrupted night !
For thoughts are mine, more drear, more pure,
Than dwell with those that hail the light !

On Contemplation's wing, my mind
Exulting springs to Heaven's sphere,
Soars on—nor finds a tie to bind
One thought to earth, or aught that's here !

The sun and moon which greet your sight
Must perish like a dream away,
Ere I shall hail the blush of light ;
But then 'twill be an endless day !

With resignation may I wait
The coming of that day ; nor find
My heart e'er murmur at the fate,
That in its wisdom made me blind !

MICHAEL RYAN.

Periodicals.

A PIC-NIC FROM THE AUGUST MAGAZINES.

Sonnet.

In hopeless love, let lover never pine ;
For Beauty is not marble ; but is moved
By prayers and constancy ; and may incline
At last to love where most she is beloved.
But he who loves, and loving, is repaid
By love as deep and tender as his own,
And who, in the sweet course of love, is stayed
By a repelling knowledge that the zone
Which binds the elements shall fly, and land,
And sea, and cloud, and sunshine, blend in air,
And be as one, ere he shall clasp that hand,
And call it his—let him, Lost Heart, despair,
For upon him hath fallen the end of time,
E'en while his life is in the freshness of its prime.

Monthly Chronicle.

Pointed Architecture.—The studies of our modern architects may be thought to have nearly, if not entirely, renewed the skill of former times ; and the restorations effected at York, Ripon, and Peterborough, the erections at Ashridge, Fonthill, and Toddington, (at Fonthill how short-lived !) appear to support such a position ; but the want of resources in funds and in labour approaching to those possessed in former ages, seems effectually to prevent the perfect revival of this art. Whether the new senate-house at Westminster will answer the expectations of the admirers of the pointed style, remains to be seen ; but we dread, as we would deprecate, that the original designs will be much denuded of their ornamental portions.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

Nash, the Architect.—Whether the stranger traverses the splendid line of Regent-street, the Quadrant, and Portland-place, until he reaches the Regent's Park, beautifully disposed, and laid out in

walks and groves, ornamented with sheets of water, dotted with elegant villas, and encircled by rows of houses of noble elevation, from classical architectural designs ; or takes his way from Waterloo-place, towards Somerset House, and sees before him streets, and places, and arcades, occupying the sites of the filthiest courts imaginable, and finds himself in front of the splendid parish church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, able to admire its beauties, because cleared away from the wretched dwellings by which it was surrounded ; we think his first inquiry will be, to whose taste, genius, and enterprise, are these improvements owing ? He will be answered by being told that they are all attributable to the genius, energy, and talent of the Mr. Nash, to abuse and ridicule whom was the fashion of the time in which he lived. This is the best answer to the senseless cry raised against him, by those whose enmity arose from their jealousy of the estimation in which he was held by the munificent monarch, in whose regency and reign these wonderful changes in this part of the metropolis were effected. Mr. Nash is in his grave ; and standing in the midst of the vast alterations for which we are indebted to him, we feel inclined to say, in the words of Wren's epitaph : "*Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.*"—[We quote this piece of late justice from the *New Monthly Magazine*.]

Public Characters are said to be public property ; but, like some other kinds of public property, the title to them is not very satisfactory. It is difficult to decide at what period the public acquires this property ; or, in other words, at what time during a man's life, or how soon after his death, he may be engrossed and handed over to the community. If you venture to speak truth in the only way in which truth ought to be spoken—boldly—of a public character during his lifetime, the chances are at least an hundred to one, that this common property, in which you thought you had as clear a right of way as if you were skipping on the top of Snowdon, or galloping over Epsom Downs, will have you in the Queen's Bench, or send a slug through your cranium before you have time to recover from the enthusiasm natural to the exercise of your proprietary rights. If public characters be really the property of the public, it is, by no means, so clear that the public have any right to make use of their own property. Indeed, this sort of property seems to be altogether a pleasant political fiction, and to resemble the statues and pictures that are supposed to belong to the people, but which the people are never permitted to approach too closely. "Sticks and um-

brellas to be left with the porter," is the condition of admission; and your property in public men seems to be, as nearly as possible, of this *noli-me-tangere* class.—[From the *Monthly Chronicle*—somewhat sturdy in politics, but shrewd, logical, and pleasant withal; and, in all respects, up to the time; the latter being a first class merit in a Magazine. The *Chronicle* sparkles with what may be termed intellectual gladiatorship, and has little or none of the "muling and puling" school of fine writing.]

New Books.

HALLAM'S INTRODUCTION TO THE LITERATURE OF EUROPE.

(Concluded from p. 209.)

Personal History of Shakspeare.

Of William Shakspeare,* whom, through the mouths of those whom he has inspired to body forth the modifications of his immense mind, we seem to know better than any human writer, it may be truly said that we scarcely know anything. We see him, so far as we do see him, not in himself, but in a reflex image from the objectivity in which he was manifested; he is Falstaff, and Mercutio, and Malvolio, and Jaques, and Portia, and Imogen, and Lear, and Othello; but to us he is scarcely a determined person, a substantial reality of past time, the man Shakspeare. The two greatest names in poetry are to us little more than names. If we are not yet come to question his unity, as we do that of "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle," an improvement in critical acuteness doubtless reserved for a distant posterity, we as little feel the power of identifying the young man who came up from Stratford, was afterwards an indifferent player in a London theatre, and retired to his native place in middle life, with the author of *Macbeth* and *Lear*, as we can give a distinct historic personality to Homer. All that insatiable curiosity and unwearied diligence have hitherto detected about Shakspeare serves rather to disappoint and perplex us, than to furnish the slightest illustration of his character. It is not the register of his baptism,

or the draft of his will, or the orthography of his name that we seek. No letter of his writing, no record of his conversation, no character of him drawn with any fulness by a contemporary can be produced.

Shakspeare's Learning.

Without reviving the debated question of Shakspeare's learning, I must venture to think, that he possessed rather more acquaintance with the Latin language than many believe. The phrases, unintelligible and improper, except in the sense of their primitive roots, which occur so copiously in his plays, seem to be unaccountable, on the supposition of absolute ignorance. In the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, these are much less frequent than in his later dramas. But here we find several instances. Thus, "things base and vile, holding no quantity," for value; rivers, that "have overborn their continents," the *continente ripa* of Horace; "compact of imagination;" "something of great constancy," for consistency; "sweet Pyramus translated thence;" "the law of Athens, which by no means we may extenuate." I have considerable doubts whether any of these expressions would be found in the contemporary prose of Elizabeth's reign, which was less overrun by pedantry than that of her successor; but, could authority be produced for Latinisms so forced, it is still not very likely that one, who did not understand their proper meaning, would have introduced them into poetry. It would be a weak answer that we do not detect in Shakspeare any imitations of the Latin poets. His knowledge of the language may have been chiefly derived, like that of school-boys, from the dictionary, and insufficient for the thorough appreciation of their beauties. But if we should believe him well acquainted with Virgil or Ovid, it would be by no means surprising that his learning does not display itself in imitation. Shakspeare seems now and then to have a tinge on his imagination from former passages; but he never designedly imitates, though, as we have seen, he has sometimes adopted. The streams of invention flowed too fast from his own mind to leave him time to accommodate the words of a foreign language to our own. He knew that to create would be easier, and pleasanter, and better.*

* Though I shall not innovate in a work of this kind, not particularly relating to Shakspeare, I must observe, that Sir Frederic Madden has offered very specious reasons (in the *Archæologia*, vol. xxvi.) for believing that the poet and his family spelt their name *Shakspere*, and that there are, at least, no exceptions in his own autographs, as has commonly been supposed. A copy of Florio's translation of Montaigne, a book which he had certainly read (see Malone's note on the *Tempest*, Act ii. Scene 1), has been lately discovered with the name *W. Shakspeare* clearly written in it, and there seems no reason to doubt that it is a genuine signature. This book has, very properly, been placed in the British Museum.

* The celebrated essay by Farmer on the learning of Shakspeare, put an end to such notions as we find in Warburton and many of the older commentators, that he had imitated Sophocles, and I know not how many Greek authors. Those, indeed, who agree with what I have said in a former chapter as to the state of learning under Elizabeth, will not think it probable that Shakspeare could have acquired any knowledge of Greek. It was not a part of such education as he received. The case of

Scientific Facts.

ARTESIAN WELL, AT PARIS.

At the last sitting of the Academy of Sciences, M. Arago stated that he had that morning been making some thermometrical experiments at the Artesian well at Grenelle, in order to ascertain the temperature at the depth which had already been attained, *viz.* 483 metres, or 1,584 feet. When the workmen had reached 460 metres, the chalk was of a green colour, indicating the proximity of water. Since then, the chalk had become mixed with clay, and of a dark colour, still stronger indications that the sheet of water was near. M. Arago used the thermometer of M. Waferdin; and after having taken all the necessary precautions in order that the pressure, which at such a depth is equal to 50 atmospheres, might not injure the bulb, six thermometers of the same kind were successively let down to a depth of 481 metres, care having been taken not to lower them until thirty-six hours had elapsed after the boring, in order that the heat which this work might have communicated, should have subsided. The thermometers were left in the well for thirty-six hours. The heat at this depth was 27 deg. of Reaumur, 92½ of Fahrenheit, being about twenty-three metres for each degree of temperature. M. Arago expressed a hope that no water might be found for 100 metres more, as in that case, there would be a permanent hot-spring at the very gates of Paris.—*Times*.

Varieties.

Lithography.—Engelmann, of Mühlhausen, has in the press a theoretical and practical work on Lithography, the fruit of more than twenty years' experience.—*Foreign Quarterly Review*. [The professors of an art are certainly best qualified to write its history; but not unfrequently, their "practical works" are far from the most fairly written: they too often contain omissions, partialities, and other misstatements, the writers being too closely interested for the cause of truth.]

South Australia.—A traveller observes: "to finish my catalogue of the aboriginal vermin of Kangaroo Island, I may say that it abounds with scorpions, tarantulas, centipedes, termites, king-ants, and other kinds of ants."

Cricket.—This famous English sport

Latin is different: we knew that he was at a grammar-school, and could hardly have spent two or three years there without bringing away a certain portion of the language.

boasts of no more ancient origin than the commencement of the last century, and the following etymology seems to be the most likely, from its close and natural resemblance, namely, from the Saxon '*cryce*,' 'a stick.' We are, however, totally at a loss to account for a game, which certainly had not its origin among the learned, receiving a name from a language now little known, except amongst a few scholars and antiquaries. Possibly, cricket may have a much more ancient origin than the above; and it may have been named when it was in its infant state as *club* and *ball*: as such it is an old game. The old copper-plate etching to the Cotswold Games gives all the games of the time, but nothing like this. Mr. Bonstetten, of Berne, considered it originally an Icelandic game; but that it is a gradual improvement of *club* and *ball*, we have no doubt: for the old bat, as seen in the picture of the Pavilion in Lord's ground, has the bend of the club.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

Caoutchouc.—Among the novel applications of this valuable substance is its employment in the manufacture of sticking plaster; which, thus made, will not wash off in some days' wear. This improvement, during the patch and plaster fashion of the last century, would soon have realized its discoverer a fortune; even now it has considerably quickened the sale, or consumption, of the semi-ornamental remedy, that became, from fashion, dignified as "court plaster"—which, by the way, simplicity might read as a remedy for broken promises and wounded spirits at court: the application of caoutchouc, or Indian rubber, to consciences would surely be successful. A caoutchouc wig, or a garter, would be a novelty in name, though not in effect.

Brennan, the famous Irish highwayman, was a little Buonaparte in his way. He once robbed three officers in a post-chaise, and left them, telling them he would report them to the duke of York, as unworthy to serve the king, for allowing themselves to be robbed by a single man. He wore a leathern girdle round his middle, stuck with pistols. There was an attempt made by two police-officers in the town of Tipperary to arrest him early in the morning in bed; but he jumped the window, and his wife threw a pair of pistols out to him. They pursued him to a by field, where they came up with him in his shirt, but he kept them at bay with one pistol, while with the other, he stood over the poor policeman, till he made him strip off his clothes, which he put on himself; thus making him return to town as he (Brennan) had left it, namely in his shirt.—*Diary Times Geo. IV.*

Cooking Salmon.—It is said that one of the wonders, which the Frazers of Lovat, who are lords of the manor, used to shew their guests, was a voluntarily cooked salmon at the Falls of Kilmorac. For this purpose a kettle was placed upon the flat rock on the south side of the Fall, close by the edge of the water, and kept full and boiling. There is a considerable extent of the rock where tents were erected, and the whole was under a canopy of overhanging trees. There the company are said to have waited till a salmon fell into the kettle, and was boiled in their presence; a mode of entertainment, (observes Mr. Hoffland,) I confess myself incapable of coveting, being too much of a sportsman, and too little of an epicure, to desire conquest so unworthy, and cooking so unnatural.—*British Angler's Manual.*

Silurian System.—In the second part of Mr. Murchison's *Silurian System*, just published, are elaborate engravings of about 350 species of organic remains, three-fourths of which are new to the scientific world. It is upon this that the chief merit of our author's labours is based, since he demonstrates that, independently of all local or mineral distinctions, these Silurian rocks contain vast quantities of organic remains—a *fauna* of their own, totally distinct, except in a very few individual instances, from the fossils of the overlaying systems. It is by the establishment of this fact that he is authorized to claim for his *system* the remarkable individuality and extension of character which justifies its separation from all the earlier deposits, and has enabled other geologists already to identify it in other parts of the earth's surface, of which it constitutes, according to recent information, a not inconsiderable portion.—*Quarterly Review.* [The Silurian System is the geology of the border counties of Wales and England, and has been so named from these countries being the Siluria of Caractacus.]

Persian Climate.—It is a common error in England to suppose that the climate of Persia is mild even during the winter season. Captain Wilbraham had been six winters in North America, and never felt the cold so keenly as he had in Persia. He does not mean to say that the mercury sinks as low, or even within 20 deg. of what he has seen it in New Brunswick; but the excessive heat of summer makes the body more susceptible to cold. The Persians themselves wear furs during the greater part of the year. The high plains of Armenia, many of which are 6 or 7,000 feet above the level of the sea, are exposed to the most dreadful snow-storms, as we learn from Xenophon's account of the Retreat of the Ten Thousand; and this is

the principal reason of the inhabitants living underground.

Chaucer: (Scene, Windsor Castle.)

Long shalt thou flourish, Windsor, bodying forth
Chivalric times, and long shall live around
Thy castle, the old oaks of British birth,
Whose gnarled roots, tenacious and profound,
As with a lion's talons grasp the ground.
But should thy towers in ivied ruin rot,
There's one—thy inmate once, whose strain renown'd,
Would interdict thy name to be forgot,
For Chaucer loved thy bowers, and trod this very spot.
Chaucer,—our Helicon's first mountain stream,
Our morning-star of song—that led the way
To herald the long-after coming beam
Of Spenser's light, and Shakespeare's coming day.
Old England's fathers live in Chaucer's lay,
As if they ne'er had died—he group'd and drew
Their likeness with a spirit of life so gay,
That still they live and breathe in Fancy's view,
Fresh beings fraught with Truth's imperishable hue.
Thomas Campbell.

• *Georgian Wine.*—The Georgians have the reputation of being the greatest drinkers in the world: the daily allowance, without which the labourer will not work, is four bottles of wine; and the higher classes generally exceed this quantity; on grand occasions, the consumption is incredible. The wine is full-bodied, and of a pleasant flavour, when it has not acquired a taste of naphtha from the skin. Instead of casks, the skins of buffalo are used in Georgia for preserving wine. They are turned inside out, and smeared with naphtha, but they still retain the form of the animal; and as the wine rolls with the swaying of the wagon, the legs and tails are set in motion, and look as if life were not extinct.—*Wilbraham's Travels.*

Servants.—What is the reason that selfish, proud, and ill-tempered people like foreigners in their train, or as their servants? Because their countrymen will not live with them: they catch all the intonations of peevishness, bad temper, and annoyance, which escape the coarser ears of foreigners.—*Sir Humphry Davy*; quoted in the *Times*. [We scarcely subscribe to the justice of this remark; but should rather have thought that Sir Humphry's frequent visits to the Continent would have led him to attribute Englishmen preferring foreign servants to other motives; as their imagined superiority of the English, and consequently, greater willingness to serve them, as well as their better qualifications for servants: the Swiss, for example, are proverbially excellent servants. Again, the love of travelling, by which the English are characterized, would naturally lead them to encourage foreign servants; to whom also the wealth of the English too is a general inducement. We surely do not deserve to be stigmatized as bad masters. Goldsmith observes: "if a person may judge, who has seen the world, our English servants are the best treated,

because the generality of our English gentlemen are the politest under the sun."]

Railway in Italy.—One of the most stupendous works of modern times is a projected railroad from Venice to Milan, connecting the seven richest and most populous cities of Italy with each other—Venice, Padua, Vicenza, Verona, Mantua, Brescia, and Milan; the most gigantic portion will be the bridge over the Lagoons, connecting Venice with the main land. The length of the railroad will be 166 Italian (about the same in English) miles, passing through a population of 3,500,000, the seven cities having alone a population of 500,000, viz., Venice 120,000, Padua 44,000, Vicenza 50,000, Verona 46,000, Mantua 34,000, Brescia 42,000, and Milan 180,000 inhabitants, to which may be added 20,000 foreigners in Venice and Milan. It is calculated the transport, when completed, will average 1,800 persons, 1,500 tons of goods, and 1,000 tons of coals daily.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

Origin of the Opera.—It has long been suspected, that in the dramas of China is to be found the germ of our modern Italian opera. The Chinese plays are intermixed with songs, in the middle of which, the actors often stop to speak a sentence or two, in the common tone of declamation. On the other hand, it appears shocking to us for an actor, in the middle of a dialogue, all of a sudden to commence singing; but, we ought to consider, that among the Chinese, singing is used to express some great emotion of the soul, as joy, grief, anger, despair; a man, for example, who is moved with indignation against a villain, sings; another, who animates himself to revenge, sings; a third, who is going to put himself to death, likewise sings.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

Steam-Ships in War.—Steamers could not be employed in permanent blockade, from the quantity of fuel they require, and the little scope they afford for movement and space, after allowance for machinery. The fire, too, increases the danger to the magazine. But though inefficient for a blockade, they would be of infinite service against it; for a single steamer might issue from a blockaded port at night, in fair weather, towing gun-boats, and bearing a gun, or mortar-cannon, carrying a shell of sixty-eight pounds. Against this assault, a ship of the line could offer little defence; for, as the steamer lies low in the water, she would hardly afford a mark, while the high hull and tall masts of her antagonists would offer a target for every shot.—*Ibid.*

Comfort for the Sick, by Capt. Marryat.—I took cold, and was laid up with a fever. I mention this, not as anything interesting

to the reader, but merely to shew what you may expect when you travel in these countries. I had been in bed three days, when my landlady came into the room. "Well, captain, how do you find yourself by this time?"—"Oh, I am a little better, thank you," replied I.—"Well, I am glad of it, because I want to whitewash your room; for if the coloured man stops to do it to-morrow, he'll be for charging us another quarter of a dollar."—"But I am not able to leave my room."—"Well, then, I'll speak to him; I dare say he won't mind your being in bed while he whitewashes."—*Diary in America.*

Eating-Houses.—The cook is, probably, one of the oldest, if not the oldest, of London trades; for, in an account of the metropolis in the reign of Stephen is described a sort of public eating-house, or cook's shop, (*publica coquina*.) which was established on the banks of the river; and whose bill of "roast, baked, fried, and boiled" eclipsed even the civic fare of the present day.

Tit for Tat.—The first flock of sheep seen by the South Australians going up a distant hill, they said was smoke. The first horse terribly alarmed them. They have at Adelaide and its vicinity killed many sheep, alleging, as an excuse: "White man kill black man's kangaroo—Black man kill white man's kangaroo." The old gentleman at Adelaide, dubbed "Protector of the Aborigines," gave them an entertainment of brown bread, eating with them; but the keen eye of the savage saw that "white man lub white bread—make brown man eat brown bread." It was wrong, and produced mischief.—*Leigh's Travels.*

Queen and her Ministers.—The following was the answer of Queen Elizabeth to her ministers, who wished to prevent a poor waiter of the Custom House, named Carwarden, from seeing the Queen, on receiving a petition from him:—"If men shall complain unjustly against our ministers, we know well enough how to punish them; but if they have reason for the complaints they offer, we are Queen of the small as well as of the great, and will not suffer ourself to be besieged by servants, who can have no motive for wishing it but their interest in the oppression of others."—*Sir Walter Raleigh's Discourse on the Prorogation of Parliament.*

Byron.—In two instances, Captain Marryat found in the log-houses of the village of Sault St. Marie, the Ultima Thule of that portion of America, complete editions of Lord Byron's works.

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THE LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM RAILWAY



NASH-MILL BRIDGE, HERTS.*

THIS handsome structure derives its name from one of the paper-mills of Messrs. Dickinson and Longman, in the immediate vicinity. The stream, which flows beneath, is the river Gade; its channel having been widened and deepened in this part, to receive the waters of the Grand Junction Canal, which joins it close by, and leaves it again near Watford; the river flowing a little farther on before it falls into the Colne.

The appearance of the bridge, on approaching it from Watford, is thus described:—

“Emerging, at length, from the Watford tunnel, we traverse an embankment nearly three miles long, and between thirty and forty feet high, which contains

an exceedingly elegant iron-bridge, passing obliquely over the Grand Junction Canal, at an elevation of thirty feet. This structure consists of six main ribs, being segments of circles of sixty-six feet span, with cross bracings and covering plates, the abutments and retaining walls being composed of brick. On the top of four of the ribs the rails are fixed, and the whole is surmounted with a very neat iron-railing of chaste design. The appearance of this bridge from below is very interesting, as its construction can be well understood, and presents an appearance of great strength and firmness.”†

We have not been able to ascertain the cost of the Nash-Mill Bridge. It was designed by Robert Stephenson, Esq.; and this part of the line was executed by Messrs. W. and Lewis Cubitt.

* Copied from one of Mr. Bourne's exquisite Lithographed Drawings, which will, doubtless, next week, receive the admiration of the scientific *élite* assembled at Birmingham.

† Roscoe and Le Count's London and Birmingham Railway, p. 58.

EPITAPH ON CHARLES LAMB,

In Edmonton Churchyard, who died 27th December,
1834, aged 59.

FAREWELL, dear Friend,—that smile, that harmless mirth,
No more shall gladden our domestic hearth;
That rising tear, with pain forbid to flow,
Better than words,—no more assuage our woe;
That hand outstretch'd from small, but well-earn'd store,
Yield succour to the destitute no more.
Yet art thou not all lost: through many an age,
With sterling sense and humour, shall thy page
Win many an English bosom, pleas'd to see
That old and happier vein reviv'd in thee;
Thine for our earth; and if with friends we share
Our joys in heaven, we hope to meet thee there.

The reader will peruse these lines with increased interest, when he is informed they were written by the Rev. Henry Francis Cary, the erudite translator of "Dante," and "Pindar;"—and he will not fail to trace, in the unpretending style and sentiment of the same, that plain and English mode of expression which give such an *éclat* and nerve to the couplets of Crabbe. A friendship of many years, (dissoluble only by death,) subsisted between Elia and the gifted individual who has traced this record upon his tomb. Lamb survived his earliest friend and school-fellow, the imaginative Coleridge, only a few months. The last time I saw him, he exhibited the mourning ring which the author of "Christabelle" had left him, and exclaimed, "Poor fellow! I have never ceased to think of him from the day I first heard of his death!" Alas! he ceased to exist himself only five days after he had thus expressed himself.

ENORT SMITH.

THE HOTEL MEUBLÉ.

THE HOUSE.

WHOEVER has been in Paris—and since we have the advantages of twelve hours sickness from London to Boulogne for ten shillings, and twelve hours monotony from Boulogne to the Capital for one pound, there are few who have not visited the city of gutters, looking-glass, dirt, and gilding—whoever, we repeat, has been in Paris, will recollect the *écriteaux de location*, the little announcements on the houses of an *appartement garni à louer présentement*. In the polite localities of the Chaussée D'Antin they are in a neat frame; within the radius of half a mile about the Palais Royal, they swing on pieces of wood over the *porte cochère*; and in the hallowed precincts and learned purlieus of the Sorbonne and Ecole de Médecine—in the classical regions of the Rue de la Harpe and Place du Pantheon, they are simply plated against the door in a style of economical elegance, the means of

most of the inhabitants of the Pays Latin being generally rather circumscribed.

The ordinary English traveller is little aware of the moderate accommodations thus offered. He in general goes to Meurice's or Lawson's, because the servants speak his native tongue, and he can get "a plain roast or boiled joint, and none of your wishy-washy messes;" moreover, he has a *laquais de place* at five francs a-day to lionize him over the *merveilles* of Paris, and what with coming down to an English breakfast at ten, reading an English journal until twelve, going about the city with an English companion until five, sitting down to an English dinner at six, and being lighted to bed by an English chambermaid at night, he returns ultimately to his home much edified by the varieties of foreign manners that have fallen under his notice, and assuming a tone in society from having travelled on the Continent; to the great edification of his friends, who have only drank tea at fourpence a-head, "in a style of pleasing rusticity" at the Shallows at Margate, and think next year of, perhaps, going to Boulogne; to fit them for which effort, they have purchased a book of French dialogues full of phrases most particularly adapted for general conversation, which they are learning by heart.

When we first went to Paris, our finances were very limited: we were, in fact, in the same situation as Dr. Johnson on his arrival at London—"miserably poor;" at least in comparison with our more wealthy countrymen who were making money fly in all directions, and telling the shopkeepers their articles were too cheap, to the great advantage of people like ourselves, who had to come after. As our object was to stay there as long a time as we could contrive to do on a small outlay, we sought out a lodging-house in the Rue des Mathurins, St. Jacques, being principally attracted thither by the promise of a neighbouring *restaurateur*, whose name was Martin, and who lived next door to the Hôtel de Cluny, to find us breakfasts at sixteen sous, and dinners at one franc and five sous: the breakfast comprising two plates of meat, at choice, from the *carte*, a *carafon* of wine, a dessert, and bread at discretion; and the dinners consisting of a basin of *potage*, three plates, wine, dessert, and bread as before, with the addition of a salad.

Here was cheap living for you, and wonderfully did we thrive upon it. It is true our more aristocratical friends, who dined at Vefour's, used to laugh at us, and say we knew not what we eat. But if we did feed upon the limbs of unhappy cats instead of *lapin sauté*—if the flesh of

horses was tortured into *bistek aux pommes*, what cared we, in our innocence, of the disguised viands! They satisfied our appetites, and they suited our pockets, and what more could we desire. The tablecloths were clean, the water was *fraiche*, and the company we met were of our own rank as a medical student: we knew we could not afford to go much higher, and we were content.

The room we bargained for, at fifteen francs a month, was on the *quatrième étage*: it was high to be sure, but there were others higher still; and we had purer air than down below, with the privilege of making a greater noise if we were merrily inclined. The furniture was simple and scanty, but there was enough; and if we had a *reunion* we borrowed each others chairs. We had a fine looking-glass, however, with a marble slab before it, the use of the bellows, a vase of artificial flowers from the Boulevards, and an alabaster clock which did not go—one of those “grand prizes” that are offered in the two-shilling lotteries at our travelling bazaars, which some lucky person wins the first night it opens, and the succeeding adventurers get nothing but German-silver salt-spoons, cocoa-nut inkstands, and boxes of soldiers, with an occasional backgammon-board, or pair of glass earrings. The red bricks of the floor were well polished every morning by the industrious *frotteur*; and it was only having learned to slide when we were young, that enabled us to walk steadily across the room, without our heels slipping away from under us.

It was some little time before we knew the other inmates of our abode; for the *concierge* was a woman of a grave and solemn bearing, that precluded all questioning, whom we never saw smile but once, when she took the largest log of wood out of our allowance of winter fuel, as her usual perquisite, and we never liked her afterwards. We gradually became acquainted with our neighbours, however, and with their names also, by reading the addresses on their letters, which we saw when we hung up our own key in the lodge, upon leaving home in the morning; and we, moreover, grew a little intimate by occasional rencounters on the stairs. The proprietor himself was named Vasselin: he was a little, fat, chubby, irritable man, who always looked very hot and greasy, as if he carried butter in his hat, and allowed it to melt down his face gradually. We believe he was married, at least we sometimes heard the lodgers speak of Madame Vasselin, but we never caught a perfect glimpse of her; although,

sometimes when we returned from the balls at the Prado, we remember to have seen a strange wild-looking female, with a red handkerchief tied round her head, in close conference with the *concierge* over some mysterious compound of bread, fat, and hot water, which they had been concocting. Where on earth she got in the day time we never could imagine, but we have a suspicion that she had something to do with some of the hospitals, as we often saw her in the Parvis Notre Dame, near the Hôtel Dieu; but whether she officiated as nurse or *sage femme* we could not determine. A young friend of ours, who was no great favourite of her husband Monsieur V., said she blacked shoes and shaved dogs on the Pont Neuf; but he spoke with a prejudiced mind. The lower parts of the house were occupied by very unmeaning people: they were *commis* in the establishments of the neighbourhood, people living on trifling incomes, too little for any but a French family to subsist on; and lecturers connected with the Sorbonne and Ecole Pratique. Higher up, was a colony of young artists, of whom we shall speak more fully presently; then came the room of a very wheezing old lady, who had a fat dog that was always running about upon the landing, and getting kicked down to the next floor; and above us, the fifth story and *mansardes* were populated by more grisettes, actors, flâneurs, and artisans, than we could have supposed there were rooms to contain; in fact, the house was so tall, and contained so many inmates on its different floors, that you might have imagined it to be one side of a London street turned up on its end.

After we had discovered the names and callings of our neighbours, we were not long in becoming acquainted, for we courted intimacy rather than avoided it. The young artists suited us best; they were fine fellows, up to all sorts of fun and gaiety; and, as soon as we could converse intelligibly, we became sworn friends. The garçon of the house was a Savoyard, from the beautiful village of Servoz; and it was, at times, our “custom in the afternoon” to indulge in an hour’s conversation with him, accompanied by divers *petits verres*, about the wonders of Chamouny and Mont Blanc. What we can recollect of incident or adventure during our stay at our Hôtel, we will endeavour to place before the reader, praying him, at the same time, to exercise the same lenient forbearance on our humble efforts, as he has been kind enough to shew to our very particular friend, Mr. Spiff.

ALBERT.

THE OYSTER.

OYSTERS have, probably, been used from the earliest periods. As they lie in comparatively shallow water, quickly increase in numbers and size, and offer a very nutritious and refreshing food, we may reasonably suppose that the aborigines of those countries where they are found, were in general well acquainted with them. From Aristotle we learn that the Greeks in his time ate them.* It was as early as A. V. C. 633, that the mode of fattening them by laying them in pits and ponds was introduced to Rome. At that time, one Sergius Orata first tried the experiment on the Lucrine oysters, and as he made much money by it and his plan succeeded well, it rapidly spread into different districts. As Rome increased in luxury, the supply from the immediate coasts was not sufficient, and all the shores of the Mediterranean were ransacked for the shell-fish. They were frequently brought from a great distance, and at much expense, to be fattened in Italy for the Roman feasts. They abounded at Abydos on the Hellespont;† but the most celebrated appear to have been procured at Circæum, the Lacus Lucrinus, and from Brundisium. Much, however, of the fame of these places appears to have arisen from fashion, as we find writers of different times praising as the best those from different districts. The most generally esteemed, however, seem to be those from Rutupia, (now Sandwich, in Kent, England,) and which were carried to Italy in great numbers. If we consider the difficulties of land carriage, and the slowness of sailing vessels in those times, we may form some idea of their price, and the height to which luxury in eating had attained. In later times they appear to have been chiefly used for supper.‡ That many different species were used is probable. Pliny informs us that those from Circæum (Cape Ciceji) were black both in the flesh and shell, those from Spain reddish, and those from Scythia brown and dusky.|| It was supposed that the fish fattened during the full moon, and grew thin as it waned; we are not aware that this has been observed in the present day, but it may have happened in particular situations, owing to the difference in the tides. The Roman epicures were in the habit of icing them before eating them, and the ladies used the calcined shell as a cosmetic and depilatory. To the doctors this fish was most valuable, being recommended in a great variety of diseases, and prepared

in various ways; and though it could, generally speaking, do no good, it certainly could do little harm.

In England, the oyster fisheries are chiefly carried on at Colchester, in Essex, celebrated for its green oysters; at Faversham and Milton, in Kent; and in the Isle of Wight. They are also fished for in the Swales of the Medway, at Tenby, on the coast of Wales, and near Liverpool, as well as around Portsmouth, and in many of the creeks of the southern coast. The best are found at Purfleet, the worst near Liverpool. They are very plentifully but partially distributed, and are found to extend further north on the western than on the eastern side of the island. In Scotland they also abound, but appear likewise to prefer the north-eastern to the north-western coast. While they are everywhere plentiful and highly flavoured, from the Clyde to the Zetland, Orkney, and Western Islands, it does not appear that they breed higher on the other side than the Firth of Forth. Those on the western shores are, however, comparatively little used, and, with the exception of a few sent from Loch Tarbert to Greenock, they are consumed by the natives on the spot. Those of the eastern coast, on the contrary, are carried to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Hull, and London, and have been exported in large quantities to Holland. The best are procured near Preston Pans, Port Seaton, and the Isle of Inchkeith, in Musselburgh Bay, Firth of Forth; and vessels from Milton, Lee, and other parts of England, come to dredge for them, and carrying them away, afterwards fatten them for the English markets. Those from Preston Pans are known by the name of *Pandoors*, as being found at the door of, or near the pans, and, from the quantity of fresh water, are the fattest and best flavoured. In Wales, Milford Haven is celebrated for its oysters.

Oysters are found on most parts of the French coast, but they are most plentiful on those of Bretagne and Normandy. The most extensive fishery is that which is carried on at Granville, in the bay of which, and for six leagues to the northward, they abound. The fishermen bring them to the town, and dispose of them to women, who, after having fattened them, dispose of them, either pickled or in the shell. Paris, Dieppe, and Rouen, are chiefly supplied from this place, for which purpose boats are continually arriving from other parts. The oysters from Rochelle and Bordeaux, and generally from the coast of Bretagne, are, however, by far the most esteemed; being fatter and more highly flavoured, owing to the quantity of fresh water there running

* Aristotle, de Hist. Animal. lib. v. cap. 15.

† Ptolemy, Geogr. l. 2, c. 27.

‡ Juvenal, Sat. vi. 801.

|| Plin. Hist. Nat. lib. ix. cap. 32.

into the ocean. Here they are *greened* in the same manner as in England, and require about the same time to come to perfection. They are all to be met with in Paris, but those from Normandy in the greatest numbers. The appetite for shell-fish of all sorts, which seems peculiar to the natives of the southern provinces of Italy, is such as to appear exaggerated to a foreigner, accustomed to consider but a few of them as eatable. So great, however, is it, that at Taranto, the government draws a revenue of twenty-four thousand ducats annually from the shell fishery alone. In the Mare Piccolo, on which this place is situated, the spawn of the oyster is received on large conical earthen pans, secured at equal distances by ropes tied to them, and sunk in different parts of the bay. Their appearance is equally singular and beautiful; the vessel becomes entirely hidden by the shells, when the whole assumes the form of one solid but irregular mass of rock-work. The young oysters being rubbed off, are scattered through various parts of the bay, and, finally, when sufficiently grown, are collected by means of iron rakes.

Of the quantity of oysters consumed in England, we have no certain or continuous statistics. In 1824, the quantity bred and taken in the county of Essex, and consumed mostly in London, was supposed to amount to fourteen thousand or fifteen thousand bushels. They are, at times, imported in considerable numbers, but the yearly quantity is subject to important fluctuations. In the season of 1801-2, one hundred and eighty-eight British vessels, carrying from six to nine men each, were entered at the Custom-house of Cancale, in France, and carried back one hundred and nineteen millions four hundred and seventy-three oysters, chiefly to London. On an average of 1831-1832, the imports into the same city amounted to fifty-two thousand and ninety-five bushels a year. In or about 1786, Glasgow consumed twenty thousand annually, which were carried from Leith on horseback, or by carts, across the country. The quantity in the present day must be much greater. In 1803, the consumption at Paris was estimated at one million dozen, selling, on an average, at six sous per dozen.

The European oyster is smaller, thinner, and more rounded than the American, while the lower valve is less concave, or vaulted; it is not beaked, and the fish, compared with the size of the shell, is smaller and of a different flavour; there are, besides, various other differences, and their habits are so very dissimilar that

there can be no doubt at all of their being distinct species. The European oyster is found only adhering to rocks and stones, or, occasionally, to very strong clayey bottoms, and should these be washed away, the oyster beds perish. The fish is viviparous, and the young produced with a perfectly formed shell. They are, when first emitted, quite transparent, and they swim with great quickness, by means of a membrane extending out of the shell. So small are they in this state, that Van Leeuwenhoek computes that one hundred and twenty of them in a row would extend an inch, and, consequently, a globular body, whose diameter is an inch, would, if they were round, be equal in size to one million seven hundred and twenty-eight thousand of them! The vulgar opinion, and that on which the restraining laws have been framed, is, that the period of spawning is May, at which time the young, or *spat*, is found adhering to the rocks. But as the young, as described above, are found in the parents, perfectly formed and alive, in the month of August, this is most probably the period of parturition, though it be not till May that they become fixed, or sufficiently grown, to be seen by the common observer. At this time they are about the size of a sixpence, and comparatively hard and firm, and have been well compared to a drop of candle-grease in water. In two, or at farthest three years, they are fit for the table. The age to which it attains is probably great, but after having arrived at its full size, the valves are thickened, instead of being increased in length or breadth. From May to July, both the male and female oyster are said to be *sick*, and are in thin and poor condition, but by the end of August they have again recovered, are fat and in season. The sexes are distinguished by the fishermen, by the colour of the fringe, that of the male being black, or dark coloured, that of the female white. Sand is prejudicial to them, a mixture of fresh water advantageous. The shell, according to Mr. Hatchett, is formed of carbonate of lime and a great proportion of animal gluten, but more intimately mixed, and not lying in regular layers, as in the porlaceous shells.* The oyster fre-

* Professor Rogers doubts the accuracy of this analysis, as regards the quantity of animal matter contained in this shell, and he supposes that there only exists a very minute portion of gluten. In this opinion he states that he is supported by the experiments of Bucholtz and Brandes, and those he himself made on the *Osirea Virginica*. What the shells were which were used by the former gentleman, we are not informed; but with all deference we would suggest that he himself seems to have forgotten that the American and British shells are quite distinct species, from which most probably arises the difference he has discovered, and which,

quently contains shining intestinal worms, or animalcules, which may be seen by opening the shell in the dark. A most destructive animal in an oyster-bed is the sea-star, (*Asterias glacialis*, Linn.) which clasps its rays round the shell, and perseveres till it has sucked out the inhabitant. Another enemy is said to be the muscle (*Mytilus edulis*, Linn.)

In both England and France the season for fishing for the oyster is restricted by law. In the former country the time allowed for collecting the spawn from the sea is May, when the dredgers may take all they can procure, but after that month they are liable to be convicted of felony if they disturb it, and are only allowed to take such oysters as are the size of half a dollar. The spawn, or *spat*, as it is technically called, is dredged up, and if not too small, they separate it from the shells and stones to which it is adhering, and these they are obliged again to throw into the water to prevent the beds being destroyed. The spat is thrown into creeks or into shallow water on the shores, to increase in size and fatten, and in such situations is considered private property. At Preston Pans the oysters are not bedded, but are entirely procured from the sea; and in dredging, those which are too small are thrown back again. The season begins on the first of September, and lasts till April. The dredgers make use of a peculiar kind of net, which is very strong, and fastened to three spikes of iron; this they drag along the bottom of the sea, and thus force the oysters into it; each boat requires five men, and they dredge in water from four to fifteen fathoms deep. The green oysters are all procured at or in the neighbourhood of Colchester. When they wish to give them this colour, they throw them into pits dug about three feet deep in the salt marshes, which are overflowed only at spring-tides, and to which they have sluices to let out the salt water till it be about one and a half feet deep. These pits become green, and communicate their colour to the fish in four or five days, although they commonly let them continue there six weeks or two months, in which time they will become a dark green. The colour has recently been ascertained to arise from *confervæ*, and instead of proving Mr. Hatchett's experiments to be in the main incorrect, only tends to prove that the species are perfectly distinct, and not mere varieties. The quantity of gluten contained in the *Ostrea edulis*, is well known to even the most superficial observer, where the shell is common, and may be found in the large and thick specimens, or on the decaying of the shell, between the inner and outer laminae, frequently in great quantities. It is of a dirty yellow colour, and thick and clammy in its consistency. See *Silliman's Amer. Jour.*, vol. xxvii. p. 361.

other marine vegetable matter, decayed by the heat of the sun, on which the animal feeds. A very common and very mistaken opinion exists, especially among foreigners, that not only those, but all English oysters, are impregnated with copper, "*which they get from feeding off copper banks*;" such, we believe, would be quite as injurious to the animal itself as it could be to us, and the fancy can only have arisen from the strong flavour peculiar to this fish. Green oysters are comparatively little esteemed in the present day.

The great value of this animal is for diet. The shell was, at one time, supposed to possess peculiar medicinal properties; but analysis has shewn that the only advantage animal carbonates have over those of the mineral kingdom, arises from their containing no metallic or foreign substance.* The inhabitants of the shores of Hindoostan did, two centuries since, and perhaps still may, use it in the same manner. The fish is recommended by the doctors where great nourishment and easy digestion are required, the valuable quality being the quantity of gluten it contains. In the north-eastern parts of England, old houses may be seen with their tops and gable ends ornamented with these shells, only the inside being exposed; a custom which is said, we know not with what truth, to have been introduced from Holland. In some parts of Scotland the shells are used as manure, and found very excellent and stimulating; in other places they are burned as lime.

In 1768, Mr. John Canton discovered that a very good phosphorus† could be made from oyster shells. He added a little sulphur to them, and by calcination produced the substance. A long account of the process and his experiments is given in the *Philosophical Transactions* of that year. The French have a proverb drawn from this animal, which they apply to an awkward person, "*Il parle ou joue, &c. comme un huître à l'écaille*." ‡

Besides these, *joysters* are found in the most countries; the following are a few of the species.

The West Indies have, according to

* Iodine is found in some of them.

† So called from its emitting light in the dark, after exposure to the sun's rays.

‡ In compiling this article, the following works are those which have chiefly been referred to and quoted from:—*Pitt's Nat. Hist.* lib. xxxii. cap. 6., lib. ix. cap. 36. *Rees' Cyclopædia*, Art. *OYSTER*. *McCulloch's Conn. Dict.* Art. *OYSTER*. *Brace's Edinburgh Encyclop.*, Art. *FISHES*. *Encyclop. Americana*, Appendix, Art. *OYSTER*. *Postlethwaite's Dict.*, Art. *OYSTER*. *Stclair's Stat. Hist. of Scotland*. *Keppel Craven's, Tour. Statistique générale*, &c. par. F. E. Herbin. *Diction. de Trevoux. Philosophical Transactions*.

Hughes, two oysters, a large one in deep water, which is seldom eaten, and the mangrove oyster, which adheres to the roots of the trees in the wash of the tide, whence the old fable of oysters growing on trees. The same are found in Sumatra, where we are told that they are by no means so good as those of Europe.* Round the shores of New South Wales, oysters are extremely plentiful, and, though generally small, are of delicate flavour. Every rock is covered with them, and Mr. Martin informs us he has seen parties of young ladies, with small hammers; seated on a large rock, and feasting with great goudt on these dainties.† In Southern Africa, the oysters of Mossel Bay are much celebrated, and their flavour considered so fine, that epicureans have been induced to visit the bay from Cape Town, (Cape of Good Hope,) for the express purpose of enjoying a feast of them. The distance is about three hundred miles, so that they ought to be good to repay the trouble.‡

BADEN-BADEN.

EXCURSIONS IN THE ENVIRONS.

(Concluded from p. 331.)

ACCORDING to our intelligent guide, the most pleasing excursion, among the many which lie within the reach of the visitor at Baden, is that to the Valley of the Mourg, which is divided from that of Baden by a ridge of steep hills, a spur or promontory shooting out from the Black Forest range. It is a hard pull for horses to surmount it. Once on the top, and the road runs along the crest of a hill like the Hog's Back, with a wooded and vine-clad slope on either side, and views extending into two valleys, so beautiful that it is difficult to give a preference to either. Then comes a steep descent, leading into the small town of Gernsbach (2000 inhabitants), where there is nothing worth stopping for. The saw-mills which abound in it, are busily employed in cutting into planks the noble trees, the offspring of the Black Forest, which, having been floated down the Mourg, are here collected, sorted, cut, and made up into larger rafts to find their way down the Rhine to Holland.

About six miles from Gernsbach, in the valley of the Alb, lies the abbey of Frauenthalb. "The road is exquisitely beautiful, leading through a deep and fruitful valley, and, at the extremity, in a spot which the genius of Seclusion himself would have chosen for his residence, stand the ruins of the abbey. It appears to have been a

structure of modern erection, and very lately demolished, I think our guide told us by the Russians, after having used it as an hospital."—*Dates and Distances.*

After passing through the town of Gernsbach, and ascending by the side of the Mourg, above appears the castle of *Neu Eberstein*, another ancestral fortress of the Grand Ducal family. "It projects forward on the summit of a beetling crag, in a situation enabling its owners, in ancient days, to command the passage up and down the stream and valley; and to take toll from all comers. At a little white chapel, called the Klingel about 100 yards from the inn, the resort of pilgrims at a particular season, a road ascends in zigzags from the Mourg to the castle gates, while a shorter footpath cuts through the wood to the same point. Strangers are freely admitted to see it. The old feudal ruin has been built up into a modern residence, and is inhabited during part of the year by some members of the Grand Duke's family. The Gothic furniture, ancient armour, and painted glass with which it is decorated, though curious, will hardly distract the stranger's attention from the exquisite view which he will gain from the platform in front."

"Those who intend to wander further up the valley, will find a footpath, descending from the castle straight to the village of Oberzroth, where they will find themselves again at the side of the Mourg. The beauties and wildness of the riverbanks increase as you ascend the stream. The villages passed in succession are Hilpertsau, where the road crosses over to the right bank of the Mourg; Weissenbach; Langenbrand, on a lofty granite rock, a very striking object; Gausbach, where the wooden houses resemble those of Switzerland; and Forbach, the last village belonging to Baden. As the road beyond is up hill, Forbach generally forms the limits of a day's excursion, if the traveller intends returning the same day to Baden; but, for those who have time to spare, it may be observed, that the vale of the Mourg is only the entrance to other very beautiful valleys of the Black Forest."

These sketches may be acceptable, at the present moment, although they might have been more seasonable a few weeks since. Nevertheless, they will be in time for a very numerous class who herd together in the high court of fashion, from April to August in each year; thus terminating the spring of art with the summer of nature. We fear, however, that their love of the country is confined to the forced luxury of kitchen-gardens, conveyed to them in wicker-baskets; and a few hundred exotics hired from a florist to

* Marsden's *Hist. Sumatra*.

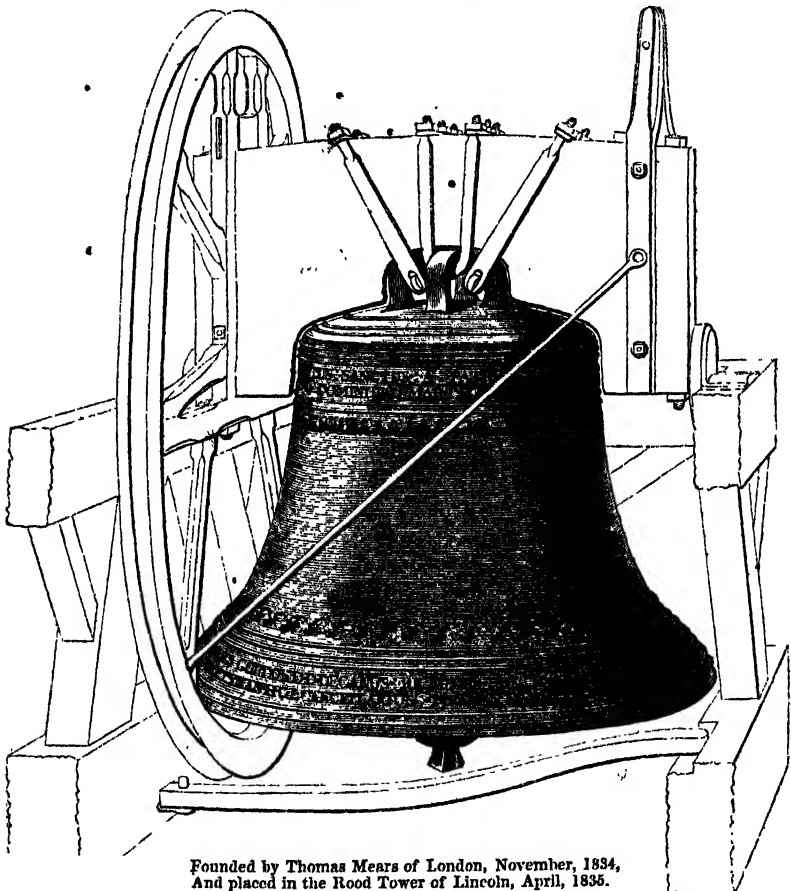
† Martin's *Hist. of the Br. Col.*

‡ Webster's *Voyage to the South Atlantic Ocean*, 1830.

furnish a mimic conservatory for an evening rout. Here, in London, they remain, content to breathe through the lungs of the parks, till their trees and the town grow "thin;" Ude and Gunter at last fail to produce gusto, and their votaries are fairly worn out and blind with the heat, dust, and gas of the opera, and even the feet and foot-lights lose their charms. Then, when early leaves begin to fall, and remind old and young of wrinkles, the

"parliament-man" sets off to recruit his eloquence in the chase; the coquette to repair those few wrecks of beauty which the season has spared her; and the young man of fashion to recreate his recreant limbs and shattered frame in the country. Then follow loud complaints of dulness and ennui; a score of visiting friends, well stocked with scandal, "go the round," from September to January, when they return to their base purposes in town.

THE NEW GREAT TOM OF LINCOLN.



Founded by Thomas Mears of London, November, 1834,
And placed in the Rood Tower of Lincoln, April, 1835.

Dimensions, Weights, &c.	This Bell.	Tom of 1610.
Diameter at the Mouth	6 ft. 10½ in.	6 ft. 3¼ in.
Weight of the Bell	5 tons, 8 cwt.	4 tons, 8 cwt.
Key.....	A	B

Inscriptions upon this Bell.

Round the Crown.—SPIRITUS SANCTUS: A. PATRI: XT: FILIO: PROCEDENS: SUAVITER: SONANS: AD: SALUTEM:
ANNO DOMINI 1835 MARTII 25 REGNI GUILLIELMI QUARTI: BRITANNIARUM 5^o.
Round the Skirt, or Lip.—GEORGIUS GORDON D.D. DECANUS: RICARDUS PRESTYMAN M.A. PROBATOR: GEORGIUS THOMAS
SECRETARY: B.C.L. CANCELLARIUS: THOMAS MANNERS BUTTON M.A. SUBDECANUS ET MAGISTER FABRICÆ.
THOMAS MEARS, LONDINI, FECIT.
Tom of 1610 became cracked in December, 1827, was broken up in June, 1834, and, with six other bells from the Rood Tower, called "The Lady Pells," recast into this bell and two large Quarter Bells.

Fine Arts,

THE VASE ROOM, IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE arrangement of this valuable collection, adjoining the Egyptian department, seems, after several abortive attempts, to have commenced in reality. The endeavour to arrange them according to form and colour is very meritorious, but the plan is far from systematic.

For a long time, this collection was left in a state of barbarous confusion, and then it was arranged somewhat in the chimney-ornament style, by a fanciful grouping of tall vases alternating with those which were shorter. No attention seemed to have been paid to anything like a useful classification, and the whole disposition was so chaotic as to leave little hope of amendment.

The classification should be either antiquarian or artistical, and would resolve itself into the several modes of origin, age, form, colour, and design. The more useful method is certainly that which can be available to artists, and the disposition adopted seems to unite several of the features of what would have been distinct classification. The vases are arranged according to form, and the subdivisions of these according to colour, so that this double purpose is answered; and it happens, in most cases, that the same classes of design are also thrown together.

A case with one elliptical form is, however, interposed between those which are spherical, and no regular gradation is preserved in the general disposition of the several classes of forms. The proper course would be to commence with the cylindrical form, then proceed to the spherical, thence to the upright ellipse, the flat ellipse, the egg, and the egg reversed. The various modifications of these, again, should be further distinguished according to the several parts of the vase. The essential parts of the vase, are the neck, or capital, the shaft, and the base; and the accessories are the handles, &c.

Many of these vases are exceedingly beautiful both in form and colour, and one series, with black designs, exquisitely rich. The designs are frequently interesting, and consist of allegorical representations, the exploits of Hercules, warlike exercises, domestic occupations, and caricatures. Some of the horses are drawn with a quaint freedom which is very striking, and the ease of the flying genii cannot, sometimes, be too much admired. The illustrations of domestic manners are very numerous, and include ladies reading, women drawing water at a fountain, sacrifices, musical performances, &c. A vase in the

form of the head of a negro is an accurate representation of the existing members of that race, and an excellent proof of the preservation of the type, as also of the non-negroidism of the Egyptians.

In the Egyptian department are many very elegant vases, and in the lower room is a tazza, which is well deserving of attention from the purity and severity of its outline. In the vestibule of the Elgin collection, is a fine tazza recently presented by Lord Western; and in the Townley rooms are two or three well-known marble vases.—*Civil Engineer.*

MR. CRACE'S STUDIO.

That a new era for the extension of the arts has commenced, is apparent; its progress, indeed, strikes us at every step. One of the most interesting features of this march of taste is the studio recently fitted up by Mr. Crace, at his establishment in Wigmore-street. It is such a work as, in Paris, would excite the admiration of the professional press, and be hailed as an accession to the architectural riches of the age.

We enter a small shop of a plain and subdued character, with a few decorative patterns lying about, and then proceed through a passage, into the studio. This consists of three compartments thrown into one suite, and is fitted up with all the richness of a nobleman's library. The first portion is in the style of James I. or later Elizabethan, the central in the Gothic, and the last in that of the Renaissance. The accessories are equally in character; tables and chairs, imitative armour of *carton de pierre*, *papier maché* ornaments, and patterns for decoration, being distributed about. The windows are filled with painted glass, and the whole has an air of tasteful richness, which would do as much honour to a nobleman to possess, as it does to the artist to have executed. Although it is only a collection of specimens, yet they are so united, and the character of the whole so well preserved, that they communicate the idea rather of a private apartment than a pattern-room.—*Civil Engineer.*

New Books.

MR. LEIGH'S RECONNOITERING VOYAGES AND TRAVELS IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

(Concluded from page 302.)

[HERE is a specimen of the adventures:
Bushing it.]

"Bushing it," was the only thing to be done; and for this purpose, we struck into the woods, where we found the deserted residence of a waterman, who had put

these two or three boughs together, forming an indifferent shelter from the wind. Here we resolved to strike a light, which being done by means of my pistol, we soon had a jovial fire, for the wood in this country, owing to its gummy properties, burns quickly and furiously. Having put a few more boughs round the old ones, we all three lay down, tired and supperless, in hopes of soon forgetting our condition in sleep. "Our lodging was on the cold ground," and no sooner were we stretched upon it, than our torments commenced. The first thing which assailed us was a large black scorpion, which had taken up a position on my neighbour's ear. This was no very favourable beginning, and it created a stir among us; and obliged us to examine the whole of the neighbourhood. This being done, and arrangements made for trimming the fire, we again lay down, and, after some little chat, silence crept over us, and then came abundance of rats: so large and tame were they, that they galloped over us in all directions, eating the lining of our caps, and attacking our boots. They chased each other round the fire in gallant style. This was not to be borne; so we once more got up, though we were dying with fatigue, and finally agreed to divide the night into watches, one party sleeping while the other was to trim the fire and drive away the rats. This plan succeeded indifferently, for the watchman went to sleep, and then came the rats again. Finding it impossible to sleep, I arose, lit my pipe, and sat down by the fire, quietly musing upon our enviable situation; and now and then aiming a blow, with a cudgel, at the rats as they galloped past me. The dew began to fall like rain, defying all efforts to keep myself dry by piling up wood on the fire. Once more I entered the bush-house, where we had a hearty laugh at our situation. It was already half-past two, and the fire wanted trimming; so I arose, placed upon it our last supply, and walked a few yards round the hut. The fire went out, and, worn out at last, all fell asleep; and it was not till the horrible squall of the crow announced day, that we sallied from our bed-room, and set out on our return, sick and hungry.

Great disturbances took place last night. Some of the wretches who have resided on the island, gaining for years a precarious existence, hurried down upon our tents at midnight, with fire-brands, with a view of burning us all out. The villains had set fire to the country, in many places in a circumference of three miles; and the conflagration, at such an hour, the uproar caused by the capture of some of the ringleaders, the shouts of

men, and screams of women and children, formed a scene which I wish never again to witness.

All-work.

There is one thing to be said, that however dear and scanty, as at present, all things in the shape of provisions are, no man need starve; but he must work, ay, even from the parson at Adelaide to my humble self. At Kangaroo Island I have been slaving, and felling trees, and turning up the soil; and every man, the governor inclusive, of a colony, must likewise slave and sweat, and fell trees, and turn up the soil; if he cannot or will not do that, he had far better remain in the land he is in.

[A section entitled "A few Hints to Emigrants," contains much useful advice: *e. g.*]

Above all things, let the emigrant *never think of purchasing land in England before he goes out—it is madness.* Look at the anxious people at Adelaide, when I was there, walking about in groups, discussing how they were *humbugged*. Just fancy a man purchasing three or four thousand acres, paying like a Briton, before he knows what he has got to pay for, and when he is to have it. The wise men in Adelaide did not see this "clause in the indictment!" but as a friend who went out, and a "big wig" too (rather) said, "When I bought my land, I immediately sent my son out in the first ship to take possession, and see where to pick—look out for the rivers—get a house up—I was to reside with him in the house, and buoyed myself up with all the foolish ideas common at that time. Behold us when we arrived:—Son very wisely gone cabin-boy to Sydney—ship going to England to bring surveyors to survey land that was *somewhere* in Australia, he was sure, 'for they said so in London,' and he had bought and paid upon the strength of it. This is the situation of ourselves, and of scores, ay, hundreds besides."

Let every poor emigrant buy him some warm clothes, good shoes, and some thin jean apparel; a white fustian dress is capital; a tea-kettle, a saucepan, and a tin drinking-cup, plate, knife and fork, tin washing basin, &c., and a tin to hold his allowance of water; two or three bags of canvas for his allowance of sugar, &c.; blankets, mattress five feet four by two feet four will do; people cannot have too little room at sea for lying—my berth was as much in the shape of a coffin as I could make it: take needles, thread, pins, &c. As a learned writer says of these things, "have a bag of oddments, cram everything into it, as buttons, tape, thread, &c." Let him also take a cheese or two. The first

day he lands, whether at Sydney or elsewhere, he will readily get five or six shillings a-day. Blacksmiths at Kangaroo Island used to get from £200 to £300 a-year.

What will thinking men say, and what will the more thoughtful ladies say, when they hear that, amongst other articles of traffic belonging to a speculation was a box of fine gaudy ribbons; and that in the midst of all the wants which then prevailed, these ribbons were almost devoured by the longing ladies of Adelaide; myself, having a share in them, cleared 300 per cent.

Governor Wallen.

Nothing important occurred till we reached the wigwam, called by the delightful name of Governor Wallen's farmhouse. Now, let any one fancy a square about some ten feet long by five, the sides resembling the letter A, composed of the bark of a tree; a little fence in front of the same size as the interior, to "keep all vexatious intruders away," and render it snug. There sat Governor Wallen, the actual governor, that is, oldest inhabitant and sole proprietor, till Mr. S—— landed with his cargo, when Wallen went to the beach to know who he was. "Who are you?" quoth S—— to W——. "I am the governor," says Wallen, "You are no such thing," retorted the enraged S—— to the astonished islander; "I am the governor."—"I tell you I am," says Wallen stoutly; and inquired, "Who made you a governor? You a governor? why you are not even one of King John's men; you don't stand four feet in your stockings." This was the first interview between the contending governors; and if any see this who know the parties, they will recollect that truly ludicrous scene. However, there is no standing against *big men*; and poor Wallen, who had his "island home," his three wives, his two friends—man Fridays, his pigs, his some hundred and odd fowls, was ordered to give up his estate—it was the best bit of land anywhere yet seen. He had devoted twenty years of solitary exile to its cultivation, and was now threatened with expulsion. An ambassador was then sent to endeavour, by means known to myself, but they shall be nameless, to purchase his stock for the Company. All his fowls went for about 20s., his pigs at equally scandalous prices. For his land it was pretended he received the value; and he threw the money into his chest, which had never, perhaps, before seen a coin: he went to the wine-shop, and, from a happy industrious king of the island, became a ruined outcast, and a wandering drunkard, obliged to labour upon a spot of land,—his own

by every law of possession. He has now gone to a part of the island where he is again cultivating a piece of land, and sadly as he wants to stock it, he has been refused a pair of his former fowls for 7s. 6d.

City of Adelaide.

The situation of Adelaide is very picturesque, it being upon a gradual descent to the river Torrens, and studded with very large gum-trees, which afford an agreeable shade. I confess I was greatly disappointed at its appearance, for the first view, or, in fact, any view you obtain, reminds one of the miserable huts that we see in an extensive brick-yard in England, it being built after that fashion. I had read, a few days ago, of the various names of the streets—such high sounding names!—this square and that square—east-end and west-end—such a terrace and such a street, that I could not but fancy my sight was suddenly failing me, when I strained my eyes in vain, to see either square, terrace, street, house, or even anything to lead me to the conclusion of there ever having been any.

The site of Adelaide is very injudiciously chosen. It is seven miles from a navigable river, and that river is difficult of navigation, the various spits which surround its entrance rendering it most intricate and dangerous, for even experienced pilots. The ship *Tam O'Shanter* broke her back on them, and most of the vessels, including our own twelve ton cutter, got a-ground. To graziers, Adelaide will always be a desirable spot, but how it could ever have been selected as the chief resort of commerce, in a proposed mighty nation, is a problem which I leave the choosers of the spot to resolve.

Mutton was 2s. a pound, and very scarce at that; kangaroo, 1s. 3d. to 1s. 6d.; beef, 1s. 6d. to 2s.; no vegetables; flour very mouldy, so much so that I could not eat any of it. Milk, 1s. a quart; neither malt liquor nor spirits to be had. There was not a place of refuge in the town for the stranger; and though I and my companion had letters of introduction, we availed ourselves only of the offer of a cup of tea, which was heartily given; and we had no bed but a bundle of rags, in a frail rush hut, which admitted the rain most copiously. We had, however, a wallaba rug, which enabled us to make a tolerable shift, under circumstances.

Glenelg.

The situation of this place as a settlement will never do, unless immense expense be incurred by draining. There is, here, on the beach, a kind of hovel, called a store, as empty as the pockets of the

man who keeps it, and that, added to some half-dozen miserable and comfortless-looking sledge huts, is the "town of Glenelg," named "in honour" of that illustrious nobleman. They find it does not answer, and I understood were about to desert it. The four families who had fixed their residences here, were planted pleasantly under the gum-tree,—when, lo! the place of their rest was surrounded in the night by a torrent four or five feet deep, and all hands were forced to run for it. Dr. Everard, who, from being so utterly surrounded by water, was unable to fly, got upon the table, and with his family waited till daylight, when he turned out, dug a trench in the distance, which carried off some of the flood. He has now a kind of embankment round his hut. On the right is a swamp filling round the remainder of his dwelling, which swarms with mosquitoes and bull-frogs, that keep up their music day and night. "Oh!" quoth the Doctor, when I visited him, "these are the beauties of emigration."

[We sickened on first reading the following narratives of two

Treacherous Murders.]

The murder of Mr. Barker, who was employed in the surveying department, was an unprovoked act of atrocity. He had landed upon the southern coast to take the altitude of the sun, &c. Having gone thither, very much against the advice of all his companions, alone, he walked, with some of his instruments on his back, to a distant hill, and was there busied in his plans, when a horde of natives rushed out of the woods behind him, and menaced him by shaking their spears and brandishing their clubs. He immediately, being a brave and benevolent man, made signs of peace, and taking off his hat, approached them, when they threw a spear at him, which he avoided; they threw several more, and were moving frantically towards him. Had he pointed his telescope at them, he might have intimidated them; as it was, they continued to press upon him, when, finding all of no avail, he endeavoured to save his life by running; but, as he was bounding along, a spear struck him in the heel. This he deliberately withdrew, and pursuing his course, sprang into the sea, in the hope of reaching the boat, when a spear entered his back. As he fell upon his back in the water, another spear entered his heart, and he instantly sank. Thus perished poor Barker, a man remarkable for his kind and pacific behaviour to civilized and savage man.

Not less horrible was the murder of Mr. Cunningham, an able and scientific

botanist, to whom science is so much indebted. He, and a party of gentlemen, made an expedition of discovery into the interior. They had advanced some considerable distance, when one afternoon, whilst together, Cunningham dropped behind. This was taken no notice of by his companions, as he was used to do so, in order to gather plants. However, a day having elapsed without his rejoining them, they became alarmed, and hastened back to ascertain the cause; when, arriving at the spot where they had left him, they beheld the saddle of his horse, the remains of the animal, and some trifles of Cunningham's, and the place one scene of blood. It was afterwards discovered that a party of natives had been watching them, and only waited an opportunity to pounce upon the unsuspecting travellers, and murder them. When the unhappy botanist dismounted to secure his specimens, they emerged from their ambush, and struck him to the earth. It is asserted that part of him was devoured, and his horse was wholly eaten. A stiff body of soldiery were sent by the governor of Sydney to capture the ringleaders of this wanton murder, and they succeeded in bringing to Sydney the wretch himself. I was informed, but I do not know how truly, that he was tried,—the first of his countrymen subjected to English law, and was sentenced to be hung; for which purpose he was conveyed to the scene of the murder, and suspended upon the very tree under which the ill-fated Cunningham received his death-blow, where his body was left as a warning to others. It was very remarkable, that of all men they should kill Cunningham, as he was known by some in every tribe for hundreds of miles, having been much among them. If they wanted bread, he supplied them; if they wanted to be shaved, or to have their hair cut, he was their barber; and yet these very wretches slew and ate him!

Man-eating.

It frequently happens that, from ill-success in hunting, or other contingencies, the natives are reduced to short allowances,* and upon these occasions cannibalism is not unfrequent. Whether they follow the New Zealand custom of assisting to eat their own children, I am not aware. The nations on this southern coast are not such decided cannibals as they are upon the eastern and northern. In those quarters, man-eating is carried on to an enormous extent; and not only do they invariably eat prisoners of war,

* One advantage in the savage is, the faculty of commanding sleep, which materially assists him in long abstinence.

but the slain of their own tribe. Mr. Cunningham looked into a woman's wallet, when she was returning from a war at the back of Sydney, and there discovered a human arm and foot; and in another a female breast, which, he says, "they declared, unhesitatingly, it to be their determination to eat."

[Leaving Kangaroo Island, the author sailed for Sydney, where he embarked for Calcutta, and thence returned to England. His chapter on St. Helena is interesting.]

THE CAMDEN SOCIETY.—ANECDOTES AND TRADITIONS.

(Concluded from p. 319.)

A Cup too much.

BISHOPPE WRENNE, a mightie man in ceremonies, and in deadly opposition to the towne of Ipswich, hearing that Mountague, Bishop of Norwich, (a man good-indifferent, and indulgent in those points,) passing that way was graciously (courteously) entertained, and presented with a Gilt Cuppe; wrote him a scornning letter upon it, insinuating that he heard he tooke a Cuppe too much at Ipswich, and was sorry for him he should be so much overseene.

The dislike between Matthew Wren, Bishop of Norwich, and afterwards of Ely, and the town of Ipswich, seems to have been mutual, and the town had the better of the quarrel, at any event for many years, for upon their petition the Commons impeached the Bishop, and he was confined in the Tower for eighteen years. Cromwell offered to release him, but in that case he must have acknowledged the Protector's authority, which was a condition to which the old man would not submit. Shortly before the Restoration, he was discharged from imprisonment, and died at Ely House, April 24, 1667, in the 82nd year of his age. He was uncle to Sir Christopher Wren.

Declining the Articles.

When the New Oath Canons and Articles were so violently urg'd by the clergy, and so much slighted and spurn'd at by most, the Bishop of London visiting and coming into a church, with the Mace carryed before him, ask't one of the churchwardens if he would sweare to the Articles. The man, being a plaine blunt fellow, "No, Sir," sayes he, "not I, an grace of God, for all your Artichoke there,"—meaning the coronet of the mace, resembling one.

The canons referred to are those of the Synod of 1640, containing "the new oath," which was ridiculed as the *et cetera* oath, from its comprising a declaration of consent to the government of the church, by Archbishops, Bishops, Deans, and Archdeacons, &c. The Bishop alluded to was the mild and pious Juxon.

Decision versus Deciding.

It was said of one Chancellor (Egerton I thinke) of a piercing judgment and quick dispatch, that he ended, causes without

hearing; but of another who was dull, slow, and delatorie, that he heard them without end.

Egerton was a man of no great brilliancy, but sedulous in the performance of his duties, anxious to do justice, and, by long practice, rendered acute in the application of the principles of equity. His favourite saying was, "Honest and fraud end in foul;" and, in his character of judge, he no doubt did what he could to make good the latter part of his dictum. In Bishop Goodman's lately published "Court of King James," i. 273, et seq., we meet with some curious particulars of his private history, while by the kindness of his descendant, the noble President of the Camden Society, the members will shortly be put in possession of materials illustrative alike of the Lord Keeper's public history, and of the times in which he lived.

Camden, in his "Remaines," (edit. 1637, p. 174,) preserves the following anagram upon his name, "THOMAS EGERTON GESTAT HONOREM."

"Oris honore viget, vi mentis gestat honorem
Juris Egertonius dignus honore coll."

A Queen at a Discount.

As Queen Elizabeth passed the streets in state, one in the crowd cried first, "God blesse your *Royall* Majestie!" and then, "God blesse your *Nobll* Grace!" "Why, how now," sayes the queene, "am I tenne groates worse than I was e'en now."

Ten groats was the difference between the value of the old "ryal," or "royal," and "the noble;" the former passing for 10s. and the latter for 6s. 8d. Our ancestors used anciently to reckon by the mark, which was 13s. 4d. instead of the pound, and the value of all their coins was consequently fixed with a view to computations by the mark.

This anecdote shews the period of the change from the term "your Grace" to "your Majesty," as addressed to the English sovereign. The former title had been customary in the earlier Tudor reigns, the latter became exclusively used shortly after the accession of the House of Stuart, and has since maintained its ground. The Emperor Charles the Fifth was the first crowned head that assumed the appellation of "Majesty," which was soon afterwards adopted by the other European sovereigns.

"Her Majesty the Queen is in a Passion."

Queene Elizabeth, being a little indisposed one time in her temper, in comes one of her peeres into the Presence; she observing more jollity than usual in his fashion and discourse, askt him where he had been? "Y' faith, madame," sayes hee, "drinking your health." "So I thought," sayes she, "and I am sorry for't; for I have observed I never fare worse than when my health is drunk."

Musical Buttons.

Sir Baptist Hix was telling how his gold buttons were cut off once in a crowd, and he ne're the wiser (though so much the poorer.) Sir Edmund Bacon ask't him if they were not strung upon lute-string? "No," sayes he. "Oh sic, then, that was the cause it was not discover'd; for if they had been strung upon Lute-string, as soone as ever it had been cut it would have cryed, Twang!"

A good deal of the wit in this reply consists in its allusion to Hicks's trade. He acquired an immense fortune by supplying the Court with rich masonry and silks; and, no doubt, amongst other things, with "lutestring" or "lustring," as it is sometimes termed. Hicks is celebrated for three things. He gave his two daughters, his coheirresses, £100,000 a-piece as a fortune; he founded an almshouse at Campden, in Gloucestershire; and he erected the Sessions House, in Clerkenwell, long known as "Hicks his Hall." Sir Baptist was created Baron Hicks and Viscount Campden on the 5th May, 1628, with a limitation of the title in remainder to his son-in-law Edward Lord Noel, who succeeded to it on Sir Baptist's death in the year following.—(Dugdale's Baronage, ii. 462.)

Music without Words.

One Mr. Saunders, who loved music so well as he could not endure to have it interrupted with the least unseasonable noise, being at a meeting of Fancy Music, only for the Violes and Organ, where many ladies and gentlewomen resorted, some wanton tongues could not refrain their chaff, and lowd whispers sometime above the instruments. He, impatient of such harsh discords as they often interposed, the lesson being ended, riseth with his Viole from his seate, and soberly addressing himself towards them, "Ladies," says he, "this musicke is not vocall, for on my knowledge—these things were never made for words." And after that they had not one word to say.

"Concerts of Viole," says Hawkins, iv. 339, "were the usual musical entertainments after the practice of singing madrigals grew into disuse."

A Draught Horse.

A scholler riding his horse hott into the water to drinke, scarce up to the fetlock, one wisht him to goe in deeper (least he foundered his horse); "Hang him, jade," says he, "let him drinke up this first."

This anecdote might well pass for one of the *Fæculæ of Hierocles*; but does not, we believe, figure in that celebrated collection of jests, which may, perhaps, be termed the Grecian Joe Miller.

A Glass too little.

Capt. Robert Bacon, revelling at Sir W. Paston's, had his sack served him in a curious Venice glasse, but very much under the size that he us'd to trade in. And after a long contemplation of his measure, "Sir William," says he, "if you value this glasse (as I belevee you doe) tye a good long string to it, to draw him up againe, for, before —, I shall swallow him down at one time or other."

As we have already spoken at some length of Robert Bacon, our fittest illustration to the present story will, perhaps, be found in a somewhat similar anecdote.

The manager of a Scotch theatre, at which Kean was playing *Macbeth*, seeing him greatly exhausted towards the close of the performance, offered him some whiskey in a very small thistle-glass, saying, at the same time, by way of encouragement, "Take that, Mr. Kean; take that, sir. It is the real mountain dew; that will never hurt you, sir!" "No,"

said Kean, with a significant glance at the *homœopathic* dose, "No; that I'll be sworn it would not—if it was *vitriol*!"

A Profitable Experiment.

A sturdie vagrant, on the high way, begged good-sawcily on Sir Drue Drurie. "Ay, sirrha," says he, "such as you make all your kinne fare the worse; for this is your fashion, deny ye but once, (though happily not in earnest,) a man's back is no sooner turn'd but ye curse him to the pitt of hell." "Ah, sir," says he, "your worshipp is mistaken in me, I am none of those." "I'faith," says Sir Drue, "I'le trye thee for this once," and away he rides.

A Legal Bull.

A controversie being at Bury about wintering of cattell, before Trevers, then Judge upon the Bench, and the demand being extreame high, "Why, Friend," says he, "this is most unreasonable; I wonder thou art not asham'd, for I myself have knowne a beast winter'd one whole summer for a noble." "That was a Bull, my Lord, I beleave," says the fellow; at which ridiculous expression of the judge, and slye retorted jeere of the countryman, the whole court fell into a most profuse laughter.

Sir Joseph Trevor, knight, the perpetrator of the legal blunder recorded in this anecdote, was appointed a Baron of the Exchequer on the 10th May, 1625.

A good Sermon bad in its effects.

A minister, having preached a very long sermon, as his custom was, some hours after ask't a gentleman his approbation of it; he replied that, "'Twas very good, but that it had spoyled a goose worth two of it."

Varieties.

Cherry Feast.—There is a feast celebrated at Naumburg, called the "Feast of Cherries," in which troops of children parade the streets with green boughs, decorated with cherries, to commemorate a triumph obtained in the following manner:—In 1432, the Hussites threatened the city of Naumburg with immediate destruction, when one of the citizens, named Wolf, proposed that all the children in the city, from seven to fourteen years of age, should be clad in mourning, and sent as supplicants to the enemy. Proupius Nasus, chief of the Hussites, was so touched with this spectacle, that he received the young supplicants, regaled them with cherries and other fruits, and promised them to spare the city. The children returned crowned with leaves, holding cherries, and crying "Victory!"—*Phillips's History of Fruits.*

Laughter.—An anonymous writer (1769) classifies the different *laughs* as follows:

1. The wide-mouthed or indecent laugh.
2. The gracious laugh, or the smile.
3. The laugh of dignity or protection.
4. The silly or simple laugh, which must be distinguished from the naturally ingenuous.
5. The self-approving laugh, or that of sheer vanity.
6. The laugh of courtesy, civilized compact, or fashionable usage.
7. The laugh of affectation, or disdain.
8. The laugh of sincerity, openness, invitation, and serenity, that in a pleasing manner diffuses itself over the whole countenance.
9. The laugh of hypocrisy or dissimulation, or (according to the vulgar phrase,) in one's sleeve, which must be distinguished from 10. The laugh of determined or absolute malice.
11. The laugh constrained, is that observable when we make effort to repress an unreasonable impulse.
12. The laugh extorted, or machinal, is brought on by excessive tickling, or by wounds of the diaphragm, or by certain noxious beverages.
13. The laugh caused by a soreness of the mind, despite, resentfulness, desire of revenge, mixed with a certain pleasure that is in near alliance with pride. And, lastly,
14. The laugh inextinguishable, as Homer calls it in Greek, but that, in our vulgar phrase, may be expressed by the outrageous or horse-laugh, whose explosive bursts we cannot stop. In 1662, an Italian astrologer published a treatise of about six sheets, wherein he distinguished the different temperaments of mankind by their different modes of laughing. Thus, the *hi hi hi* notifies melancholic people; the *he he he* phlegmatic persons; the *ho ho ho* those of a sanguine disposition.—*Gent. Magazine*.

Onions.—A favourite luncheon, after a night's debauch, with George IV., when Prince Regent, was a tolerable modicum of boiled beef, and a dish of onions, sliced, and dressed with oil and vinegar, highly seasoned as cucumber, and a right royal modicum of Whitbread, in the metal. We have the authority of the gastronomic critic of the *Quarterly Review* for inferring, that the beef was cooked by the portly amphitryons of St. Martin's-court, who were, indeed, "purveyors to the Royal Family."

Fashion and Death.—What will not fashion do to gratify her ever-changing conceits in dress! About ten years since, she even ransacked the tombs for "a new pattern" in the starched frill and flounce of the shroud, known as *pinking*, and which was sold to our belles by the furnishing undertakers of the metropolis. In several undertakers' windows, might then be seen various paper patterns of *pink-*

ing; and their trade lay almost as much among the living as the dead. This same fashion flourished about sixty years since, as a splinter at our elbow well remembers: these were the days of pinked ruffie-cuffs and trains.

Health.—On inquiring if people lived to a good old age in the island of Mackinaw, the reply was quite American—"I guess they do; if people want to die, they can't die here—they are obliged to go elsewhere."

What is the World? (a new light).—Crosse may galvanise icarides out of pebbles, and the German doctors detect other kinds in metals; but these are the triflings of ignoramuses. The entire globe is composed of living and animated beings. There is no such thing in creation as inorganic matter. A common granite paving stone is composed of millions of creatures, from the age of 3,000 to the age of 300,000 years. Water is truly a confluence of globular naiads, and other nymphs of a thousand shapes; trees are substantially dryads, hamadryads, &c.; herbs and grasses are creatures vulgarly called fairies. Metals are but combinations of gnomes; the air, of spirits; the centre, of sensitive essences; and what is strange, lava is nothing else than a union of salamanders and angelic partners, whom the fire has purified far above the most subtle atoms—the grosser earth and most ethereal essences of the finer circumambient fluid.—"*The Legacies of Intellect*;" Bentley's *Miscellany*.

Buffalo is one of the wonders of America. It is hardly to be credited that such a beautiful city could have risen up in the wilderness in so short a period. In the year 1814, it was burnt down, being then only a village; only one house was left standing, and now it is a city with 25,000 inhabitants. The Americans are very judicious in planning their new towns; the streets are laid out so wide that there will never be occasion to pull down to widen and improve, as we do in England. The city of Buffalo is remarkably well built; all the houses in the principal streets are lofty and substantial, and are either of brick or granite. The main street is wider, and the stones handsomer, than the majority of those in New York. It has five or six very fine churches, a handsome theatre, town-hall, and market, and three or four hotels; a fine stone pier, with a lighthouse, and a harbour full of shipping and magnificent steam-boats.—*Capt. Marryat*.

Origin of the Edinburgh Review.—The Rev. Sydney Smith, in the preface to a collection of his works just published, records: "Among the first persons with whom I became acquainted at Edinburgh

were Lord Jeffrey, Lord Murray (late Lord-Advocate for Scotland), and Lord Brougham, all of them maintaining opinions upon liberal subjects—a little too liberal for the dynasty of Dundas, then exercising supreme power over the northern division of the island. One day, we happened to meet in the eighth of ninth story, or flat, in Buccleuch-place, the elevated residence of the then Mr. Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a review: this was acceded to with acclamation. I was appointed editor, and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first number of the Edinburgh Review. The motto I proposed for the review, was—

'Teneri musam meditamur avena.'

'We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal.'

But this was too near the truth to be admitted, and so we took our present grave motto from *Publius Syrius*, of whom none of us had, I am sure, ever read a single line; and so began what has since turned out a very important and able journal. When I left Edinburgh, it fell into the stronger hands of Lord Jeffrey and Lord Brougham, and reached the highest point of popularity and success. I contributed from England many articles, which I have been foolish enough to collect and publish with some other tracts written by me."

Music.—A Society lately formed at Brussels is publishing musical compositions at a cheap rate; we hope with better success than has already been done in England. They also announce a musical newspaper.

Mosquitoes.—Capt. Marryat, writing of the canal-boat between Utica and Oswego, remarks, that the mosquitoes of the district have reaped some benefit from the cutting of the canal here. "Before these impervious forest retreats were thus pierced, they could not have tasted human blood; for ages it must have been unknown to them, even by tradition; and if they taxed all other boats on the canal as they did ours, a canal share with them must be considered above par; and highly profitable."

Bishop Burgess.—A magnificent monument has been erected in Salisbury Cathedral, to the memory of the late highly esteemed Diocesan, Dr. Burgess. It is placed at the south end of the east transept, near his grave, and is an elaborate design in the florid style of the fifteenth century; consisting of an altar-tomb, with richly-panelled jambs, and clustering buttresses, supporting an arch, above which rises a crocketed canopy, carried up to a point, and surmounted by a rich finial.—*Geuteman's Magazine.*

Hypocrisy.—There are some men, who, living with the one object of enriching

themselves, no matter by what means, and being perfectly conscious of the baseness and rascality of the means which they will use every day towards this end, affect, nevertheless, even to themselves, a high tone of moral rectitude, and shake their heads and sigh over the depravity of the world. Some of the craftiest scoundrels that ever walked this earth, or, rather,—for walking implies, at least, an erect position and the bearing of a man,—that ever crawled and crept through life by its dirtiest and narrowest ways, will gravely jot down in diaries the events of every day, and keep a regular debtor and creditor account with heaven, which shall always shew a floating balance in their own favour. Whether this is a gratuitous (the only gratuitous) part of the falsehood and trickery of such men's lives, or whether they really hope to cheat heaven itself, and lay up treasure in the next world by the same process which has enabled them to lay up treasure in this—not to question how it is, so it is. And, doubtless, such book-keeping (like certain autobiographies which have enlightened the world) cannot fail to prove serviceable, in the one respect of sparing the recording Angel some time and labour.—*Nicholas Nickleby.*

American Law.—Scene—a Court-house not fifty miles from the city of Louisville—Judge presiding with great dignity—A noise is heard before the door—He looks up, fired with indignation.—"Mr. Sheriff, sir, bring them men in here; this is the temple of liberty—this is the sanctuary of justice, and it shall not be profaned by the cracking of nuts, and the eating of gingerbread."—*Marblehead Register.*

Simple Remedies.—In sickness, unhappily, the simplicity of the means often forms a hindrance to their sufficient application. Dr. Holland well observes: "What is obvious, can rarely be brought into a successful competition with what is vague and obscure in the treatment of diseases."—We sometimes hear illiterate persons rail at prescriptions being written in Latin; whereas, they would be the first to undertake the means prescribed in their mother-tongue. Mystery is a wonderful heal-all.

Turnpike Tolls.—The following tolls are paid for a coach with four horses, from London to Birmingham:

£	s.	d.	
3	14		4 per day, except Sunday.
5	8		4 each Sunday.
27	9		4 week, 7 days.
109	17		4 month, 28 days.
1,428	5		4 year, 7 days per week.

Parliamentary Evidence.

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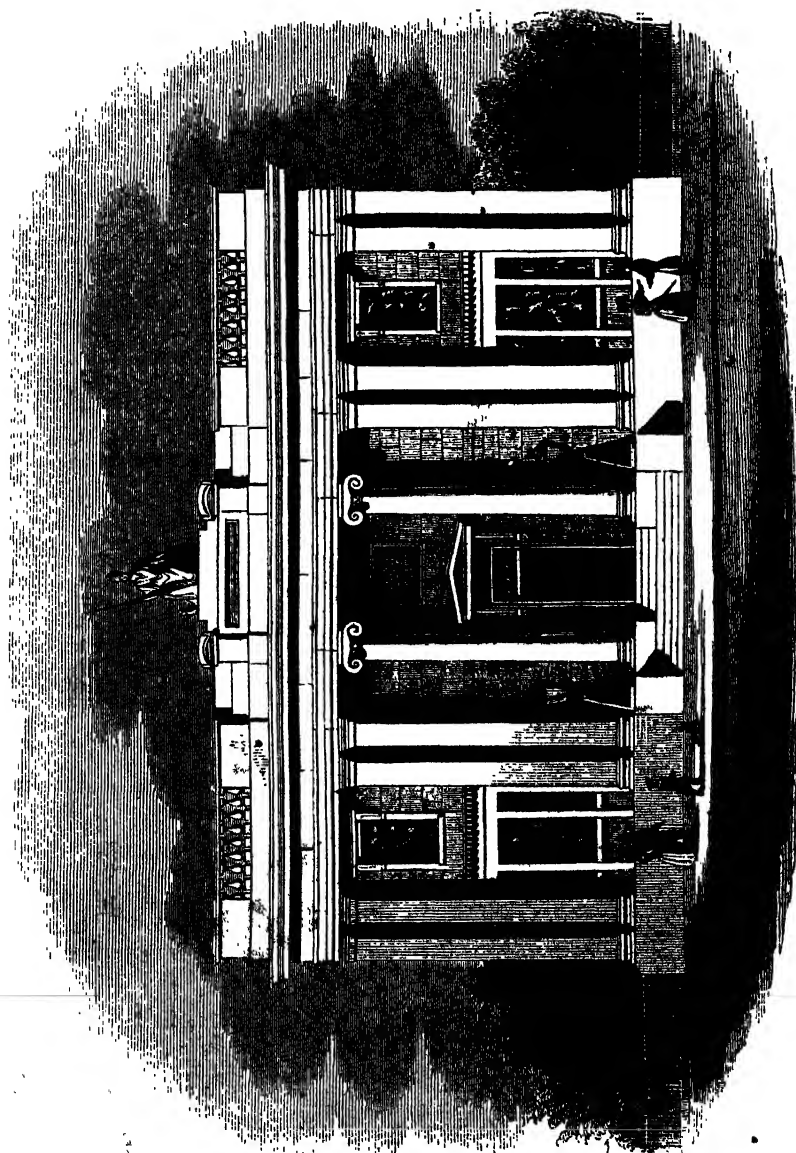
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THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, BATH.

THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, BATH.

THIS mansion-like edifice is now in course of erection, at the corner of Charlotte-street and Queen's-square, Bath, from the design and under the direction of Mr. James Wilson, architect, of that city. It presents a front elevation, seventy feet in width by forty in height; and has a depth of forty-four feet. The façade is in chaste style, and surmounted by a statue of Minerva. It is approached by a flight of steps, leading into a large entrance vestibule, with four niches for figures. Over the doorway are sculptured the armorial bearings of the city of Bath.

The building will comprise a *souterrain*, containing dwelling rooms for the librarian, a committee-room, and five other rooms for the various classes. The ground floor contains a library, reading-room, and a museum, together with the principal staircase. The upper floor is arranged to contain a large lecture-room, to accommodate 600 persons; a picture-gallery, sixty-five feet in length; and two other rooms for philosophical apparatus, &c.

The cost of the erection will be defrayed by shares and donations of the members. The affairs of the Institute are, we believe, prosperous. It is stated to be one of the most "legitimate" establishments of its class in England: since it was, for several years, almost entirely supported by the class for whose use it was designed.

By the way, a salutary stir is about to be made in the economy of Mechanics' Institutes generally. The Diffusion of Knowledge Society propose to open a correspondence with the various institutions in England, so as to divide the expenses of lectures, by making one set of apparatus, models, or specimens, serve for many institutions; as may also one set of books; and duplicates from libraries and museums may be interchanged all over the country. An annual report from all these institutions would be a valuable record of the progress of knowledge.

THE HOTEL MEUBLÉ.

THE YOUNG ARTISTS.

WE have stated that our most intimate friends in the Hôtel were the two young painters. We had never been regularly introduced to them, but chance, somehow or another, always contrived to throw us together. We waltzed after each other at the *Chaumière*; we met at the same table in the *estaminet* of the Prado; we took our *demitasse* about the same time at the

Café Rotonde, opposite the Musée Dupuytren; and dined *vis-à-vis* at Martin's. When we did get intimate, however, we suited one another remarkably well, and divers small civilities and accommodations passed between our firewood and tobacco *blagues*. One day, as we were wondering what we should do with ourselves until dinner, (for we had been dissecting very closely at the Clamart during the last fortnight, and were beginning to feel rather tired,) we heard a ring at the bell of the room, and on going to see who waited, the cad of the young painters presented us with a note, and intimated his desire to wait for an answer; the *billet* ran thus:—"M. M. Arvers et Léon (these were our friends) *présentent leurs compliments à M. Albert S—, et lui prient de leur faire l'honneur de venir dîner avec eux, aujourd'hui à six heures.*"

We whistled involuntarily with surprise—how could they manage to give us a dinner? for we pretty well knew the state of their funds. However, that was no business of ours; so we wrote our acceptance in pencil on the back of the note, and despatched it by the same messenger.

As the first clock began to strike the hour, (a process which, in Paris, ranges between twenty minutes amongst the different churches,) we descended to the *atelier*, and found our friends assembled, with two medical students, named Mithois and Brissac, whom we slightly knew; and Gargantua, as they humorously termed their cad, busily engaged in arranging the table. Their toilets were not particularly *soignées*, as they were still in blouses and slippers, so that we wondered more than ever what event so strange a circumstance as the dinner was to celebrate; and after the first greetings, we ventured to inquire to what fortunate star we were indebted for the entertainment.

"*Vous verrez,*" said Arvers, leading us to the end of the room, and withdrawing a cloth from his easel; "look at this picture."

The *tableau* in question represented a hog sitting on his hind legs before a table covered with delicious viands; and some glaring letters in blue and gold, underneath, formed the words—"Au sanglier gourmet."

"We must all stoop sometimes, Albert," continued Arvers. "I have owed a long score to a confounded *charcutier* in the neighbourhood for some time, and I have wiped it off by painting this sign for his *boufrique*. There was even some balance in my favour, but I could not in turn get any money, so I have taken it out in *cote-lettes.*"

"Which we are about to eat?"

"Precisely so; and I hear them arriving. *A table, mes amis.* Gargantua, open the door, and take in the *cotelettes*—afterwards get out my *argenterie*."

In a minute the dishes were on the table, and the fag was searching for the instruments of division, which latter task appeared somewhat difficult, judging from the time it occupied. Having looked successively in the fire-place, the charcoal basket, and the closet, he at last produced from a plaster figure of Joan of Arc, the iron forks that Arvers had been pleased to call his plate.

"I never eat so many *cotelettes* in my life," said Mithois, as he took a long draught of *vin ordinaire* to keep himself from choking.

"It is a perfect festival of Sardanapalus," added we.

"Excessive luxury in the repasts has always preceded the fall of great empires," said Léon, with mock gravity.

"*A-propos*," said Arvers, laughing; "Vasselin has given us notice to quit. He has certain doubts, it appears, of our solvency, and he has made me undergo several ordeals to prove it, from all of which I have come out victorious."

"Name them, Arvers," we all exclaimed.

"In the first place," continued he, "his *garçon* came into my room eight days after my arrival, to request I would oblige him with the change of a note for a thousand francs."

"A thousand francs!" cried we, in astonishment—we had only occasionally heard of such a sum.

"Well," resumed Arvers, "I was not in the least disconcerted. I said to the servant, 'I have not so much in silver: but if you will go to the Palais Royal, you will find some money-changers, who will cash it with much pleasure.' The *garçon* re-descended, and the first plan had signally *échoué*."

"Did he try you again, Arvers?" demanded Brissac.

"*Oui, mon cher.* Eight days afterwards the *garçon* came to my room again, and told me his master was about to give a dinner, but as his stock of plate was not very extensive, he begged I would have the goodness to lend him three *couverts*. I told him I should have much pleasure in so doing. 'Gargantua,' said I, to that Rapin there, 'lend M. Vasselin what he requests.' Gargantua, with a dignity worthy of the greatest praise, produced the iron *couverts*, which you are now using. They were not then in the Joan of Arc's head, for it was summer, and he kept them in the *four du poêle*. 'Tell your master,' said I, 'if he requires more, they

are entirely at his service, but he will, perhaps, take care of them, and be good enough to return them to-morrow.'

"And were they returned?"

"*Sans doute*; but since that day he has seized every opportunity to annoy me; and because I was a little behind-hand at the last time of payment, he ordered the *huissier* to give me notice. *Voici la situation des choses.* Gargantua, pour out some more wine, and let us calmly and gravely invent some punishment for the insolence of M. Vasselin."

We enjoyed the fun mightily, for we had conceived a dislike to the little landlord ourselves; and we readily moved, as a first resolution, that, "For different crimes and unpleasanties (with the recital of which we would not pollute the paper we wrote our determinations upon), M. Vasselin and his descendants should be for ever deprived of bell-ropes at the doors on the different floors." As we concluded, Arvers left the room.

Léon next proposed, "That every person coming to the *atelier*, should be instructed to knock at M. Vasselin's door upon going away, and inquire of the servant, 'if it was true that M. Vasselin was mad?'"

Loud acclamations followed this resolution, which were redoubled as Arvers entered with one of the fated bell-pulls in his hand.

"I will now move," said Arvers, "that each time we find M. Vasselin and his servant from home, we stop up the key-hole with cherry-stones."

"*Adopté*," cried our circle.

We ventured to propose an amendment.

"*La parole est à toi, Albert*," said Arvers, "what would you say?"

"Simply, that as cherries are not always in season, you insert the words, 'or little pebbles,' after the words 'cherry-stones.'"

This was unanimously resolved upon; and it now came to the turn of our medical friends to speak. Brissac moved, "That the whole house shall, in future, be without light; that is to say, every night the *quinquets* are lighted on the different stories, we must go and blow them out."

"I beg to propose, in addition," said Mithois, "that all the students at the Hôtel Corneille who play the trumpet and cornet-à-piston, be invited here every evening to a concert, with solos on the great drum at intervals, and concertos with the tongs upon the floor and walls."

"And finally," said Arvers, "that we draw a caricature of Vasselin on all the doors in the house, to be renewed as often as rubbed out; and that, in fact, nothing

be left untried to render the house uninhabitable, and to disgust Vasselin with his existence.—Gargantua, distribute some charcoal for the walls which are white, and some chalk for the doors which are brown."

The next minute we were all on the staircase, and engaged in filling up the clever sketches of our landlord, which Arvers was making, when Leon espied M. Vasselin ascending the stairs. He was generally in the habit of clumping about in huge wooden shoes, but he had now left them below, and appeared dreadfully angry. We hurried back into the room, and closed the door. Our luckless host ascended and rang the bell: we maintained a deathlike silence. He rang again more violently—we scarcely breathed, but Arvers crept quietly to the door, and severed the bell-pull with his knife, as M. Vasselin, with a third and final effort, tugged the rope through the hole into his hand, and descended the staircase, swearing all the '*sarrés*' he could think of.

"*Foila un jour bien rempli,*" said Léon, breaking silence. "Gargantua, pour out some more wine, and produce the pipes: we will make a night of it." ALBERT.

THE LAST OF THE TOURNAMENTS.

[The following notes, selected from Mr. Mills's gracefully-written *History of Chivalry*, will be read with interest in association with the splendid revival of "the Tournament," at Eglington Castle:]

The forms of chivalry appeared more splendid than before, as chivalry approached its downfall. Henry VII., the least warlike of our sovereigns, created knights with remarkable brilliancy of ceremony; and the jousts and tournaments in the days of his son and successor would have graced the best ages of chivalry. But Henry VIII. had none of the virtues of a true knight, and his conduct to his wives was anything but chivalric. He displayed his great strength and activity of person in the tournament, because that amusement was one of English custom, but he would as readily have engaged in any other exercise more strictly gymnastic. He affected, however, to joust from true feelings of knight-hood; for he used on these occasions to wear on his head a lady's sleeve full of diamonds. He was as famous for his tournaments as Edward III. had been for his battles. In many of the early years of his reign he was perpetually breaking spears, or fighting at barriers with a two-handed sword, and to his rank, if not to his skill, the prize was generally adjudged. But his skill was sometimes undoubted: for, like

the knights of old, he occasionally fought in disguise.

The jousts and tournaments in the days of Henry VIII. are extremely interesting, as reflecting a state of manners different from those of earlier times. Tournaments were no longer simple representations of chivalry, but splendid pageants were united to them.

In June, 1512, a solemn tournament was kept at Greenwich, the King and Sir Charles Brandon undertaking to abide all comers. To this goodly show the ladies were the first that approached, dressed in white and red silk, and seated upon horses, the colours of whose trappings corresponded with those of the ladies' dresses. A fountain curiously made of russet satin, having eight mouths spouting water, then followed. Within this piece of splendour and ingenuity sat a knight armed at all points. The next person in the procession was a lady covered with black silk, dropped with fine silver, riding on a courser, barded in a similar manner. A knight in a horse-litter then followed. When the fountain arrived at the tilting-ground, the ladies rode round the lists, and so did the fountain, and the knight within the litter. Two goodly coursers, caparisoned for the jousts, then were introduced. The two knights left the fountain and the litter, and mounted them, the surprised spectators beholding the King and Sir Charles Brandon.

The challenge to all comers was then proclaimed by the heralds; and while the trumpets were sounding all the inspiring notes of chivalry, at one end of the lists entered Sir Thomas Knevet in a castle of coal black, and over the castle was written, "The dolorous Castle." The Earl of Essex, the Lord Howard, and other knights splendidly attired, then pricked into the lists, and, with Sir Thomas, encountered the King and Sir Charles Brandon. The details of the tournament have not been recorded; the chronicler contenting himself with observing, that the King broke most spears, and that the prize fell to his lot.

Henry displayed his joy at the birth of his son, Prince Arthur, by a solemn tournament. The court removed from Richmond to Westminster. The King himself determined to tourney, and he selected four knights to aid him.

The Field of the Cloth of Gold has been so often described in works of ready access, that I should not be warranted in attempting to picture again its gay and sparkling scene. But some of its circumstances have not been sufficiently noticed.

The chivalric exercises continued for five days, in the presence of the two

queens and the nobility of England and France. French and English knights were the only part of the chivalry of Europe who answered the challenge: for chivalry could not then, as in former days, smooth down personal heats and feuds; and, therefore, no subject of the wide-extended empire of Charles V. appeared on the field of the cloth of gold. The only weapons used were spears; but they were impelled with such vigour, as to be so often broken, that the spectators' eyes were scared with splinters. Each day the challengers varied their harness and devices, and each day the two kings ran together so valiantly that the beholders had great joy.

[The reigns of Edward VI. and Mary present nothing to our purpose; but the Elizabethan age is fraught with interest.]

The Queen's band of gentlemen-pensioners formed a perfect illustration of the chivalric principle of the dignity of obedience, for it was the highest ambition of the nobility to be enrolled among them. Their tilts in Greenwich Park would have done honour to the brightest days of chivalry. But still more select were the knights-tilters, a fraternity founded on the gallant resolve of Sir Henry Lee to appear in the royal tilt-yard on the anniversary of the Queen's birth, in honour of her Majesty. Some of these knights were *preux chevaliers* indeed. The Queen's glove accidentally dropped from her hand during a tournament, and the Earl of Cumberland had the good fortune to recover it. Fancying herself some dame of chivalry, she desired the Earl to retain it; and he, with a gallant spirit, regarding it as the favour of a lady, had it set in diamonds, and always wore it on festival occasions in the high crowned hats which had superseded the helmet: for so polite was the court of Elizabeth, that

"Ne any there doth brave or valiant seem.

Unless that same gay mistress' badge he wear."

The popular amusements of England corresponded with those of the court. "I remember at Mile-end-Green, when I lay at Clement's Inn, I was Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show," is the avowal of Master Shallow; and thus, while tournaments were held by the court and nobility, other classes of society diverted themselves with scenic representations of the ancient chivalry. The recreations of the common people at Christmas and bridal, an author of the time assures us, consisted in hearing minstrels sing or recite stories of old times, as the tale of Sir Topas, the Reportes of Bevis of Southampton, Guy of Warwick, Adam Bell, and Clymme of the Clough, and other old romances or historical rhymes. And in another place the same author speaks of companies that were de-

sirous to hear of old adventures, and valiances of noble knights in tunes past. The domestic amusements of the age are thus enumerated by Burton: "The ordinary recreations which we have in winter, are cards, tables, and dice, shovel-board, chess-play, the philosopher's game, small trunks, balliards, music, masks, singing, dancing, ule games, catches, purposes, questions; merry tales of errant knights, kings, queens, lovers, lords, ladies, giants, dwarfs, thieves, faries, goblins, friars, witches, and the rest."

For some of the early years of James I., tournaments divided with masks the favour of the court. As soon as Prince Henry reached his sixteenth year, he put himself forth in a more heroic manner than was usual with princes of his time, by tiltings, barriers, and other exercises on horseback, the martial discipline of gentle peace.* After his death, chivalric sports fell quite out of fashion.

"Shields and swords

Cobwebb'd and rusty; not a helm affords

A spark of lustre, which were worth to give

Light to the world, and make the nation live."†

This was the lamentation of Ben Jonson; and another poet thus describes, in the person of Britannia, the feelings of the nation:

"Alas! who now shall grace my tournaments,

Or honour me with deeds of chivalry?

What shall become of all my merriments,

My ceremonies, shows of heraldry,

And other rites?"‡

Military exercises being entirely disused, the mask, with its enchantments of music, poetry, painting, and dancing, was the only amusement of the court and nobility.

[Throughout the period at which we have been glancing, how beautifully were the chivalric feelings of the nation supported by two of her brightest lights—Spenser and Sir Philip Sidney.]

Our well-travelled ancestors brought home with them the love for romantic poetry and allegory; and Spenser's genius, influenced by the prevailing taste of his day, chose Ariosto for his model, and painted the wild adventures of heroes and ladies. Chivalry was the supposed perfection of man's moral nature; and the English poet, therefore, described the chief private virtues exemplified in the conduct of knights: it being his wish, as he expressed his mind to Sir Walter Raleigh, to fashion a gentleman or noble person in valorous and gentle discipline. His principal hero, he in whom the image of a brave knight was perfected in the twelve moral virtues, was King Arthur; and the poet freely used the circumstances and sentiments in the romances relating to

* Wilson's Life of James, p. 52.

† Ben Jonson, Masque of Prince Henry's Barriers.

‡ G. Wither. Prince Henry's Obsequies. Ed. 31.

that British hero, and also the other popular tales of chivalry.

If poetry nourished the love of valorous knighthood, learning was equally its friend; and when Spenser addressed Sidney as the noble and virtuous gentleman, and most worthy of all titles of learning and chivalry, he spoke the feeling of his age, that the accomplishments of the mind were best displayed in martial demeanour.

With the brief life of Sidney, the reader is familiar: his courage, his gallantry, and grace, were his best known qualities, and those for which England and, indeed, Europe, lamented his death. His funeral in St. Paul's was a national one; the first instance in our history of honours of that description; and for many months afterwards not an individual in the court or city appeared in public, except in black: in such high account were chivalric virtues held in the days of Elizabeth.

And now, in these last days of chivalry in England, a very singular character appeared upon the scene. This was Edward Herbert, afterwards Lord Herbert of Chesham, who was born at Eaton, in Shropshire, in the year 1581. His life may, however, be placed in opposition to, rather than in harmony with, the heroes of early chivalric times. He had their courage, it is true, but he had none of their dignity and nobleness, none of their manly grace; and there was a fantastic trifling in his conduct, which their elevated natures would have scorned.

[Reflecting upon the general tendency of the institutions of chivalry, we are disposed to agree with Mr. Mills as to their beneficial effects upon the frame-work of society, in the following graceful conclusion of his masterly work:]

The character of modern Europe is the result of the slow and silent growth of ages informed with various and opposite elements. The impress of the Romans is not entirely effaced; and two thousand years have not destroyed all the superstitions of our Pagan ancestors. We must refer to past ages for the origin of many of those features of modern society which distinguish the character of Europe from that of the ancient world, and of the most polished states of Asia. We boast our generousness in battle, the bold display of our animosity, and our hatred of treachery and the secret meditations of revenge. To what cause can these qualities be assigned? Not to any opinions which for the last few hundred years have been infused into our character, for there is no resemblance between those qualities and any such opinions; but they can be traced back to those days of ancient Europe when the knight

was quick to strike, and generous to forgive; and when he would present harness and arms to his foe rather than that the battle should be unfairly and unequally fought. This spirit, though not the form, of the chivalric times has survived to ours, and forms one of our graces and distinctions. The middle ages were not entirely ages of feudal power; for the consequence of the personal nobility of chivalry was felt and acknowledged. The qualities of knighthood tempered and softened all classes of society, and worth was the passport to distinction. Thus, chivalry effected more than letters could accomplish in the ancient world; for it gave rise to the personal merit which, in the knight, and in his successor, the gentleman of the present day, checks the pride of birth and the presumption of wealth.

But, it is in the polish of modern society that the graces of chivalry are most pleasingly displayed. The knight was charmed into courtesy by the gentle influence of woman, and the air of mildness which she diffused has never died away. While such things exist, can we altogether assent to the opinion of a celebrated author, that "the age of chivalry is gone?" Many of its forms and modes have disappeared; fixed governments and wise laws have removed the necessity for, and quenched the spirit of, knight-errantry and romance; and, happily for the world, the torch of religious persecution has long since sunk into the ashes. But chivalric imagination still waves its magic wand over us. We love to link our names with the heroic times of Europe; and our armorial shields and crests confess the pleasing illusions of chivalry. The modern orders of military merit, (palpable copies of some of the forms of middle-age distinctions,) constitute the cheap defence of nations, and keep alive the personal nobility of knighthood. We wage our wars not with the cruelty of Romans, but with the gallantry of cavaliers; for the same principle is in influence now, which of old inspired courage while it mitigated ferocity. Courtesy of manners, that elegant drapery of chivalry, still robes our social life; and liberality of sentiment distinguishes the gentleman, as in days of yore it was wont to distinguish the knight.

In the *recherche* library formerly belonging to the Prince Czartoryski, and attached to his castle of Pulawz, in Poland, there existed, not many years ago, a manuscript on vellum, purporting to be an authentic code of regulations for the ordering of Jousts, Tilts, and Tournaments, according to the most approved and chivalrous fashion. It was written in old French of the fifteenth century, and

dedicated to the celebrated Count du Danois: it was richly illuminated in the characteristic style of the middle ages: the subjects representing different ceremonies, or passages, in the course of the knightly festival. The combatants on that occasion appear to have been divided into two bands, or parties: at the head of one was the Duke of Bourbon, (then not yet the reigning family of France,) followed by a numerous train of gorgeously habited knights and barons: at the head of the opposite party was another of the chiefs of one of the Bourbon branches, the Duke of Orleans or Alençon, similarly attended. The shields and surcoats of the knights, and trappings of their horses, were covered with arms and devices; and one very remarkable miniature was devoted to the representation of a well-known custom, often alluded to in romance—the *touching of the shield*. For this purpose, the shield of every knight who proposed to take part in the tournament, was exposed to public view for a whole day; during which any individual, however humble, who had cause of complaint against a knight, might go and touch his shield, in token of disapproval. The complaint was then stated before a competent tribunal of knights; and no warrior was suffered to enter the lists, as a man of honour, until he had cleared himself of the accusation brought against him. In Prince Czartoryski's manuscript, this truly chivalrous ceremony is represented as taking place in a sort of open cloister, or court, against which the shields are arranged previous to the encounter.

This interesting manuscript is also illuminated with the combat, the feast, the meeting of the knights and ladies after the tournament, the distribution of the prizes by the lady of the feast, &c. In the description of the latter part of the ceremony, it is quaintly stated, that the champion who shall be declared victor, *must* kiss the lady of the feast, and *may* kiss as many ladies of the company as he pleases.

The Czartoryski library was either confiscated or dispersed by the Russians the last (the *third*) time they took Pulawz; and in all probability, the above MS. is now lying neglected and unnoticed, together with the missal of Mary Queen of Scots, and other historical treasures, in that mine of ill-gotten wealth, the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg.*

TREES STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

Among the many phenomena of lightning, none are, perhaps, more striking

than its effects on wood, by cleaving it, in the direction of its length, into a number of thin laths, or into still smaller fragments. M. Arago observes, that nothing appears to him to indicate more clearly and directly, the action of aqueous vapour, than the singular tearing into shreds which wood undergoes when it has been penetrated by lightning. Arago then adduces these illustrative data:

"A flash of lightning struck the Abbey of St. Médard de Soissons in the year 1676, and the following is the description of its effects on some of the rafters of the roof, by an eye-witness: "Some of them were found to the depth of three feet, divided almost from top to bottom, into the form of very thin laths; others of the same dimensions were divided into the form of long and fine matches; and, finally, some were divided into such delicate fibres, that they almost resembled a worn-out broom." Let us now proceed to green wood, and we shall find that the effects are analogous. On the 27th of June, in the year 1756, the lightning struck at the Abbey of l'al, near the island Adam, a large isolated oak fifty-two feet high, and somewhat more than four feet diameter at its base. The trunk was entirely stripped of its bark. This bark was found dispersed in small fragments all round the tree, to the distance of thirty and forty paces. The trunk, till within about two yards of the ground, was cleft longitudinally into portions almost as thin as laths. The branches were still connected with the trunk, but they, too, were deprived of every particle of bark, and had been subjected to the most remarkable longitudinal slicing. The trunk, branches, leaves, and bark, did not exhibit any trace of combustion, only they appeared completely dried up and withered.

"On the 20th of July of the same year, the lightning struck a large oak in the forest of Rambouillet. On this occasion the branches were totally separated from the trunk, and dispersed around with a certain degree of regularity. They did not appear to be withered, and their bark seemed sound. The trunk itself had not been peeled clean, but, like the oak of the island Adam, it had become a mere bundle of laths: there was also this difference, they were prolonged in this form to the very ground, instead of the process being arrested at a certain height.

"I cannot resist the desire I feel to cite a third case, of which Professor Munke has given an account, in Poggendorff's Annals. The diameter of the oak examined by the German philosopher was upwards of three feet, at the level of the ground. The en-

* Abridged from the Observer, Aug. 25, 1839.

tire trunk of this great tree disappeared ; or, to speak more accurately, the lightning had separated it into shreds many yards long, and between a line and a line and a half in thickness, similar to the portions that a gouge would have detached. Three branches, from twenty to twenty-four inches in diameter had fallen vertically, cut clean through as if by a single stroke of a hatchet ; they preserved their leaves and branches. Not the slightest traces of inflammation or carbonization were perceived. The total absence of carbonization, the division of the trunk of the tree into such numerous and delicate filaments, the dispersion of these filaments into a thousand different directions, all this, I repeat, appears to be the necessary consequence of the action of some elastic force which had developed itself between the fibres of the wood. By means of a flash of lightning suddenly transformed into steam, the hygrometric water which is contained in the old rafters of a roof, and in the sap which fills the longitudinal capillary tubes of a growing tree, you will produce, in every particular, the phenomena of the rafters at the Abbey of *St. Médard de Soissons*, and of the oaks of the island *Adam*, of the forest of *Compiègne*, &c. &c.*

* Lightning often strikes trees quite dead, whilst the external and conspicuous damage is altogether trifling. Mr. Tull, the author of *The Philosophy of*

"Flashes of lightning sometimes produce only the partial decortication of trees. On these occasions it is not rare to find long strips of bark, both the outer coarse bark, and the inner and finer membrane, completely detached below, and still adhering to the trunk near its summit : but all these instances of bark torn from below upwards, no longer subserve the object for which they have been adduced, so soon as steam is considered as the possible agent by which the process of decortication has been accomplished."

The annexed illustration is a very striking one : it shews the remarkable effects of lightning on an oak-tree at West Knoyle, in the county of Wilts, on June 8, 1835 : the drawing was made by Mrs. Seymour, and has been cleverly lithographed by Martin, as one of a class of phenomena of untiring interest to the inquiring and contemplative mind.

Agriculture, is of opinion that this effect is the consequence of the rupture of the small vessels, across which the lightning has forced its way. According to our view, the lightning, in this case, acts mechanically, as does ice, when it tears the capillary tubes which form the succulent twigs of certain plants. At the same time, as the aqueous juices dilate much more in passing from the liquid state to that of steam, than they do in congealing, the meteor ought to produce more numerous and also more violent ruptures. By taking this view of the phenomenon, physiologists will, perhaps, be enabled to recognise the particular mode of action by which lightning produces death in the more common way.



OAK-TREE STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

The following position, by M. Arago, is, also, very striking :

"I may make precisely the same remarks concerning another phenomenon which has been pointed out by observers with the same assiduous care, and which relates to the leaves of those trees that have been struck by lightning. The leaves of the trees at *Marsillargues*, upon the property of M. Mourgues, as also the leaves of the trees in the Champs Elysées, which were examined by M. *Marchais*, were yellow, crisp, as if roasted, and convex on their under sides ; whilst the green surface of the opposite and upper side had not undergone any alteration, excepting only, that their planes, instead of being somewhat convex, had become concave, precisely as happens on those sides of sheets of parchment which are turned from the fire. Here, it is maintained, another striking proof is afforded that the flaming current of the lightning passed from below upwards. The movement from beneath upwards, seems, in truth, sufficiently established ; but who will venture, in the present state of the inquiry, to affirm, that the ascending current was not produced by steam at a high temperature, probably not saturated, and resulting from the evaporation produced by the agency of a *descending flash of lightning* acting upon the humidity of the soil ? Finally, we might have recourse to the same agency of steam in explaining how, at the foot of trees that have been struck, we often find the sod turned over, and sometimes opened up at either side of the laceration of the soil, like the leaves of an open book.

"In thus prosecuting this minute discussion, I have endeavoured to demonstrate that the facts, upon which many natural philosophers believe that they have established the existence of ascending lightning, do not confer upon their labours the character of true demonstrations. I unreservedly admit the existence of ascending lightnings. I know well that natural philosophers of the highest character disbelieve in them ; I also know that they disdain to enter into any discussion upon the subject ; but facts should, and will prevail over the most imposing authorities. When *Maffei*, now about a century ago, resolved to publish his ideas upon ascending thunderbolts, based upon a local phenomenon he had observed at the Castle of *Fossinovo*, he had the precaution, more prudent in this respect than Galileo, to demonstrate that he could reconcile his views with the passages in the Holy Scriptures, in which notice is taken of *fire falling from heaven* on Sodom and Gomorrah, and of *lightning descending* from the clouds, &c. Fortunately, in the present day, the

most celebrated scientific theories, though to some individuals objects of a religious veneration, do not require the same kind of reserve. Every one may now examine them, and may criticise and debate concerning them ; and requires only to stop where the field of observation and experiment is veiled from his path."

New Books.

A SUMMER'S DAY AT HAMPTON COURT.

BY EDWARD JESSE, ESQ.

[WITHIN the present season, the public have been freely admitted to view whatever is curious and interesting within the walls of Hampton Court Palace, a privilege for which we have chiefly to thank Viscount Duncannon. The stately doors are now *thrown open*, the visitors are not *locked* from one room into another, but they are left to stroll through them, at their pleasure, from morn till dewy eve. Perhaps, Versailles gave the hint. However that may be, you now see *all*, not forgetting "the Great Hall," which was usually "not to be seen," and you protract the pleasure as you will. A vast accession of visitors, who daily avail themselves of the indulgence, is the result : thousands are wafted thither by the Southampton Railway ; holiday-keepers come in masses far and near ; and by the exercise of this little boon on the part of the Government, several thousands have been drawn from crowded London into these beautiful scenes of ever-changeable nature. "The most laborious have their moments of leisure," and to such Lord Duncannon has "opened a source of innocent recreation, by affording them opportunities of contemplating many works of art and genius, from which they were before, in a great degree, excluded."

The author of the very elegant little volume before us is Mr. Edward Jesse, surveyor of Her Majesty's Parks and Palaces, an amiable gentleman, beloved at Hampton Court (where he resides), and to whom the public are indebted for some very entertaining *Gleanings in Natural History*. The present work does not contain an elaborate history and description of the Palace, its architecture, &c. ; but it presents the visitor with every point of desirable information, commencing with "A Drive to Hampton Court," and ending with "a Catalogue of the Pictures." His notes on the road are very amusing : he begins with Kingston House, Knightsbridge, now remarkable for its large and conspicuous greenhouse.]

This was the residence of the eccentric

and profligate Duchess of Kingston.* The house is now occupied by that great statesman and scholar, the Marquis Wellesley.

To the left of the entrance to Kensington, and nearly opposite the palace-gates, there is a large red house. This was the residence of the famous Duchess of Portsmouth, the French mistress of Charles II., and where he supped the night before he was seized with the illness of which he soon afterwards died.

Kensington Palace was the favourite residence of William III., who enlarged and, in a great measure, rebuilt it. He purchased it of the Earl of Nottingham, son of the celebrated Sir Heneage Finch, afterwards Earl of Nottingham, and Lord Chancellor of England. Here Queen Mary, his consort, died of the smallpox; and the king's attachment to the palace seems to have increased, from the circumstance of its having been the scene of the last acts of the queen, who was justly entitled to his affection. When he died, bracelets composed of her hair were found upon his arm; and he said of her, what few husbands can say of their wives, that, although he had been married to her seventeen years, he had never known her guilty of a want of discretion. He is said to have drunk intemperately after her death.

To the left, the road leads to the beautiful Suspension-bridge over the Thames; but we prefer crossing the river at Kew, in order to point out what is worthy of notice at that place.

In passing over the green, the old palace may be seen to the right, which has many historical recollections connected with it. It was a favourite residence of George III., and, perhaps, the happiest part of his life was passed in it. He here first heard of the death of his grandfather, George II., and it was here that many of his children were born and educated. Queen Charlotte died here in 1818.

The churchyard on the green is interesting from the circumstance of Gainsborough, Zoffany, and Meyer having been buried in it. It is somewhat of a reproach to this country that no appropriate monument has been erected to the memory of Gainsborough, perhaps the best, and certainly the most pleasing, painter of scenes from nature whom we have had in this kingdom.

The botanic gardens at Kew are full of subjects of interest, and the Arboretum contains some fine specimens of trees.

* It was here she invited a large assemblage of people to her celebrated ball, and when they met she had made her escape to Calais.

These gardens, as well as the pleasure-grounds, which are of some considerable extent, are open to the public on the Thursday and Sunday of each week. In the meadows attached to the grounds, stands an Observatory, a pretty building, in which there is a fine collection of astronomical and other instruments, under the care of Mr. Rigaud* and Mr. Demainbray. It did contain a collection of ores from the late king's mines in Germany.

[A page or two succeeds on Richmond.] Richmond Park contains many objects of interest; but it is out of our way to Hampton Court, to which place we will now proceed.

After passing the bridge, the house immediately to the left was formerly the residence of Richard Owen Cambridge, Esq., the friend of Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and many celebrated men of their day.

A little farther on, to the left, is Marble Hill; and whoever has read the letters of the celebrated Countess of Suffolk, the mistress of George II. and the correspondent of Pope, will recollect that many of them were dated from this place, which was adorned and improved by her good taste.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu occasionally resided at a large house at the end of Montpelier-row, and which immediately adjoins Marble Hill. She was an extraordinary mixture of talent, profligacy, finery, and dirt. It is to be regretted that the recent very interesting life of her, by her noble relative, leaves us still in the dark respecting many points of her curious character. She hated Pope, and Pope had no great affection for her.

In Twickenham church, Pope is buried, with a tasteless epitaph by Warburton.

The present King of France resided in a house within the walls which are passed on the left in approaching Twickenham church, and also in a smaller one nearly opposite the end of Montpelier-row, already mentioned. At the extremity of Twickenham, where two roads branch off to the right and left, a fine cedar-tree may be seen. This stands in the ground formerly occupied by the eccentric and mercurial Duke of Wharton.

The Duke's house has been recently pulled down.

The fourth house as we pass along the left-hand road, just mentioned, is, or rather was, the celebrated villa of Pope. Every admirer of that great poet will regret that so little of what was occupied by him

* Since this was written, the amiable and ingenious Mr. Rigaud, the Professor of Astronomy at Oxford, has died suddenly, to the deep regret of all who knew him.

should now remain to gratify his curiosity. Even the grotto, notwithstanding Pope's anathema against any one who should alter or injure it, has not escaped spoliation. A large straggling house has been erected on a spot which no admirer of genius, poetry, and wit, will ever pass without having his enthusiasm awakened—a spot where Pope said poetry was his business, and idleness his pleasure; and where he sweetly sang those verses which will do everlasting honour to his country. We like to fancy that we can see him gently carried in his sedan-chair to the bottom of his lawn, and then placed with his chair in a boat, letting down a window to inhale the soft air, and seeing the smiling prospect, while his boat glided on the clear and unruffled surface of his favourite river.

Proceeding onwards a few hundred yards, Strawberry Hill will be seen to the right on a gently rising ground. This celebrated spot, a mixture of good and bad taste, was the residence of Horace Walpole, afterward Earl of Orford. He was a man of genius, but sceptical, vain, and selfish, and, we may add, a voluptuary. There are many articles of great historical and literary curiosity in the house. They are all strictly entailed; and it is curious that a man who professed republican principles, and was an avowed enemy to the law of primogeniture, should himself have entailed his own house, a mere lath-and-plaster residence, and its contents, with more than usual caution and strictness.

Either of the two roads near the Strawberry Hill will lead to Hampton Court. The left-hand road is, however, the pleasantest, although rather longer. The Thames is seen to great advantage, and also the high grounds of Richmond Park. The first house to the right is Little Strawberry Hill, once the residence of the celebrated Mrs. Clive. We soon afterwards arrive at the pretty and well-regulated village of Teddington.

After quitting Teddington, we enter the noble avenue of Bushy Park, planted by William III. It is, however, seen to the greatest advantage when the horse-chestnut trees are in full blossom. This avenue is one mile and forty yards in length, and there are four others on each side of it. The breadth of these nine avenues is 563 feet, and the quantity of ground comprised in them is sixty-seven acres. These avenues are, perhaps, unequalled for extent and beauty in Europe.

On entering Bushy Park, the residence of Queen Adelaide is seen immediately to the right. Here his late Majesty William IV. lived for thirty-six years like a country

gentleman, superintending his farm and entertaining his neighbours with great hospitality. The house has nothing remarkable about it.

At nearly the extremity of the avenue is a circular piece of water, called the Diana Water, from a fine bronze statue of that goddess, seven feet in height, placed in the centre of it. It stands on a block of fine statuary marble, and the small figures which surround it are also of bronze. This fountain formerly played, and it is to be regretted that it does not do so at present. On quitting the Diana Water, the noble gates leading into the grounds of Hampton Court Palace are very conspicuous.

(To be continued.)

Periodicals.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN REVIEW.—NO. XVII.
Lamartine's New Poem.

La Chute d'un Ange has nothing in common with those compositions which the first verses of the sixth chapter of Genesis suggested to Byron and Moore; nor yet with that delicious little poem of Alfred de Vigny, *Eloa*, which we would fain see translated into English, could a translation preserve that chaste suavity of expression in which lies its principal charm. M. de Lamartine's angel, likewise, falls through love; but that is the only point of contact. The idea of the poem is more comprehensive, more philosophic. The angel is here the personification of the human soul. The human soul, and the successive phases through which God has decreed that it must achieve its perfectible destinies—that is the subject of the grand *epopeia* of which the poem here noticed is but a part, the second, perhaps, of the twelve or fourteen that, as is reported, are to compose the work. This is, then, one of the first pages of the history of moral man, written from the point of view of the Christian dogma of the Fall. He who relates the tale to the poet is an old man of the Maronite tribe, for which M. de Lamartine, in his oriental travels, discovered so much sympathy, domiciliated on the summit of Lebanon,—a mysterious being, of whom no one can tell the age, and who

"Knows things right strange
Of nascent time, man, angels, and their change."

The tale is divided into visions, which it would be too long to analyze minutely, but of which we shall give a rapid summary.

The time is antediluvian. It is night, a magnificent night; a tribe of shepherds has just withdrawn into the shade, and to

the sound of human footsteps succeeds the concert that night offers to the Lord. The thousand voices of nature blend in divine harmony; the cedars of Lebanon chant a hymn of adoration. Angels poised here and there upon their wings, listen with devout attention; gradually they soar upwards and disappear, one alone remaining; it is Cedar, the enamoured angel. He is absorbed in the contemplation of a child of twelve years' old, Doidha, asleep under one of the cedars. Her beauty troubles him; a thought of human love murmurs through his being, and he says within himself, Why are the angels solitary? Suddenly steps are heard; seven giants appear: they are the slave-purveyors of Balbek. Doidha awakes to find herself their prisoner; they fling a net over her, as over a wild beast, and are preparing to carry her off. It is at this moment that the fall of the Angel is decided; an immense, an omnipotent desire transforms his whole being; he precipitates himself headlong to the defence of Doidha; he is *man*. He slays the robbers: for one instant he is happy at the feet of this child, the object of his love, whom he has just saved; but even at the awful moment when the change of his nature was consummated, a cry had resounded in his soul—

"Fall! fall! Creature eclipsed, for ever fall!
Perish thy splendour! * * *
Till drop by drop thou have redeem'd with cost
Thine immortality, for woman lost."

The doom is spoken, and its fulfilment is pursued throughout the poem.

The men of the tribe of Phayz, to which Doidha belongs, now arrive. They question her deliverer: Cedar cannot answer: language has not been revealed to him. This nocturnal conflict, those stranger corpses, this dumb unknown—a giant in strength,—are, to the suspicious tribe, terrifying mysteries. A law condemns every stranger to death; but Cedar is so handsome, and has saved Doidha—in his favour death is commuted for slavery. Delivered up to Phayz, he herds his cattle, and performs the most servile offices: but Doidha is there, every day he beholds her; she it is who, amidst the recesses of the woods, brings him the food of slaves, and that moment repays his long day of degradation. Little by little these moments are prolonged; his passion is no longer solitary—Doidha shares it. Then begins the education of love. She teaches him to speak: a whole world bursts upon him with language; his vague gleams of intelligence become thoughts; ideas, the instincts of the heart, become sentiments. All this is beautiful, sometimes enchanting. Meanwhile their love is discovered;

it is more than a crime in the eyes of the tribe. Persecution begins, but love triumphs. Separated by violence, they meet in secret, they marry, and Doidha gives birth to twins; it is Cedar who conceals them, who watches over them; it is a gazelle that rears them with her milk. Long—too long perhaps for probability—does mystery protect their union, which accident at length betrays. Doidha rescues her infants from the river into which they had been flung, but is herself immured in a tower, built of stones piled up on each other, there to die of hunger. Cedar, bound and corded, is thrown into the Orontes; he escapes, nevertheless, and returning wild with rage, demolishes the tower, crushes the people of the tribe with its ruins, flies with the mother and the children, and plunges into solitude.

Here they live awhile; but one day, as the twins repose in a sort of cradle formed of the boughs of a tree, an eagle, swooping down, seizes and carries them to the summit of a rock. The parents climb the rock, and find, not the blood-stained eyry of a bird of prey, but a grotto, the abode of a sainted old man, to whom the eagle is a companion and messenger. This excellent person, born a slave of the Titans, had received from his mother a revelation of the true God, of Jehovah, and the *primitive book*. Compelled to fly whilst he was propagating its doctrines amongst his fellow-slaves, he continues to fulfil his mission from the peak of his rock; he inscribes the pages of the book upon brass plates, which the eagle carries afar off, and drops, as from the skies, upon the crowd. Doidha and Cedar receive his instructions; they listen to fragments of the *primitive book*; their days elapse in blissful innocence; when suddenly, an aerial bark, the description of which is tolerably anti-scientific, furrows the air and descends upon the rock. From this three giants alight, who kill the old man, carry off the young couple and their children, and convey them to Babel, to the feet of king Nemphed. The king orders Doidha to be reserved for his royal pleasures, and with respect to Cedar, he orders

"With caution due his body to prepare,
The mutilation of the Mutes to share."

We have reached the Tenth vision. Babel—its giants, who reign in virtue of *right divine*—its enslaved, brutalized multitude that reveres them as Gods—its orgies, infamous in sensuality, disgusting and stupid in ferocity, fill two visions, from which analysis recoils. In the Twelfth, we find Lakini, the favourite of king Nemphed, in love with Cedar, and Arasriel, one of his Titans, dreaming of the throne and Doidha. Through these two beings

the catastrophe is brought about. Lakini, stealing from the finger of her sleeping master the ring, the sight of which commands obedience, visits Cedar in his prison, and being repulsed in her love, endeavours to seduce him by a shew of virtue and devotedness; she even engages, upon being urged, to restore to him Doidha. Meanwhile Nempbed, suspecting the designs of Asrafiel, has just ordered Lakini to kill him; she hastens to impart her commission to Asrafiel, who employs himself in preparing a revolution in the palace, of which Lakini is to give the signal by murdering Nempbed himself. In the interval, she lays her own plans. She hurries to Doidha, and obtains possession of her luxuriant tresses, by persuading the poor mother that they are to protect her babes from the cold: she hurries to Cedar, and informs him that he shall be released that very night; his prison door will be opened, he will go forth, a veiled slave will place Doidha in his hands, when he must, without addressing a single word to her, carry her off in his arms and fly in a given direction; she will meet him at the foot of a sycamore, and bring him his children. Night arrives. Lakini kills Nempbed with a poisoned dart that she holds between her teeth, and stabs into his temple as she kisses him. She disappears amidst the tumult. Cedar steals from his prison; a woman is delivered to him, and he carries her away, keeping his promise; it is the utmost if he breathes a hasty kiss upon the tresses of Doidha, which the breeze wafts to his lips; but upon reaching the sycamore, he gives way to his passion—still without breaking his promised silence—and falls asleep amidst tender caresses. The first ray of the morning awakens him, and destroys his illusion; it is not his wife, but Lakini whom he has so fondly clasped to his heart. Furiously he spurns her into the river that flows beside them, returns to the city, and excites the people to insurrection. He appeals to the adepts of the Old Man of the Rock, and they, rising in crowds, rush upon his footsteps to the palace of the Titans. Cedar arrives at the very moment when Doidha, threatened with the immediate murder of her children, is sinking in despair into the arms of Asrafiel. Him Cedar slays, and prepares, with all that is dear to him upon earth, to quit the town, which the insurgents, abusing their victory, then pollute with a thousand atrocities. He pauses for an instant, to comply with the prayer of a Titan, who, having escaped from the tower in which they have shut themselves up, offers, if permitted to accompany the fugitives, to guide them to a land where the children of Jehovah reign: they all depart

together, and plunge into the desert. It is there that Cedar, on awaking one morning, finds himself alone, abandoned by the treacherous guide, in the midst of burning sands, without landmarks, and without a drop of water. The children die; Doidha dies. Cedar, amidst imprecations, raises a pile of wood, ascends, and sets it on fire; and above the flames, from the bosom of the tempest, the voice of a Spirit, that voice which had resounded in his soul at the moment of his fall, is heard:

"Down, down! he cried. Thou who descent couldst choose!
By thy remorse, fall'n Spirit, mete thy fall!

To oft thy native heav'n nought shall avail
Till thou the hundred steps of being's scale
Hast climb'd, and every step shall burn thy foot."
Viz. XI'.

Scientific Facts.

PHOTOGRAPHY, OR SUN-PAINTING.

THE history and details of M. Daguerre's photographic process were communicated by M. Arago to the Academy of Sciences of Paris, at the sitting of the 19th instant; from which it appears, that, in prosecuting his labours, M. Daguerre was assisted by a M. Niepce, deceased, with whom the discovery originated. The French government has, therefore, awarded a pension to the surviving son of M. Niepce, as well as to M. Daguerre, in return for the publication of the process. Soon after the announcement of M. Daguerre's invention, a claim to the merit of the discovery was made on behalf of M. Niepce, by his friend M. Bauer, who shewed specimens of the new art produced by M. Niepce in 1827; and, what is more extraordinary still, M. Niepce possessed the means of taking impressions from his sun-graven plates, and M. Bauer has some impressions from photographic engraved pictures. We made no allusion to this statement of M. Bauer at the time, preferring to wait till the rival claims were settled; there is now no longer a doubt that M. Niepce originated the invention, which M. Daguerre has perfected so far as fixing the picture on the plate only, not in taking impressions from it.

M. Daguerre's recipe is as follows:—A copper-plate plated with silver, its surface well cleansed with diluted nitric acid, is exposed to the action of the vapour of iodine: this forms the first coating, or ground; which is inconceivably thin, and requires to be perfectly even. The plate thus prepared is placed on the table of the camera obscura; and after remaining eight or ten minutes, according as the subject or the degree of light may require, is

withdrawn. At this stage of the process, however, the most practised eye will not discern the slightest trace of the action of the light on the prepared surface. The plate is then exposed, in a proper apparatus, to the vapour of mercury; and when heated to sixty degrees, the picture appears as if by magic. A singular, and hitherto inexplicable circumstance, requires to be noticed in reference to this part of the process; namely, that the plate must be in an inclined position; and that if it be placed directly opposite the aperture whence the vapour of the mercury escapes, the result will not be satisfactory. Lastly, the plate must be dipped in hyposulphate of soda, and afterwards well sluiced with distilled water: the operation is then complete.

The cost of the plate must necessarily be considerable, and the chemical process requires nicety and skill; so that the expense of the photographic pictures will not be so trifling as might be supposed, especially when accidental failures are taken into account. By this process, it is to be borne in mind, the picture appears on the plate as it does on the disc of the camera—that is, with its forms and shadows painted dark on a white ground. In the simpler process invented by Mr. Fox Talbot, by which the solar rays act on the prepared paper, called *photogenic*, the light and shades of the real objects are reversed, and the picture is painted white on a dark ground. Mr. Talbot's method of preparing photogenic, or sensitive paper, consists in washing fine writing-paper over first with a solution of nitrate of silver, then with bromide of potassium, and afterwards with nitrate of silver again; drying it at the fire after each operation. He also imitates etching on copper-plate, by smearing over a piece of glass with a solution of resin in turpentine, and blackening it by the smoke of a candle: on this ground the design is traced with the point of an etching-needle, and the sensitive paper being placed behind the glass exposed to the sun, the rays of light passing through the transparent lines, act upon the paper, and leave the design imprinted in a brown hue. The experiment can be repeated as often as may be desired. This last-mentioned process, however, is but *printing* by sun-light from etching on glass. It is curious enough, but nothing compared to the drawings of light, where Nature delineates her own image reversed on paper; and this, again, is far inferior to the beautiful perfection of M. Daguerre's process, by which the external picture is depicted in miniature, light for light, and shade for shade, to the minutest gradation of each, only colourless.—*Spectator*.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

THE Ninth Anniversary of the British Association commenced at Birmingham, on Monday, Aug. 26. Among the objects first to be noticed is the model-room, in King Edward's school, which is crowded with works of art and science, the produce of Birmingham ingenuity.

Geological and Physical Geography.

Dr. Buckland read a communication from the Bradford Scientific Society, suggesting the establishment of *local museums*, the members to limit their attention specially to the products of their own neighbourhood: thus they would have collections of the fossil products of their own localities on the spot, so that visitors might at once examine them. In the neighbourhoods of Bradford and Birmingham, there are most valuable deposits of vegetable matter; and in Newcastle a local museum has been established upon the above plan. Mr. Greenough observed that the French government had, for some years past, granted a sum of money for the establishment of a national topographical institution in that country; but in England, we have no topographical museum in connexion with the British Museum! The Marquis of Northampton stated, that want of room had alone prevented the latter object; which, it must be owned, is but an inefficient explanation.

Dr. Buckland then expatiated on the recent discoveries of Professor Agassiz; adding, that, but for the assistance of the British Association, directly and collaterally, Agassiz's great work on fossil ichthyology must have ceased.

Mr. Lyell next read a paper on certain indentations of chalk by gravel, in the neighbourhood of Norwich, which are called sand-pipes. This paper gave rise to much discussion; some of the speakers contending that the appearance of the contents of the pipes, and the situation of the layers of clay between them and the chalk, was from the introduction of acidulous water from the springs; and others, from the descent of atmospheric water, charged with acid.

Wooden Pavement.

In the *Mechanical Section*, Mr. Hawkins read a paper on paving roads and streets with blocks of wood placed end upwards; from which it appeared that the experiment in London had not been fairly made, the specimens in Oxford-street and the Old Bailey being very ill laid down, and not to be compared with the wooden pavement at St. Petersburg, and that at Vienna, which latter had been worked twelve years.

Steam Vessels.

Mr. J. S. Russell next read a long paper on the most economical proportion of power to tonnage in steam vessels. It was a maxim, not only with individuals, but with public companies, that the smallest quantity of power that gave the necessary length to destroy competition, was the most economical. Mr. Russell proceeded at considerable length, and said it had been found that a great saving was effected by an increase of the power of steam-power in proportion to the tonnage of the vessel; they not only got a higher velocity, but absolutely used less fuel. He went into some elaborate calculations to prove the truth of his theory, and was followed by Dr. Lardner, who said the principle was quite new to him, although he fully agreed in the soundness of the views taken by Mr. Russell.

Railways.

Dr. Lardner called the attention of the meeting to an instrument made to test the bending of the rails as carriages passed over them. The surface of both rails should be precisely on the same level; and, in order to ascertain, not only whether they were upon the same level, but how far the levels on either end were subject to change, he had a truck with broad wheels, without flanges, placed on the rails. On this he placed a platform, with a horizontal tube running across, and corresponding with vertical tubes rising just over the rails, containing a column of mercury. As the carriage moved along the line, he observed the column of mercury going up and down, produced by actual difference on the line of those rails which professed to be equal. He then, in order to ascertain the variations in the levels of the two rails, attached to the tubes a registering apparatus; and, although he had selected what he conceived to be a piece of one of the best laid lines for the experiment, it exhibited a difference of level to the extent of three to five inches. This might appear almost incredible; but the result had been ascertained by repeated experiments, the carriage being stopped on portions of the line, lest its motion should have caused a corresponding vibration in the column of mercury.

Woody Tissue.

In the *Zoological and Botanical* section, Mr. Lankester read a paper on the formation of woody tissue, inquiring into the opinions of Dr. Lindley and others, to ascertain whether woody tissue was derived from the juices descending from the tops of trees, or from the essence of bark or leaves. Several specimens of the excrescences found upon the trunks of trees, were produced, some bearing branches and leaves; which proved that woody tissue was not derived from the descending juices, according to the original theory, but from the secretion of matter in the trunk, or from leaves or buds proceeding therefrom.

Peruvian Mummies.

Dr. Wilde produced three models of mummies found near the coast, in Peru, which were in a sitting position, covered by a rough cloak, composed from the bark of a tree. The arms were folded over the breast, as if to keep possession of several bottles, curiously wrought, which appeared to have been filled with provisions, probably, according to the superstition of the ancients, to sustain the deceased during the passage to another world: the specimens were curious, and admirably executed.

Preserving Fishes.

Mr. Lankester explained a plan for the preparation of fishes for museums; some of the specimens being as brilliant as though the fish had just been taken out of the water.*

Varieties.

Lawyers in America.—In the towns in the interior, a lawyer's office is generally

* Abridged from the *Times* report.

a small wooden house, of one room, twelve feet square, built of clap-board, and with the door wide open; and the little domicile, with its tenant, used to remind me of a spider in its web, waiting for flies. A lawyer in one of the newly-settled Western States was so extremely metaphorical upon an occasion, when the stealing of a pig was the case in point, that at last he got to "corruscating rays." The judge, (who appeared equally metaphorical himself) thought proper to pull him up, by saying: "Mr. —, I wish you would take the feathers from the wings of your imagination, and put them into the tail of your judgment."—*Captain Marryat.*

Analysis of Compound Vision.—Look steadfastly upon a paper of somewhat intricate pattern, covering the walls of a room. Though the pattern be one and the same, as received on the retina, yet, by special and separate acts of attention to the particular relations of its parts, you can divide it successively into two or more distinct patterns, each producing, for the time, a separate impression upon the mind. A certain, or even difficult effort, and some time also, are required for making the translation from one apparent pattern to another; and there is difficulty in retaining any one impression before the mind, so that it does not blend with, or pass into, the others. Experiments of this kind may be variously combined and multiplied.—[See Dr. Holland's *Medical Notes*, from twenty years of medical practice: a truly philosophical work, yet so attractive, as to fix the reader upon topics which are usually regarded as dry and uninviting, if not repulsive. It is altogether a valuable contribution to science, as well as to popular enlightenment.]

Railways v. Turnpike Roads.—Considerable interest has lately been raised by the financial condition of the several Turnpike Trusts in the kingdom, and their anticipated depreciation by the success of the Railway System. That the case demands the immediate attention of Parliament cannot be denied; but, it may be doubted whether Railways have been the sole cause of the above depreciation. The affairs of the Trusts appear to have been for some time suffering from the greatest evils that can attend any concern, namely, excess of expenditure, heavy debt, and accumulating unpaid interest. Sir James M'Adam has lately stated, in evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Commons, that the whole gross income of the different roads of the kingdom in 1835, was £1,796,524, and the expenditure of that year was £1,777,368, so that the expenditure nearly equalled the receipts, leaving a great sum still of unpaid interest, which

ought and was liable to have been paid that year. The income of 1836 was £1,776,586, and the expenditure of that year was £1,780,349, exceeding by £3,763 the whole of the income; which arose from a diminution of the balance in the treasurer's hands by creditors being very clamorous for the payment of their interest. The amount of the debt is stated at eight millions, and the interest at half a million a year. Truly, this is "a parlous state." By the way, the postmasters and innholders are waxing warm in their complaints of injuries by railways, though, in some cases, they take a sadly one-sided view of the matter. For example, the innholders of a town about two miles from the Great Western Railway, allege that the diverting of traffic by this line will be their ruin; but they do not tell us in what proportion their business has been increased, by the additional number of persons who have already visited their town in consequence of the Railway communication.

Religion in America.—At one of those religious excitements, termed *revivals*, in New York, after the sermon, the preacher, attended by his secretary, approached a girl aged fourteen, and, with pen and book in hand, proceeded to take down the names and answers of those who, by invitation, remained to be conversed with. Having taken her name, the preacher asked, "Are you for God or the devil?" Being overcome, her head depressed, and in tears, she made no reply. "Put her down, then, in the devil's book!" said the preacher to his secretary. From that time the poor girl became insane. (*Colton*.) On another occasion, a poor lad, frightened out of his senses, and anxious to pray, as the vengeance and wrath of the Almighty was poured out by the minister, sunk down upon his knees, and commenced his prayer with "Almighty and diabolical God!" No misnomer, if what the preacher had thundered out was the truth.—*Capt. Marryat*.

Dead Diseases.—The frequency of stomach diseases amongst those of sedentary pursuits, is, doubtless, owing in part to habits of posture unfavourable to digestion.—*Dr. Holland*.

Tournaments were held on ground adjoining the palace, at Hampton Court, hence called "toying" ground, and from which, probably, the celebrated "Toy Inn" derived its name.

Funeral.—The most extravagant funeral that Captain Marryat saw in Philadelphia was that of a *Nack*, preceded by a black clergyman, dressed in his full black canonicals. The Captain adds: "he did look very odd, I must confess."

Great Tom of Lincoln, cast in 1610, was, probably, preceded by one or more Great Toms, to the time of Geoffrey Plantagenet. The new Great Tom is 6 cwt. heavier than the Great Bell of St. Paul's: its tone is considered to be about the same as that of St. Paul's, but sweeter and softer.

Immense Gun.—One of the most curious pieces of artillery in Europe exists at Metz, and is known by the name of the Griffin, from its being ornamented with that fabulous animal. This gun was cast in 1529, at Ehrenbreitstein, near Coblenz, where the French army obtained possession of it in 1800. It is seventeen feet in length, and three feet in diameter. Its mouth is ten and a half inches in diameter, and it weighs 22,500 lb. The carriage is twenty-four feet in length, and the weight of the ball which it carries is 157 lb.; forty-two pounds of powder being required for its charge. Napoleon intended it for the Hospital of the Invalides at Paris, where a place was assigned for it.

Obituary.—We notice, with regret, the death of Miss Mary Leaths Beevor, authoress of many pleasing tales in the *Annals*, all of which evince much kindness of heart and excellence of purpose, and bear impress of literary taste, and talent for descriptive and narrative writing. Several of Miss Beevor's minor pieces will be found in the *Mirror*, signed "*M. L. B.*," to which work they were at once various, pleasant, and intelligent contributions. The late volumes of the *Forget-me-not*, likewise, contain many tales from her pen. Miss Beevor had, however, for some time, withdrawn from periodical literature, to quote her own words, (dated March last,) "partly from having exhausted her resources, and partly from wishing to bestow undeviated attention upon imaginative writing, hoping to advance from the mere tale to the novel;" and, but for this determination, Miss Beevor's fair hand would have graced the *Literary World*. It is gratifying to add, that this lamented lady laboured unceasingly in the diffusion of religious knowledge, in the inculcation of excellent Christian principles, and in encouraging those devout exercises of the heart, which must prove the best consolation and support in our last moments of probation upon earth, and afford the brightest hopes of happiness hereafter.

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Price 2d.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.



THE PAINTED HALL AND NAVAL GALLERY.

"THE Painted Hall" in Greenwich Hospital is one of the most interesting *free sights* in the environs of the metropolis. Steam will convey you thither by land or water in a few minutes; and, we know of nothing more delightful than being thus transferred out of murky London, into the fine picturesque park, or the noble palace-hospital, the chief attraction of which we are about to notice.

VOL. I. 2 B

The Hall, which is in the western division of the hospital, was painted by Sir James Thornhill, who was occupied in the work from 1703 to 1727. "It contains in square feet, 53,678, and cost £6,685, being after the rate of £8 per yard for the ceiling, and £1 per yard for the sides."

This Hall was originally employed as the refectory for the whole establishment;

the upper chamber being appropriated to the table of the officers—the lower, to the pensioners. But, when the growing revenue of the Institution gradually led to an increase of the number of its inmates, the space proved inadequate to their accommodation; the table of the officers was discontinued, and other dining-halls for the men were provided on the basement story. The noble apartment had been thus left unoccupied nearly a century, when, in 1794, Lieutenant-Governor Locker suggested its appropriation to the service of a National Gallery of Marine Paintings, to commemorate the eminent services of the Royal Navy of England. This tasteful design was not then executed; but, in 1823, it was revived by Governor Locker's son, who, with the consent of the then commissioners and governor, began the collection of the paintings. The plan was warmly patronized by George IV. (notwithstanding all that has been said about this king's preference for the land-service); and His Majesty promptly and liberally gave directions that the extensive and valuable series of portraits of the celebrated admirals of the reigns of Charles II. and William III., at Windsor Castle and Hampton Court, should be transferred to Greenwich Hospital; and the king subsequently presented several other valuable and appropriate paintings from his private collection at St. James's Palace and Carlton House. Thus was formed the nucleus of "The Naval Gallery:" the royal example was promptly followed by many noble and other liberal benefactors; and thus, in a few years, the walls were adorned with portraits of our celebrated naval commanders, and representations of their actions. To these, King William IV., in 1835, was graciously pleased to add five valuable pictures.*

Sir James Thornhill's ceiling has been admirably described by Sir Richard Steele, in his play of *The Lover*. In the central compartment appear King William and Queen Mary, surrounded by allegorical personages, intended to typify national prosperity; and the compartments are filled with figures representing the Seasons, the Elements, the Zodiac, with portraits of Copernicus, Newton, &c.; emblems of science and naval trophies. The Upper Hall has no pictures, but the walls are painted; and it contains models of ships of war, the uniform which Nelson last wore, &c. To the principal Hall, is a vestibule, surmounted by one of the two noble domes of the hospital.

* The pictures of the gallery were engraved a few years since, and published at a moderate price.

THE SEASON IS OVER.

WELL, at length "the sweet season" is over,
And John has gone down to the moors;
And along with him Juno and Rover,
And thick worsted stockings by scores.
All the carpets are gone to be beaten,
And the house looks most wretchedly bare;
The piano is cased in brown Holland,
And "*en blouse*" is each table and chair.

The squares and the streets are quite empty,
For every one's gone out of town;
E'en the clerks at the Bank, to some cottage
Each night by the railroad whiz down.
And Regent-street looks quite deserted,
Except by the poor hapless few,
Who *flâne* the year round on its *trottoir*,
Because they have nought else to do.

The Howards have started for Paris,
In the Faubourg St. Germain to shine;
The Wiltons are staying at Baden,
And the Crosswells are gone up the Rhine.
And Henry a letter has written,
To say he'd arrived at Lausanne;
And he hopes, with his knapsack and *bâton*,
To cross the cold Alps to Milan.

The opera season ~~has~~ finish'd,
Persiani has sung her last strain;
And Rubini, they say, will retire,
But I hope we shall hear him again.
The *ballot* is o'er, with its visions
Of large eyes and small twinkling feet;
And the exquisite *pas* in "The Gipsy,"
Has been caught by the bands in the street.

And Vestris has taken the Garden,
And Hammond is quitting the Strand,
(I trust when he gets to old Drury,
He will keep the same balance in hand).
And at the Haymarket, they tell us,
We soon, with Macready, shall sec,
Once more in the land of her fathers,
Our favourite, sweet Ellen Tree.

And Nicholas Nickleby's drawing
Very fast to its close: we can see
Smike will die of decline, and fair Kitty
Will Mrs. Frank Cheeryble be;
The hero himself will be wedded,
To beautiful Madeline Bray;
But as for the fate of Miss Kenwigs,
"The devil a word can I say."

The Parliament's task is concluded,
Its members are off with the rest;
And are gone down to shoot on their manors,
To collect for next session new zest.
E'en we, scribbling authors, are thinking
Of laying our brains on our shelves,
And of taking a bed-room at Peckham;
And so we will finish ourselves.

ALBERT.

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

A CURIOUS evidence of the ancient importance of Bartholomew Fair is afforded by a proclamation issued in 1593, prohibiting the holding of this fair in consequence of the plague then raging in London. This proclamation speaks of there being wont to be a general resort to the fair of all kinds of people out of every part of the realm, who would, therefore, carry the sickness back with them over the whole country, if the fair were to be kept as usual. It was too necessary, however, to the public convenience to be altogether suppressed, even for a single year:

all that was attempted, therefore, was, to establish certain regulations to diminish, as much as possible, the concourse of people, and the danger arising therefrom. These regulations give a good view of what *Bartholomew Fair* was two hundred and fifty years ago. Her Majesty commands, "That in the usual place of Smithfield, there be no manner of market for any wares kept, nor any stalls or booths for any manner of merchandise, or for victuals, suffered to be set up; but that the open place of the ground called Smithfield be only occupied with sale of horses and cattle, and of stall wares, as butter and cheese, and such like, in gross, and not by retail; the same to continue for two days only. And for vent of woollen cloths, kerseys, and linen cloths, to be all sold in gross and not by retail, the same shall be all brought within the Close Yard, (afterwards called the Cloth Fair,) of St. Bartholomew's, where shops are there continued, and have gates to shut the same place in the nights, and there such cloth to be offered for sale, and to be bought in gross, and not by retail; the same market to continue but three days. And that the sale and vent for leather be kept in the outside of the ring in Smithfield, as hath been accustomed, without erecting any shops or booths for the same, or for any victualler, or other occupier of any ways whatever." From this we may gather, that Bartholomew Fair was, in these days, a great annual mart, to which merchants used to come up from various parts of the country, and, perhaps, from other countries, to make their wholesale purchases, just as some of the continental fairs still are. The object of the regulations was, to prevent the holding of the retail market, by which, of course, the crowd of visitors was chiefly attracted; but the wholesale market was too important to the general trade of the country to be interfered with.

According to Stow, and other writers, Henry II. granted to the prior and canons of St. Bartholomew the privilege of holding a fair annually at Bartholomew-tide, for three days; namely, on the eve, the fête day of the Saint, and the day after; but, according to the *Fetusta Monumenta*, this fair appears to have been established previous to Henry's reign; for a charter from Henry I. conveying certain immunities to the priory, is referred to, wherein "free peace is granted" by that monarch to all persons frequenting the fair of St. Bartholomew.

In the year 1541, a curious tract, now very rare, was printed for Richard Harper, at the Bible and Harp, in Smithfield, entitled "*Bartholomew Faire; or varieties*

of fancies, where you may find a faire of wares, and all to please your mind, with the several enormities and misdemeanours, which are there seen and heard."—Brayley's *Londiniana*, vol. ii. p. 292; where this tract is reprinted, and contributes a most singular picture of the times and the peculiarities of the fair.

Scientific Facts.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

WE resume, from page 367, our notices of the most interesting facts elicited at this meeting; although space will not allow us to particularize the day, section, &c.

FILTRATION.

Mr. Beurt exhibited a new apparatus for filtration by hydrostatic pressure, suitable for making coffee, tinctures, and other infusions. Dr. Ure incidentally observed, that, with respect to coffee, he most approved of that plan which effected the analysis, or the separation of the aromatic and bitter principles, the presence of the latter being denoted by its assuming a yellow colour.

RESISTANCE ON RAILWAYS.

Dr. Lardner communicated the results of the inquiry of the committee appointed at Liverpool on Railway Constants. It has been ascertained by experiment, that the only mode of determining the resistance is by observing the motions of the trains down an inclined plane, and by calculating the difference between where the carriages were, and where they should have been, at any precise time. Upon this principle, several confirmatory experiments were made, shewing an uniform tendency in the trains to resistance at a high velocity. They obtained the singular and striking fact, that the amount against which they had to contend was 1-97th of the whole weight, instead of 1-250th, or 1-300th, as had been previously supposed. It was satisfactorily ascertained, that a great portion of this resistance was owing to the atmosphere; or, the amount of speed when the carriages were left to their own momentum, was singularly dependant on the influence of fair, adverse, and side winds, and calm weather. The wheels also acted in resistance as fanners, thus proving the utility of small wheels over large ones.

BRICK AND TILE-MAKING MACHINE.

An apparatus invented by the Marquis of Tweeddale was exhibited; in which the clay is carried under the rollers in a compressed state as an endless web, and being cut into shapes, has but to be carried away to be baked. One revolution of the machine, in a minute, produces thirty

bricks; and one man and two boys are thus able to produce 30,000 bricks in a working day. These bricks are also left porous, one absorbing, in six hours, only 4 oz. of water, whilst one of the best bricks absorbs 28 oz.

FORM OF STEAM-VESSELS.

Mr. J. S. Russell reported progress of an inquiry into the best form of vessels; and observed, that the swiftest steam-vessel in this country had been constructed from a plan published incidentally in the proceedings of this Association. This had been constructed on the wave principle, and although it has only 220 horsepower to a tonnage of 600, with ease attains a speed of fifteen miles an hour.

RAILWAY WHEELS.

Mr. Cottam described some railway wheels made wholly of wrought iron, so welded together, that, independent of screws, rivets, or any other fastening, they form one piece with the spokes. Mr. Wood, (of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway,) stated, that there were still in existence, on that line, wheels of wood, which had been used from its first construction, with very little wear.

CRYSTALLIZATION.

Dr. Brown read a paper on metallic carburets, his object being to lay down a new formula of crystallization, *viz.*—that when the particles of a solid body are slowly cooled from the decomposition of a substance of which it or its elements are chemical constituents, they cohere in crystal; and this independently both of the fusion or solution of the body crystallized, and of the presence of any fluid medium of molecular motion whatever. Dr. Brown concluded with stating, that if wood be charred with sufficient care, not charcoal, but the diamond, may be obtained.

DEATH FROM CARBONIC ACID GAS.

Dr. G. Bird enumerated many experiments, shewing that a much smaller quantity of carbonic acid gas, descending even as low as two or three per cent., will prove fatal, and that it varies according to the different idiosyncrasies of individuals.

FOSSIL BIRD.

M. Agassiz has discovered, in the limestone of Glarus, the skeleton of a bird of the size of a swallow, being the first which has been found on the Continent; although they are common amongst the marine deposits of this country.

ORGANIC REMAINS IN LONDON CLAY.

Professor Lyell observed, that mammoths are often found in great abundance

among marine animals, and in the London clay, which is full of shells. The only correct test we have of the age of the teeth of animals is, by comparing their colour with those of the marine animals with which they are found. Amongst other discoveries are teeth of the marsupialia, nearly analogous to the North American opossum. Cuvier has also discovered the teeth of an opossum near Paris, and others have been found by Mr. Fox in the Isle of Wight. Under the sand of the London clay, has lately been discovered the lower jaw of a monkey, which is interesting as the nearest specimen to the human race, and which also destroys the theory of the progressive development of organization. The tooth of the monkey is recognised as authentic by a small tubercle upon it.

ECONOMY OF SMALL COAL.

Mr. Oran stated, that, out of three millions of tons of coals, at least one million are wasted. He proposes to mix with two-thirds of the small coal one-third of anthracite. His process was, to raise thirty or forty gallons of water, forty gallons of coal tar, thirty gallons of lime, with a ton of coal dust, and one or two cwt. of dried river mud; to be moulded into blocks, when, being of less bulk, it would be very applicable for steam vessels, as an average quantity would last three months over that of common coal for two. —[This is scarcely a novelty for the Association; since we remember seeing coal similarly prepared, many months since.]

MARINE RAILWAY.

An apparatus has been introduced into France from the United States, by means of which vessels of any size can be hauled ashore in an upright position for the purpose of careening, &c. It consists of a railway, which may be prolonged indefinitely under water to suit the rise or fall of the tide, and also on shore, according to the size of the ship-yard. Upon this a wooden carriage, proportioned to the size of the vessel, is made to traverse by means of strong capstans. This carriage may be got under the keel of the ship, or rather the ship may be made to float on to it; and, by a system of wedges and ropes, can be so adapted to the hull as to fit and embrace it tightly all round. The ship is kept in the perpendicular, either with or without her cargo and crew on board; and the capstans being set to work, the carriage and its burden are hauled up the railway at the rate of from two to three feet per minute. The advantages of this system over that of dry docks is stated to be great, both as regards time and expense.—*Courier de Bourdeaux; Times.*

New Books.

A SUMMER'S DAY AT HAMPTON COURT.

BY EDWARD JESSE, ESQ.

(Continued from p. 363.)

Wolsey's Palace.

[With the leading facts of the history of the Palace our readers must be tolerably familiar: yet, it was a place of such magnificence and sumptuousness, that new items are by no means rare.]

The manor of Hampton, or, as it was formerly called, Hamutone, was, about the beginning of the thirteenth century, vested in the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. In the early part of the reign of Henry the VIII., Cardinal Wolsey became lessee of the manor, under the prior of that foundation.* Some idea of the vast extent of this manor may be formed, when the reader is made aware that it comprised within it the manors of Walton-upon-Thames, Walton Legh, Ryflete, Weybridge, West and East Moulsey, Sandon, Weston, Inworth, Esher, Oatlands, together with the manors within the limits of Hampton Court Chase; and also the manors of Hampton, Hanworth, Feltham, and Teddington, and even Hounslow Heath, which was supposed to have extended from Staines to Brentford Bridge. Long Ditton, and the neighbourhood of Kingston, were also said to have been included in this manorial Chase.† Well might it be said—

"O many

Have broke their backs with laying manors on them."

A domain of such an extent seemed to require a house, or rather a palace, to correspond with it; and such a palace Cardinal Wolsey determined to build.

Wolsey was also said to have got himself into difficulties, by misappropriating the funds of Magdalen College, for the purpose of building the noble tower of that college. If this be true, it affords a strong proof of the Cardinal's great and enterprising mind, and of that fondness for beautiful architecture which will carry down his name to the latest posterity. The present occupier of the see of Canterbury seems to have imbibed Wolsey's taste and magnificence in architecture, softened by the refinement of the age, and kept in due bounds by that prudence and modesty for which he is so conspicuous.

* A copy of the lease to Wolsey, from the Cottonian manuscript, was inserted in the "Gentleman's Magazine" of January, 1834, and is followed by a list of the furniture left in the ancient manor-house upon the estate when Wolsey took possession. His name is spelt *Wulcy* in the lease, which is dated January 11th, 1514.

† The right of free warren over these manors is still exercised by the Crown.

In the height of this greatness, Wolsey built his sumptuous and extensive palace of Hampton Court, which was then much larger than we see it at present. The building was composed of brick, and consisted of five courts, two of which only remain, so that but little idea can be formed of the extent of the palace.

The apartments which are left, were principally used as domestic offices. We can, therefore, have but an inadequate conception of the former splendour of Hampton Court, except as it may be judged of by prints. It was Wolsey's province to give such a character and inclination to the arts of his country, as have had an important effect on the taste of each succeeding age. He had evidently meant to construct, at Hampton, such a splendid specimen of Grecian correctness, as might give a new bias to the architecture of this island. It is probable that he was unable to contend with the still lingering relics of prejudice, and therefore we have to regret that the Gothic and Grecian styles were blended in the Cardinal's magnificent building with equal bad taste and impropriety.

These ancient buildings are extremely interesting. Their structure is of red brick, interlaced with dark-coloured bricks in diagonal lines, the windows and cornices, with their ornaments, being of stone. This circumstance conveys an appearance of meanness to the eye of the spectator, which the beauty of its proportions fails to remove. Wolsey appears to have employed the Warden and certain members of the Freemasons as his architects in building his palace, and also Christ Church at Oxford (originally termed Cardinal's College). All the documents relative to the expense of these buildings are to be found in the Chapter House at Westminster. In removing last year (1838) one of the old towers built by Wolsey, a number of glass bottles were dug out of the foundation. They were of a curious shape; and it is probable that they were buried to denote the date of the building, as bottles, similarly situated, have recently been found in the corners of old buildings, both at Windsor and Kingston-upon-Thames.

It is probable that the grandeur of the place, or some other cause, of which we have no certain account, induced Wolsey to resign his palace to Henry VIII. in the year 1516, although he occasionally resided in it afterwards. Henry appears to have gone on with the buildings for several years previous to his death, and it subsequently became a favourite royal residence. It is impossible to imagine a circumstance more galling to a man of

Wolsey's pride and ambition, than his being obliged to relinquish a palace upon which he had exhausted so much money, and which he had ornamented, in many respects, with such exquisite taste. One only wonders that a man of his strong sense and knowledge of the human mind should not have been better prepared against the fickleness of such a king as Henry VIII., and should not have borne it with more firmness.

It will add to the interest of the visitor at Hampton Court Palace, if he bears in mind that it was the last instance, in this country, of the magnificence of the household establishment of a priest who held the highest offices in church and state. Here Wolsey lived in more than regal state, and when it is considered that he had nearly one thousand persons in his suite, we shall be less surprised at the vastness of his palace.

The part of Wolsey's palace which still remains, consists of the first and second quadrangles, and some smaller courts and passages to the right and left of them. If the original palace had five courts, which it is generally supposed to have had, it must have been nearly as large again as we see it at present. The third court, next the gardens, was rebuilt by William III., and stands upon only a small part of the original site of the old palace. In looking at what remains of the latter, we shall perceive an effect, in the old English ecclesiastical character of building, that delights the imagination, and seems congenial with our native feeling. The small part, however, which remains of the original building, can convey but a very inadequate idea of the former splendour of the place, as the apartments which are now standing were supposed to have been only used as domestic offices. Perhaps the best idea that can be formed of the extent of the old palace, is, by passing along the tennis-court lane, and inspecting the north front from the gateway to the tennis-court. This is all Wolseyan, with the exception of the modern windows and a projecting building. The old chimneys may here be seen, and their ample space and solidity will allow us to form some idea of the hospitality and good cheer which took place in the Cardinal's establishment. Each of these fireplaces is large enough to roast an ox, being nineteen and a half feet in width, and eight and a half feet in height. It is evident that the attendants were not allowed to enter the kitchens, as each of them has a large square opening, communicating with the several passages, which was closed until the dinners were dressed, when a large wooden flap was let down

and the dishes placed upon it, which were then removed by servants on the outside. When we consider that Wolsey's palace is stated to have contained fifteen hundred rooms, we shall find that these enormous kitchens and fireplaces were not out of proportion to the number of his attendants and guests.

The Hall.—In the middle court is Wolsey's Hall, which Evelyn calls a "most magnificent room;" and here we can fancy him entertaining his ungrateful master with all the splendour which his wealth and resources enabled him to employ.

It is a curious fact, if it can be depended on, that the first play acted in the Hall was that of Henry VIII., or the Fall of Wolsey, it being represented on the very spot which had been the scene of the Cardinal's greatest splendour. Shakspeare is said to have been one of the actors in this play.

Wolsey's Withdrawing Room.—This room is entered by a doorway from the centre of the dais in the Hall, and is equally curious and beautiful. Its proportions, also, are perfect. It is 61 feet 10 inches in length, 29 feet 5 inches in breadth, and 20 feet high. It is said that when Sir Walter Scott saw it, he was so much struck with it, that he built one somewhat resembling it at Abbotsford. It is always pleasing to see this sort of tribute paid by one great genius to the works of another, who, perhaps, is only known by this relic of his talents.

Perhaps, however, the most curious and interesting things in this room are the ancient Tapestries. Independently, however, of the interest which is attached to them, from the fact of their having formed part of the original decoration of Hampton Court, when the eminent founder of it was in the zenith of his glory and power, and high in the favour of his royal master, they are remarkable in many respects for the merit they possess as examples of design.

Wolsey's Courts.—Although only two of Wolsey's principal courts are now in existence, and these probably were used only as domestic offices, there is much to admire in them. The first court is perfect, and remains as it was built by the Cardinal; but the second, or middle court, is disgraced, with reference to the admixture of a different style of architecture, by a colonnade, supported by pillars of the Ionic order, designed by Sir Christopher Wren. This screen would be handsome in any other situation, but it destroys the effect of the beautiful court in which it is placed, and effectually conceals one side of it, as well as some beautiful Gothic windows behind it.

Mr. Jesse then refers to an accompanying print to shew the effect which might be produced by removing the screen, and making a covered way, in character with the other parts of Wolsey's palace. Every person of good taste must wish to see this alteration made.

In the middle court there is a curious astronomical clock over the gateway, now under repair. It was put up in the year 1540, as appears from an inscription affixed to it, and it is said to be the first of this kind ever fabricated in England. On this clock are represented the twelve signs of the Zodiac, with the rising and setting of the sun, the various phases of the moon, and other ornaments and indices of time.

[Mr. Jesse refers his readers for further particulars of this clock, to *Letters of the Paston Family*, vol. ii. 2nd edit. page 31.]

The round kitchen court is worth seeing, as it contains specimens of Wolsey's architecture. The north front of the palace, as seen in passing along the tennis-court lane, will enable any one to form a good idea of the vast extent of the original palace. The old chimneys, some of which have been recently restored, the cupolas, and some of the old stone ornaments, are well worthy of attention.

The front of the original palace, looking into the gardens, is very striking, and will give an idea of its extent and splendour, and of the style of Wolsey's architecture. That Wolsey's taste in architecture was good, cannot be doubted. The beautiful simplicity and just proportion of that noble structure, the tower of Magdalen College, Oxford, so universally admired, is a proof of it, to say nothing of Christ Church. To the shame of that college, no monument has been erected in it to commemorate the munificence of Wolsey, or the gratitude of those who are reaping the benefit of it.

(To be continued.)

CHATSWORTH.

CHATSWORTH, "the palace of the Peak," (for its superb character entitles it to such distinction,) is now hastening to completion—"to remain a lasting memorial of the abilities of Sir Jeffry Wyatville, and the taste and magnificence of the sixth Duke of Devonshire." The cost of his Grace's additions must have been many thousands of pounds, during the last twenty years; but, in no other great outlay in the kingdom have taste and talent been more eminently displayed; and long may the noble owner live to enjoy his princely possessions. It is rarely that we witness wealth so well directed towards the labours of a cultivated mind, as at

Chatsworth; and, when we reflect upon the countless advantages which this vast expenditure must secure to the neighbourhood, our admiration of art is combined with other pleasurable emotions, which are far more easily conceived than expressed.

Among the most recent of the tasteful embellishments of the pleasure-grounds, is the erection of four stones of a Doric column, from Capo Colonna, in Greece; these interesting fragments having been brought to this country by Sir Augustus Clifford, who has presented them to his noble relative, the proprietor of Chatsworth. They are placed upon a square base of stone; and in three of its sides is inserted a tablet of marble, upon which are inscribed the following appropriate lines, "from the pen of Lord Morpeth:

"These fragments stood on Sunium's airy steep,
They reared aloft Minerva's guardian shrine;
Beneath them rolled the blue Ægean deep,
And the Greek pilot hailed them as divine.

Such was, e'en then, their look of calm repose,
As wafted round them came the souths of flight;
When the glad shout of conquering Athens rose
O'er the long track of Persia's broken flight.

Though clasped by prostrate worshipper no more,
They yet shall breathe a thrilling lesson here;
Though distant from their own immortal shore,
The spot they grace is still to freedom dear."

By glancing at the catalogue of "Marbles, Bronzes, and Fragments," (printed for the accommodation of visitors,) one may form some idea of the invaluable treasures of art which the munificent Duke has assembled within his "proper mansion-house, decently and delightfully adorned," so as even to gladden the heart of the critical Sir Henry Wotton. Here are Endymion sleeping, Madame Mère, (mother of Napoleon,) and a Hebe, by Canova; a Venus, by Thorwaldsen; busts, by the same illustrious sculptors; vases and tazzas, of Derbyshire material, worked at Rome; columns of jasper, verde and giallo antio, breccia, alabaster, and marbles; splendid tables of Labrador spar, Siberian jasper, and various marbles; bassi relievi, by Thorwaldsen and Schadow; and antique fragments, of such exquisite beauty, as to cause one almost to weep over their mutilation.

The grounds and gardens, under the direction of Mr. Paxton, a proficient in landscape-gardening and horticultural science, are approaching perfection. His most remarkable improvement is the erection of a large tropical conservatory, in general design resembling the nave and side aisles of a cathedral. Its height is 60 feet; length, 272 feet; and width, 120 feet; and it occupies above an acre and a quarter of ground. The entrances are at the ends, through porches treated as green-

houses; there will be through it a carriage-drive, forming part of a general drive through the pleasure-grounds. This vast conservatory rises from a glade in a lofty wood, nearly in the centre of the pleasure-grounds; and, according to the experience of Mr. Loudon, is "unquestionably the largest structure of the kind in existence or on record." "It will be heated by six fires, all of which, and the means of access to them, the places for fuel, &c., will be underground; and the chimneys carried in a tunnel up the side of a hill to the distance of nearly a furlong, so that not the slightest appearance of artificial heating, or smoke, or sheds, &c. will appear, either within the house or exterior to it."* The whole has been designed by Mr. Paxton; and Mr. Loudon reports highly of "the scientific, elegant, and substantial manner, in which it is executed." Imagine stupendous palms, talipats, bananas, and other giants of tropical vegetation, luxuriating within this airy structure; with flocks of tropical birds, heightening, with their brilliant plumage, the enchantment of the whole scene.

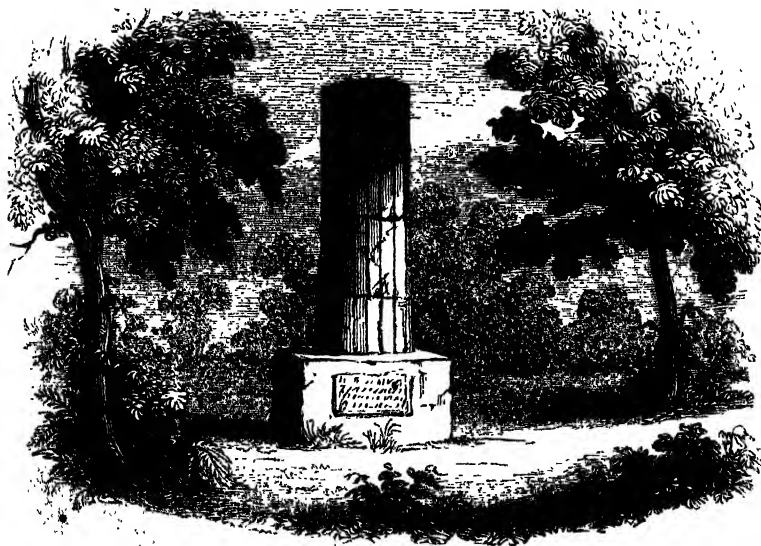
The Arboretum (the only one seen by Mr. Loudon, of sufficient size,) is flourishing. "Near the palace, many auracarias and deodar cedars are planted, alternating with Portugal laurels, trained on stems six feet high, with heads cut into round balls, so as to resemble orange-trees," as treated

* *Gardener's Magazine*, August, 1839.

in the gardens of the Tuileries and at Versailles. A new line of separation has been formed between the pleasure-ground and the park: it consists of miniature terraces, rising one above another, planted with tender climbers and other ornamental shrubs, trained to a trellis, and covered with a blue-striped canvas curtain during winter and spring nights. The grand cascade has also been improved.

In the kitchen-garden there is usually much early forcing, grapes being required at table all the year round; and in winter and spring, 3,000 pots of strawberries are forced annually. The vines in the vine-ries are classified: thus, we have one house filled with the Cascon Hall muscat, another with Hamburgh grapes, the common muscat, Frontignan, &c. By these, and similar arrangements with green-gage plums, Flemish pears, &c., the management is so simplified, "that even the number of bunches of grapes that each vine is to bear, or dozens of fruit that are to be allowed to remain on each wall-tree, after thinning, are pre-determined by Mr. Paxton the preceding autumn or winter, according to the strength of the tree and the ripeness of the wood."* Mr. Paxton's improvements in building hot-houses, with ridge and furrow roofing, are likewise very important.

* The details of the gardens are quoted, in the main, from *Recollections of a Tour made in May, 1839, in the Gardener's Magazine*, August, 1839; and which, like all Mr. Loudon's gardening-tours, are full of interest, novelty, and improvement.



COLUMN AT CHATSWORTH.

Periodicals.

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

[IN the Number before us, the Editor, in *Jack Sheppard*, has, to our thinking, eclipsed all his former chapters. The localities, as usual, but more especially old Newgate, are described with surprising graphic force, at once minute and powerfully riveting. In the catastrophes, the same exciting interest, as that with which we followed "rare Dick Turpin," in his noted ride to York, in *Rookwood*, and the *Gelosa*, in the descent of the column, in *Crichton*—is kept up as we accompany Jack Sheppard in his escape from the condemned cell of Newgate. We know him to be a villain—we feel that he deserves hanging; yet, such is the power of the author's imagination over our own, that we are rejoiced when he is clean out of the prison. We must make room for a few choice *morceaux*. Here is a pleasant piece of antiquarianism, from the old Newgate.]

At the beginning of the twelfth century—whether in the reign of Henry the First, or Stephen, is uncertain,—a fifth gate was added to the four principal entrances of the city of London; then, it is almost needless to say, surrounded by ramparts, moats, and other defences. This gate, called *Newgate*, "as being latelier builded than the rest," continued, for upwards of three hundred years, to be used as a place of imprisonment for felons and trespassers; at the end of which time, having grown old, ruinous, and "horribly loathsome," it was rebuilt and enlarged by the executors of the renowned Sir Richard Whittington, the Lord Mayor of London: whence it afterwards obtained, amongst a certain class of students, whose examinations were conducted with some strictness at the Old Bailey, and their highest degrees taken at Hyde Park-corner, the appellation of Whittington's College, or, more briefly, the Whit. It may here be mentioned, that this gate, destined to bequeath its name—a name, which has since acquired a terrible significance,—to every successive structure erected upon its site, was granted, in 1406, by charter, by Henry the Sixth to the citizens of London, in return for their loyal services, and thenceforth became the common goal to that city and the county of Middlesex. Nothing material occurred to Newgate, until the memorable year 1666, when it was utterly destroyed by the great Fire. It is with the building raised after this direful calamity that our history has to deal.

[Next is a glimpse of the interior.]

In an angle of the Stone Hall was the Iron Hold; a chamber containing a vast assortment of fetters and handcuffs of all weights and sizes. Four prisoners, termed "The Partners," had charge of this hold. Their duty was to see who came in, or went out; to lock up, and open the different wards; to fetter such prisoners as were ordered to be placed in irons; to distribute the allowances of provision; and to maintain some show of decorum; for which latter purpose they were allowed to carry whips and truncheons. When any violent outrage was committed,—and such matters were of daily, sometimes hourly, occurrence,—a bell, the rope of which descended into the hall, brought the whole of the turnkeys to their assistance. A narrow passage at the north of the Stone Hall led to the Bluebeard's room of this enchanted castle, a place shunned even

by the reckless crew who were compelled to pass it. It was a sort of cooking-room, with an immense fire-place, flanked by a couple of caldrons; and was called Jack Ketch's Kitchen, because the quarters of persons executed for treason were there boiled by the hangman in oil, pitch, and tar, before they were affixed on the city gates, or on London Bridge. Above this revolting spot, was the female debtor's ward; below it, a gloomy cell, called *Tangier*; and, lower still, the Stone Hold, a most terrible and noisome dungeon, situated underground, and unvisited by a single ray of daylight. Built and paved with stone, without beds, or any other sort of protection from the cold, this dreadful hole, accounted the most dark and dismal in the prison, was made the receptacle of such miserable wretches as could not pay the customary fees. Adjoining it was the Lower Ward,—"though, in what degree of latitude it was situated," observes Ned Ward, "I cannot positively demonstrate, unless it lay ninety degrees beyond the North Pole; for, instead of being dark there but half a year, it is dark all the year round." It was only a shade better than the Stone Hold. Here were imprisoned the fines; and, "perhaps," adds the before-cited authority, "if he behaved himself, an outlawed person might creep in among them." Ascending the gate once more on the way back, we find over the Stone Hall another large room, called Debtors' Hall, facing Newgate-street, with "very good air and light." A little too much of the former, perhaps, as the windows being unglazed, the prisoners were subjected to severe annoyance from the weather and easterly winds.

[Jack's escape from the Condemned Hold, aided by Edgeworth Bess and Poll Maggot, is capitally managed. But, we must pass on to "*Dollis Hill Revisited*," at the opening of which, is this exquisite portrait of Sleep, as Sir Thomas Brown quaintly calls him, "elder brother to Death."]

Deathlike, indeed, was the repose of the sleeper,—deathlike and deep. Its very calmness was frightful. Her lips were apart, but no breath seemed to issue from them; and, but for a slight—very slight, palpitation of the bosom, the vital principle might be supposed to be extinct. This lifeless appearance was heightened by the extreme sharpness of her features—especially the nose and chin,—and by the emaciation of her limbs, which was painfully distinct through her drapery. Her attenuated arms were crossed upon her breast; and her black brows and eyelashes contrasted fearfully with the livid whiteness of her skin. A few, short, dark locks, escaping from beneath her head-dress, shewed that her hair had been removed, and had only been recently allowed to grow again.

[We next get a glimpse of a fearful portion of Jonathan Wild's habitation—the Well Hole.]

Taking up a link, which was blazing beside him, he walked across the room; and touching a spring in the wall, a secret door flew open. Beyond, was a narrow bridge, crossing a circular building, at the bottom of which lay a deep well. It was a dark, mysterious place, and what it was used for no one exactly knew; but it was called by those who had seen it, the Well Hole. The bridge was protected on either side by a railing, with banisters placed at wide intervals. Steps to aid the descent, which was too steep to be safe without them, led to a door on the opposite side. This door, which was open, Jonathan locked, and took out the key. As he stood upon the bridge, he held down the light, and looked into the profound abyss. The red glare fell upon the slimy brick-work, and tinged the inkly waters below. A slight cough uttered by Jonathan at the moment awakened the echoes of the place,

and was returned in hollow reverberations. "There'll be a louder echo here presently," thought Jonathan. Before leaving the place, he looked upwards, and could just discern the blue vault and pale stars of heaven through an iron grating at the top.

[In this terrific locality, Sir Rowland Trenchard is *dispatched* by Jonathan, the catastrophe being told with startling minuteness.]

As the signal was given, the Jew, who had been some time in expectation of it, darted swiftly and silently behind Sir Rowland, and flung a cloth over his head, while Jonathan, rushing upon him in front, struck him several quick and violent blows in the face with the bludgeon. The white cloth was instantly dyed with crimson; but, regardless of this, Jonathan continued his murderous assault. The struggles of the wounded man were desperate—so desperate, that, in his agony, he overcame the table, and, in the confusion, tore off the cloth, and disclosed a face horribly mutilated, and streaming with blood. So appalling was the sight, that even the murderers—familiar as they were with scenes of slaughter—looked aghast at it.

During this dreadful pause the wretched man felt for his sword. It had been removed from the scabbard by the Jew. He uttered a deep groan, but said nothing.

"Dispatch him!" roared Jonathan.

Having no means of defence, Sir Rowland cleared the blood from his vision; and, turning to see whether there was any means of escape, he descended the open door behind him leading to the Well Hole, and instantly darted through it.

"As I could wish!" cried Jonathan. "Bring the light, Nab."

The Jew snatched up the link, and followed him. A struggle of the most terrific kind now ensued. The wounded man had descended the bridge, and dashed himself against the door beyond it; but finding it impossible to force his way further, he turned to confront his assailants. Jonathan aimed a blow at him, which, if it had taken place, must have instantly terminated the strife; but, avoiding this, he sprang at the thief-taker, and grappled with him. Firmly built, as it was, the bridge creaked in such a manner with their contending efforts, that Abraham durst not venture beyond the door, where he stood, holding the light, a horrified spectator of the scene. The contest, however, though desperate, was brief. Disengaging his right arm, Jonathan struck his victim a tremendous blow on the head with the bludgeon, that fractured his skull; and, exerting all his strength, threw him over the rails, to which he clung with the tenacity of despair.

"Spare me!" he groaned, looking upwards. "Spare me!"

Jonathan, however, instead of answering him, searched for his knife, with the intention of severing his wrist. But not finding it, he had again recourse to the bludgeon, and began beating the hand fixed on the upper rail, until, by smashing the fingers, he forced it to relinquish its hold. He then stamped upon the hand on the lower banister, until that also relaxed its gripe.

Sir Rowland then fell.

A hollow plunge, echoed and re-echoed by the walls, marked his descent into the water.

"Give me the link," cried Jonathan.

Holding down the light, he perceived that the wounded man had risen to the surface, and was trying to clamber up the slippery sides of the well.

"Shoot him! shoot him! Put him out of his misery," cried the Jew.

"What's the use of wasting a shot?" rejoined Jonathan, savagely. "He can't get out."

After making several ineffectual attempts to keep himself above water, Sir Rowland sunk, and his groans, which had become gradually fainter and fainter, were heard no more.

"All's over," muttered Jonathan.

"Shall we go back to do other room?" asked the Jew. "I shall breathe more freely dere. Oh! Christ! de door's shut! It must have schwing to during de schuffle!"

"Shut!" exclaimed Wild. "Then we're imprisoned. The spring can't be opened on this side."

"Dere's de oder door!" cried Mendez, in alarm.

"It only leads to the fencing crib," replied Wild.

"There's no outlet that way."

"Can't we call for assilastanche?"

"And who'll find us, if we do?" rejoined Wild, fiercely. "But they *will* find the evidences of slaughter in the other room,—the table upset,—the bloody cloth,—the dead man's sword,—the money,—and my memorandum, which I forgot to remove. Hell's curses! that after all, my precautions I should be thus entrapped. It's all your fault, you shaking coward! and, but that I feel sure you'll atone for your carelessness, I'd throw you into the well, too."

[Cruikshank, in the illustrations, has followed the author—no trifling task—with singular fidelity. One shudders at the plate of Sir Rowland's murder.]

THE POLYTECHNIC JOURNAL, NO. I.

WE feel bound to give this new competitor for public patronage our warmest commendations, and heartiest wishes for success. The magazine is a prodigy of cheapness—eighty-eight pages, closely printed, for one shilling! and the contents as fresh and novel as a newspaper, and full of gratifying intelligence. The proportion of papers relating to art, is much greater than those illustrating the progress of science; but this may be accidental. There is much information on foreign art, and the editor refers to unceasing labour in this department. We shall certainly return to this promising periodical. Among the news, we notice the return of David Roberts from his Oriental excursion: a diploma from the Royal Academy greeted him on his arrival. "He has brought home with him the ponderous temples and colossal statues that adorn the banks of the Nile, and the rocks of Arabia Petrea. The pyramids of Egypt are now in Mornington-place. Mr. Roberts travelled southwards as far as Nubia, and eastward as far as Bualbec. He has visited Geeza, Esné, Dendera, Philæ, Elephantine, Thebes, and Ebsambool."

TOURNAMENT AT EGLINTOUN CASTLE.

THE recent revival of the ancient chivalric exercise of the Tournament, after a long, unbroken slumber, has excited such general curiosity, that we feel it our duty to preserve some record of the event. The subject has been, for many months, matter of gossip among *cognoscenti*, collectors of armour, antique furniture, and whatever tends to illustrate the habits of by-gone ages. There has been, for some time

past, a growing taste for this pursuit, which, if it lead to no better result, exercises ingenuity, and tests the knowledge of history retained by the educated classes; and, moreover, leads to no trifling expenditure—for the reader is assured that the hobby is a very costly one. Of late years, much has appeared in our literature to cherish this love of the past; and a few works, produced in the first style of art, have added pictorial interest to the subject. Twenty years ago, the popular ignorance of the various ages of armour was lamentable; and, before Sir S. R. Meyrick published his *Critical Inquiry*, and arranged the horse armoury, in the Tower of London, in 1826, the confused state of that collection was a disgrace to the country. This reform was, however, encouraged by George IV.: it was consummated; and the thousands who now visit the Tower, in place of hundreds under the old régime, may serve somewhat to explain the curiosity which has just been so intense towards Eglintoun, and its chivalric festivities.*

The spirited nobleman, at whose charge the spectacle has been prepared, or, "the lord of the Tournament," is Archibald William, Earl of Eglintoun, a Scottish peer, and a munificent patron of art:—the scene, Eglintoun Castle, about three miles from the sea-coast; the grounds reaching nearly to the sea. It is situated in a beautiful country (Ayrshire), twenty-six miles from Glasgow, and three from Irvine, which is the nearest port-town. It is in the midst of a pleasant park, not very extensive, but full of variety of hill and dale; and through it runs a small river, the Lugdon, which delightfully diversifies the scenery. The park is well wooded, and contains some very fine beeches. The castle itself is a massive square building of stone, with a round tower at each angle, and a large keep, of the same form, rising from the centre of the pile: and from the flagstaff floated the banner of the gallant Montgomeries.†

* The Guard Chamber at Windsor Castle, likewise arranged by Sir S. Meyrick, is another collection with which the public are familiar. Thither has been removed the beautiful steel target presented to Henry VIII. by Francis I., and a legitimate relic of the decline of chivalry. Here, too, are several *tourneying* suits of armour, as of Henry, Prince of Wales, 1612; Charles I., when Prince of Wales, 1630; of Prince Rupert, 1633; and a suit of massive tournament armour assigned to the celebrated Lord Howard of Effingham. Our royal palaces (to which the people are beginning to be admitted more freely than heretofore,) mostly contain some armorial displays. A splendid exhibition of armour was got up in London last year.

† Ayrshire is strewn with ruins of castles; as Loch Doon, on the island of that name; and Turnberry, of the ancestors of Robert Bruce, the fragments covering an acre. Among the other ruined castles, are those of Thomas-town, Foster-cross,

The accommodations for the noble guests within the castle were, however, but limited. Accordingly, the temporary additions were very extensive: immediately in the rear of the castle was erected a pavilion of wood, 324 feet in length; 168 feet being occupied as the ball-room, 136 feet as the dining-room, with a saloon in the centre of 20 feet. The whole interior was sumptuously decorated; and the communication was so ingeniously managed, that these gorgeous additions appeared to form part and parcel of the castle itself. The eating-room would dine five hundred guests, for whom a magnificent service of plate was provided. Tents were likewise pitched, and temporary rooms constructed in various parts of the park; and, in right chivalrous taste, the knights and esquires were lodged in tents at the extremities of the lists.

In an oblique direction from the rear of the castle, and at about a furlong's distance, were the *lists*, a well-chosen area, picturesquely bordered with wood; just above which was visible the keep of the castle, whence the noble owner flung "to the breeze the banner of his line." The lists, or tilting-yard, was an oblong square, 650 by 250 feet; the barrier, in the centre, for tilting, being 300 feet long, and 4 feet 6 inches in height. Directly opposite this barrier was the grand pavilion, or "stand," (to borrow a modern term,) a chaste erection in the Gothic style. This "stand" accommodated seven hundred spectators, having, in its centre, a state chair for "the Queen of Love and Beauty," surmounted by a gorgeous canopy. The front and sides were decorated with gilding, and draperies of blue silk and crimson cloth. The "stand" was flanked on either side by other pavilions, for six hundred persons; and at the opposite end of the lists was placed a small stand for the accommodation of "the press," and artists.* Around the lists stood the knights' tents, or marquees, of oil-cloth, striped with the owner's colours, and surmounted with banners, pennons, &c.; and within these little tabernacles the sons of chivalry took up their quarters. Each knight had a larger and two smaller tents, the former for his own use, and the latter for that of his esquires and attendants. The Earl of Eglintoun, as "Lord of the Tournament," had five pavilions, of

Dunure, and Dean; Auchinleck and Dundonald, the last a royal castle, where Robert II. of Scotland, the first king of the Stuart line, lived and died. Other of the Ayrshire castles are still inhabited.

* In return for this liberality, on the part of the Earl of Eglintoun, we hope to see artistic commemorations of this splendid affair upon a scale commensurate with its magnificence. The "Exhibitions" of next season will furnish the best reply.

blue and gold. At a short distance from the barrier, on each side, were stands, containing the lances for the knights; and at one side of the extremities of the yard, was mounted, upon a pedestal, the "quintain," a huge model of the human figure in wood, placed upon a pivot, so as to revolve, if not struck fairly in the centre by the lances of the knights. Lastly, in and around the tilting barrier, the turf was covered with bark and sawdust. The appearance of the whole of the preparations was gay and characteristic: the heraldic devices of the pavilions were accurately managed, and intermingled with the branches of trees, and the draperies of the tents had a striking effect. Perchance, we missed the artificial perfection so conspicuous in Hall's account of the Tournament of the Cloth of Gold,—that prodigal scene of chivalric pageantry, and one of the last glories of chivalry in England;* but the whole was magnificently effective. The spectacle was arranged principally by the Messrs. Pratt, of New Bond-street, armourers, as we may term them; for, we believe, they possess the largest stock of armour and chivalric equipments in the metropolis; besides a vast assemblage of antique furniture, and appointments of the olden time, we have heard their stock of partizans and halberds stated at several hundreds. The most costly suits of armour we take to be the property of the wearers; for the collection and arrangement of armour has long been a fashionable study among the scions of our nobility.

First Day, Wednesday, Aug. 28.

We do not promise the reader an accurate account of the popular interest excited by the Tournament, or a correct list of the visitors and spectators, noble and gentle. For these matters we must refer him to the "folio of eight pages." Perhaps one of the most striking incidents among the arrivals, was that of Lord Glenlyon, with a band of seventy stalwart mountaineers of Perthshire, attended by pipers; they were armed with swords and targets, and marched with the order and precision of regular troops.

* Thus, at one end of the field was set upon a lofty artificial mount, a hawthorn and a raspberry-bush, which were intended as the respective devices of the Kings of England and France. "These two trees," (says the minute chronicler, who was present at the fête,) were mixed one with the other on a high mountaine, covered with green damaske. With these were intermixed artificial trees, with green damask leaves, and branches, boughs, and withered leaves of cloth of gold; the trunks and arms being also covered with cloth of gold, and intermingled with fruits and flowers in silver, and Venice gold; and "their beantie shewed farre." "On the mountaine was a place harber-wise, where the heraldes were: the mountaine was rayed about, and the rayles covered with grene damaske."—*Idist.*

The Celtic appears to have been the favourite costume, doubtless from the locality; but it indicated false taste: for, as well remarked, "the tourney was of Gothic, not of Celtic origin. It was never practised by Celtic nations at all. We should suppose that Eglintoun Tournament will have been the first at which the tartan and the kilt were at all conspicuous. There is nothing in the Highland dress which renders it appropriate for such a scene. Its adoption is of a piece with the conduct of some ignorant players, who dress Wallace and Bruce in kilts, although, in the time of these warriors, the kilt was considered only fit for savages."* Nor can we recount how, by day-break, on Wednesday, August 28, the little towns of Irvine, Saltcoats, and Ardrossan, were crowded with visitors in the olden costume; how steamers were bringing folks from Glasgow, and from Liverpool the southerners of merry England; how the tram-road, which extends from Ardrossan to Eglintoun Park, was covered with trains of "long cars, on two wheels, made of rough-hewn deal planks;" and how the *élite* of Ayr were pouring in their handsome equipages. Within the park, by eleven o'clock, many thousands were assembled, with incongruous and grotesque effect; for the diversity of dresses, the brilliancy of colours, and the nodding of plumes, but ill accorded with "the uncompromising costume" of cockney visitors in clothes of every-day cut. In the stables the grooms were caparisoning the horses, the esquires were giving directions, and the warders were keeping off curious inquirers. "Within the castle were revellers, eating, drinking, carousing, and laughing; every room and gallery were filled with people, 'buckling harness on.' Knights, esquires, ladies, damoscels, &c. were hurrying through the corridors, and crowding the staircases. A regiment of cooks was preparing the viands for the banquet; the stew-pans, or, rather, cauldrons, 'gris ambered steams;' and from piles of ice the champagne and claret were momentarily extracted by the active servitors. Legions of all sorts of tame and wild fowl, domestic poultry, and game from the moors, were congregated in the larders, butteries, and kitchens. Barons of beef, haunches of venison, pasties, modern cookery, and antique revelry, were combined to entertain the hungry, and tempt the fastidious to the feast. Wine and ale were flowing amidst this heap of viands, and strong, yet humble ale was humming and sparkling in the hall."†

The galleries in the lists were filled by twelve o'clock; and along the route of

* *Observer*, Sept. 1, 1839.

† *Times*, August 31, 1839.

the procession, and without the enclosure of the lists, there were above 30,000 persons assembled to witness the tilting. The line of the procession was fenced in with a double post and rail, from the entrance-door of the castle, over a cast-iron Gothic bridge across the Lugdon, and flanked with galleries, by a very long *détour*, affording the occupier a full view up to the lists. At about three o'clock the procession was formed, and advanced to the lists in the following order, amidst a heavy fall of rain. "The Queen of Beauty" and the ladies were very properly in carriages. The band of the second, or Queen's regiment of Dragoon Guards, led the chief military line:—

PROGRAMME OF THE PROCESSION.

Men-at-Arms, in demi-suits of armour and costumes.
Musicians, in rich costume of silk; their horses trapped and caparisoned.

Trumpeters, in full costume; the trumpet and banners emblazoned with the Arms of the Lord of the Tournament.

Banner-bearers of the Lord of the Tournament.
Two Deputy Marshals, in costumes, on horses caparisoned.

Attendants on foot.

THE EGLINTOUN HERALD,
in a Tabard, richly embroidered.

Two Pursuivants, in emblazoned Surcoats.

THE JUDGE OF PEACE,
(Lord Saltoun.)

in his robes, and bearing a wand, on a horse richly caparisoned.

Retainers, on foot, in costumes, carrying heavy steel battleaxes.

OFFICER OF THE HALBERDIERS,
on horseback, in a suit of demi-armour, with a gilt Partizan.

Halberdiers, on foot, in liveries of the Lord, carrying their halberds.

Men-at-Arms, in demi-suits of armour.

THE HERALD OF THE TOURNAMENT,
in his Tabard, richly emblazoned with emblematical devices.

THE KNIGHT-MARSHAL OF THE LISTS,
(Sir Charles Lamb,) in a richly embroidered Surcoat, and embossed and gilt suit of armour; his horse richly caparisoned, &c.

Groom. caparisoned, &c. Groom.
Lord CHELSEA. Major M'DOWAL.
Attendants of the Knight-Marshal, in blue, white, and gold costumes.

Halberdiers of the Knight-Marshal, in liveries, with halberds.

LADIES VISITORS,

Lady Lady Miss
MONTGOMERY, J. MONTGOMERY, MACDONALD,
on horses caparisoned with blue and white silk, gold and silver, each led by a groom, in costume.

THE KING OF THE TOURNAMENT,
(Marquis of Londonderry.)

in his robes of velvet and ermine, and coronet—his Halberdier. horse richly caparisoned. Halberdier.

Esquire. Esquire.
Colonel Wood. H. IRVINE, Esq.

Halberdiers, in liveries, as before.

THE QUEEN OF BEAUTY,

Groom. (Lady Seymour.) Groom.
in a rich costume, on a horse richly caparisoned—a silk canopy borne over her.

Ladies Attendants on the Queen, in rich costumes.
Pages of the Queen, in costumes of her colours.

Esquire, F. CHARTERS, Esq. Esquire.

THE JESTER,

in a characteristic costume, bearing his sceptre, on a mule, with bells, &c.

Retainers, on foot, in liveries of the colours of the Lord of the Tournament.

THE IRVINE ARCHERS.

in costumes of Lincoln green, black velvet Baldrick, Rondelle, &c.

Retainers of the Lord of the Tournament.

Halberdiers of the Lord, in liveries of his colours.
Man-at-Arms. The Gonfalon. Man-at-Arms.
in half-armour. borne by a in half-armour.

Man-at-Arms.

THE LORD OF THE TOURNAMENT,

(Earl of EGLINTOUN.)

in gilt armour, richly chased; on a barbed charger; caparisons, &c. of blue and gold.

The Banner—borne by Lord A. SEYMOUR.

Esquire. Esquire. Esquire.
G. DUNDAS. F. CAVENDISH. G. M'DOWAL.

Retainers of the Lord, as before.

Halberdiers of the Knight of the Griffin, in liveries of his colours.

Man-at-Arms. The Gonfalon. Man-at-Arms.
in half-armour. borne by a in half-armour.

Man-at-Arms.

THE KNIGHT OF THE GRIFFIN,

*Groom. (The Earl of CRAVEN.) Groom.
in engraved Milanese armour, inlaid with gold; on a barbed charger; caparisons, &c. of scarlet, white, and gold.

And the other Knights, who took the titles of their knighthood from their family crests, followed in the undermentioned order, each attended by two Grooms, a Standard-bearer, Men-at-Arms, and Retainers, dressed in ancient costumes of their several colours:—

THE KNIGHT OF THE DRAGON,

(Marquis of WATERFORD.)

in polished steel fluted German armour; on barbed charger; caparisons, blue and white.

THE KNIGHT OF THE BLACK LION,

(Viscount ALFORD.)

in polished steel armour; charger; blue and white.

THE KNIGHT OF GAELE,

(Viscount GLENLYON.)

in polished steel armour; charger; green, blue, and crimson.

THE KNIGHT OF THE DOLPHIN,

(Earl of CASSELL.)

in engraved steel armour, inlaid with gold; charger; scarlet, black, and white.

THE KNIGHT OF THE CRANE,

(Lord CRANSTOWN.)

in polished steel armour; charger; red and white.

THE KNIGHT OF THE RAM,

(The Hon. Capt. GAGE.)

in polished steel armour; charger; blue, white, and crimson.

THE BLACK KNIGHT,

(JOHN CAMPBELL, Esq. of Saddell.)

in black armour; charger; black.

THE KNIGHT OF THE SWAN,

(Hon. Mr. JERKINGHAM.)

in polished steel armour; charger; crimson and white.

THE KNIGHT OF THE GOLDEN LION,

(Capt'n J. O. FAIRLIE.)

in richly gilt and emblazoned armour; charger; blue and crimson.

THE KNIGHT OF THE WHITE ROSE,

(CHARLES LAMB, Esq.)

in polished steel armour; charger; blue and gold lozenge.

KNIGHT OF THE STAG'S HEAD,

(Captain BARNFORD.)

in polished steel armour; charger; white and black.

THE KNIGHT OF THE BORDER,

(Sir F. JOHNSTONE.)

in polished steel armour; charger; white and gold.

THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING TOWER,

(Sir P. HOPKINS.)

in polished steel armour; charger; black and gold.

THE KNIGHT OF THE RED ROSE,

(R. J. LECHMER, Esq.)

in fluted German armour; charger; scarlet and white.

THE KNIGHT OF THE LION'S PAW,

(Cecil Boothby, Esq.)
in polished steel armour; charger; blue and crimson.

THE KNIGHTS VISITORS,
in ancient costumes.

Swordsmen, in characteristic costumes, on foot, each bearing a two-handed sword. Bowmen, with their hoods and bows. The Seneschal of the Castle, in his costume of office, and bearing his wand. Two Deputy Marshals, in costumes, on horseback, as before. Attendants of the Deputy Marshals. Chamberlains of the Household, in costumes of office, each bearing his key. Servitors of the Castle, on foot, Men-at-Arms, &c.

The procession having entered the lists, the king, queen, and judges, were marshalled to their seats in the Gothic gallery. Meanwhile, in front of the castle, were musicians on horseback, in ancient costume, who, at intervals, sounded trumpets, shawms, and cornets. The knights and esquires then paid their devoirs to the queen, and received from the ladies the favours, gloves, and scarfs, &c. to wear in their helmets during the tourney. The herald then proclaimed the laws; the knights assented, and then retired to their pavilions, to complete their arming, and await further summons. On this being given, the knights advanced, and, with their esquires, took their stations: the herald gave out the challenge; and the knight elected to run the first course against the challengers left his tent, armed at all points, and, riding up to the gallery, demanded permission to make his assay, which was granted. But the rain continued; the lists appeared as a pond; the banners were drenched, and the plumes of the knights hung in "faded glory." The cheering was feeble; for who could rally in such "wind and rough weather." The Earl of Eglintoun was, however, loudly applauded. His Lordship wore a splendid suit of armour, as it were, covered with gold, and richly chased; his high-bred horse was richly caparisoned in cloth of blue and gold; and the Earl caracolled round the lists with right chivalric glee. The Marquis of Londonderry, in velvet, ermine, and plumes, sat ungracefully, and was scarcely an inch a king in deportment. The Marquis of Waterford wore the oldest armour in the field—a suit of polished fluted steel, *temp.* Richard III.

The tilting was then commenced. Two knights ran towards each other, at a moderate pace, and attempted to strike each other with their "lances" of light wood,* which generally fell in two at a very slight stroke. Not a single knight was unhorsed, or even made to reel in his saddle.

* Tilting poles, or lances, were uniformly made of splintered wood: for to break the lance in many places, was an "action most worthy." At the Field of the Cloth of Gold, the spectators' eyes were

The first knights who encountered each other, were the Hon. Mr. Jerningham and J. R. Lechmere, Esq. Having taken their places at the extreme ends of the barrier, the knights advanced (one running along each side of the barrier), and met near the centre, when Mr. Jerningham brought his lance to bear upon the helmet of his opponent, breaking the lance by the stroke. The combatants both rode on to the end of the barrier, opposite to that from which they started, and again took up their position, a new lance having been put into Mr. Jerningham's hand by his esquire. A second rencontre took place in the same way as before, but nothing decisive occurred; the combatants passed each other very harmlessly, and at the end of the barrier, the armour which covered the neck and head of Mr. Jerningham's horse flew off upon the sawdust. This was the only noticeable incident in the first tilt.

Next appeared the Earl of Eglintoun and the Marquis of Waterford. In the first encounter, Eglintoun came tilt upon the shield of his opponent, the Marquis keeping his seat notwithstanding. In a second course, the Earl broke his lance over the iron head of the Marquis, which was a decision on the part of the Noble Earl; and the combat was ended—the Earl of Eglintoun being the victor. His Lordship, attended by his esquires and pages, then rode to the front of the canopy on the grand stand, and made obeisance to the Queen of Beauty, who kindly awarded praises, &c.

Next, Sir P. Hopkins and Mr. Lechmere. In the first encounter, the latter snapped his spear over the helmet of his opponent, who rode on scathless to the end of the barrier. In the second course Sir P. Hopkins performed a masterpiece of tilting, by dislodging part of the helmet of Mr. Lechmere, and making it spin high into the air. This was decidedly the hardest hit made during the whole exhibition. In a third onset, Sir P. Hopkins broke his lance over the shield of Mr. Lechmere, and was the victor. He then made his obeisance to the Queen, &c.

Lord Glenlyon was then met by Lord Alford. The first and second courses were missed. In the third, Glenlyon smote the plumes from the helmet of his opponent, who, in return, broke the lance of the other. Lord Alford was the victor, and paid homage.

A combat with the two-handed sword here took place, between a Mr. Mackay, an actor, and a soldier, when Mackay was declared victor.

The fifth display of tilting brought once more upon the lists the Marquis of Water-

ford and my Lord Alford, Waterford broke the most lances, and was the victor. The Queen of Beauty commended him; and here the tilting ended for the day.

During the jousting, it was announced that the banqueting hall and the ball-room, being flooded by the rain, could not be appropriated. The whole of the motley phalanx began to quit the park at five o'clock, when the confusion was lamentable. The rain continued; and hundreds in costly velvet and gold, and satin shoes, had to trudge eight miles to their inns.

Second Day, Thursday, Aug. 29.

The weather continuing unfavourable, the Tournament was put off, and the knights resorted to sword-play in the temporary ball-room before the queen and her ladies; when Prince Louis Napoleon was a very expert combatant. In the evening there was a banquet and ball for the castle guests.

Third Day, Friday, Aug. 30.

The morning dawned auspiciously, the wind and sun dried the ground, whereon, by mid-day, 10,000 persons had assembled. The procession moved from the castle at two o'clock, and was, indeed, a gorgeous and beautiful pageant. The armorial bearings on the surcoats of the knights and squires, the rich housings of the horses, and the costly trappings of the riders, the polished armour of the chevaliers, and the elegant costumes of the ladies, mingled in gay confusion, produced a brilliant spectacle. There were bands of archers, troops of Highlanders, and esquires, men-at-arms, halberdiers, &c. The Tournament commenced with the jousting of the knights; this was followed by riding at the ring, and the quintain and the *melé* closed the day. In *melé*, eight knights in complete armour on horseback fought lustily with swords. There was but one accident, and that a slight one. Mr. Jerningham was wounded by a sword-cut in the wrist, as it appeared to the spectators, from the inefficient manner in which his gauntlet was secured. The Marquis of Waterford seemed anxious to carry the contest beyond the rules of the Tournament, and some heavy blows were exchanged between him and Lord Alford. The marshal of the lists, Sir Charles Lamb, interposed, and order was instantly restored. The procession left the ground at six o'clock, the Queen of Beauty and her attendants being on horseback. In the course of the day, Lord Craven, the Marquis of Waterford, and Mr. Lamb, fell from their horses, but were not injured. In the evening, nearly 400 persons sat down to a splendid feast in the banqueting-room; the whole was served upon silver, the room was brilliantly lit, and the

company were in their rich chivalric costumes. At midnight, the ball commenced, and was kept up till daybreak. In the lower ward of the castle there was feasting and "the loud festivity of mirth," till day broke upon the revels of nobles, knights, squires, men-at-arms, and retainers:

"Where throngs of knights and barons hold,
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold;
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence and judge the prize:
With pomp, and feast, and revelry,
And mask and antique pageantry." *

Fourth Day, Saturday, Aug. 31.

It was announced on Friday that the jousting would be resumed this day; but the heavy rain forbade it; and the account left the neighbourhood in a movement of departure.

The preceding sketch has been derived from the reports in the *Times*, *Morning Post*, and *Observer*. It is sufficiently minute; although the weekly Scottish newspapers may have more leisure for detail. We repeat, that we hope to see this magnificent act of the Earl of Egmont put upon splendid record. Any medium illustration of such a scene must fail in effect, and resemble the unlucky step "from the sublime to the ridiculous." Already, an "Illuminated History," with costumes, &c. is announced by Colnaghi and Puckle; the letter-press by a gentleman of high antiquarian attainments. We need scarcely add our best wishes for its success.

Varieties.

Dissent.—In religion, to think for yourself wears the semblance of a luxury, and, like other luxuries, it is proportionably taxed.—*Capt. Marryat.*

The Young Attorney.—Weeks and even months rolled on, and my neat new floor-cloth was still scarcely soiled by a trace of rich city mud; my desk was unstained by ink, my red tape retained its virgin bloom, my papers had not gathered an ounce of "blacks," my clerk had acquired an habitual *doze*, and even my hand-bell seemed to have lost its power of disturbing his siesta. Matters looked desperate, and some extraordinary effort *must* be made to maintain appearances.—*Adventures of an Attorney.*

Gray's Patent Safety Coach.—The body, or rather the coach, is hung upon springs, which work longitudinally from the roof instead of laterally, from immediately above the perch, or under the coach itself. But the main point of the invention is, that these longitudinal springs work on sliding-blocks, by which a constantly le-

* This report of Friday has been abridged from the *Times*, Sept. 3, 1839.

velling position is produced. Thus, in a recent experiment, the wheels on the *off side* passed over a surface which was more than four feet higher than those which were on the near side; thus rendering the turning-over of the coach an impossibility.—*Times*.

Iron Steamer.—The Great Western Steam Ship Company are now building an iron steam ship, for transatlantic navigation, by which from 400 to 500 tons of stowage will be saved, and be devoted to cargo instead of stowage of fuel.

Suicides in France.—The number of suicides committed in France in 1837, amounted to 2,443; viz. 1,811 men, and 632 women; of whom 437 were in the single department of the Seine. The greatest number of suicides occurred in the spring and summer months, as will be seen by the annexed table:

In December, January, and February	490
In September, October, and November	514
In March, April, and May	683
In June, July, and August	756

Crime, from a Report just made to the King, appears to be frightfully on the increase in France. The number of prisoners tried by the courts of assize in 1837, was 8,094, of whom 4,601 could neither read nor write! Of this number, twenty-five were executed. There is a falling-off, we are told, in the crimes of murder and assassination, of twenty-one and eleven per cent. respectively; but poisonings have increased forty-two per cent.

Convenient Equivocal.—There are three things in great request amongst Americans of all classes,—male, I mean,—to wit, oysters, spirits, and tobacco. The first and third are not prohibited by Act of Congress, and may be sold in the Capitol, but spirituous liquors may not. I wondered how the members could get on without them, but upon this point I was soon enlightened. Below the basement of the building is an oyster-shop and refectory. The refectory has been permitted by Congress upon the express stipulation that no spirituous liquors should be sold there, but law-makers are too often law-breakers all over the world. You go there and ask for pale sherry, and they hand you gin; brown sherry, and it is brandy; madeira, whisky; and thus do these potent, grave, and reverend signiors evade their own laws, beneath the very hall wherein they were passed in solemn conclave.—*Capt. Marryat*.

Assam Tea.—Ninety-five chests of this new tea may be very shortly expected in this country. This tea has not required to be dried a second time, as was the case with the Assam tea received during last winter.

Midland Counties Railway.—July 18 to August 10, 1839. Earthwork executed, 272,003 cubic yards; men employed, 4,711; horses, 331; engines, five locomotive and four stationary.—*Times*.

Troublesome Doctors.—The "doctor wizards" have much influence among the Fuegians; and being always concerned in every mischief, to be "as troublesome as a Fuegian doctor" is a common saying.

Public Exhibitions.—Nearly 398,000 persons were admitted, last year, without charge or restriction, to the National Gallery; and the armouries of the Tower have been visited by not less than 9,000 per month. Mr. Hume has stated, that, in less than a month, 18,000 persons have visited Hampton Court; by another authority, 8,000.—*Polytechnic Journal*.

Spontaneous Combustion.—The *Gazette de Picardie* states, that a woman of Barwheip, in Belgium, who had contracted habits of intoxication, perished last week by spontaneous combustion. Persons who were present, says this journal, declare that the fire commenced in the mouth, and then extended to the breast and arms.—*Times*.

Shakspeare.—In *Fraser's Magazine*, Dr. Maginn facetiously observes, that the editor of the "Pictorial Shakspeare" might as well spell his own name *Night*, as the great bard's name without the second *a*—Shakspeare.

The Queen's Speech.—Fraser has translated her Majesty's speech on the prorogation of Parliament, into a dozen octaves, with satirical skill, so that even the sturdiest whole-hog-going politician must smile at its humour. It is not politic for us to speak of such matters, save when their wit is harmless; and, like the fellow in the play, we stand by, and bite our thumb.

Artificial Marble.—A patent has lately been obtained for an artificial compound substance, so similar to marble, that it is deceptive, and can be used to take casts, and for every purpose to which marble is applied.—*Brit. and For. Rev.*

Bust of Milton.—The only known bust of Milton, when young, is in perfect preservation, and of uncommon beauty; and is in the possession of the Rev. Mr. Woodward. The head of Cicero, which belonged to the statue in the Forum, is in the possession of Major Chudleigh: when it fell, during a riot, the side of the tip of the nose was injured—the Major rubbed it down with sand-paper!—*Ibid.*

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[Obverse.]

THE GREAT SEAL OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

"THE New Great Seal," (one of the most interesting specimens in the arts of design produced in this country, for many years past,) has been executed by Mr. Benjamin Wyon, chief engraver of Her Majesty's Seals. The details of the admirable design are briefly as follow. *Obverse*: An equestrian figure of Her Majesty, attended by a page. The Queen is represented riding in state, wearing, over a habit, a flowing and sumptuous robe, and the collar of the Order of the Garter: in her right hand she bears the sceptre, and on her head is placed a regal tiara, or

diadem. The attendant page, with his bonnet in his hand, looks up to the Queen, who is gracefully restraining the impatient charger, which is richly caparisoned with plumes and trappings. The legend, "Victoria, Dei gratia, Britanniarum Regina, Fidei Defensor," is engraved in Gothic letters, the spaces between the words being filled with heraldic roses. *Reverse*: The Queen, royally robed and crowned, holding, in her right hand, the sceptre, and in her left, the orb, is seated upon a throne beneath a new niched Gothic canopy; on either side is a figure of Justice and

Religion; and in the exergue are the royal arms and crown; the whole encircled by a wreath or border of oak and roses.

The Seal itself is a silver mould, in two parts, technically called a pair of dies. When an impression is to be taken, or cast, the parts are closed to receive the melted wax, which is poured through an orifice left at the top of the Seal for the purpose. As each impression is attached to a document by a ribbon, or slip of parchment, its ends are put into the Seal before the wax is poured in; so that, when the hard impression is taken from the dies, the ribbon or parchment is neatly affixed to it. The impression of the Seal is six inches in diameter, and three quarters of an inch in thickness. On every new accession to the throne, a new Seal is struck, and the old one is cut into four pieces, and deposited in the Tower of London. Formerly, the old Seal was broken "by the king's command," and the fragments given to be distributed among certain poor people belonging to religious houses, as a royal benefaction.*

The custody of the Great Seal is now intrusted to the Lord Chancellor, "who, in England, was originally the king's chief secretary, to whom petitions were referred, by whom patents and grants from the Crown were approved and completed, and by whom reports upon such matters were, if necessary, made to the King; hence he was sometimes styled *Referendarius*. This term occurs in a charter of Ethelbert, A.D. 605; and Selden, (*Treatise on the Office of Chancellor*), considers it synonymous with a chancellor, a name which, he says, first occurs in the History of England, in the time of Edward the Elder, about A.D. 920. In the capacity of secretary, he was adviser of his master; prepared and made out his mandates, grants, and charters, and finally, (when seals came into use,) affixed his seal. Hence, or perhaps, because, in early times, he was usually an ecclesiastic, he became keeper of the king's conscience, examiner of his patents, the officer by whom prerogative writs were prepared, and *Keeper of the Great Seal*." "The authority of lord chancellor and lord keeper are made the same by the stat. 5 Eliz. c. 18: though it is not now customary to appoint a lord keeper. The last lord keeper was Lord Henley, in 1757. The Great Seal is, however, sometimes put into commission during the temporary vacancy of the office, or the sickness of the chancellor, the seal

being intrusted to the chief commissioner. (1 Will. and M. c. 21.)"† The form of the sovereign's appointing the chancellor is by the delivery of the Great Seal into his custody, though there are instances of his having been appointed by patent. The resumption of the Great Seal by the sovereign determines his office.

It is commonly supposed that, upon all high state occasions, as the opening or prorogation of a session of parliament, the chancellor bears the Great Seal before the sovereign.‡ Such, however, is not the case: his lordship merely carries the bag in which the Seal is deposited when he receives it from the sovereign, or when, upon his retirement from office, he delivers it into the royal hands. This bag is about twelve inches square; it is of rich crimson silk, superbly embroidered in gold; the royal arms being, upon both sides, fringed with gold bullion; and to the bag is attached a stout cord, by which it is carried as may be required. Thus, it is always laid upon the table with the mace before the chancellor in the House of Lords, and in the Court of Chancery.

It has been commonly said that the use of seals in England commenced with the Confessor.‡ But, at the Abbey of St. Denis, in France, were genuine charters of Offa and Ethelwulf, sealed with their seals, representing their portraits. One of Edgar's is a bust in profile. After William I., all the kings are on one side, on horseback, the face turned to the right, except that of Charles I., which is to the left. Edward IV. first carries the close crown. Edward the Confessor, Henry I. and II. are seated with the sword and dove. Henry VI. is the first king who has a close crown over his arms.§

Wax has not been uniformly used for seals: impressions occur in gold, silver, and lead; *terra sigillaris*, sealing earth, or bitumen, was brought from Asia by the Romans; pipe-clay was also used, as well as maltha, or a cement of pitch, wax, plaster, and fat; dough, or paste, has been employed, but wax has been the most usual substance. The colours we know are white, yellow, red, green, mixed, blue, and black; but red appears to have been the most ancient. William I. generally

* *Penny Cyclopædia*. Art. Chancellor.

† But, formerly, the Great Seal was worn by the Chancellor on his left side.—*Decem Scriptores*, 713.

‡ The use of seals is of high antiquity, as their frequent mention in Scripture proves. See the laborious notes to the *Pictorial Bible*, Genesis, xii. 42; 1 Kings, xxi. 8, &c.

§ "Willemet's Royal Heraldry," pl. x. In the *Pictorial History of England*, now in course of publication, are engraved the Great Seals of the several English sovereigns, and they form interesting and effective embellishments.

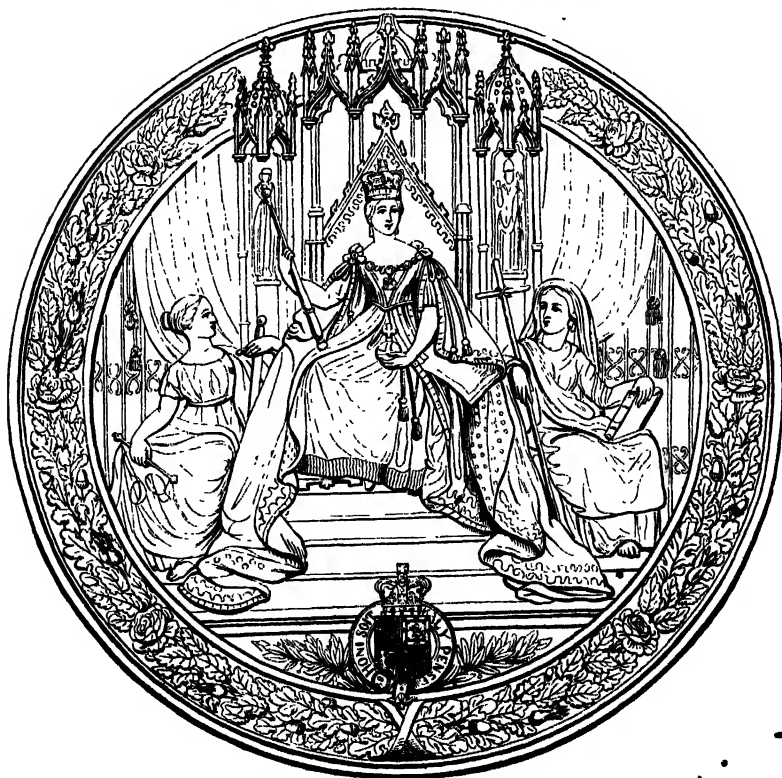
* Such was the case when, in 1260, Henry III. executed the inglorious treaty, by which he irrevocably ceded to Louis IX. the countries of Normandy, Anjou, Touraine, and Maine, and when a new Great Seal was made, from the legend of which all mention of Normandy and Anjou was omitted.

sealed his grants with green, to signify the act continued, for ever, fresh and of force. William Rufus used red; and the Black Prince sealed with green; but the English kings generally preferred white, down to Charles I.; though Beckmann considers it doubtful whether their seals were not originally yellow, and have been bleached by age. Thus is time ever reminding man of his short-sightedness. The substance was, however, but bees' wax: "sealing wax" proper is supposed not to have been known in Europe before the beginning of the sixteenth century. The oldest authenticated seal of this kind, that is known to be in existence, is on a letter, dated London, August 3, 1554; it is of a shining, dark red wax. The oldest seal with red wafer is dated 1654.

It appears that very common wax is employed for impressions of "the New Great Seal;" notwithstanding, in Edinburgh, excellent wax is used for the Seal of Scotland. The Editor of the *Mechanics' Magazine*, who is likewise an agent for

patents, has long complained of the imperfect and mutilated impressions of the Great Seal of England, attached to the grants of royal letters patent; adding that, from the nature of the composition, before it reaches the hands of the patentee, nearly the whole of the design becomes obliterated, and there remains a tin box full of some material like a mixture of yellow soap and rosin. Hence, deeds highly embellished, and beautifully written on vellum, have attached to them an unsightly lump of wax. Mr. Wyon's exquisite New Seal deserves better wax than a "substance resembling birdlime and rosin; sticky to the touch, and so soft as not to retain the impression for an hour."* Yet this inconvenience is not attributable to the clerk of the Great Seal, whose taste is very commendable. Surely, we have hit upon the cause: reform has here outstepped itself; for, by Lord Brougham's Chancery Offices Abolition Act, 2 and 3 Will. IV. c. 3., passed 15 August, 1832, the offices of

* *Mechanics' Magazine*, August 14, 1833.



[Reverse.]

THE GREAT SEAL OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

"the Chaff Wax" and "the Sealer" were abolished. Thus, we suspect, have we lost the wheat and gained "the chaff"—or the yellow soap and rosin.

It deserves mention, that the New Great Seal has been elaborately executed in relief, by Freebairn, with Bate's medal engraving machine; and it reflects honour on the skill of the artist, and the accurate working of the apparatus. Mr. Wyon has in excellent taste, delicately plated to the Lord Chancellor Cottenham.

THE HOTEL MEUBLE.

THE GRISETTE.

In one of the *maisons* that were situated at the top of our hotel, displaying those eccentric varieties of sloping walls, and ceilings, that only pertain to cocklofts in England, resided one of the prettiest little girls we ever saw while we lived at Paris. We had noticed her from the first day of our arrival; but we had never entered into conversation with her, although it was frequently our lot to meet her on the staircase in the morning, as she was about "*cherchant son petit gilet de crème, et sa demi-once de café*;" such being, according to the experienced and voracious Paul de Kock, the first daily business of a Parisian grisette. It so chanced, that we owed our introduction to her own hospitality, which took place under the following circumstances.

At the southern extremity of the city, rearing its iron *grilles* between the Boulevard D'Enfer and the Chaussée du Maine, is the Barrière du Mont Parnasse. Its locality is essentially French: The English mob of "weekly visitors" that swarm upon the *trottoirs* of the Rue de Rivoli and Place Vendôme, know as much of it as a medical student does of the interior of the Hôtel Dieu; and, if they have heard about it, it has been only in conjunction with some other place of amusement *affiché* on the walls, "*pour les Dimanches, Lundis, et Jendis*." Yet does the Barrière du Mont Parnasse offer one of the strangest national sights to a foreigner that Paris can afford. On *fête* evenings, the entire length of the street beyond it is thronged with happy and well-dressed crowds; every house is the property of a *marchand de vin*, and every room is converted into a *salle de danse*. The windows are all open; the shops are all gaily lighted up; and the sound of the different quadrille bands, pouring forth their harmonies every ten yards, infuses a spirit of joy and hilarity through the dense throng of holiday-makers.

The two principal resorts of the dancing-loving "*jeunes gens*" of Paris, are Con-

stant's and Tonnelier's. The former is a handsome stone building, with a spacious and elegant *salon* on its first floor, capable of accommodating three or four hundred people. The room is brilliantly illuminated with gas, and adorned with statues and looking-glasses; and round its side, a number of little tables are arranged, for those who prefer quietly sitting and sipping their wine, at twelve sous a-bottle, while they watch the mazes of the quadrille and waltz. *On danse à la belle étoile, chez Tonnelier*; and, consequently, this *guinguette* only does for summer weather. The piece of ground appropriated to Terpsichore is smoothly gravelled, and lighted by a quantity of lamps suspended from wires stretching across the garden. *Cabinets particuliers*, for dinner and flirtation, surround the enclosure, with alcoves beneath them, similar to the supper-boxes at Vauxhall; and at both places the band is composed of ten or a dozen performers, who make a demand of five sous for each quadrille.

The balls of the Barrière du Mont Parnasse were one of our most constant haunts at Paris. The Chaumière, on the boulevard of the same name, was all very well in its way; but if you did not know a great many of the company, you were not likely to procure many partners. At the barrière, however, there was a greater freedom of introduction, added to which, you saved the few francs which your *billet d'entrée* to Tivoli or Ranelagh would have cost you. Many, many, happy and careless evenings have we passed there; the waltz, the wine, and the music, alike lending their powerful auxiliaries to our excitement; and many times have we come home we hardly knew how—five in a *citadine*, or three in a cab, awaking the lazy echos of the Rue de Vaugirard and Chambre des Pairs with our student's chorus:

"Messieurs les Etudiens
Montez à la barrière
Pour y danser le Cancan,
Et le Robert Macaire.
Toujours, toujours, toujours,
La nuit comme le jour.
Eh! loup! loup! loup! la la la la, &c."*

One evening in September, just as autumn was closing its theatre by bringing out some of its best pieces, previously to the arrival of the new lessee, we came home in our usual good temper on *fête* evenings; and, as we had left the ball-room red-hot from the *galoppe*, and found ourselves rather chilly from the change of

* For the music of this popular air of the Quartier Latin, the reader is referred to an excellent publication, now coming out simultaneously in Paris and London, termed *Les Français*. It is contained in the Number of the *Étudiant en droit*, and was first sung in a vaudeville at the Théâtre du Panthéon.

temperature, we determined on indulging in a little *vin chaud*. In furtherance of this object, as soon as we entered our apartment, we commenced lighting the fire, or, rather, endeavouring to do so, at the expense of an entire box of lucifers, and two sheets of the *Times* newspaper, that we had received from home in the morning, containing the intelligence that the lady of somebody or another of our acquaintance had added one more contribution to the bread-crumbs and batter-pudding inmates of the nursery. But, lighting a fire in Paris is very different to performing the same feat in England. You must first sweep up all the ashes of the day before into a heap, and having done this with satisfaction to yourself, you bring the iron "dogs" together, and place three pieces of wood upon them, which you have dragged from their depository under the bed, or in the top drawer, or along with your tea-things, or out of your carpet-bag, or one of the like receptacles for *bûcs à brûler* in French lodgings. You next pick out all the pieces of charcoal you can find on the hearth, about the size of a small cork; and this finished, you drag an "*allumette chimique*" across the sole of your shoe, and kindle one of the aforesaid pieces of charcoal by its aid, placing the live ember among the bits of wood; and then you begin to blow gently, first with your mouth, next with your old cap, which has been torn the week before in a row at the Bal Montesquieu, and, finally, you call in the aid of the bellows.

But, whether there was a spell against our fire-place that night, or whether the woody fibres of the fuel had changed into asbestos in our absence, we know not—all we could do, we could not raise a flame; and, in groping among the ashes and charcoal in search of a spark, we formed no inapt personation of the young gentleman on the medal of the Royal Humane Society, with the exception that we were properly arrayed in shirt, shoes, and trousers, which the said young gentleman appears to have dispensed with altogether. At last, we got angry, and throwing the bellows away, with a jerk that sent them sliding over the polished floor to the other end of the room, we determined to throw ourselves upon the generosity of our *voisins* for "*un peu de feu*," a bequest we ourselves had often granted in our turn. We accordingly looked out of the window into the court formed by the walls of the house, to see if there was a fire gleaming in any of the apartments; a doubtful speculation we will allow, for the French never light a fire before there is occasion. To our great comfort, how-

ever, we saw some intermittent flashes illuminating the room of our little neighbour, the grisette. We knew it was her window, for she was a *blanchisseuse de fin*, and sundry *jabots*, *chemisettes*, and *fichus* fluttered in the obscurity of what, during an English winter, is a hideously domestic time, *viz.* after dinner and before candles.

"*Qui frappe ?*" asked a soft voice, as we knocked at the door of the *mausarde*, and, shovel in hand, awaited admission. "*C'est moi, mademoiselle,*" (we addressed her as we should have done a *demoiselle comme il faut*, for the grisettes of Paris are particular). "*C'est moi; Monsieur S—: I am come to beg a little brasse to make some vin chaud.*"

"*Adontiers,*" she replied; and she opened the door at once, allowing us to enter the small neatly-arranged chamber.

It was one of the highest of the garrets, and certainly not above ten or twelve feet square; yet it was astonishing how the numerous *meubles* were arranged in it, and without any appearance of confusion. The little camp-bed stood against the wall at the low part of the pitch of the roof; and the crockery fire-place, looking like an anatomical preparation of a flower-pot, with a false bottom to it, was placed at the other end of the room, surrounded by several of those odd earthenware pipkins, that supply the place of saucepans in the *ménage* of the Quartier Latin. The little square basket, or *cabat*, (the invariable accompaniment of a grisette,) was suspended over the bed; some flowers were placed in a blown-glass egg-cup on the mantelpiece: two or three prints from the series of the *Cours de droit* in the *Charivari* were pinned against the wall, and a bird-cage, containing two canaries, stood on the drawers, by the side of the pie-dish-looking basin and milk-jug-shaped ewer, which formed the auxiliaries to the *toilette*.

"You will be some time lighting your fire, Monsieur," said our fair companion, as we were picking out some red-hot pieces from the *four*. "If you please, you can warm your wine here, and it will give you less trouble."

There was so much sincerity in the invitation, that we accepted it as freely as it was offered, and having run down to our room to bring up the wine and its concomitants, and lock the door after us, we commenced the preparation of the *vin chaud*. Oh! if our friends in England could have seen us, whom they thought all diligence and dissection, sitting on one side the fire-place, in a blue velvet cap with a gold band, mulling wine; with a pretty French girl for our *vis-à-vis*, ironing habit-shirts and singing Louisa Puget's songs, just as if she was by herself, what

a name we should have acquired amongst the old ladies of our acquaintance, who thought us *so steady*! Not but that we always had an uncomfortable dread of being called a "good young man." Understand us, reader—we had no wish to acquire the reputation of a dissipated student, or profligate idler—far, far from it; but when we looked amongst the circle of our own friends, we found all the so-called "amiable young women," and all the "good young men," such extraordinary *muffs*, that we were never afterwards anxious for the appellation.

Well, we manufactured our *brevuage*, and of course offered our pretty host a portion of it. She was not above accepting our libation, and we gradually entered into conversation. She told us that she earned nearly two francs a-day at her vocation, but that there was a prospect of her soon bettering herself (as country maids-of-all-work say, when they leave a place of six guineas a-year), for she was engaged to be married, and her *amant* had a good situation in an *imprimerie*, on the Quai Voltaire. "*C'est un très bon enfant*," she said; "*mais un peu étourdi*." After this, she asked us to sing an English song, with which we complied, to the best of our abilities, in attempting something we had heard in London the night we passed "the Hall;" and then, in her turn, she treated us with "Son Nom," "Mire dans mes yeux tes yeux," and two or three others of the same bearing. Altogether, there was a confiding simplicity and joyous air about this poor girl, living in a garret, and earning but forty sous a-day, that we would not have distressed her feelings by any rude sally, or disturbed her mild temperament for the world; and, when we bade her good night, although, in the prodigality of our bachelor hearts, we would have lived upon bread and water the whole of the week for a single kiss, we conquered our gallantry by our principle, and merely bowed, cap in hand, as we thanked her for her hospitality. So passed our first meeting; our last we reserve for another article.

ALBERT.

FORBESIANA :

ON PASSAGES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF MR.
FORBES, THE ORIENTAL TRAVELLER.

RICHMOND HILL.

Nothing can exceed the view from hence. I give it the preference to that from Windsor-terrace—more grand and extensive; but the distant objects more confused and obscure. This, on the contrary, is compact, rich, and elegantly rural, if I may be allowed the expression.

Art and nature are most sweetly blended, and unite in all the beauty of landscape. Wood and water, groves and villas, meads and corn-fields, form the most charming contrasts. Had I the pencil of Lorraine, I would not content myself with this dry description, but my slender abilities forbid my attempting it. I could scarce tear myself away from this ravishing scene, until a thick fog arose, and threw the whole into confusion.

ROMAN BRITISH CITY.

After a most delightful ride over the New Forest, we arrived at this city, a place of remote antiquity, long before the Romans invaded Britain; it was by them called *Venta Belgarum*; here they established a large colony, and here, after the troubles in the empire compelled them to forsake us, the Saxon monarchs long resided. Many historians mention it as the capital of England before the Norman conquest; and here Egbert, after reducing all the other kingdoms of the Saxon Heptarchy, was solemnly crowned King of England, by the Wittenagamote, or grand council of the nation. It appears now a scene of ruin and decay; large mouldering palaces and religious edifices shew the ravages of all-destroying time.

SHERWOOD FOREST.

It presents you with the ancient oaks of Sherwood, in rich and venerable clusters, forming a shady gloom, formerly sacred to the mysterious rites of the holy Druids; and afterwards the famous retreat of Robin Hood, and his outlaws. Besides a number of villages, hamlets, and detached mansions, in a short ride, you have a view of four grand seats, Worksop Manor; Welbeck, a noble villa belonging to the Duke of Newcastle; a sweet retreat of the Duchess of Kingston; and another of Sir George Saville, at Rufford: these, with their parks and other improvements, add an air of grandeur and variety to the pleasing and romantic prospects in the forest.

SCHOOL-DAYS.

I left London some days ago, and stopping at Barnet, turned off to Hadley, the village where I received that education which now constitutes my chief felicity: what a pleasure did I enjoy in reviewing those scenes of my youth, in visiting each spot, each seat, where I had spent so many of my early years, after some lost time in this distant country. My worthy tutor too, and all his family, I met in perfect health after near twelve years absence; a heart-felt pleasure I cannot describe.

LANDSCAPE SCENERY.

I give the preference to romantic and picturesque views; for, though travelling

through a hilly country, is more tedious and fatiguing, yet I think we are amply repaid by a diversity of prospect: hills and mountains, woods and glens, a winding river or falling cascade, highly compensate the slower progress in a journey; whereas, in a continued flat, we are fatigued with the sameness, though it may be far more fertile and luxuriant.

I have long resided in Asia, and travelled in Africa and America; I have seen their lofty mountains, whose towering summits far o'ertop the clouds, whose amazing bosoms are filled with costly mines of diamonds, gold, and silver. But, when I compare England with the other parts of the globe, I have either seen or read of, how much does it deserve in preference? Italy is famed for its soft and salubrious climate, its high-flavoured fruits, for the vales of Nice and Tempe, almost a paradise of delights. France and Spain have their beauties and particular excellences, and the other kingdoms of Europe may each boast of some peculiar advantages; but where shall we find that united whole that reigns in England?

PUBLIC GARDEN, AT THE CAPE.

On one side of the town is the public garden much resorted to by the inhabitants, and all strangers. Here are five delightful walks, half a mile in length, planted on each side with rows of oaks, whose spreading branches uniting above, form a shade impervious to the hottest sun beams; while myrtle hedges, in full bloom on each side, regale the sight, and perfume the air with a most delicious odour. The cross-walks are much narrower, and the space between them planted with peaches, apricots, figs, apples, pears, and fruit trees of various kinds, and stocked with charming vegetables for the East India Company's hospital and ships. Two enclosures before the Governor's house, built in this garden, are laid out in parterres; here are a few European flowers, with the aloe, prickly pear, pine-apple, and some exotics from the East Indies.

PATRIOTIC CONTENT.

An elegant sufficiency of the poet is peculiarly adapted to Indians, on their return to their native country; accustomed to a number of indulgences, and little Asiatic luxuries, from our early youth, we cannot so easily part with them in more advanced life; but even these do not require a Nabob's fortune, notwithstanding the prevailing expenses of the times. "A competence is vital to content," but that obtained, we should set bounds to our desires; at least, such as make riches but a secondary consideration. I hope I shall continue in the same mind when I

have obtained it; and still prefer the rational and rural pleasures of my own country, to all the wealth and power which may be mine for awaiting it in the Torrid Zone.

INDIAN SCENE.

From the window where I am now writing, I look over a garden and its surrounding lake, embellished in the rainy season with a cascade, falling from a Pagoda in a murmuring noise. Beyond it are groves of various trees, embowering Hindoo temples, and Mahometan mosques, and waving over the graves of departed Mussulmen. Without the city walls, I see numerous villages, enbosomed among tufted groves; luxuriant corn-fields, where the reapers are now busily engaged; large herds of cattle; rich flocks of goats and sheep, with the villagers carrying home their early harvest, and sowing their latter grain.

HUMBLE AMBITION.

I have no inclination, my friend, nor do I think Nature has formed me for bearing a conspicuous part in the busy scenes of action I must encounter, as I rise in the sphere of life I am engaged in. Every serious reflection tends to wean me from such flattering delusions: on the contrary, I long to return to sequestered scenes, and pitch my tent in the calm walk, the enviable mediocrity of a country life. Such happy days I hope to know; and, when I have gained a competence, will leave the busy ambitious world to those better calculated for its various pursuits: while I shall be content to remain a distant unengaged spectator; uninterested in India scenes, or the Company's prosperity, I never can be.

HUNGER AND RICHES.

In the suburbs of Cambay, are still some beautiful monuments in the form of small temples; and others that, in the Asiatic style of architecture, are elegant ruins. One of the grandest was erected to the memory of an eminent Mogul, who died of hunger, during a grievous famine, that almost depopulated this part of Guzerat. So dreadful was the scarcity, that the inscription on this tomb records that the deceased offered a measure of the most precious pearl for an equal quantity of grain, but, unable to procure it, he perished from want.

(To be continued.)

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF AUSTRALIA.

AUSTRALIA is a Continent 2,500 statute miles in length, with an average breadth of half that quantity: it contains an area of 3,000,000 statute miles, and it is only

one-sixth part less than the whole of Europe. And, if we reckon the population of Europe at 186,000,000, Australia may, at a future day, on the same scale of density, possess a population of 153,000,000. These striking facts are stated upon the authority of that eminent geographer, Captain Veitch, in the *Journal of the Geographical Society*; and are sufficient to fix our interest upon the present condition and future prospects of the new Continent. Thither thousands of emigrants are pouring from the densely-peopled Old World; but with what results it is alike a difficult and painful task to determine. Men of restless temperament are too prone to hail every change as an improvement; and especially to regard all new countries as lands "flowing with milk and honey;" mercenary parties step in and foster this delusion; the heated imagination requires little to light up its brilliant anticipations of success, and the deception is easily maintained. Wildernesses are painted as luxuriant forests, wherein man has only to wield the axe and rear the pole, to build him lordly habitations, and establish himself as monarch of all he surveys. These, it is to be feared, are but every-day dreams in mother countries, wherein the ladder of life is so full, that struggling thousands fall from its rounds in their attempts to rise. But see, the enterprise of man has opened up a new island world. Nearly two centuries and a half have elapsed since the Spanish noble first saw this vast patch upon the ocean; two centuries have fled since Tasman set sail to explore "the unknown South Land," with the simple prayer, "May God Almighty be pleased to give His blessing to this voyage! Amen." First was the discovery of Anthony Van Diemen's Land, "named," says Tasman, "in honour of our high magistrate, the governor-general, who sent us out to make discoveries." The circumnavigations of this period (the seventeenth century) were all performed by the Dutch. England, distracted by the great civil war, and other events, had neglected to follow up the career so boldly begun by Drake and Cavendish; and with the exception of Dampier's voyage to New Holland, her only adventurers in the Pacific were the lawless buccaneers, whose principle was "no prizes no pay." Dampier, "the prince of voyagers," next explored the west and north-west coasts of New Holland, and his survey is the most important contribution to science made by that navigator. In 1770, Cook first traced its eastern shores, and to one of its beautiful harbours, enamelled with flowering plants, he gave the name of Botany Bay: an-

other harbour he denominated Port Jackson. "On the banks of this noble inlet have risen the towns of Sydney and Paramatta, and its waters, on which 1,000 ships of the line might ride in safety, are whitened by the sails of almost every people of Europe." Cook returned to England, presented his journal, maps, and charts, at St. James's, and was promoted; and within twenty years, or in 1788, the settlement became a penal colony, and the first ship-load of convicts was landed on this beautiful shore. The coast bears the name of New South Wales; though it might with greater propriety be called Cook's Land.

The English are the only nation who have founded settlements on the Continent of Australia. Their surveys within the last twenty years have been minutely laborious. Yet, anticipation has outstripped reality; pictures of unreal happiness have dazzled and deluded thousands of adventurers: they have mistaken the embellishment of poetry for actual reality; dreaming, perchance, of

"The bread-tree which, without the ploughshare, yields

The unrequited harvest of unfurrow'd fields;
 * * * * * lands * * * * *

Where all partake the earth without dispute,
 And bread itself is gather'd as a fruit.
 Where none contest the fields, the woods, the streams,—

The golden age where gold disturbs no dreams."*

—Alas! happy empire of Nature, but too blissful for ambitious man.

But, we pass on to notice what the countless pamphleteers of the day call "the present state and prospects" of the colony.† And here, we lament to see so much partisanship discolouring the representations of those whose duty it is to tell the truth, or who have a fearful responsibility to meet. For example, Mr. James, who left South Australia in June, 1838, denounces Kangaroo Island as "the worthless and inhospitable island, where there is nothing worth seeing but the wreck and ruin of the South Australian Company's expensive machinery." We add, can this be worth seeing? Sheep appear to be the natural wealth of New South Wales, where on January 1, 1837, there were not less than two millions! and settlers deriving incomes from this source of from £400 or £500 to £4,000 or £5,000 all over the colony.

* According to the recent Report of Sir

* "The Island." By Lord Byron.

† See "Australia, Van Diemen's Land, and New Zealand," a good sixpennyworth of some sixty pages of the history, state, and prospects of the above colonies. It is neatly compiled, and the best and latest authorities have been sedulously consulted, even up to Mr. Legh's *Reconnoitering Adventures*, lately quoted in our pages.

James Stirling, the governor of W. Australia, sheep in that colony double their number every two years, so that in 1847 the export in wool may be estimated at £100,000: the produce of the fishery in the present season is laid at £4,200 in oil, whalebone, and seal-skins; and in 1847, their export may be estimated at £100,000. The latter is of great advantage, when the British whaler, loaded with an outfit exceeding by one-third that of the American ship, in consequence of taxation within the United Kingdom, has no chance of competing with foreigners in the markets of the Continent, or China; and, consequently, four vessels out of five engaged at present in the South Sea fisheries belong to America. Port Philip appears to have been settled in the teeth of the British government, so inviting was this fine pastoral country: from its richness and fertility, nothing can prevent its prosperity. Yet the South Australian Company maintain that "neither in any moral or social point of view, nor as regards systematic regulation or commercial position, can Port Philip compete with South Australia. The former is under the old dispersion and convict system. For the mere *squatter*, who is content to lead a savage life in the wilds, remote from the decencies of society, with no company but his felon dependants, it may, perhaps, be a suitable receptacle." But, last year even, at Melbourne, might be seen six or seven schooners of seventy tons receiving or discharging cargo from the neighbouring ports of Launceston, Hobart Town, and Sydney.

Of Kangaroo Island, S. Australia, Mr. Legh gives a discouraging account; as, Irish salt pork 9½d. per lb.; pickled bacon from Sydney, 2s. 4d.; ham, 2s. 10d.; cheese, (when there is any,) 2s. 4d.; bad salt-butter, 1s. 8d.; fresh water from seven miles distance, a penny a bucket full; and no vegetables, not even a potato. Yet, so rich is the soil of S. Australia, that in the course of time, settlers may produce the vegetables and fruits of the south of Europe; even now, its melons are equal to those of the Levant. But the supply of water is sadly deficient: the Torrens, the stream of promise of the colony, "the tiny little Torrens all but vanishes, before" the sun at 140 deg.; "in the few places where it runs at all, there would be plenty of room for the whole of it to run through an Irishman's hat; a far better river is made every day in the London streets when the parish turncock opens a plug. There are, however, several pretty good holes which have too much water in them to be entirely exhausted by the sun's heat; and it was on account of these water-holes that the

town was placed in this unfortunate situation." (*James*.) From a register kept, 115 days rain, and 250 fine and clear, may be reckoned as a fair average of the weather; which peculiar climate recommends sheep husbandry over every other sort of rural industry; whilst its profits will, in a few years, remunerate the settler for all the inconveniences of a bush life. The Company last year set forth Australia as a colony beyond hazard, "a little sylvan community, &c.;" whilst James characterizes the disposition to emigrate thither as madness: "5000 people by this time (Christmas, 1838-9.) are congregated in the miserable *village* (!) of Adelaide, and without growing a potato, are dependant for every meal of victuals upon foreign supply." There were then a few good brick houses, and a couple of new taverns; the other dwellings were very slight, and the number of canvas tents and marquees gave some parts of the settlement the appearance of a camp; whilst most of the new comers run up Robinson Crusoe sort of huts, with twigs and branches from the adjoining forest. The prices are frightful: cows, from £16 to £25; working bullocks, £25; strong draught horses, £70; 4 lb. loaf bread, 1s. 8d.; beef, 1s. 4d. per lb.; mutton, 1s. 3d.; pork, 1s. 8d.; fowls, 5s. and 6s.; turkeys, 25s. (our old Christmas price); geese, 15s.; potatoes, 15s. per cwt.; cabbages, 2s. each; onions, 6d. and 1s. per lb. In short, sheep-farming appears to be the only profitable calling that will remain permanent: with ready money, a master's eye to the sheep, and the wild native dogs, there is a fortune to be made in any part of South Australia by sheep-farming; but the settler must have nothing to do with land, and not buy an inch of it; rent as much as he pleases, but purchase none.

Van Diemen's Land, with its beautiful harbours, rich flats, and fertile high lands, has already risen into a very important commercial settlement; but, according to James, the time is gone by for making money here by agricultural speculation. Land is mostly too dear either to purchase or to rent; and a young man with a small capital will do much better with it at Port Philip than in any part of Van Diemen's Land, or more properly, Tasmania.

Eastern Australia, or New South Wales, presents much the same settled aspect as the last named colony. The aborigines have dwindled to 5,000 throughout the vast Continent: they are mostly enablers of civilization and instruction, and they make good shepherds. Alas! what cruelties have been practised by whites upon the wretched creatures who had the misfortune first to people this fine country. The

number of free emigrants landed at Sydney during 1838, amounted to 6,829; and the convicts,* during the same period, numbered 2,935. Nature is all-bountiful: two harvests may be reaped, and fruits luxuriate, from the currant and gooseberry of colder climes, to the banana and pineapple of the tropics; vineyards and olive-grounds have been planted, and wine has been produced; palms, ferns, and nettles, rise from fifteen to twenty feet high; geraniums flourish in the hedges; thousands of small plants diversify the scene; and the stranger, rambling in the primeval forests, is struck with the gigantic growth of the trees, and fascinated with the varied beauty of the flowers, and the luxuriance of the herbage. Coal is found in abundance, and E. Australia, like the mother-country, has its Newcastle, south of Hunter's river, where 4,000 tons of coal are raised annually, and sold at Sydney for as many pounds. Sydney has a population of 20,000: it is three miles in length, and wharfs, store-houses, ship-yards, mills, and even steam-engines, impress the stranger with the idea of prosperity: the shops are described as "elegant," and building ground in the principal street is stated to have been sold at £20,000 an acre! Nor are vast features wanting: Lake Bathurst averages from three to five miles in diameter; and Goulburn's Plains consist of 35,000 acres, without a single tree! But, a map of N. S. Wales, drawn and engraved at Sydney, represents better than any other we have seen, the great physical features that mark the face of the country. Dr. Lhotsky, in describing the south-eastern angle of Australia, states Mount William, the loftiest point in the Warragong chain, (misnamed Australian Alps in our maps,) to be 8,200 feet above the level of the sea.

Throughout the Continent, the means of intercommunication are fast multiplying. An overland journey has been accomplished from Sydney to Adelaide, by a route hitherto deemed impracticable, but which will be of vast importance to the colonists. Again, an entrance from the sea to Lake Alexandria and the River Murray, has been found safe for vessels of moderate tonnage; and there is room and depth of water inside for the British navy. An arm of the lake, believed to be navigable, extends eastward nearly to the boundaries of the province, thus rendering accessible the greater part of a district which is so fertile as to be named Australia Felix.

We hope to return to our "view." Meanwhile, we have left untouched New Zealand, in sailing along whose shores, D'Urville anticipated the period when

that magnificent country shall become the Great Britain of the Southern Hemisphere; when its now solitary plains shall be covered with large and populous cities; and the bays which are at present frequented but by the frail canoe of the wandering savage, shall be thronged with the commercial navies of empires situated at the opposite ends of the earth.*

Scientific Facts.

FALLING STARS.

BETWEEN the hours of ten, Tuesday, September 3, and three, next morning, was observed one of the most magnificent displays of falling stars and northern lights, witnessed of late years. The primary indication of the phenomenon was at about ten minutes before ten, when, apparently, a light crimson vapour rose from the north, and gradually extended to the centre of the heavens; till, by ten o'clock, or a quarter past, the whole, from east to west, was one vast sheet of light, resembling that occasioned by a terrific fire. At one time the light seemed to fall, and then rose with intense brightness, mingled with volumes of smoke. The consternation in the metropolis was very great: fire-engines were horsed and galloped, and some proceeded to Highgate and Holloway before the error was discovered. These appearances lasted upwards of two hours; and towards morning the spectacle assumed more grandeur. At two o'clock, the whole of London was illuminated with noonday brightness, and the atmosphere was remarkably clear. The south, at this time, although unclouded, was very dark; but the innumerable stars shone brilliantly. The opposite quarter of the heavens was extremely clear; the light was very vivid, with a continued succession of meteors, varying in splendour. They apparently formed in the centre of the heavens, and spread till they seemed to burst, when the effect was electrical: myriads of small stars shot swiftly over the horizon towards the earth; they seemed to burst, also, and throw a dark crimson vapour over the entire hemisphere. At half-past two o'clock, the spectacle changed to darkness, which, on dispersing, displayed a luminous rainbow in the zenith, and round the ridge of darkness that overhung the south. Then from it radiated columns of silvery light, which increased, and intermingled with crimson vapour, stars darted in all directions, and so continued until four o'clock, when all died away.—*Abridged from the daily Newspapers.* [We

* D'Urville, *Voyage autour du Monde*, tome II., pp. 114, 115; quoted in the Edinburgh Cabinet Library.

left the Regent's Park for Grays Inn at a quarter before two on Wednesday morning, in a close conveyance, and probably, on this account, did not witness any portion of this celestial spectacle. Before entering the conveyance we, however, remarked the peculiar brightness of the heavens.]

New Books.

A SUMMER'S DAY AT HAMPTON COURT.

(Concluded from page 375.)

[WE are, at length, enabled to finish our gleanings from Mr. Jesse's admirable Guide to this very popular resort.]

Henry VIII.—When Wolsey died, his palace at Hampton Court was not completed. This was done by Henry VIII., who occasionally resided in it. Banquets and masques, so prevalent in his reign, were nowhere more magnificently ordered than at this place.

Edward VI. resided at Hampton Court: in consequence of some fear that his person would be seized, the inhabitants of Hampton armed themselves for the protection of the young king.

Queen Mary and Philip of Spain passed their honeymoon at Hampton Court. Here also they entertained the Lady Elizabeth, afterwards Queen of England, on which occasion the great hall was brilliantly illuminated. It was from this place that passports, signed by Queen Mary, but not filled up, were in readiness to be sent off to announce the birth of a son or daughter, as the case might be, when she fancied herself with child. Some of these passports are in the State Paper Office.

When *Elizabeth* became queen, Hampton Court occasionally exhibited scenes of festivity.

A circumstance took place at Hampton Court, in the same reign, which will always add to its interest. It was here that the celebrated conference took place between certain divines of the Church of England and the presbyterians, before James I., who acted as moderator, and which eventually occasioned an improved translation of the Holy Scriptures.

Charles I.—He passed his honeymoon here, and here he witnessed some of the latest external appearances of being a king. The latter period is thus described:—

"The king was now come to Hampton Court, with the Parliament Commissioners, at this time attending upon him, and some of the army for his guard. He dines abroad in the presence-chamber, with the same duty and ceremonies as heretofore, where any of the gentry are admitted to

kiss his hand. After dinner he retires to his chamber, then he walks into the park, or plays at tennis.* Yesterday he killed a stag, or a buck, and dined with his children at Sion, where they remain as yet; and he returned."

[Mr. Jesse adds a few pages of interesting notes of the escape of Charles I. from Hampton Court, taken from the newspapers of the time, and which furnish a more detailed account of his flight than any notice, perhaps, that has yet appeared.]

It may not be uninteresting in this place to relate an anecdote connected with the residence of Charles I. at Hampton Court, especially as it has become a sort of tradition still occasionally mentioned in the neighbourhood. It is said, that the king was one day standing at one of the windows of the palace, surrounded by his children, when a gipsy or beggar woman came up to it, and asked for charity. Her appearance excited ridicule, and probably threats, which so enraged the gipsy that she took out of her basket a looking-glass, and presented it to the king; he saw in it his own head decollated. Probably with a natural wish to conciliate so prophetic a beggar, or for some other reason, money was given her. She then said that the death of a dog, in the room the king was then in, would precede the restoration of the kingdom to his family, which the king was then about to lose. It is supposed that Oliver Cromwell afterwards slept in the room referred to. He was constantly attended by a faithful dog, who guarded his bed-room door. On awakening one morning he found the dog dead, on which he exclaimed, in allusion to the gipsy's prophecy, which he had previously heard, "The kingdom is departed from me." Cromwell died soon after, and the subsequent events are sufficiently known.

After the death of Charles I. Hampton Court became the occasional residence of *Oliver Cromwell*, who used frequently to hunt in the neighbourhood, and a part of Bushy Park was formed by him into a preserve for hares.

Cromwell was said to have built the old Toy Inn, as a dormitory for his round-head soldiers, not liking to admit them into the palace, and the present cavalry barracks in the palace-yard for his bodyguards.

On the restoration of *Charles II.* Hampton Court Palace was given to George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, who had brought about that event without bloodshed or confusion. He accepted a

* Charles played at tennis the day before he escaped from Hampton Court.

sum of money in lieu of it, and Charles II. afterwards occupied the palace.

James II. occasionally resided at Hampton Court, and the canopy is still to be seen there under which he received the Pope's nuncio, a circumstance which tended not a little to alienate the affections of his protestant subjects.

William and Mary.—Hampton Court owes much of its present splendour to William III. He employed Sir Christopher Wren as his architect; and he built the present state-rooms, the two great staircases, and made various other alterations, which need not be enumerated, as his style of architecture is perfectly distinct from that of Wolsey's. It is to be regretted, perhaps, that his palace was ever interfered with. The pleasure-gardens were laid out by William III., and are in the Dutch style. The terrace-walk is half a mile in length, and the first view of it is very striking.

Queen Anne also resided here; and this place was the scene of Pope's Rape of the Lock.

George I. and *George II.* occasionally held their courts at Hampton Court, and it was afterwards occupied by Frederick Prince of Wales. Since that time various persons have had the use of apartments in the palace, the Crown of course reserving to itself the right of re-occupying them at any moment.

Park and Gardens.

Hampton Court (or the Home) Park immediately adjoins the palace-gardens. It is about five miles round. The canal is from half to three-quarters of a mile in length, and forty yards in breadth, having fine avenues of lime-trees on each side of it. Another canal to correspond was partly excavated by William III., and the spot is still pointed out where the accident happened which cost him his life. The stud-house is in the centre of the park, and the noble occupier of it is distinguished by his kindness and hospitality to all around him.

Some lines of fortification may still be seen in the park, which were originally made to teach that art to William Duke of Cumberland when a boy, who became so celebrated afterwards in the troubles of 1745.

There is a fine old oak-tree well worth looking at, near the upper deer-pen in the park. It is thirty-eight feet in circumference. There is also an elm near the stud-house, known by the name of King Charles's swing, which is peculiarly curious from its shape, and interesting in consequence of the name which has been handed down to us. The avenues in this park were planted by William III.

In a garden, known by the name of the Private Garden, the celebrated great vine may be seen. It is one hundred and ten feet long, and has generally from two to three thousand bunches of grapes upon it. On approaching the vine, two large green-houses are passed, which contain some orange-trees and other plants. Amongst them is the orange-myrtle, said to have been brought to this country by William III. Some zealous *Orangemen* occasionally ask for a sprig from it.

On the opposite side of the palace there is a large space of ground called the Wilderness, planted and laid out by William III. In this place is a labyrinth or maze, which affords much amusement.

[The Illustrative Catalogue of the Pictures is neatly and satisfactorily drawn up. We perceive that Mr. Jesse believes to be perfectly erroneous Dr. Waagen's statement, that Mantegna's Triumphs of Julius Caesar were coarsely painted over in distemper in the time of William III. Of the cartoons, Mr. Jesse observes:—]

The writer of this notice heard the late Mr. Holloway, some of whose fine engravings from the cartoons may be seen in the gallery, make the following remarks:

—“I have made drawings of these cartoons, and studied them for thirty years, and during that time I have every day discovered new beauties, but never detected a defect.”

A wish has been sometimes expressed, by those who look only to the public convenience, that these inestimable productions of Raffaele's genius should be removed from their present situation to the National Gallery, in London; but when we consider how commodiously they are arranged at present, in a room built purposely for them; when we acknowledge that the light by which they are seen is liable to little objection; that the air is not, like that of the metropolis, filled with particles that would be most injurious to water-colours, and that every possible facility is given to inspect or to copy them; and when we further find, from the evidence of the artists examined before the House of Commons, that it would be necessary, if they were exhibited in London, to have them placed in glass-cases, for their protection,—we must consider that no sufficient reason has been given for their removal from Hampton Court.

[Altogether, this is the most delightful little work that has lately fallen into our path. The illustrations, ten in number, are very beautiful: the architectural bits are bright and etchy; and the Hall supplies a clever and effective frontispiece, by S. Williams.]

Periodicals.

PIC-NIC FROM THE SEPTEMBER MAGAZINES.

A Modern Attila.—One of the most powerful chiefs in the wars of the Caffers in the present century, was one Chaka, son of a woman of a chieftain, who, as he grew up, shewed himself possessed of such energy of character and such warlike qualities, that Tingeswio, the reigning chief, took him under his protection, instructed him in the art of war, and gave him a command in his army. On the death of Seurengakona, a Zoolu chief, Winfogas, the legal heir, succeeded to his authority; but his reign was brief, for he was soon assassinated by Chaka, who, not having sufficient scope for his ambition in the command of a small tribe, found means to alienate the army from their allegiance to his benefactor, Tingeswio, whom he attacked, made prisoner, and put to death. Chaka then possessed himself of supreme authority over all the tribes which had owed allegiance to Tingeswio, and united them into one nation under the name of Zulus. As soon as the chief found himself firmly seated in his authority, he bestowed his whole care in disciplining and training his army; he substituted the short-stabbing assegai for the long missile weapon used by the other Caffers, by which means he entirely changed the mode of warfare, causing his men to close immediately with their foes, and fight them hand to hand. He carried his victorious arms west as far as St. John's River, and east to De la Goa Bay, putting to death all whom he could overtake, and driving the fugitives to seek refuge and food in distant lands, leaving the countries which he passed over a solitude and a waste. Chaka may be termed the *South African Attila*; and it is estimated that not less than 1,000,000 human beings were destroyed by him. In the midst of his career, however, he was stopped by his brother Dingaan, the present chief, who assassinated him while at some distance from his army, and possessed himself of the regal power. —From some striking "Notices of the Cape and Southern Africa," by Major Charters; *United Service Journal*.

Hints to Snuff-takers.—The best kind of boxes for the real snuff-takers are the *papier maché*; and they keep the snuff moist and cool: gold and silver have a contrary effect. The potato boxes have had their day; but, as they are generally made to open with a hinge composed of copper, the verdigris does not improve the flavour of your mixture. The round deep boxes of a brown colour are unquestionably superior to any others; they are

now called Harringtons, from the Earl's decided preference for them, his Lordship having first brought them into notice. Some gluttons fill their boxes to cramming, which is a great error, for it renders the snuff lumpy and clogged: to obviate this, every amateur should provide himself with a small sieve and brush, and after the snuff has been well rubbed upon damp parchment, let him sift it carefully, and press every grain through with the brush; this process tends to soften the snuff, improve the touch, and renders it infinitely pleasanter than when in a compressed state.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

Archery Meetings are very pleasant things, for bringing people together to eat and drink in a tent, lounge about prettily-laid-out grounds, and finish the evening with a dance; but it puts one in an awful rage to see a great strapping, full-grown fellow with a diminutive bow in his hand, and a thing like three tailor's fingers on the other, to prevent his tender fingers being hurt by the string! It puts one, in a passion to see this archer-toxophilite, beg pardon — after putting himself into the most approved position, and with difficulty sending forty or fifty little arrows, not cloth-yard shafts, eighty or ninety yards, some to the right, and others to the left, to the danger of his surrounding admirers, receive the congratulations of his friends, and a silver handle from the hand of some beautiful girl, for having, by great luck, put one arrow out of the lot, into some part of a target, six feet in diameter. —*Ibid.*

The Prussian Army.—The pay of a Prussian soldier is very small. A few pence, five-sixths of a pound of heavy black bread, and two ounces of meat, are all that Government allows *per diem* in peace; in war, or during the manœuvres, the ration of bread and meat is doubled. Hence, the closest economy is necessary to give them even a tolerably comfortable mess of soup for dinner. The following arrangements of one of the best garde régiments the writer saw chalked on a board in the kitchen, as the cook's order for the day: "527 men, eighty-eight pounds of meat; thirty-two pounds of rice; eight ounces and a half of salt; four ounces of pepper; four ounces of laurel-leaves (?); six or seven bushels of potatoes, and about a farthing's worth of celery-seed per man." The whole was boiled together, so as to give a thick soup, and very good too. This includes the allowed ration of meat; the remainder is paid for by the men, at about three halfpence per day. This *meal* is all they have, except it be such breakfasts as are saved by the nicest care; and, in this regiment, they contrive to have

them half the year round. These corps, being all, in general, stationary, have a vast advantage in making their little contracts; they can thus purchase their rice, lentils, caravances, flour, potatoes, &c., in quantities.—*United Service Journal*.

The Unlucky Pinch.—An old acquaintance of mine, a bit of a dandy in his way, employed a certain eminent tailor for many years. When the father repaired to the Continent, the sons carried on the lucrative business: one of them called on my friend one morning to receive instructions as to the alteration of a coat. It so happened that his snuff-box was on the table, and Mr. Snip, junior, with the utmost *sang froid*, helped himself to a copious pinch. My friend was absolutely galvanized; and, determining to see how far his modest confidence could be carried, asked him if he would like a sandwich and a glass of Santerne. The hospitable proposal was readily accepted; Snip sat down and discussed the luncheon perfectly unabashed. When it was concluded, he touched upon the shop, and requested his customer to try on the coat; but, to the young gentleman's astonishment, he replied, "I could not think of insulting the friend who has taken my snuff, and eaten my luncheon, by talking to him of coats, that is quite out of the question. Good morning, Mr. Snip." The bell was rung, Snip bowed out, and his bill paid. The pinch of snuff and the sandwiches deprived Mr. Snip, junior, of one of his best customers.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

Jousting on the Seine.—There is not an uglier machine floating on any waters in the world than a Seine wherry. 'Ill-made, unpainted, (except for state occasions,) never water-proof, half over the shoes in a sort of squashy mud, rowed by two long bits of wood without form or image, without a rudder, or with one, enough to frighten the fishes, flat-bottomed, and without side benches: this is a picture of a French wherry. For "the fêtes of July," however, the boats were painted; and the jousts, standing on the poop, were armed with long poles, padded at the end, with which, as the boats were rowed in opposite and contending directions, they tried to push the other into the water as they approached each other's boats. This is called jousting. To witness this exhibition between the Pont-Royal and the Pont-Louis XVI., there were not less than 100,000 cockneys collected; and, in a most broiling sun, on unsheltered quays, and even baked quicker by the reflection of the solar rays on a high white wall behind them, did these seekers after pleasure stand hour after hour, not to see—for not one out of forty saw—but to hear, that those who

had got on the first or second rows of standing did see, that every half-hour a man in a punt did push another man who was in another punt, into the water. These were called jousts; and Fanny, who did not see them, talked about Queen Elizabeth, and the jousts of olden times.—*Frazer's Magazine*.

Church of the Holy Sepulchre.—The greater part of the present church of the Holy Sepulchre, and all the various chapels attached to it, are of recent erection; the previous building having been almost entirely consumed by a great fire, which took place on March 12, 1808, and which, it is said, unfortunately, destroyed most of the old columns and mosaic work of the time of Constantine. Some small portions of the present building appear to be ancient, and of the same style of architecture as the ruins of other Christian churches of that period. They are positively affirmed to be remnants of the original church erected by that emperor, or by his mother, the Empress Helena, about the year of our Lord, 300. The front of the edifice is almost wholly obstructed and concealed by the projecting buildings of the Greek monastery. It displays little beyond the single door of entrance, over which is a curious bas relief, representing Christ's entry into Jerusalem; and an old window of a singular and mixed style of architecture.

Recollections of Childhood.—Nicholas, yielding almost unconsciously to the interest of old associations, would point out some tree that he had climbed a hundred times, to peep at the young birds in their nest, and the branch from which he used to shout to little Kate, who stood below, terrified at the height he had gained, and yet urging him higher still by the intensity of her admiration. There was the old house, too, which they would pass every day, looking up at the tiny window through which the sun used to stream in and wake him on the summer mornings—they were all summer mornings then,—and climbing up the garden-wall, and looking over, Nicholas could see the very rose-bush which had come a present to Kate from some little lover, and she had planted with her own hands. There were the hedge-rows where the brother and sister had so often gathered wild-flowers together, and the green fields and shady paths where they had so often strayed. There was not a lane, or brook, or copse, or cottage near, with which some childish event was not entwined, and back it came upon the mind as events of childhood do—nothing in itself: perhaps, a word, a laugh, a look, some slight distress, a passing thought or fear,—and yet more strong-

ly and distinctly marked, and better far remembered, than the hardest trials or severest sorrows of but a year ago.—*Nicholas Nickleby*,—[a very interesting Number, full of pathos and natural feeling, beautifully expressed.]

Letter Writing of Old.—There was an epoch when post-offices did not exist, when letters were mostly confined to matters of state, and when none wrote but they who could afford to pay for a special express. Then it was that a letter was a serious matter; that the very putting down its elaborate direction “to my righte honourable, or righte worthy, my very singular and esteemed master and friend, at his lodgings in Londone, &c.” occupied more time than is now put in the composition of a communication of several sheets. How tedious then was the surplussage of awkward and intorted phrases, used to clothe the plainest ideas! how utterly wearisome the endless accumulation of unmeaning expressions of the individual’s sense of his own worthlessness, the fulsome exaltation of his correspondent’s virtues and grandeur! how abundant the indulgence of rigmarole of every description! Then came the winding-up, the stiff, quaint, stately, hypocritical protestations of the love, respect, awe, duty, &c; of “the pore beadsman and oratour,” who could scarcely bring himself to arrive at a definitive signature. Why, the very adjusting of the silk string that went to affix the seal, was a matter of forethought and contrivance, and must have thrown a dilatory colouring over all that preceded it. Tedious as such a process of letter-writing must, in itself, have been, it was necessarily still further protracted by the want of use. There are persons yet alive, who, from this cause alone, are compelled to meditate for a week before they call for paper and ink; and who, when they have screwed their courage to that sticking-place, expend more hours upon the composition of the much-dreaded task, than Lord Brougham would give to a volume of political sketches, or Lytton Bulwer to a five-act drama.—*New Monthly Magazine*,—[a smart and bustling Number, as full of fun and humour as the air is of shot on the 1st of September. By the way, nothing better has ever been said upon letter-writing than Swift’s natural account of the causes of the frequent instances of a broken correspondence after a long absence: “At first, one omits writing for a little while—and then one stays a little while longer to consider of excuses—and at last it grows desperate, and one does not write at all. In this manner, (adds Swift,) I have served others, and have been served myself.”]

Varieties.

The largest Iron Ship in the world is now building by Messrs. Ronalds, Fortdee, Aberdeen, for a Liverpool company. Her length of keel is 130 feet; breadth of frame, 30 feet; depth of hold, 20 feet; length over all, 137 feet; tons register, 537.

A Cunning Client.—He was not an habitual client; but one of those sneaking fellows that, if they meet you by accident, always have a legal point on which to catechise you, without the fear of fees before their eyes. They pin you up in the corner of a drawing-room, or edge in their chair next to yours at the dinner-table, to tell a long cock-and-a-bull story about a stray parcel; or sometimes they cross you in the street, seize you by the button, and incarcerate you in the doorway of a partrycook, till they have run through the pedigree of their great-grandmothers, as preliminary to “just tell me what you think” of their right to a lapsed legacy of fifty pounds, “supposed to have been left by the fourth cousin of an uncle’s aunt, who died six months ago.”—*Adventures of an Attorney*.

Curious Clocks.—Horace Walpole, in describing Strawberry Hill, mentions in the library “a clock of silver-gilt, richly chased, engraved, and ornamented with fleur-de-lys, little heads, &c. This was a present from Henry VIII. to Anna Boleyn; and since, from Lady Elizabeth Germaine to Mr. Walpole.” At Goodrich Court is a curious table-clock, of German manufacture, the engravings of costume on which shew it to be of the time of Elizabeth. It is about fourteen inches in height, of metal, partly gilt, and partly silvered. It has two bells, and a double set of hours—that is, from one to twenty-four, illustrating Shakespeare’s lines:

“He’ll watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.”—*Othello*.

Exportation of Iron Steam Boats.—The materials, from the manufactory of Messrs. Laird and Woodside, of Liverpool, have been shipped, for the construction of three iron steam-boats, in large pieces of plate riveted together, each forming a section of the respective boats, so that the whole may be with facility put together on arrival at the port of their destination, Monte Video, South America. The plates are from a quarter of an inch to three-eighths in thickness.

The Nose.—A lady, whose fondness for generous living had given her a flushed face and carbuncled nose, consulted Dr. Cheyne. Upon surveying herself in the glass, she exclaimed, “Where, in the name of wonder, doctor, did I get such a

nose as this?"—"Out of the decanter, madam, out of the decanter," replied the doctor.—*Physic and Physicians.*

Wesleyan Mission Ship.—The Wesleyans of Bristol, have recently purchased, with a grant from the centenary fund, the mission ship *Triton*, which will shortly convey to different stations fourteen missionaries, some of whom have wives and families: some are for the Cape of Good Hope, and others for New Zealand and the Friendly Islands, where the *Triton* will be stationed.

Unsalting the Sea.—The ancients said, if sea-water passed through the sides of a ball of wax, it would reach the centre perfectly sweet. When navigators wanted water, they used to boil sea-water in brass or copper vessels, and suspend a large sponge over them so as to receive all the vapour, which, afterwards expressed, would be perfectly sweet.—*Railway Magazine.*

Sporting in South Africa.—No country can produce better marksmen than the Dutch colonists of Southern Africa. Accustomed from their earliest youth to the use of their powerful gun, they have constant practice in the pursuit of game, which still abounds in many parts of the colony. When the sportsman meets the lion, the leopard, the elephant, or the buffalo, he must have confidence in his dexterity; for it is not enough to hit the animal, he must be ~~stuck~~ in the proper place, or, in all probability, his pursuer will be immediately destroyed.—*United Service Journal.*

Education in Prussia.—In Prussia, no man is allowed to be ignorant of the common rudiments of knowledge. Now, although this government is nominally absolute, yet its intentions must be truly honest: for who that designed to use power for arbitrary and selfish views, could thus dare to put such an engine as an educated, trained, and armed nation at the disposal of freedom? This landwehr institution has been well called a two-edged sword, that can cut both at internal as well as external enemies.—*Ibid.*

Indigestion.—Dr. Thomson has successfully established indigestion as arising from acid, alkaline, and neutral causes; and that by injudicious treatment one form assumes that of the other.

South Seas.—The Government expedition, the *Erébus*, commanded by Capt. Ross, and the *Terror*, by Capt. Crozier, will sail in a few days on a three years' voyage to the South Pole and Pacific Ocean. Both these vessels are fitted by Government, to whom the equipment of the expedition has been recommended by the President and Council of the Royal Society, who have lent their valuable aid in preparing the instructions for Capt. Ross; which are embodied in a

Report, subdivided into the sections of Physics and Meteorology; Geology and Mineralogy; Botany and Vegetable Physiology; and Zoology and Animal Physiology. The Report will be readily found in the *Athenæum*, No. 616. The instructions are very copious and interesting; and the Council declare their satisfaction at the prospect of the benefits which are likely to accrue to science from the expedition thus liberally undertaken by the Government on the representations made to them by the Royal Society, and other scientific bodies in this country. The ships are built exceedingly strong to encounter distress of weather. The wales are doubled with eight-inch oak plank, and the bottom with plank of three inches; the ceiling of the holds is doubled with two thicknesses of one and a half inch African teak, crossing each other at right angles; the bulkheads in the hold are built in like manner, and made water tight, so that, should the bottom be stove in at any part by ice, the ships will be safe. The weather-deck is doubled with three-inch fir plank, with fearnought, dipped in tallow, laid between them.

St. Helena.—The observatory at Ladder Hill has not been made use of since the island reverted to the English government. [Surely this is very discreditable to a nation everlastingly vaunting the "march of science."] So thoroughly has the English language become that of the island, that in none of our dependencies is it more correctly spoken, or with less peculiarity of accent.—*United Service Journal.*

The Snuff-box.—A snuff-box has been called "an introduction," and other metaphorical names; but it frequently leads to unpleasant familiarity, extremely difficult to repress. The *New Monthly Magazine* relates, that Brummell, many years ago, gave an admirable rebuke, at a party in Portman-square. On the removal of the cloth, the snuff-boxes made their appearance, and Brummell's was particularly admired: it was handed round, and a gentleman, finding it rather difficult to open, incautiously applied a dessert knife to the lid. Poor Brummell was on thorns; at last he could not contain himself any longer, and, addressing the host, said, with his characteristic quaintness, "Will you be good enough to tell your friend that my snuff-box is not an oyster."

Coals in Candia.—A mine has been opened in the environs of Retimo; a quantity of the coal has been sent to Egypt, and found of good quality.

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• CLUB CHAMBERS, REGENT STREET.

CLUB CHAMBERS, REGENT STREET.

This chastely-elegant building has been erected for an Association of gentlemen, principally subscribers to the Clubs in the neighbourhood. The premises occupy the site of the mansion of the late Mr. Blicke, nearly adjoining St. Philip's Chapel, on the west side of that portion of Regent Street which connects Pall Mall with Piccadilly. The architect is Mr. Decimus Burton; the builder, Mr. Hicks; and the amount of the contract, £26,000. The building was commenced in August last year. It is in the Italian style of architecture, and occupies a frontage of seventy-six feet. The elevation consists of a ground story, rusticated, and terminated by a decorative lace band, or string course, enriched with the Vitruvian scroll; this floor forming a basement to the principal story, and the second and third stories, surmounted by a bold and enriched cornice. Between the principal story and the ground floor is introduced an entresol, the windows of which are placed between the paneled pilasters, supporting the consoles of the handsome balconies to the windows above.* The building will contain seventy-seven cham-

are generally found within the distance of a mile from each other. We saw them once or twice issuing from their pens, to take their morning's repast after a hungry night. It was a pleasing sight to see such numbers of innocent animals made happy; and in the following lines it is beautifully described:

'The fold
Poured forth its fleecy tenants o'er the glebe:
At first, progressive as a stream, they sought
The middle field; but scattered by degrees,
In various groups, they whitened all the land."

But the progressive motion here described, is one of those incidents which is a better subject for poetry than painting. For, in the first place, a *feeding flock* is seldom well *grouped*; they commonly *separate*; or, as the poet well expresses it, *they are scattered by degrees, and whiten all the land*. Nor are their attitudes varied, as they all usually move the same way, *progressive like a stream*. Indeed, the shape of a *feeding sheep* is not the most pleasing, as its back and neck make a round heavy line, which, in contrast only, has its effect. To see a flock of sheep in their most picturesque form, we should see them reposing after their meal is over; and if they are in sunshine, they are still the more beautiful. In *reposing*, they are generally better *grouped*, and their forms are more varied. Some are commonly *standing*, and others lying on the ground, with their little ruminating heads in various forms. And if the light be strong, it spreads over the whole one general mass; and is contrasted, at the same time, by a shadow equally strong, which the flock throws upon the ground. It may be observed, also, that the fleece itself is well disposed to receive a beautiful effect of light. It does not, indeed, like the smooth covering of hair, allow the eye to trace the muscular form of the animal. But it has a beauty of a different kind: the flakiness of the wool catches the light, and breaking it into many parts, yet without destroying the mass, gives it a peculiar richness.

SHEEP IN LANDSCAPE.

(From Gilpin's Western Counties.)

From Ford-abbey we were obliged to return to Axminster, and from thence we set out for Bridport, traversing vast cultivated hills, from which, on the left, we had views into the country, and, on the right, over the sea. The isle of Portland ranged in the distance, many leagues along the shore, forming a long white beach; which made an uncommon appearance.

From Bridport to Dorchester we passed through a more inland country, though, in other respects, similar to the country we had just left. The features of it are broad and determined. Sweeping hills with harsh edges intersect each other. Here and there a bottom is cultivated, inclosed, and adorned with a farm-house and a few trees; but, in general, the whole country is ~~an~~ extended down. It is everywhere fed with little rough sheep; which have formed it, with constant grazing, into the finest pasturage. Indeed, a chalky soil itself, which is the substratum of these downs, is naturally inclined to produce a neat, smooth surface. The several flocks which pasture these wide domains, have their respective walks; and

We saw another circumstance, also, in which sheep appear to advantage. The weather was sultry, the day calm, and the roads dusty. Along these roads we saw, once or twice, a flock of sheep driven, which raised a considerable cloud. As we were a little higher on the downs, and not annoyed by the dust, the circumstance was amusing. The beauty of the incident, lay in the contrast between such sheep as were *seen perfectly*, and such as were *involved in obscurity*. At the same time, the dust became a kind of harmonizing medium, which united the flock into one whole. It had the same effect on a group

* These details have been, in part, abridged from the Civil Engineer and Architects' Journal.

of animals, which a heavy mist, when partial, has on landscape. But though circumstances of this kind are pleasing in nature, we do not wish to see them imitated on canvas. They have been tried by Louthenberg, who, with a laudable endeavour, hath attempted many different effects; but I think in this he has failed. He has represented the dusty atmosphere of rapid wheels. But it is an incident that cannot be imitated: for, as motion enters necessarily into the idea, and as you cannot describe motion, it is impossible to give more than half the idea. It is otherwise with vapour, which, from the *light mist* to the *sleeping fog*, is of a more permanent nature, and, therefore, more adapted to the pencil.

The only circumstance which can make a cloud of dust an object of imitation, is *distance*; as this gives it somewhat of a stationary appearance. One of the grandest ideas of this kind, which I remember to have met with, may be found in Xenophon's *Anabasis*.

As Cyrus was approaching Artaxerxes over one of those vast plains which are often found in the east, a horseman, who had been making observations, returned at full speed, crying out to the troops, as he rode through them, that the enemy was at hand. Cyrus, not suspecting the king to be so near, was riding carelessly in his chariot; and the troops, unarmed, were marching negligently over the plain. The prince, leaping from his chariot, presently armed himself, mounted his horse, called his generals around him, and drew up his troops. This was scarce done, when, the historian tells us, "a white cloud was seen in the distant horizon spreading far and wide, from the dust raised by so vast a host. As the cloud approached, the bottom of it appeared dark and solid. As it still advanced, it was observed, from various parts, to gleam and glitter in the sun; and soon after, the ranks of horse and foot, and armed chariots, were distinctly seen."

NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT— DURABILITY OF STONE.

In the months of August, September, and October, 1838, Mr. C. Barry, the architect of the new Houses of Parliament, accompanied by Mr. De La Beche and W. Smith, F.F.G.S., and Mr. C. H. Smith, made a tour of inspection to various stone-quarries in the kingdom, and visited numerous public buildings, with a view to the selection of a proper stone to be employed in the erection of the new Houses of Parliament. Of this tour the above gentlemen have just presented a Report to the Com-

missioners of Her Majesty's Woods and Forests. They have likewise procured a fair average specimen of the workable stone from each of the quarries which they have visited, and have deposited cubes, prepared from such specimens, as well as of others which have been forwarded to them, in the Museum of Economic Geology Department of Her Majesty's Woods and Forests.

This Report is one of the most interesting documents that has, for a long time, fallen under our notice; and we doubt not that the results will be as practically valuable as interesting. The inquirers have not extended their researches to granites, porphyries, and similar stones; but, in acknowledging the receipt of several specimens of granite, they state that the Marquis of Breadalbanic has munificently offered to make a free gift to the nation of sufficient granite to build the Houses from his estates near Oban, in the west of Scotland, should the granite from that locality be considered fit and available for the purpose.

The inquirers have been assisted by Professors Daniell and Wheatstone, of King's College, London, in determining the physical and chemical properties of a large portion of the specimens of the stone obtained; and the early portion of their Report details ~~the~~ results. These are scarcely of interest popular enough for our pages; so that we pass them over to come to the more attractive details of the present condition of the various buildings which have been inspected.

"Before we proceed to adduce a few examples of the present condition of the various buildings that we have examined, we would wish to observe, that those which are highly decorated, such as the churches of the Norman and pointed styles of architecture, afford a more severe test of the durability of any given stone, all other circumstances being equal, than the more simple and less decorated buildings, such as the castles of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; inasmuch as the material employed in the former class of buildings is worked into more disadvantageous forms than in the latter, as regards exposure to the effects of the weather: and we would further observe, that buildings in a state of ruin, from being deprived of their ordinary protection of roofing, glazing of windows, &c., constitute an equally severe test of the durability of the stone employed in them.

"As examples of the degree of durability of various building stones in particular localities, the following may be enumerated:—Of the sandstone buildings which we examined, we may notice the remains

of Ecclestone Abbey, of the thirteenth century, near Barnard Castle, constructed of a stone closely resembling that of the Stenton quarry in the vicinity, as exhibiting the mouldings and other decorations, even to the dog's-tooth ornament, in excellent condition. The circular keep of Barnard Castle, apparently also built of the same material, is in fine preservation. Tintern Abbey may also be noticed as a sandstone edifice that has, to a considerable extent, resisted decomposition; for, although it is decayed in some parts, it is nearly perfect in others. Some portions of Whithy Abbey are likewise in a perfect state, whilst others are fast yielding to the effects of the atmosphere. The older portions of Ripon Cathedral, constructed of sandstone, are in a fair state of preservation. Rivaux Abbey is another good example of an ancient sandstone building in a fair condition. The Norman keep of Richmond Castle, in Yorkshire, affords an instance of a moderately hard sandstone, which has well resisted decomposition.

"As examples of sandstone buildings of a more recent date, in a good state of preservation, we may mention Hardwicke Hall, Haddon Hall, and all the buildings of Craigleith stone in Edinburgh and its vicinity. Of sandstone edifices in an advanced state of decomposition, we may enumerate Durham Cathedral, the churches at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Carlisle Cathedral, Kirkstall Abbey, and Fountains Abbey. The sandstone churches of Derby are also extremely decomposed; and the church of St. Peter's, at Shaftesbury, is in such a state of decay, that some portions of the building are only prevented from falling by means of iron ties.

"As an example of an edifice constructed of a calciferous variety of sandstone, we may notice Tisbury Church, which is in unequal condition, the mouldings and other enrichments being in a perfect state, whilst the ashlar, apparently selected with less care, is fast mouldering away.

"The choir of Southwell Church, of the twelfth century, may be mentioned as affording an instance of the durability of a magnesio-calciferous sandstone, resembling that of Mansfield, after long exposure to the influences of the atmosphere.

"Of buildings composed of magnesian limestone, we may mention the Norman portions of Southwell Church, built of stone similar to that of Bolsover-moor, and which are throughout in a perfect state, the mouldings and carved enrichments being as sharp as when first executed. The keep of Koningsburgh Castle, built of a magnesian limestone from the vicinity, is also in a perfect state, although the joints of the masonry are open in consequence

of the decomposition and disappearance of the mortar formerly within them. The church at Hemmingborough, of the fifteenth century, constructed of a material resembling the stone from Huddleston, does not exhibit any appearance of decay. Titchill Church, of the fifteenth century, built of a similar material, is in a fair state of preservation. Huddleston Hall, of the sixteenth century, constructed of the stone of the immediate vicinity, is also in good condition. Roche Abbey, of the thirteenth century, in which stone from the immediate neighbourhood has been employed, exhibits generally a fair state of preservation, although some portions have yielded to the effects of the atmosphere.

"As examples of magnesian limestone buildings in a more advanced state of decay, we may notice the churches at York, a large portion of the Minster, Howden Church, Doncaster Old Church, and others in that part of the country, many of which are so much decomposed that the mouldings, carvings, and other architectural decorations are often entirely effaced.

"We may here remark, that, as far as our observations extend, in proportion as the stone employed in magnesian limestone buildings is crystalline, so does it appear to have resisted the decomposing effects of the atmosphere; a conclusion in accordance with the opinion of Professor Daniell, who has stated to us, that, from the results of experiments, he is of opinion, that 'the nearer the magnesian limestones approach to equivalent proportions of carbonate of lime and carbonate of magnesia, the more crystalline and better they are in every respect.'

"Of buildings constructed of oolitic, and other limestones, we may notice the Church of Byland Abbey, of the twelfth century, especially the west front, built of stone from the immediate vicinity, as being in an almost perfect state of preservation. Sandsfoot Castle, near Weymouth, constructed of Portland oolite, in the time of Henry VIII., is an example of that material in excellent condition; a few decomposed stones used in the interior, (and which are exceptions to this fact,) being from another oolite in the immediate vicinity of the castle. Bow and Arrow Castle, and the neighbouring ruins of a church of the fourteenth century, in the island of Portland, also afford instances of the Portland oolite in perfect condition. The new church in the island, built in 1766, of a variety of the Portland stone termed roach, is in an excellent state throughout, even to the preservation of the marks of the chisel.

"Many buildings constructed of a material similar to the oolite of Ancaster, such as Newark and Grantham Churches, and other edifices in various parts of Lincolnshire, have scarcely yielded to the effects of atmospheric influences. Windmill Church, built of an oolite from the neighbouring quarry, is in excellent condition; whilst the Abbey Church of Bath, constructed of the oolite in the vicinity of that city, has suffered much from decomposition; as is also the case with the cathedral, and the churches of St. Nicholas and St. Michael, in Gloucester, erected of a stone from the oolitic rocks of the neighbourhood.

"The churches of Stamford, Ketton, Colley Weston, Kettering, and other places in that part of the country, attest the durability of the shelly oolite termed Barnack Rag, with the exception of the portions of some of them for which the stone has been ill selected. The excellent condition of those parts which remain of Glastonbury Abbey, shews the value of a shelly limestone similar to that of Douling; whilst the stone employed in Wells Cathedral, apparently of the same kind, and not selected with equal care, is, in parts, decomposed. The mansion, the church, and the remains of the abbey at Montacute, as also many other buildings in that vicinity, constructed of the limestone of Ham-hill, are in excellent condition. In Salisbury Cathedral, built of stone from Chilmark, we have evidence of the general durability of a siliceous limestone; for, although the west front has somewhat yielded to the effects of the atmosphere, the excellent condition of the building, generally, is most striking.

"In the public buildings of Oxford, we have a marked instance both of decomposition and durability in the materials employed; for, whilst a shelly oolite, similar to that of Taynton, which is employed in the more ancient parts of the cathedral, in Merton College Chapel, &c., and commonly for the plinths, string courses, and exposed portions of the other edifices in that city, is generally in a good state of preservation, a calcareous stone from Heddington, employed in nearly the whole of the colleges, churches, and other public buildings, is in such a deplorable state of decay as, in some instances, to have caused all traces of architectural decoration to disappear, and the ashlar itself to be, in many places, deeply disintegrated.

"In Spofforth Castle we have a striking example of the unequal decomposition of two materials, a magnesian limestone and a sandstone; the former employed in the decorated parts, and the latter for the ashlar or plain facing of the walls. Al-

though the magnesian limestone has been equally exposed with the sandstone to the decomposing effects of the atmosphere, it has remained as perfect in form as when first employed; while the sandstone has suffered considerably from the effects of decomposition.

"In Chepstow Castle a magnesian limestone in fine preservation, and a red sandstone in an advanced state of decomposition, may be observed, both having been exposed to the same conditions as parts of the same archways; and in Bristol Cathedral there is a curious instance of the effects arising from the intermixture of very different materials, a yellow limestone and a red sandstone, which have been indiscriminately employed both for the plain and decorated parts of the building: not only is the appearance in this case unsightly, but the architectural effect of the edifice is also much impaired by the unequal decomposition of the two materials, the limestone having suffered much less from decay than the sandstone.

"Judging, therefore, from the evidence afforded by buildings of various dates, there would appear to be many varieties of sandstone and limestone employed for building purposes which successfully resist the destructive effects of atmospheric influences: amongst these, the sandstones of Stenton, Whitby, Tintern, Rivaux, and Craileith, the magnesian-calcareous sandstones of Mansfield; the calciferous sandstone of Tisbury; the crystalline magnesian limestones, or dolomites, of Bolsover, Huddlestone, and Roche Abbey; the oolites of Byland, Portland, and Ancaster the shelly oolites and limestones of Barnack and Ham-hill; and the siliceous limestone of Chilmark, appear to be amongst the most durable. To these, which may be all considered as desirable building materials, we are inclined to add the sandstones of Darley-dale, Humbleton, Longannet, and Crowbank; the magnesian limestone of Robin Hood's Well, and the oolite of Ketton; although some of them may not have the evidence of ancient buildings in their favour.

"If, however, we were called upon to select a class of stone for the more immediate object of our inquiry, we should give the preference to the limestones, on account of their more general uniformity of tint, their comparatively homogeneous structure, and the facility and economy of their conversion to building purposes; and of this class we should prefer those which are most crystalline.

"In conclusion, having weighed, to the best of our judgment, the evidence in favour of the various building-stones which have been brought under our con-

sideration; and freely admitting that many sandstones as well as limestones possess very great advantages as building materials, we feel bound to state, that for durability, as instanced in Southwell Church, &c., and the results of experiments, as detailed in the accompanying tables; for crystalline character, combined with a close approach to the equivalent proportions of carbonate of lime and carbonate of magnesia; for uniformity of structure; facility and economy in conversion; and for advantage of colour, the magnesian limestone, or dolomite, of Bolsover-moor and its neighbourhood, is, in our opinion, the most fit and proper material to be employed in the proposed new Houses of Parliament."

THE HOTEL MEUBLÉ.

THE GRISETTE.

(Concluded from page 390.)

A DAY or two after the events of the last chapter, we received an invitation from a worthy friend of ours who resided at Versailles, to go and spend a few weeks with him at his house. Invitations to stay in a French family are something like angels' visits, so we immediately accepted, for fear he might change his mind. We had, moreover, a small brother, who luxuriated upon cold artichokes and *potage à l'oseille* at a pension in the Avenue St. Cloud, in order to learn French perfectly; and we thought we might as well be near him, in order to give him an occasional meal at a restaurateur's, to keep him from quite starving until the holidays. Well, we "locked up all our treasures," and sent our boxes to a fellow-student to be taken care of; and took our place, one fine morning, in the lumbering overgrown rabbit-hutches, termed *gondolles*, above all other things in the world, that start from some of the partially unexplored regions between the back of the Tuileries and the Rue St. Honoré; and, passing through Sèvres and a country which appeared to be inhabited solely by *traiteurs* and *marchands de vin*, we arrived at Versailles in two hours after our departure from Paris.* It is not our intention to describe what we saw during our month's *séjour*. Every room, picture, and waterwork, has been so often alluded to in books, that such a task is rendered perfectly unnecessary. It will suffice to say, that we knew everything by heart by the time we left; and, having seen the grand fountains spouting out like Brobdignag water-plugs, and walked blindfolded along the *lapis vert*, we returned to Paris, not very unwilling to get back to a little

* Since the opening of the *chemin-de-fer*, the journey is performed in thirty minutes.

amusement: for, independent of the palace and its attractions, Versailles is a living grave.

We were sitting in the porter's lodge of the hotel on the evening of our arrival, collecting our letters and newspapers, and learning what events had occurred in our absence, from the garçon, when our little friend, the *blanchisseuse*, came in for her key, and went up stairs. We do not think she saw us, as we were partly concealed by the door: but we were able to remark a great alteration in her since we left. Her features were pale and sharpened, with that drooping expression termed by the multitude "pinched in," but where the anatomist can trace every corner and process of the facial bones, but too plainly intelligible under their wasted covering. Her eyes were red and glistening; and she had lost the light elastic *pas de Française* with which she was accustomed to trip about the house.

"*Elle est bien changée, Monsieur*," said the garçon, as we followed her with our eyes along the court. "She was going to be married, but her *amant* has left her, and is paying his addresses in another quarter."

"She still lives here, then?"

"*Oui, monsieur: mais, la pauvre petite pleure, elle se desole, et elle ne mange pas.*"

The last words were pronounced in a very dolorous accent: it was evident that Antoine thought it the greatest sign of grief to give up eating.

"And when was the engagement broken off?" we asked.

"*Monsieur*, it was about three days after you left. She met him at Constant's one *fête* evening, but he scarcely noticed her, and danced entirely with another *amic*. She came home at night, and cried a great deal in the lodge, and the old lady in No. 14 sent her down a little liqueur. She takes it sadly to heart, and neglects everything else."

We were, indeed, very sorry to hear all this, and thought that we would try and comfort her—nay, we anticipated a pleasing task in so doing. It is so interesting—so eloquent, that comfort which an English student of two-and-twenty can offer to a pretty French girl of eighteen. Of course, we meant our consolation to be friendly and Platonic—could it be otherwise? and yet we have sometimes thought how terribly foolish the theories of the old philosopher of Athens were!

We finished our conversation, lighted a candle, and retired to our room. Our boxes had been forwarded by a porter, and we had a few minutes' occupation in arranging them, and looking out appointments that had been so quietly re-

posing for the last month. At last, the shirts and stockings were all laid in their respective drawers: the boots were pulled out of the carpet-bag, and placed outside the door; and when we had routed out our night apparel from the packet we had brought from Versailles, we jumped into bed, and began to read, according to custom. We always had a terrible habit of reading in bed, and plead guilty to thinking it dangerous; but it is so comfortable! In the day time, choose what hour you will, the pleasant images which your reading has left flitting before your imagination are liable to be instantaneously and unromantically disturbed by the common and dull realities of your existence. But, at night it is different, for all is then still around you: your fancy follows the creations of the writer in free and unrestrained wanderings; and if gentle and soothing thoughts should chance to arise from the bearing of the subject you have been studying, you have nought to arrest them but the power of the 'drowsy god,' which, if it comes as an interrupter of happiness, at least places a barrier to the advance of sorrow.

Eh bien! we read, and thought, and snuffed the candle, and read again, and, at last, went to sleep; and in the common course of events, we awoke again the next morning. But, as we went down stairs, on our way to breakfast at Martin's, we did not meet Eugenie, as had been our former custom. The garçon told us she had not passed the lodge that morning; but he thought she was much distressed the night before, and had slept later from thorough weariness of heart and spirits. We returned some common-place answer, and walked over to the *restaurant*, in company with a copy of the *Times*, that had just come by post from England, and whose elephantine proportions awfully astonished the habitual readers of the *Siècle*, the *Presse*, and the *Gazette des Tribunaux*.

The same evening that we returned from Versailles, Eugenie had been to one of the balls at the *Barrière du Mont-Parnasse*. She had gone thither with no idea of pleasure or amusement, but in the hope of seeing her faithless suitor, and procuring some explanation from him of his conduct towards her. In one of her expectations, she had not been disappointed, for he was there, but not alone—his new love had accompanied him, and they were dancing together the whole evening. It were foolish to say that he was not moved at the sight of poor Eugenie's pale face and altered *mine*; but he pretended to carry it off with a sneer and laugh, and

he answered her in slighting and careless words. He lessened her before her rival—a trial which, having once undergone, a woman *never forgets*. Repulsed and crushed, she left the room; but as she turned round on quitting it, she perceived him whirling in the rapid train of waltzers, with his usual unconcern, probably little thinking of the heart that he had spurned and broken that evening.

In that terrible calm of wretchedness which locks up those tears we could find so much relief from indulging in, Eugenie arrived at home. She silently and mechanically took her key from the porter's lodge, (it was there we had seen her,) and then hurried to her own room. She felt about in the obscurity for her *allumettes*, and, lighting her candle, remained standing at the table for several minutes, fixed as a statue, and scarcely betraying signs of life or being. And then a fearful resolve for the first time came over her: steadily, and with a calm almost supernatural, she closed the door and windows, and shut up the aperture of the chimney with a square board, on which some gaudily-coloured pictures of dancing and diversion formed a harsh contrast to her own feelings. She took the small *fourneau*, which we had used on the evening we first met her, from its corner, and placed it on the table. Her entire stock of charcoal was next collected on its grate, and, kindling a piece in the candle, she deposited it amongst the rest, raising with her own breath the poisonous vapour that was to deprive her of existence. The tiny ember crackled and sparkled in the current of air, and by degrees communicated its glowing life to the whole mass, as small particles of white ashes began to fill the atmosphere, and gradually to settle on the table and surrounding articles. A cold blast poured in from the opening beneath the door—she deliberately impeded it with a shawl laid along the floor, and hanging what articles of clothing were at hand against the ill-fastened windows, she sank down on her low bed, and awaited her fate. Before long, she began to breathe with difficulty; she seemed to experience the same sensation that she would have felt in a small and crowded apartment, or in the two *loges* of a close and densely-filled theatre. She moved her arms around her, as if to throw off some impending coverture: the circulation of air thus produced somewhat revived her, and she respired more freely; but in an instant afterwards the oppression returned. Then her pulse quickened, and a violent palpitation ensued. Throb—throb!—her heart was leaping in her bosom, as if it would force its way through the membrane that contained it, and its

deadened and heavy beat was marked and audible in the perfect stillness of the room, broken only by the tinkling of the charcoal consuming in the *fourneau*. The distant chimes of the Luxembourg clock told the hour of ten—where would she be when they next sounded? The room would be a chamber of death—her bed would become a bier to sustain a corpse, and that corpse would be herself!

The candle, overpowered by the heavy and poisoned atmosphere, began to burn with a dull and oppressed flame round its tall black wick; and the poor birds in the cage, distressed for air, were fluttering and gasping on their perches, or rapidly jumping from one to the other, and passing their beaks quickly and successively between the wires of their prison. An indefinite sense of alarm now stole over her, and her thoughts became visionary and delirious. The house seemed giving way beneath her—the walls of her room had fallen in, and some unseen power was forcing her towards a precipice into the street below! She clung to the bed, and cried aloud: the floor appeared to sink, and she was going with its ruins and without the power to help herself. Suddenly, her sensations changed, and she became once more conscious of her situation; but her ideas were confused and indefinite. A painful tightness of the chest succeeded: her eyes swam with giddiness, and her brain seemed endowed with separate life and motion. Then a heavy murmur, like the drone of a hundred bees, filled her ears, and her sight forsook her: an unconquerable drowsiness stole over her, and she sank into a deep and heavy slumber. From that slumber she never awoke again.

When we returned from our *dejeuner*, we found the hotel a scene of terrible excitement. The *propriétaire*, alarmed at the unusual non-appearance of Eugénie, had sent the *concierge* to knock at her apartment, and see if she was indisposed. The old woman returned, affirming that she could obtain no answer, although she had made a grand *tapage* against the door; and in consequence, Vasselin ascended with two *gens d'armes*, and broke the door open. In an instant, the whole truth was apparent, as the dense and suffocating vapour still hung heavily about the room; the birds were lying dead at the bottom of their cage, and the now lifeless body of the hapless grisette was extended on the bed. At this moment, we returned home, and, at the entreaties of the *concierge*, hurried up stairs: not that we had an idea of being able to render any assistance when we heard the circumstances; but, in cases of accident, be they fatal or otherwise, a medical man is always expected to

do something by the crowd of bystanders. We threw open the windows, washed the body with cold water, and, finally, endeavoured to open the jugular vein. A few sluggish drops of black blood oozed out as we withdrew the lancet, but that was all; and we were convinced that she was beyond the chance of human recovery. We closed her eyes, that were directed, lustreless and vacant, towards the *fourneau*, and left the officials in attendance to draw out their accustomed report.

Two days afterwards, a young man entered the portal of Notre Dame, and ascended the tower in company with one of the *gardiens*, whose business it is to exhibit the curiosities of this venerable cathedral for a few sous. He mounted rapidly to one of the top galleries of the southern tower, and lingered an instant at the spot from whence Quasimodo is made to hurl the impious Claude Frollo on to the square below, in that beautiful romance, which has cast so wild and mysterious a charm around those blackened and mouldering towers. Suddenly he drew the attention of the *gardien* to a crowd of idlers on the Quai de l'Archevêché, and, seizing the opportunity, climbed over the parapet, and threw himself headlong down upon the pavement of the Parvis—a fall of two hundred and twenty feet! Some students, who were loitering on the steps of the Hôtel Dieu, ran up to the spot, and a crowd almost instantaneously collected. In three minutes, the crushed and bloody remains were being carried to the Morgue, and before long the body was recognised as that of the faithless lover of the poor grisette.*

ALBERT.

THE PALACE OF OATLANDS.

THIS "royal pleasure-house" has long been razed to the ground, by a kind of fatality which seems to be almost attached to the history of palaces. It was built by Henry VIII., and its manorial history is thus briefly told.

In 15 Henry VII. A. D. 1500, Humphrey Rugeley, and Alice, his wife, levied a fine to John Reed, Bartholomew Reed, Hugh Peyntuyn, clerk, and Richard Lake, of three messuages, three gardens, a hundred acres of land, twelve acres of pasture, ten acres of meadow, ten of wood, and 10s. rent,† in the parish of Weybridge, in Surrey. This estate became William Rede's. When King Henry VIII. had possession of Hampton Court, and was making the chase there, he wanted this estate, and agreed to give William Rede the

* The leading incidents of the above sketch are no fiction. They occurred in Paris, in November (1858); and the writer was cheapening some books on the Pont St. Michel, when the *dénouement* took place.

† Madox's "Formulare Certif." 35.

manor of Tandridge, &c. in the same county, in exchange for it; but Rede died before it was completed, leaving John, his son and heir, under age. This minority, however, was no impediment to the king's gaining possession; and Sir Thomas Cromwell was appointed guardian of the infant, and completed the exchange. The manor of Oatlands was accordingly conveyed to the king, 27th January, 29 Henry VIII. 1538; there being an exception in the conveyance of such meadow in Surrey as is reputed to be parcel of the manor of Shepperton, in Middlesex.

Queen Elizabeth was here 11th and 14th August, 1590, and 27th August, 1602,* and is said to have shot with a cross-bow in the paddock.† In her time, the keeper of the house had a yearly fee of £5 2s. 6d.; of the park, £3 10s.; of the garden and orchard, £12 2s. 6d.; and of the wardrobe, £9 2s. 6d.‡ Anne, the queen of James I., was here, and built a room called "the Silkworm Room."§ King Charles I., on March 14th, anno 2, granted Oatlands to his queen, Henrietta Maria, for her life.|| His youngest son was called, in the cradle, Henry of Oatlands, being born here in 1640, in the house which Fuller, when he wrote, says was taken down to the ground.¶ He died 13th September next after the Restoration, 1660.

The engraving, from a drawing which belonged to Richard Gough, Esq. and which appears to have been made about the time of Elizabeth, shews the palace to have comprised two quadrangular enclosures, or courts, and three other enclosures, with a garden, beyond. The second or principal quadrangle has, at each end, a gate-house, machicolated, and with hexagonal turrets at the angles: here are likewise fine bay-windows, and the chimney-shafts, those "windpipes of hospitality," are twisted, and otherwise decorated. The third division would appear to consist mostly of offices.

This royal house stood on low ground, near the kitchen-garden of the present mansion. It was destroyed at the Usurpation, except some lodgings, which one of the Earls of Dorset enjoyed, and the gardener's chamber, which was "the silkworm-room:" the ground was also then disparked. Foundations of buildings have been traced on the site of the palace, especially when sown with corn.

On the side of the park next to Walton,

* "Rymer's Fœdera," xvi. 82, 463, 464.

† "Historical Account of making the New Park at Richmond."

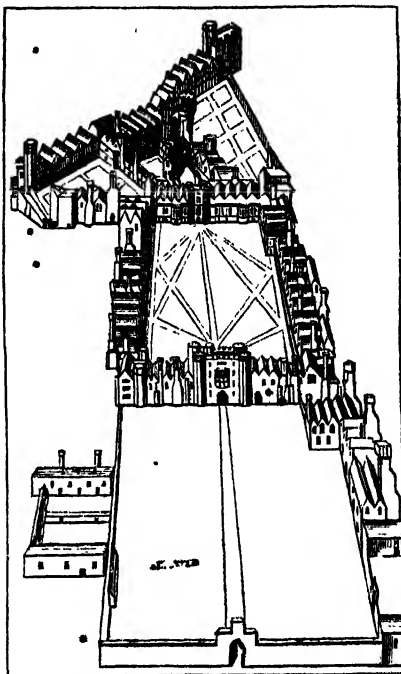
‡ "Order of the Royal Household," published by the Society of Antiquaries, p. 263.

§ "Hist. Aæct. of Richmond Park."

¶ Pat. 2, Charles I. p. 4 m. 3.

¶ "Fuller's Worthies."

is an arch, probably brought from the old house, on which is this inscription: "Henricus Comes de Lincoln hunc arcum, opus Ignatii Jones, vetustate corruptum, restituit."



THE PALACE OF OATLANDS:
TEMP. QUEEN ELIZABETH.

As Oatlands lies at but a short distance from Cowey Stakes, whereto Caesar is reported to have crossed the Thames into the territories of Cassibelannus, the ancient military works of this district are remarkably interesting. On St. George's Hill is a work, mapped as Caesar's Camp: it is an oblong, with a trench running down to Oatlands.

This, Mr. Marning, the historian of Surrey, thought to be but an outpost to the great camp at Oatlands; where he was informed that the latter might plainly be traced, before the Earl of Lincoln, in the reign of George II., levelled the ground, and took in the present park. The flat of the common, before it was inclosed, some years back, between the camp and Oatlands Park, was called Camp Close. Mr. Long, of Hampton Lodge, near Farnham, who has written an able pamphlet* illustrating the British and Roman

* "Observations upon certain Roman Roads and Towns in the South of Britain." 1836. Not published.

antiquities of Surrey, however, considers certain positions which have recently been discovered by Mr. Wyatt Edgell, in Thorpe and Chertsey, (in the immediate neighbourhood,) to be far more in the style of what is known of Roman castremetation, than such lofty eminences as St. George's Hill, and others of the same kind, which are commonly attributed to Cæsar. The positions discovered by Mr. Edgell are "three different encampments, regular as to the form adopted by the Romans, well connected for affording mutual assistance," and capable of containing nearly 20,000 men.

Of modern Outlands we shall speak but briefly. At the Restoration, the queen-mother was again put into possession of the estate, with its palace demolished. It was then leased by Charles II. to the Earl of St. Albans. In 1716, it became the property of Henry, Earl of Lincoln, whose son and heir formed the gardens, about the year 1725, and, probably, built another mansion near the site of the old one. The estate next became the property of the Duke of Newcastle, who, in 1768, fixed his residence here, enlarged the park, and made considerable plantations. The property was then purchased of the Duke of Newcastle by His Royal Highness the Duke of York, who, by purchases, and two acts of parliament for enclosing the neighbouring wastes, obtained such additions to the estate, that it comprised about 3,000 acres. The mansion was destroyed by fire, while the Duke of York was in Flanders, in 1793; when the duchess and her servants escaped with difficulty. A new house was built, of which Holland was the architect; and in 1804, an act was passed, granting to the Duke of York, for an adequate consideration, the inheritance of so much of this domain as was held of the crown. The mansion was subsequently altered to the old English style by the celebrated John Carter; a labour which was not very creditable to the taste of that laborious antiquary. On the death of the Duke of York, the estate was sold to Hughes Ball, Esq.; and it has since become the property of Lord Francis Leveson Eger-ton, M. P.

New Books.

ADVENTURES OF AN ATTORNEY IN SEARCH OF PRACTICE.

[THIS book has somewhat disappointed us. We expected a rich and racy volume of *experiences*, such as professional men must gather daily, and such as must present so many phases of ever-changeful life.

But, unfortunately, our attorney's adventures border on the common-place; they want interest, and the power of excitement, to keep up the reader's attention; though it may happen that this very tameness is the best recommendation of the *truth* of the adventures themselves. Nevertheless, the volume is full of anecdote and honest feeling. Our selections must be of the anecdotic vein.

A Disappointment.]

Things were in a desperate state, when I received a call from a venerable old gentleman, for whom I had been actively employed in my clerkship. Though I had almost jumped up in ecstasy at the unwonted sound of voices in the outer room, I felt bitter disappointment when my visitor was ushered in; for I inferred that his object could only be to discuss old business of which I thought I had taken leave for ever, or to bother me with the yet more provoking inquiry after papers or documents long since sent to the tomb of the Capulets. I was mistaken.

"Mr. Sharpe, I have been at a standstill ever since I lost you: nobody understands my case; nobody will read my papers; I have to begin again, and go over all the old ground,—what can I do?"

"Tell me how I can help you, and I will with all my heart."

"You must take the business into your own hands."

"That would be unfair to my late masters."

"They wish it themselves."

I inquired into the fact, and found it was so. I cannot, consistently with the mask that I am obliged to assume, mention their names; and if I could, my testimony to their liberal and generous behaviour could add but little to the very distinguished station which they have long and deservedly occupied in the profession. This old gentleman was the claimant of property exceeding half a million sterling. I believe that it was nearly double that amount, but I never accurately learnt the sum. He was a man of first-rate abilities and wonderful resolution; he had been engaged for a quarter of a century in prosecuting this claim, and had accumulated papers upon it sufficient to load a coal-wagon. Disappointment, however, had attended all his efforts: he had three times memorialized the special tribunal which parliament had appointed for the investigation of his and similar cases, and he had three times been turned back. In this dilemma, he was recommended to apply to the eminent house to which I have alluded; his papers were in a foreign language which I alone in the office under-

stood; and hence he was handed over to my care. When I left the office, I had, by dint of immense exertion, reduced his voluminous papers to a manageable form, and put the matter in such a simple train for explanation, that I never dreamt of my further aid being required. It is difficult, however, for the ablest man to take up another's work; and poor Mr. Boyle soon found himself at sea with my successor. Had I at this time made a bargain with him, he felt his case so beset with difficulties, and so likely to survive, if not to murder him, for he was then seventy-two, that he would gladly have allowed me five per cent. on all that I might recover; indeed, he hinted as much; but I neither then nor now think such a mode of doing business quite honest, or, at least, respectable. When relieved from all scruples of delicacy, by the kindness of his former solicitors, I resumed the case with all the energy I could command. His age prevented his daily coming to me; and, consequently, I spent my time, often extending far into the night, at his house. I succeeded for him to the full extent of his demand; but not till my statement of it, and my proofs, had been submitted to the keen scrutiny and close consideration of that clear-headed statesman, the late Mr. Huskisson. I shall not soon forget the grateful elation with which Mr. Boyle announced to me his success. He had been labouring for years in vain. He had spent life's best existence in painful research, in self-denying privation, in prison, in want, and in personal danger; resolved never to abandon, but with life itself, the prosecution of a case which afforded him the only prospect of satisfying creditors who owed their losses to his most unmerited misfortunes. He had at length triumphed. He frankly and gratefully acknowledged that he owed that triumph essentially to my intelligence and industry. He was placed by it in circumstances, not only of independence, but of wealth, even after paying, to the uttermost farthing, every sixpence that he owed; and to his honour it should be added, that effluxion of time had long extinguished every legal liability. His creditors nobly acknowledged his merit, for they not only returned him the interest on their debts, but presented him with an estate which cost them sixty thousand pounds. He called for my bill, and I looked on my fortune as made: it somewhat exceeded forty-one pounds, five shillings, and sixpence, and was paid to a fraction. But I lost my client! I did afterwards conduct for him an appeal to the privy council, involving a comparatively trifling sum of five or six thousand pounds, and I lost it on a point of law.

He was too noble-minded to have resented this, as the failure was not mine. I attribute his desertion of me to a very different cause, and one which, I fear, vindicated it to his own mind. Having paid his creditors in full, he wished to supersede his bankruptcy. The commission was of nearly thirty years' date; he was very old and infirm; and I collected from him, that complicated and serious accounts were still outstanding between him and the estate of his deceased partner. I deprecated the supersedeas of his bankruptcy, lest it should rip open differences which costly and perennial litigation alone could settle: he could not comprehend the difficulty, and, I fear, ascribed it to motives that he disdained,—a wish to protect him, by technical defence, from obligations that he knew were just. If this was not the cause of his alienation from me, I know it not to this hour; but so dire was the offence that I unconsciously gave him, that he limited his gratitude strictly to my demand, and cut me from that day, or nearly so, to the day of his death, twelve years after. I have met with many unaccountable disappointments in my professional career, but few of them have been more mysterious to me, than how I happened to offend this venerable client, by recovering for him half a million of money under desperate circumstances, at a cost of £41 5s. 6d.!

The Dishonest Law Trade.

It requires some dexterity to gain a *locus standi* in it: a man must not be too nice, and the less he says about character the better; a little hard, but clever swearing, now and then, will stand him in good stead; for nothing tells more with clients of this class than a dexterity in drawing safe affidavits. Let an attorney once "get his name up" for this, and he has bought a free admission for life into the whole fraternity; and then there are, indeed, glorious opportunities, the least of them not to be despised!—suits in equity to set aside annuity transactions; colourable bills of sale, to defeat the executions of just creditors; assigneeships of bankrupt estates; gaming-house prosecutions, and, "sweeter far," their compromise; exchequer informations and *qui tam* actions,—language fails to enumerate a tenth part of the prolific sources of practice to the happy man who once secures the affections of the charming set. The business of the Old Bailey is a step lower, but even here, much "good can be done;" it is no bad thing to have the run of Newgate, and be cock of the walk at Oldenwell Sessions-house. Independently of the sweets of the police-office, and the profitable *éclat* of daily figuring in the news-

paper reports, as "attending to watch" a score of cases in every part of the metropolis, it is notorious that when a thief is once captured in a "lagging" matter, he begins to set his affairs in order; and many of these fellows are "well off in the world," having abundant occasion for professional assistance in the operation. The special advantage of all business of this description is the certainty of payment; from the nature of the case, there can be no trust, and, consequently, there are no bills of costs; everything is done for ready money, and for a round sum—two guineas, ten, twenty, according to the emergency and the client's means; and if the client is hanged, there the matter ends, without taxation and without complaint.

There is still another class of legal adventurers who are a scale higher in the estimation of the world, but with very little higher merit; they are men who prowl about for bad debts, and dishonoured bills; they call on tradesmen of the better order at Midsummer or Christmas, as punctually as the tax-gatherers, and inquire the extent of bad and doubtful debts in their ledger: they buy them up according to circumstances, and obtain a rich harvest, if they can purchase five or six hundred pounds due from a score of customers, at five shillings in the pound; twenty actions are thus secured, and as many writs issued on returning to office; in half, they recover nothing but the costs; if in the remaining ten they can manage to average ten shillings in the pound, they are indemnified for the purchase-money, and pocket the costs of twenty actions by the adventure, besides the frequent chance of being incidentally introduced to some half-ruined man, who wants an attorney's aid to get white-washed by bankruptcy, or the Insolvent Court.

Periodicals.

PIC-NIC FROM THE SEPTEMBER MAGAZINES.

Buonaparte at St. Helena.—A Correspondent of the *United Service Journal*, who has never seen an accurate sketch or correct description of this interesting place, gives the following as the result of his own observations, taken on the spot. "At the distance of about four miles from James Town, at an elevation of 1,762 feet above the level of the sea, is Longwood House, the last but humble residence of one whose royal palaces were nearly as numerous as the metropolitan towns of Europe. The dwelling-house, in its best days, was a plain slated house, lying east and west, about seventy feet in length and twenty in depth, with only a ground-floor

and cock-loft, to which light was admitted through windows projecting from the roof. When it was fixed on as the temporary residence of Buonaparte, an addition was erected, at right angles to the north or front face, which served as a billiard-room. It was built on a terrace, about three feet above the level of the ground, and surrounded with a light wooden verandah, of which the pillars supported the projecting eaves. In this billiard-room, as being large and more cheerful than the other apartments of the house, Buonaparte used to spend much of his time, conversing with the companions of his exile; but it is now falling rapidly to decay. The billiard-table has been removed; the walls, which were once white, are smutted and disfigured with names and inscriptions, chiefly by French visitors, who, in their attachment to the memory of a sovereign, deserted by them in his hour of need, asperse the English in doggerel rhymes, and devoutly carry off splinters of the marble mantelpiece, and such other mementos as they can lay hands on; which, of course, they regard as sacred relics, consecrated by the presence and touch of Napoleon. The other apartments of the house are in a dilapidated state; most of them seem to be occupied only by rats and other domestic vermin; and the very room in which Napoleon breathed his last, and lay in the mournful pageantry of state, is now a ruinous stalled stable." The exterior appearance of the house corresponds with that of the inside. The apertures for windows are either built up, or little glass remains in the frames, and broken panes have been left so, or replaced with board or a wisp of straw. The walls have lost their colour from neglect and exposure to the weather; and the damp green mould, extending all round under the eaves, and descending here and there in broad tracks to the ground, shews that the roof is not impervious to rain. "Altogether, the house looks as if it could not much longer withstand the inroads of decay. In the rear of the house, and parallel with it, is a large wooden shed for cows and calves; the intervening space is inclosed within walls, connecting the contiguous gables, within which there are abundance of poultry of all kinds, implements of husbandry, heaps of manure, &c. To the right, and a little in front of the dwelling-house, is a semaphore, built of timber, a few years since, at the expense of the merchants of the island, who employ a man, at a salary of £40 a year, to keep a constant look-out, and apprise them of all new shipping arrivals. At the distance of about sixty yards from Longwood, and in front of it,

is the new house that was built for Buonaparte's reception; but, like many other acts of English generosity, too late for the purpose for which it was intended; as, by the time it was completed, he had sunk too far under his last illness to undergo the trouble and anxiety of change." It is a comfortable habitation; part of it, the writer believes, being occupied by the family of Mr. Mason, formerly a captain in the East India Company's St. Helena regiment, who, in conjunction with a shoemaker of James Town, named Moss, rent the house and farm from Government. "Not satisfied with the fruits of the soil, they turn to a profitable account the curiosity of strangers visiting the place, whom they charge 2s., 2s. 6d., and 3s. for permission to look over the premises;" these prices being asked of the writer by the different persons commissioned to sell tickets. The grounds of Longwood are tolerably well planted, and in good cultivation. "A valley extends from the house in a north-easterly direction towards the sea, through which Buonaparte attempted, on one occasion, to pass in disguise, as it is supposed, for the purpose of trying the possibility of escape: he went by several sentries without exciting suspicion; but was at length recognised by a serjeant on duty, who, taking with him two soldiers, followed at a short distance, apparently strolling in the same direction, but, at the same time, directing all his attention to the motions of the other. When Buonaparte perceived that he was discovered, knowing that further perseverance would only subject him to the indignity of seizure, he leisurely retraced his steps, and was permitted to return, without interception, to Longwood." This circumstance was mentioned to the writer by a man then in charge of the semaphore, who is a pensioner of the 66th regiment, and was, at the time of the occurrence, on duty close to the house; so that its authenticity may be relied on.

Buonaparte's Tomb.—"The direct distance from James Town to Longwood is not more than a mile and a half; but a wild and almost impassable valley intervenes, opening on the sea, and running inland for about two miles, when it suddenly terminates at the distance of about one mile and a quarter from the latter place. At the extreme end of the valley, and sheltered by the high grounds that rise above it in the form of an amphitheatre, is the narrow bed where Napoleon sleeps:

"Is the spot marked with no colossal bust,
Or column trophied from triumphal show?
—None!"

The grave is nearly east and west, and

marked by three rough flags, about three feet and a half by two each, placed side by side on a level with the turf, which, alas for human glory! were taken up from the kitchen floor of the new house; these, together with a margin, about one foot and a half in breadth, are enclosed with a plain iron railing, about four feet in height; at the south-west corner of which, and at the distance of four or five feet, grows a drooping willow: it is, at present, in a state of decay, and could never have been a fine specimen of its kind, "but it adds much to the romantic gloom of the scene; for its trunk inclines until it seems to rest on the railing, while its branches hang weepingly over the grave, and envelop it in a sombre shade. The effect is still more increased by the contrast of gay flowers which blossom in the margin inside the railing, where they were planted, probably, in accordance with that beautiful custom so prevalent in this country, of strewing with flowers and chaplets the graves of the beloved dead. A circular, or rather an elliptical, space, whose largest diameter is about thirty-five feet, is enclosed round the tomb with a wooden palisade, within which the grass is preserved in constant verdure, and no person is allowed to enter without special permission from the governor; and at one time, the willow was nearly stripped of its branches by *pseudo virtuosos*, who, to gratify a childish and selfish taste, did not hesitate to despoil Napoleon's tomb of its only natural ornament. Notwithstanding the prohibition against injuring the tree, visitors, anxious to obtain cuttings, may still be amply supplied by a boy who always attends with a quantity of them ready cut and sprouting, preserved in little vessels full of earth and water, and all fit for transplantation, which he sells at a trifling, but to him profitable, price: it is true, none of them are cut from the willow growing over the tomb, but a strong imagination will not find it difficult to invest them with the same value as if they were. At the west side of the palisade, and close to it, is the little spring, whose refreshing influence made this spot the favourite retreat of Napoleon during the summers of his detention: its waters are pure as crystal, and cold as ice, and every visitor, whether thirsty or not, is expected to take a draught of them, for which purpose several tumblers are always kept in readiness."

"A little to the north, and close to the palisade, is a wooden shed of the shape and size of a sentry-box, in which are a board of regulations to be observed by visitors, and a book for the inscription of

their names and observations. * * * The tomb and ground attached to it, are in the charge of an old man, formerly a serjeant in the East India Company's Island regiment, who expects to be rewarded by the generosity of visitors for going through the oft-repeated words strung together for the occasion, and interrupting the solemn reflections that arise from the contemplation of the solitary, unadorned grave of a conqueror, whose career was like that of a comet, glorious but terrible. It certainly was paying a grand homage to the genius of that fearful man, that even, when prostrate and shorn of his strength, surrounded by victorious nations, and deserted by his friends, the peace of Europe could not be considered secure until he was shut up on a distant and isolated rock: but his prison, at least, should have been consecrated to his memory; that island, after his death, should have been made 'all desolate and bare,' its approaches destroyed, its inhabitants removed, and the threatening inhospitable rock called 'Napoleon's Tomb.'"—[This is altogether one of the best written, and apparently most correct, descriptions of the last home of "the desolator desolate" that we remember to have read. It is a gloomy episode of our times, a contemporary reproof to human vanity, yet, withal, a melancholy instance of crushed ambition, and of a spirit bruised even to extinction—a flaming meteor—a great light flickering out,—which it is scarcely possible for a sensitive mind to contemplate without—letting fall a tear.]

Scientific Facts.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

WE continue our selection from the recent Proceedings, with a few facts of striking and popular interest.*

INTENSITY OF SOLAR LIGHT.

Professor Daubeny exhibited the model of an apparatus for obtaining a numerical estimate of the intensity of solar light, at different periods of the day, and in different parts of the globe. The contrivance consisted of a sheet of photogenic paper, moderately sensible, rolled round a cylinder, which, by means of machinery, would uncoil at a given rate, so as to expose to the direct action of the solar rays, for the space of an hour, a strip of the whole length of the sheet, and of about an inch in diameter. Between the paper and the light was to be interposed a vessel, with plane surfaces of glass at top and bottom, and in breadth corresponding with that of the strip of paper presented. This

vessel, being wedge-shaped, was fitted to contain a body of fluid of gradually increasing thickness, so that, if calculated to absorb light, the proportion intercepted would augment in a gradually increasing proportion from one extremity of the vessel to the other. Hence it was presumed, that the discoloration arising from the action of light, would proceed along the surface of the paper, to a greater or less extent, accordingly as the intensity of the sun's light enabled it to penetrate through a greater or lesser thickness of the fluid employed. The results were to be registered, by measuring, each evening, by scale, how many degrees the discoloration had proceeded along the surface of the paper exposed to light, during each successive hour of the preceding day. To render the instrument self-registering, some contrivance for placing the paper always in a similar position with reference to the sun, must, of course, be superadded. Mr. Jackson thought, that a heliostat, for throwing the reflected light of the sun upon the instrument, would be objectionable; and suggested, in preference, that the heliostat should rather turn the instrument to the sun; an alteration to which Dr. Daubeny assented. Prof. Forbes interposed some doubts and objections, though he thought the suggestions valuable. Dr. Daubeny, in conclusion, observed, that the indications of the scale were not intended to furnish absolute, but only relative, results.

DAGUERRE'S PHOTOGENIC PROCESS.

Mr. Talbot, in concluding some remarks on this interesting novelty, questioned whether M. Daguerre's substance was greatly superior in sensitiveness to the English photogenic paper, as repeatedly stated in the *Comptes Rendus* of the French Institute. The first, or direct effect of the French method was very little apparent, and was increased by a subsequent process; so that it was difficult to institute a direct experimental comparison between them. If it could be accomplished, he doubted whether M. Daguerre's substance would be found much more sensitive than his. The present degree of sensitiveness of the photogenic paper was stated to be as follows: it will take an impression from a common Argand lamp in one minute; which is visible, though weak. In ten minutes the impression is a pretty strong one; in full daylight the effect is nearly instantaneous. M. Arago had mentioned that M. Daguerre had obtained some indications of colour, which Mr. Talbot stated to the Royal Society in January last, although M. Arago had omitted to refer it. Since then, more considerable effects have been noticed. In copying a

* Abridged from the *Athenæum*.

coloured print, the colours are visible on the photograph, especially the red, which is very distinct. Some descriptions of photogenic paper shew this more than others; but no means have yet been found of *fixing* those colours; and sunshine reduces them to a uniformity of mere light and shade. Sir John Herschel has formed images of the solar spectrum, in which the change of colour is seen from end to end of the spectrum, but most clearly at the red end. Mr. Talbot then mentioned a kind of photogenic pictures which afford a very capricious phenomenon. The objects are represented of a reddish colour on a white ground, and the process leaving the pictures neither fixed nor the contrary, but in an intermediate state; *i.e.* when they are exposed to sunshine they neither remain unchanged (as *fixed* pictures would do), nor are they destroyed (as *unfixed* pictures would be); but the white ground remains unaltered, while the colour of the object delineated on it changes from reddish to black with great rapidity, after which no further change takes place. Mr. Talbot, in an ensuing conversation, stated the sensibility of the surface to heat and cold to be very great, and to have an advantage over any sympathetic inks with which he was acquainted. Some of the photogenic specimens exhibited in the Model Room had been completed in one minute, and the most finished in five. Time seemed to injure some, and some kinds of paper recovered their whiteness after having been blackened by exposure to light.

On Friday the 13th inst., the first experiments made in this country with the instrument and process of M. Daguerre, were exhibited by M. St. Croix, (who has just arrived from Paris,) in the presence of a select number of scientific men and artists. The apparatus is similar to that employed in the camera-obscura. The invention is a great improvement on photogenic drawing, inasmuch as the representations of existing objects are more perfect, the minute details more accurately preserved, and, to a slight degree, the tints of colour secured. The shadow is not taken on paper, but on a thin plate of copper, plated with silver; this plate, before being placed in the box of the camera-obscura, is gently heated by a spirit lamp, by which, it is said, a slight voltaic principle is developed. It is then carefully prepared by a mixture of sulphuric acid and levigated pounce; and, being rubbed very bright, is placed in a box, in which it is subjected to the vapour of iodine. The room is then darkened; at the expiration of twenty minutes, the plate is taken from the box, subjected to some other chemical process,

and placed in the box of the camera-obscura, where it remains about twenty minutes: when removed from this last place, no vestige of a picture appears upon the plate, which is perfectly bright. It is next placed in a box, and exposed to the vapour of mercury heated to eighty-five degrees of Centigrade, in which having remained about a quarter of an hour, the plate exhibits a perfect representation of the object or objects which have been conveyed into the focus of the camera-obscura box. It is then washed with a solution of sulphur, and is complete. The place of exhibition was No. 7, Piccadilly, nearly opposite the southern crescent of Regent-street; and the picture produced was a beautiful miniature representation of the houses, pathway, sky, &c., resembling an exquisite mezzotint. The experiments were perfectly satisfactory.—*Times*.

Varieties.

Philadelphia is the most aristocratic city in the Union. One family will live at No. 1, and another at No. 2 in the same street; both have similar establishments; both keep their carriages; both be well educated, and both may talk of their grandfathers and grandmothers; and yet No. 1 will tell you that No. 2 is nobody, and you must not visit there; and when you inquire why? there is no other answer, but that they are not of the right sort.—*Capt. Mayryat*.

Coroner's Inquests.—In Germany, is a considerable improvement upon our system of Coroner's Inquests. "Forensic physicians are supplied with documents from Government, where every organ of the body is enumerated, which are returned filled up with the morbid appearances under each head."—*Dr. G. Bird*.

The Boa.—At Rotterdam, a short time since, a boa-constrictor very nearly destroyed its keeper. He was about to give the boa a young living goat, when the reptile, which had become ravenous by being kept three months without food, in its eagerness, wound its folds round the arm of the keeper, and would, in all probability, have crushed him to death, had not timely aid arrived.

Irish Gentry.—The O'Brolchain's are still a numerous family in Derry; and though they call themselves O'Brollaghan in speaking Irish, they generally adopt the name of Bradley in English. The Irish popular allusion to their fallen state—"He is a gentleman of the Brollaghans," commonly applied to persons poor and proud, has, probably, influenced them in this change of their name to that of an English family.

Beer for St. Helena is brewed by Bass, who, from calculating the effects of change of temperature on fermenting liquors, has so exactly ascertained the due proportions of malt and hops in its composition, that, on the voyage out, it undergoes the necessary degree of effervescence (?) to reconcile and blend the opposing ingredients; and, although unfit for use in England, and not sufficiently strong to keep in England, it possesses, in St. Helena, a sparkling clearness and pleasant flavour.—*United Service Journal*.

The Thermometer.—Dr. Ure regrets that chemists in this country do not substitute Reaumur's thermometer for that of Fahrenheit, as the divisions of the latter are very anomalous.

Similes.—When the celebrated Colonel David Crockett first saw a locomotive, with the train smoking along the railway, he exclaimed as it flew past, "Hell in harness, by the tarnation!" Nothing surprised the Indians so much at first, as the percussion-caps for guns: they thought them the *ne plus ultra* of invention: when, therefore, an Indian was first shewn a locomotive, he reflected a little while, and then said, "I see—*Percussion*."—*Captain Marryat*.

Slavery in Britain.—The common people in the Scotch collieries were no better than serfs or slaves at a recent period as the year 1775.—*New Stat. Acc. Scotland*.

Chancery Suit.—I once came into a suit that had survived three solicitors, two generations of clients, three chancellors (Lord Eldon *inter alios*), and more than half the masters. It fairly promised an annuity to my grandchildren; but, like a conscientious fool as I was, I compromised it in the second year of my acquaintance with its very peculiar merits, and saved £2,000 out of the fire for somebody, though many a year passed over before we could discover who the "somebody" was.—*Adventures of an Attorney, &c.*

The British Association.—Whatever may be Mr. Babbage's motives for his secession from this society, they must be strangely at variance with his opinions expressed in *The Economy of Machinery and Manufactures*, 1832; wherein he represents the Association to be "almost necessary for the purpose of science;" "by this intercourse, light will be thrown upon the characters of men," and the pretender and the charlatan will be driven into merited obscurity." See pp. 311-12.

Bartholomew Fair.—The Lord Mayor has stated in public, that there was no law but the law of custom to compel him to proclaim Bartholomew Fair; that the fair has been held by charter from Charles II., and that the Lord Mayor has always pro-

claimed it; but that he intends to propose, in the Court of Aldermen, the total abolition of the fair.

The Two Legs.—An inexperienced young bride being asked by her cook to choose her dinners during the honey-moon, was anxious that her ignorance should not peep out. She called to mind *one* dish, and one dish only, and that she knew by name; it was a safe one, and substantial too—"a leg of mutton." So, several days the leg of mutton came obedient to the mistress's order. Perhaps the cook was weary of it; at last she ventured to inquire, "Should you not like some other thing to-day, ma'am?" "Yes, let us have a leg of beef, for change."—*Metropolitan*. [We hope to see more entries from "The Day-Book."]

Rainy England.—Westmoreland and Devonshire are the two rainiest counties in England. At Kirkby Lonsdale, lying just on the outer margin of the lake district, one-fifth more rain is computed to fall than in the adjacent counties on the same side of England. But it is also notorious, that the western side of the island universally is more rainy than the east. Collins calls it the Showery West.—*Tait's Magazine*.

The Peerage.—Equals always say, "My Lord Durham has returned from Canada," &c.; an inferior will say, "Lord Durham has returned from Canada," &c.—*Metropolitan*.

Buckingham Palace is clearly the cheapest royal residence that England, or, perhaps, any other kingdom, can boast of; having been built for one sovereign, and furnished for another.—*Ibid.*

The present Sultan is gaining popularity by his attempts to restore many old customs, which were abolished during the last reign, especially those more immediately connected with the rights of his religion. He has just ordered the portraits of his late father, which were carried with great pomp to the different barracks and public offices, to be taken down, and removed from the public sight: this act has made him very popular; so that we may anticipate the general retrogression of the empire.

Birmingham, Bristol, and Thames Junction Railway, it is stated, will exceed the parliamentary estimate by only £4,000; and Mr. Hosking, the engineer, calculates on the line being opened by Michaelmas.

Birmingham Railway.—The journey of 112½ miles is now performed in five hours, stoppages included.

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CONDUCTED BY JOHN TIMMS, ELEVEN YEARS EDITOR OF "THE MIRROR."

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Price 2d.

The Mausoleum of Shakspeare.



STRATFORD-UPON-AVON CHURCH.
THE CHANCEL, (RESTORED.)

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON CHURCH.

It has been truly said that "England, if not the country of cathedrals, is at least the land of churches;" and amongst the beautiful and venerable religious edifices with which our island is adorned, we may safely add, that, as far as respects the universal interest it excites, the subject of the accompanying engraving is unequalled. Besides the charm of its association with the magic name of Shakspeare, its situation, its antiquity, and its architectural beauty, are all conducive to this conclusion.

From its former connexion with a body of priests inhabiting an adjoining structure, the church is still called Collegiate. It is situated at the south-eastern extremity of the town, on the banks of the "soft-flowing Avon;" its spacious cemetery is embosomed in lofty elms and yews, and the building itself is approached, from the street, through an avenue of lime-trees; whose boughs are "curiously interlaced, so as to form, in summer, an arched-way of foliage.... The graves are overgrown with grass, the grey tomb-stones—some of them nearly sunk into the earth—are half covered with moss; which has likewise tinted the reverend old building."

The church is a cruciform structure; consisting of a nave and aisles (in which divine service is now performed), a transept, surmounted by a tower and spire; and a chancel, or choir, forming the eastern extremity. The oldest parts are the tower and parts of the transept. Dugdale considers the whole church "of very ancient structure; little less than the Conqueror's time, as I guess by the fabric of the steeple;" but Mr. Britton infers, from the character of the windows and mouldings, that these oldest existing portions were built towards the latter end of the twelfth century (*temp.* Richard I. or John); when the Norman or semicircular style began to fall into disuse.

The nave is entered by a porch opening into the north aisle; which latter, as well as the nave itself, appears to have been built about the year 1280 (*temp.* Edw. I.). In 1337, John of Stratford, archbishop of Canterbury, bought the church from the see of Worcester, to which it had belonged from the Saxon era; and appropriated it to the endowment of a chantry he had founded five years before, in the south aisle. Soon afterwards, the south aisle was entirely rebuilt by this prelate. The

whole of this division of the church is lofty and elegant, and receives a flood of light from six pointed windows in each aisle, and double that number of clerestory windows above; the latter forming, in the words of Mr. Britton, "a continued window both to the north and south." The nave is 103 feet long, and retains, at the east end, a portion of its ancient timber roof.

The transept, as already mentioned, is of the time of the twelfth century; but was repaired about three centuries later by the executors of Sir Hugh Clopton, a native of Stratford, and Lord Mayor of London. Dugdale incorrectly ascribes to the executors the entire rebuilding of the transept. The tower is supported on four pointed arches, remarkable, not only for boldness of design and skilful construction; but, (as well as the decorations of both tower and transept) for affording very early instances of the use of forms and ornaments, subsequently of frequent occurrence. The tower is twenty-eight feet square, and eighty feet high, and contains six bells; it was formerly surmounted by a spire of timber forty-two feet high, the present stone spire, eighty-three feet in height, having been erected in 1763.

We now approach the most interesting and sacred portion of this venerated edifice—the *chancel*, or, as it is designated by Dugdale, the *queere*. This was built by Thomas Balsall, Dean of the College, between 1465 and 1491 (*temp.* Edw. IV.); and its original condition, and even the appearance it presented to the eye of Shakspeare, must have been truly splendid. But, alas! the "Bard of Avon's" shrine was doomed to desecration and neglect; and, until within the last few years, seemed hastening rapidly into decay and ruin. We will quote the words of Mr. Britton, in describing, even so lately as May, 1836, its lamentably disfigured state:—"The windows, originally filled with richly-stained glass, have now plain glass of the commonest kind; and the whole interior surface of the walls and ceiling is covered with lime-wash—glaring to the eye, and offensive to true taste. The ceiling is flat, and badly plastered; the side walls are stained and disfigured; the pavement is uneven and broken; and part of the area is occupied with pews. A common German stove, with iron shaft piercing one of the windows, and other similar improprieties, are allowed to disfigure this once beautiful and always interesting apartment." Yet, notwithstanding these and other drawbacks, Mr. Britton adds, that "it exhibits an unity, harmony, and symmetry, which cannot

* The right of presentation has been transferred from the see of Canterbury into other hands. The present vicar, Mr. Davenport, is in his eighty-eighth year, and has held the appointment the greater part of his life. He is beloved and respected by every inhabitant of Stratford.

fail to please the eye, and satisfy the judgment." Fortunately, the mausoleum of Shakespeare was not allowed to remain in this degraded state. In the year 1834, a committee of the nobility and gentry of the county was formed, under the auspices of the Royal Shakespeare Club, at Stratford, and a public subscription set on foot, with a view to remove the stoves, pews, and whitewash from the chancel; and so to drain and secure the foundation, as effectually to check the progress of that decay which otherwise appeared inevitable. A London committee was formed by Mr. Britton, in the autumn of 1835, and by the month of April following, nearly £800 had been subscribed, the sum from each individual being limited to £1. At the celebration of the poet's birth-day in the latter month, a design for the erection of a new timber-framed roof, in place of the dilapidated plaster ceiling, was exhibited, and unanimously adopted. This was the production of Harvey Eginton, Esq., architect, of Worcester, to whose superintendence the execution of it was confided; Mr. Hamilton being the builder employed for the occasion.* By the succeeding anniversary, considerable progress was made in the work of restoration; and the collection of funds in various ways, in order still more fully to carry out the intentions of the committee, is still proceeding.†

But it is time to refer briefly to the present condition and appearance of the chancel. This part of the structure is sixty-six feet in length by twenty-eight in breadth, and about forty feet high. It has five large and fine windows on each side, with mullions and tracery, as shewn in the engraving; and a larger window at the east end, on each side of which is a canopied niche. The whole of the roof, from the grouped stone corbels between the windows, is entirely new: it is strictly in harmony with the style prevalent when the chancel was built, and accords also with the remains of the roof of the nave. The ribs are of good sound Memel timber, cased with oak; except those which spring from the stone corbels to the angel brackets, which are of solid oak; and the curves, or featherings, rising from the angels, which are of cast iron. These exceptions serve to relieve the walls from a great deal of lateral pressure; the thrust of the roof

being conveyed downwards to that part of the walls, which, strengthened externally by the original buttresses, is well able to sustain it. The shields on the respective summits of each window, as well as those held by the angels, and the smaller ones of the spandrels of the principals, are embellished with the armorial bearings of the principal contributors to the restoration. Great care has been taken to secure the foundations, and the perpendicularity of the walls has been restored. The floor has been entirely repaved with squares of black and white marble, laid diagonally;* and the altar-railings and stalls are new.

During all the operations which have been carried on, the grave-stone and the monument of Shakespeare, as well as the memorials of the other members of his family, have been carefully preserved from injury. The monument is shewn in the engraving, closely adjoining the doorway on the left (or northern) side of the chancel. It comprises a bust of "the Poet for all time," writing, before a cushion, and enclosed within two Corinthian columns and a semicircular arch; the entablature bearing his coat of arms, and two figures of mourning children. The bust, as our readers may be aware, was originally coloured to represent the dress and personal appearance of the great original, but was "whitewashed" at the suggestion of Malone, in 1793. Much discussion took place soon after the erection of Shakespeare's monument in Westminster Abbey, as to the resemblance or non-resemblance of this bust to the original; but numerous circumstances conspire to favour the belief in its authenticity. Mr. Wheeler, the historian of Stratford, supposes, on almost unquestionable grounds, that the monument was erected, at the cost of Dr. Hall, Shakespeare's son-in-law, within seven years after the poet's death; and that it was executed by Mr. T. Stanton, a native artist, who was also the sculptor of other monuments in the church, and was, probably, an acquaintance and associate of Shakespeare. Mr. Boaden observes of this bust: "The first remark that occurs on viewing it, is, that it represents our bard in the act of composition, and in his gayest mood. The *vis comica* so brightens his countenance, that it is hardly a stretch of fancy to suppose him in the actual creation of Falstaff himself." * * The performance is not too good for a native sculptor; but, with all abatement to the artist's skill, who was neither a Nollekens nor a Chantrey, he must, probably, have had so many means of right information, worked so near the bard's time, and was so conscious of the importance of his task, that this must

* Mr. Eginton's services have been afforded throughout voluntarily and gratuitously. It is to be hoped that the committee will not neglect to mark the gratitude which is due to his liberality and attention, no less than to his skill and enthusiasm.

† On the 29th ult., and three following days, a bazaar, or "fancy fair," was held in the Town Hall, the profits of which were carried to the Restoration Fund. On the first day £750 were collected; and the net profits of the four days are estimated at upwards of £800.

* Surely, this is in questionable taste.—*Ed. L. W.*

always be regarded as a pleasing and faithful, if not a flattering, resemblance of the great poet." Washington Irving likewise says: "The aspect is pleasant and serene, with a finely arched forehead; and I thought I could read in its clear indications of that cheerful, social disposition, by which he was as much characterised among his contemporaries as by the vastness of his genius." We cannot better close our remarks than with a further quotation from the same delightful writer:—"There are other monuments around, but the mind refuses to dwell on anything that is not connected with Shakspeare. His idea pervades the place: the whole pile seems but as his mausoleum. The feelings, no longer checked and thwarted by doubt, here indulge in perfect confidence: other traces of him may be false or dubious; but here is palpable evidence and absolute certainty. As I trod the sounding pavement, there was something intense and thrilling in the idea, that, in very truth, the remains of Shakspeare were mouldering beneath my feet." It was a long time before I could prevail upon myself to leave the place; and, as I passed through the churchyard, I plucked a branch from one of the yew-trees, the only relic that I have brought from Stratford."

Our illustration is copied from a beautiful engraving by Turnbull and Havell, after a drawing by Thompson; which has been jointly published by Mr. Britton, the Secretary of the London Committee, and Mr. Eginton, the architect. • T. J.

Spirit of Discovery.

THE ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.

THE *Erebus* and *Terror* have, at length, left the British shores upon their very interesting Expedition to the South. Of the vessels, their "extensive philosophical equipments," and proceedings, the *Literary Gazette*, of the 14th inst., contains an original and ably drawn up account. Of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, some description will be found in the *Literary World*, page 400.

"The provision of scientific instruments (says the *Gazette*), under the superintendence of the Royal Society, is very complete; and double sets, to supply the loss of any which may be broken, or rendered useless, seem almost to furnish the commander's cabin. The phenomena of terrestrial magnetism will be independently observed throughout the voyage; and also in connexion with the new observatories about to be established at St. Helena, the Cape, Van Diemen's Land, &c. The declination, inclination, and

intensity of the magnet, will thus form tables of the utmost importance towards solving this great problem. The declination instrument, the horizontal and the vertical force magnetometers, are constructed under the direction of Professor Lloyd, of Dublin; and there are, besides, dip circles, transits with azimuth circles, and chronometers of the most approved construction. There are also pendulums for ascertaining the true figure of the earth, thermometers for determining the temperature of the sea at given depths; other blackened thermometers to measure the atmospheric temperature at different latitudes; photometric sensitive paper for experiments on light; barometers to be observed during storms, white squalls, &c.; glasses for sidereal observations (particularly on the variable stars, Hydræ and Argus); drawing utensils; repositories for geological, botanical, and natural history specimens; actinometers for finding the forces of solar and terrestrial radiation; hygrometers, Osler's anemometers, rain gauges, electrometers, skeleton registers of every needful kind. The earlier proceedings of the voyage will lead the Expedition to St. Helena, where Lieutenant Eardly Wilmot, of the Royal Engineers, who goes out in the *Erebus*, will be left in charge of the new observatory. Next, at the Cape, will be landed, for the like purpose, another officer. The vessels then make their way across the ocean, touching at and examining Kerguelen's Land, Amsterdam, and other islands, either known or imperfectly reported. Arrived at Van Diemen's Land, the instruments, &c. for the observatory will be sent ashore; and, whilst it is erecting, they will cruise to various points. On their return they will start *de novo* in a direct southern course, between 120 degrees and 160 degrees east longitude towards the Antarctic Pole; and it is a singular and fortunate thing, that, in this direction, during the present season, a ship of Mr. Enderby's has discovered land on both sides of the longitudes we have indicated, in about sixty-five and sixty-eight degrees of south latitude.* These shores have been named Sabrina Land, seen March, 1839, and Balleny Isle, seen February, 1839;† and between them, as well as upon them, the efforts of the *Erebus* and *Terror* will, in the first instance, be employed. How far they may penetrate is in the hands of Providence.

* Of these recent discoveries in the southern hemisphere, Mr. Bate, of the Poultry, has just published an excellent chart, under the superintendence of Captain Beaufort. They appear like the pillars of a gateway, between which the Expedition should pass.—Ed. L. G.

† See a notice of this discovery, *Literary World*, p. 312.

They will afterwards circumnavigate the Pole, and try in every quarter to reach the highest point, whether near Enderby's Land, discovered in 1832, or by Captain Weddell's furthest reach, about seventy-three degrees, in 1823. It is between Sabrina Land and Balleny Isle, to the northward, in about latitude fifty degrees, and east longitude 140 degrees, that it is expected the south magnetic pole will be found. Strange, if he who discovered either that of the north, or so near an approach to it as Capt. James Ross did, should also ascertain this long-sought phe-

New Books.

DAGUERRE ON PHOTOGENIC DRAWING.

[THIS important yet brief work, (for it extends but to seventy-six pages,) is a translation of M. Daguerre's own account of his recent Discovery, published in Paris about a fortnight since. Its title-page runs thus :

"History and Practice of PHOTOGENIC DRAWING on the true Principles of the DAGUERRETYPE, with the New Method of DIORAMIC PAINTING; published by order of the French Government. By the Inventor, L. J. M. DAGUERRE, Officer of the Legion of Honour, and Member of various Academies. Translated from the Original by J. S. MEMES, LL.D." &c.

In his Preface, the translator, with honest enthusiasm, characterizes Daguerre's work as "the first manual of a new science," "exhibiting a faithful record of the progress, the hopes, disappointments, and success of two men, who, in the term of their successive efforts for twenty-five years, laboured incessantly in search of the invention."

The contents are classified in four chapters. The first comprises the Bill for rewarding the inventors, granting to M. Daguerre, an annual pension for life of 6,000 francs, (£250 sterling); to M. Niepce, jun., a similar pension of 4,000 francs, (£166 13s. 4d.); these pensions being one-half in reversion to the widows of the inventors. Next is the Bill presented by the Minister of the Interior, M. Duchâtel, to the Chamber of Deputies in June last, proposing the above grants, explaining the partnership of M. Daguerre and Niepce, and bearing M. Arago's guarantee for accuracy. The Commission appointed to examine the discovery were the following members of the Chamber, MM. Arago, Etienne, Carl, Vatout, de Beaumont, Tournouer, Delessert (François), Combarel de Leyval, and Vitet, all names distinguished in science. The Special Commission of Peers was composed of Barons Athalin, Besson, Gay Lussac, the Marquis De

Laplace, Vicomte Siméon, Baron Thénard, and the Comte de Noé. The next documents are Arago's very minute and interesting Report to the Deputies, and a similar Report from the Special Commission to the Peers. In these papers we notice a discrepancy: the translator stating, in a note to the Deputies' Report, that the apparatus costs, at present, in Paris, about £20; whereas, in the Peers' Report, the expense is stated at about 400 francs, (£12 sterling.)

Chapter II. includes the practical and historical details of the invention; and relates the partnership of Niepce and Daguerre; with experiments and improvements. A proof of Daguerre's priority to Niepce, is the application of iodine, which constitutes the great distinction between the processes of the two experimenters; "in a word," says the translator, "between the approximation and the real principle."

Chapter III. is, however, still more practical in its details, as a quotation will shew:]

The designs are executed upon thin plates of silver, plated on copper. Although the copper serves principally to support the silver foil, the combination of the two metals tends to the perfection of the effect. The silver must be the purest that can be procured. As to the copper, its thickness ought to be sufficient to maintain the perfect smoothness and flatness of the plate, so that the images may not be distorted by the warping of the tablet; but unnecessary thickness beyond this is to be avoided, on account of the weight. The thickness of the two metals united, ought not to exceed that of a stout card.

The process is divided into five operations.

1. The first consists in polishing and cleaning the plate, in order to prepare it for receiving the sensitive coating, upon which the light traces the design.

2. The second is to apply this coating.

3. The third is the placing the prepared plate properly in the camera obscura to the action of light, for the purpose of receiving the image of Nature.

4. The fourth brings out this image, which at first is not visible on the plate being withdrawn from the camera obscura.

5. The fifth and last operation has for its object, to remove the sensitive coating on which the design is first impressed, because this coating would continue to be affected by the rays of light, a property which would necessarily and quickly destroy the picture.

[The operations are then minutely described; under the third of which is the

following passage on the time necessary for producing a design, which depends entirely on the intensity of light on the objects, the imagery of which is to be reproduced. At Paris, for example, this varies from three to thirty minutes.]

It is likewise to be remarked, that the seasons, as well as the hour of the day, exert considerable influence on the celerity of the operation. The most favourable time is from seven to three o'clock; and a drawing which, in the months of June and July, at Paris, may be taken in three or four minutes, will require five or six in May or August, seven or eight in April and September, and so on in proportion to the progress of the season. These are only general data for very bright or strongly illuminated objects, for it often happens that twenty minutes are necessary in the most favourable months, when the objects are entirely in shadow.

The latitude is, of course, a fixed element in this calculation. In the south of France, for example, and generally in all those countries in which light has great intensity, as Spain, Italy, &c., we can easily understand that these designs must be obtained with greater promptitude than in more northern regions. It is, however, very important not to exceed the time necessary, in different circumstances, for producing a design, because, in that case, the lights in the drawing will not be clear, but will be blackened by a too-prolonged solarization. If, on the contrary, the time has been too short, the sketch will be very vague, and without the proper details.

[To preserve the sketches, place them in squares of strong pasteboard, with a glass over them, and frame the whole in wood: they will thenceforth be unalterable, even by the sun's light. It has, however, been proposed to preserve these exquisite works by means of a coat of varnish; upon which M. Daguerre notes:]

The author made attempts to preserve his sketches by means of different varnishes obtained from succinum, copal, Indian rubber, wax, and various resins; but he has observed, that, by the application of any varnish whatsoever, the lights in these sketches were considerably weakened, and, at the same time, the deeper tones were hidden. To this disadvantage was added the still greater injury from the decomposition of the mercury by all the varnishes tried; this effect, which did not become apparent till after the lapse of two or three months, terminated in a total destruction of the forms of the objects represented. Even had this not been the case, the author would have deemed it a sufficient reason for rejecting all varnishes, that they injured the vigour and clearness

of the lights. The quality most to be desired in the new art, is this intensity of tone in the contrast of the lights and shadows.

[As the several illustrative details of the Photogenic Art have, from time to time, appeared in the *Literary World*, we shall scarcely be expected to quote the instructions from the work before us; the utility of which is best denoted by the translator's statement, that, by its aid, the apparatus may be constructed cheaply, and by any one. "The thickness of the coating," observes a French philosopher, "will be estimated when we shall be able to weigh light, or find a third proportional between time and eternity."

The several instructions are illustrated by six pages of outline diagrams of the requisite apparatus, so that inexperienced operators may soon become adroit manipulators. Thus, Plate I. shews the wire frame for supporting the plate while heating; the "plate of plated silver" on which the design is made; the board upon which the plate is laid; the spirit-lamp, and the muslin bag, with pumice powder for polishing. Plate II. shews the box for iodine, used in the second operation; and a grooved case for preserving the plates from injury. Plate III. "represents four different positions of the frame into which the plate with its wooden tablet is put, on removal from the iodine process;" the objects being, to adapt the plate to the camera obscura, and to protect the iodine coating from the action of light till the moment in which it receives the focal image. Plate IV. shews the camera obscura, as adapted to Photogenic Delineation. Plate V. represents three views of the apparatus for submitting the plate to the vapour of mercury; a kind of case, provided with a spirit lamp, and a thermometer on one side to denote the rate of the process. Plate VI. shews various apparatus for the last operation of washing the plate; as three troughs, with the plate placed therein; the funnel for filtering (not "purifying," which is a very untechnical phrase,) the saline wash; a little hook for shaking the plate while in the wash; and a wide-mouthed bottle for warming the distilled water—such a vessel as we have seen brought to table, filled with hot water for the less philosophical process of mixing "grog." Altogether, these illustrations are very minute, yet not more so than was requisite for "operators;" for the process is one of extreme nicety. The fourth and last chapter elucidates another new art, invented by Daguerre—the principle and practical details of Dioramic Painting; and, at the outset, we learn that, however the Diorama may

have been admired in England, we have not here seen the most successful pictures. There are]

The Midnight Mass—Land-slip in the Valley of Goldau—The Temple of Solomon—and The Cathedral of Saint Marie de Montréal. Each of these paintings has been exhibited with the alternate effects of night and day gradually stealing over them. To these effects of light were added others, arising from the decomposition of form, by means of which, as for example, in the *Midnight Mass*, figures appeared where the spectators had just beheld seats, altars, &c.; or, again, as in *The Valley of Goldau*, in which rocks tumbling from the mountains replaced the prospect of a smiling valley.

[All who have seen the dioramic pictures, whether in the French or English capital, will be especially gratified with the explanations of "the Pictorial Processes."

In a note is related the following very gratifying anecdote of Daguerre's extreme modesty and great personal worth:]

On the 19th August, when the secret of the process was to be for the first time publicly announced in the Institut, M. Arago began his admirable address on this occasion, by apologizing for his taking apparently the place of another: "I have to express my regret that the inventor of this most ingenious apparatus has not himself undertaken to explain all its properties. This morning, even, I begged—I entreated the able artist to yield to a wish which I well knew is universal; but a bad sore throat—fear of not being able to render himself intelligible without the aid of plates; in short," added the philosopher, with admirable feeling, "a little too much modesty—a burthen that the world bears so lightly—proved obstacles which I have not been fortunate enough to surmount. I hope, then, I shall be pardoned the appearance which I am this day proud to make before this assembly." M. Arago's explanations were delivered without notes; his eloquence, so admirably adapted to the subject, could only be exceeded by the *reverential attention* with which his explanations were heard by probably the largest meeting that had ever assembled in the halls of the Institut. M. Daguerre is ardently devoted to his profession; and, on looking at some of his pictures, it is hardly possible not to believe that he has taken lessons from his own secret, in a most skilful management of the lights which they exhibit. A pleasing proof of his simple love of art appears in his title-page, which thus announces the author—"by Daguerre, painter," &c.

[We may here mention, that since the

experiments quoted in our last Number from the *Times*, M. S. Croix has removed the exhibition from Piccadilly to the Argyll Rooms, in Regent-street. We have there seen the plate referred to in the above report, and can join testimony to its exquisite minuteness. The effect is, however, wholly unfitted for representation by way of engraving in our miscellany. In the exhibition-room, our attention was drawn to a fine photogenic copy of a Rembrandt, by Havell, which in delicacy and softness of tint is strangely at variance with the "fac-simile" engravings commonly seen; the latter affording a very inadequate idea of the characteristics of the new art. Of course, Daguerre's process, in scientific merit, takes long

yield in its hold on the multitude. The publishers of the translation of Daguerre's exposition, it should be added, deserve praise for the low price at which they have produced this little work; and we trust that such enterprise will be repaid by an extensive sale. Economy of publication is one of the best methods of rendering science popular, by making its delights accessible by all classes.]

Varieties.

Cock-fighting in St. Helena.—There is a strong temptation to this wicked sport in the fine breed of cocks produced in the island, evidently possessing an admixture of Malay blood; but not attaining the size that they do in India.

The New Magistrate.—He was a low-bred, nasty-tempered individual, but his money had the usual effect of making him a country gentleman, and a county magistrate. As soon as he became a beak, he shewed his talons, and had spring-guns, steel-traps, and spikes, set all over his estates; would not allow a cur of any kind to be kept by any cottager, and sent every man to prison whom he suspected of wiring a hare, or trapping a rabbit. He shot all the foxes in his covers, and spiked the gapways and gates, to prevent the hounds coming upon his grounds, and allowed no one a day's sporting of any kind. The game that he killed he sent up to London, exchanging it for wine and fish, and kept all his servants to dine on rabbits, until they nauseated the very sight of them.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

Agriculture.—It has been stated, that if all England were cultivated as well as the counties of Northumberland and Lincoln, it would produce more than double the quantity of food that is now obtained.

The Eel.—Dr. Buckland, in some observations on the adaptation of the covering of animals to the medium in which they live, adduces the minute scales of the eel, covered over with mucus, to protect it in the mud; this mucus preventing the scales from being grated or injured.

An American Judge sits on his bench half asleep, with his hat on, and his coat and shoes off; his heels kicking upon the railing, or table, which is as high, or higher than his head; his toes peeping through a pair of old worsted stockings, and a huge quid of tobacco in his cheek.—*Captain Murrat.*

What sort of Morning?—Old General—used to ask his servant—"John, what sort of morning is it?" "A slibbery, slobbery morning, Sir." Then close the curtains, John, and call me this time to-morrow, if it be fine."—*Metropolitan.*

An Auction Sale.

"Alack! 'tis sad, when the sacred hearth
Is throng'd by public wonder;
And the thousand things that made its worth,
To manhood's thought, and to childhood's mirth,
Are shar'd by civil plunder."
New Monthly Magazine.

County Directories.—The Messrs. Robsons are extending their Directory system from the metropolis throughout the provinces. They have nearly ready for publication a "Commerciale Directory" of Essex, Herts, Kent, Middlesex, Surrey, and Sussex; Beds, Bucks, Cambridge, Huntingdon, Norfolk, and Suffolk; with a map of each county, 20½ in. by 16½ in. The utility of such a work, if well executed, must be evident.

Marriage.—Appended to a paper on the Educational Statistics of Birmingham, recently read to the British Association, are some pathological and physiological remarks, from which it appears that the imperfection of the senses most frequently occurs in the offspring of marriages between first cousins, and other near relations.

Oxford-street Experimental Pavement.—The granite, filled in with Claridge's asphalt, and the granite grouted, are in excellent condition. The Bastenne Gaudet bitumen shews slight ruts. The surface of the wooden blocks is as smooth and even as when first laid down; the wood is sound, and the wear scarcely perceptible; consequently, the committee have recommended this mode of paving as equal to the traffic of Oxford-street, "subject to certain regulations."

Letter from a Gamekeeper.—"Sir, oblige me by krummin over the day after nex. I wants to kill a hep of gam. Master's oldest son's goin to stan for M.P., and I'm to be the fecters as will vote for us a basket of gam. You nos our manners—

kum cross lore farm, and shut all you sees in your rode. Your obedient servant, Long Tom. P.S. Kum arly, and the onder kipper will git brekfist redly."—*New Monthly Magazine.*

The Tournament.—When it was first intimated that the Duke of Beaufort would not attend the Tournament, at Eglintoun, the report reached the ears of Theodore Hook at a dinner-table not a hundred miles from Kensington Gore. "How's that?" inquired Theodore hastily; "Beaufort not go to the Tournament—nonsense, impossible!" "*Tarda podagra* won't consent," was the rejoinder; "steel boots are not very comfortable in the gout." "Pooh, pooh," said the wit, "the gout needn't baulk him, *can't he wear his list shoes?*"—*Sporting Review.*

Twelfth-cake.—Some kind heart supplied the Antarctic Expedition vessels with a twelfth-cake, to be opened on the 6th of January, 1840! The diameter of the globe will then be between the giver and the receiver.—*Literary Gazette.*

Mr. Thomas Constable has been appointed Her Majesty's printer in Edinburgh.—*Scotsman.*

The Botanical Magazine.—Of this work, commenced by William Curtis, the celebrated botanist, who died in 1799, there were 3,000 copies sold monthly; a number, we should think, scarcely since paralleled by any similar work.

COMPLETION OF VOL. I.

It now becomes our pleasant duty to thank the public for the daily increasing patronage of the LITERARY WORLD from its commencement; and to add our assurance of unsparring exertion to maintain and to merit such distinguished encouragement. To Friends and Correspondents our best acknowledgments are due, for several contributions of original and striking character; as well as for many suggestions of incidental improvements, &c. It is a source of peculiar gratification to know, that already has this Miscellany largely gained the favour of the intellectual classes, and partaken very liberally of their sterling support. Although we commenced but late in the spring, our weekly sheet is welcomed, for its novelty, to many a fireside; and, for its matter-of-fact worth, is promised a place in many a "family library." Even in the flood of periodicals, the exertions of one who has laboured long in good and cheap literature, have not been lost, or overlooked; but have been generously recognised. Still, as recently observed, "Rome was not built in a day;" the best patronage may be of gradual growth; and of our warmest friends, (we know of a goodly muster,) we only ask the favour to *show our Miscellany*, though a kindly word, by way of rider, will not be shaken off. In such competition as benefits the reader, we promise unabated zeal. And now, to quote ourselves, (see page 239,) "The world is wide enough for all. The novelty consists in the fashion, the 'callida junctura' of the workman; 'à l'œuvre on connaît l'artisan.'"

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[Price 2d.

THE MITCHELSTOWN CAVERN, TIPPERARY.



THE GRAND KINGSTON GALLERY.

(From Lady Chatterton's "Rambles in the South of Ireland.")

THE MITCHELSTOWN CAVERN.*

THIS newly-discovered geological phenomenon occurs near Mitchelstown, in the county of Tipperary, in the South of Ireland; and in the townland of Coolmagarranroe, lying in the valley which separates the Galtee and Knockmildown chains of mountains; the former constituting its northern, the latter its southern, boundary. The prevailing rock at this extremity of the Galtees is conglomerate, which occasionally passes into sandstone; while that which composes the opposite chain of hills possesses a structure intermediate between that of sandstone and schist, and includes few, if any, rounded or water-worn pebbles. The material of the interposed valley is compact, grey limestone; and this rock, in the townland already mentioned, forms two small rounded hills, within both of which cavities of considerable magnitude exist. One of these, namely, that occurring in the western elevation, has been known from the remotest antiquity, and repeatedly explored; the other was only discovered on May 3, 1833.

The hill within which the newly discovered cave exists, rises to the height of about a hundred feet above the Caher and Mitchelstown road; and the entrance to it, which is at the bottom of a quarry, is somewhat less than halfway up, or about sixty feet from the summit. The mouth of the adit is covered by an iron grating. Upon getting within this grating, a narrow passage of about four feet in height and thirty-three in length, and sloping at an angle of about 30° with the horizon, terminates in an almost vertical precipice, fifteen feet in depth, down which the visitor passes by means of a ladder. Advancing forward from the foot of the ladder, the floor resumes its original angle of inclination, which it maintains for the distance of about twenty-eight feet. It now becomes nearly horizontal, and continues so for 242 feet, or until the opening into the Lower Middle Cave is reached. The bearing, however, of this passage, which was hitherto due south, becomes, at 150 feet from the mouth of the middle cave, south-east. The height of the entrance varies a good deal, the limits being from three to seventeen feet; its average breadth from the ladder to the point where the bearing takes a more easterly direction, is about nine, and from this point to the entrance of the cave, twenty-seven

feet. The floor, from the foot of the ladder forward, is everywhere strewed with blocks of limestone; and the roof, which is very irregular, exhibits scarcely any sparry productions.

The newly-discovered cavern is, therefore, not a single excavation, but is composed of a number of chambers, some of greater, some of less magnitude, connected by rugged and narrow passages; the floor of these being generally covered with prismatic blocks of limestone, and the sides and ceiling loaded with calcareous incrustations. Pillars also of the same material often connect the floor and ceiling; and the masses of limestone on the floor are, in many places, covered with spar, giving rise to stalagmitic productions of the most varied and fantastic appearance.

The several chambers are designated the "Lower Middle," "Upper Middle," and "Long," "Caves." The *Lower Middle Cave* is of considerable extent, and, in shape, resembles a mattress, or bottle with cylindrical neck and globular bottom; from its domed roof, thirty-five feet high, hang small stalactites, and a sheeting of sparry matter spreads along the joints of the limestone, and partly covers the floor, which is strewed with tetrahedral limestone blocks.

From the southern extremity of the above chamber, a passage sixty feet in length, leads to one of somewhat greater magnitude, and much greater interest, named the *Upper Middle Cave*; with a roof nearly horizontal, and raised twenty feet above the floor. This is the most remarkable part of the entire cavern for the magnitude and fantastic beauty of its sparry productions. At the entrance is "the organ," a huge calcareous growth resembling that musical instrument in shape. In this compartment, too, occur nine great pillars of carbonate of lime, rising from the floor to the ceiling; of these, the lower third is usually of great diameter, and irregular form, while the upper portion is of the shape of an inverted cone, the base of which is in the ceiling, while the vertex is in connexion with the lower portion of the pillar. The most remarkable pillars are named by the guides, "Drum," and "Pyramid." The base of the Drum is not simple, but composed of stalks cemented together, and having leaved or foliated edges; some of which are very thin, and when struck gently, vibrate with an agreeable sound. The *Pyramid* rises fourteen feet in height, and rests upon a massive base. The other pillars are of inferior size, but of superior symmetry and beauty. About twenty feet from the *Pyramid* is a rectangular sparry production, from its shape, named the *Table*. Stalactites and stalagmites everywhere abound, the former hanging from

* Engraved from one of the artistical illustrations of Lady Chatterton's clever "*Rambler in the South of Ireland*," the sketch by Miss Atchison. The above details have been selected and arranged from Dr. Apjohn's extensive description of the cavern, in the *Dublin Geological Journal*, vol. i.

the roof, the latter springing from the floor. From the *Upper Middle Cave* are two exits, east and south, besides that already mentioned. The eastern branch terminates at 110 feet' distance in a *coul de sac*; from the extremity of which is sent off a northern arm, leading to the Cellar Cave, and what is called the River, from its being subjected to the action of running water. The southern exit conducts, by a steep and rugged passage, about fifty feet in length, to what is called

The Long Cave; which, however, consists of several galleries, cross galleries, and fissures, through fine red clay, in many places sheeted over with thin spar. The calcareous concretions do not equal, in beauty, those of the *Upper Middle Cave*; save those at the eastern extremity of the largest gallery, where the spar exhibits the graceful and brilliant undulations of the richest drawing-room draperies. To none of these galleries has been found an absolute termination.

Returning to the *Lower Middle Cave*, we find outlets and cross passages, one of which is reasonably inferred to have a subterranean connexion with that prolongation of the *Upper Middle Cave*, in which the river is found. In the second outlet of the *Lower Middle Cave*, are four magnificent pillars, and a cavity, composed entirely of spar, and known as the *bed-chamber*; together with three stupendous stalagmites, and a pillar extending from the floor to the ceiling, named *Lot's wife*. This huge stalactitic production occurs at the entrance of an avenue, leading to the *Garrett Cave*, the *Grand Kingston Gallery*, and the *Sand Cave*.

The *Garrett Cave* extends 255 feet, graduating from fifteen to fifty-five feet in breadth, the floor ascending to within a few feet of the ceiling: there is no department of the entire cavern in which pillars, stalactites, and stalagmites of spar are more numerous, or more beautiful.

But the *Grand Kingston Gallery*, shewn in the Engraving, is the most remarkable compartment of the entire excavation. It is a perfectly straight hall, 175 feet in length, and seven in breadth, with a direction about one point to the west of north. The arching of this gallery is in the Gothic style, and its walls are everywhere glazed with spar, in some places red, in others mottled, but nowhere of a perfectly white colour. This gallery, at the distance of 126 feet from its entrance, was originally blocked up by a thin diaphragm or sheet of spar; but it is now perfectly continuous throughout, a passage having been, some time ago, broken in the partition, through which one individual at a time can pass. Immediately beyond this

partition, a large pillar is met with in the centre of the gallery; about fifteen feet further on, another of the same magnitude; and some distance beyond this, and in a line, four others of inferior size. The grand gallery terminates in a rectangular cave, fifty-two feet wide and thirty long, from the north of which there is a passage in the same line with the grand gallery, and which admits of being explored to the extent of eighty-seven feet. From the rectangular cave just described, and which is situate about twelve feet lower than the floor of the Kingston Gallery, there is a passage leading back to the entrance of the Garrett Cave. This passage is called the *Sand Cave*, from the quantity of this material which covers its floor.

The length of the cavern, from the entrance to the extremity of the long cave, is 700 feet; but a line passing through the grand gallery, and extending to the northern and southern limits of the entire series of cavities, would measure 870 feet. Another line, drawn from the entrance to the farthest extremity of the Garrett Cave, has an east and west direction, measuring 572 feet, which may be considered as giving the greatest breadth of the cavern, or as comprehending its eastern and western boundaries. The floors of the different chambers, namely, of the Lower Middle, Upper Middle, and Long, Caves, are nearly horizontal, and depressed about fifty-five feet below the grate through which the cavern is entered. The depression of the Kingston Gallery below this point is but forty-seven feet, and that of the eastern end of the Garrett Cave but nineteen.

Lady Chatterton explored the Mitcheltown Cave: the girl who helped our fair tourist through the sinuosities, in doing so, nearly dislocated Lady Chatterton's arms, and was twice on the point of setting her petticoats on fire, in eagerness to prevent her from tumbling down the dark abyss: and this said wild-looking, good-natured damsel, whispered in the tourist's ear, after they had emerged from the shadowy depths, a legend of the cave, nearly as follows:

"In the good old times, there lived on that mountain opposite, a man called Jerry Malone. A fine boy he was, as ever danced at wake, or sung at wedding; and as generous a heart as ever gave food and lodgin to the poor. A power of riches he sure enough had, all got by the fine wool he cut from a flock of big green sheep, that used to feed on the mountain. Every blessed summer he sheared them himself, under the forest trees, and never a finger would he let nigh or next 'em, but his own.

THE LITERARY WORLD.

"Jerry Malone loved the dance and the song, and a merry heart had he. He thought of nothing in the wide world, but diverting himself, until he was twenty-one; and then he thought that sure 'twas high time for him to begin to think o' changing his condition, and taking a wife. He hadn't to look far for one, for Mary Walsh, the prettiest girl in the place, lived only a mile off.

"Mary was mighty shy at first, as well became a dacent well-behaved colleen like her; but at last, after a great deal of coorting and discoursing, she consented to become Misthress Malone. Well, Jerry was the happy boy, sure enough, the night he got her to make him the promise. 'Tis you that are in luck now, Jerry Malone,' says he to himself, an' he going home; 'an' 'tis an iligant girl you've got, and long may you live to win and wear her. An' 'tis a fine wedding feast we'll have—we'll treat the whole country round, and have such lashings of mate and drink, as will astonish the neighbours; fit for a king's daughter the wedding shall be, and I'll kill the ould big sheep for it—sure, we'll hardly miss him out of the flock, that we won't.'

"So the day before the weddin, Jerry goes to the fold, and takes hold of the ould big sheep, intending to kill him; but no sooner did the dumb baste see the knife in Jerry's hand, than he knew 'twasn't the shears, and he sets up a bleating, such a bleating, as never christian sheep made in the whole wide world before him; and all the others joined with him, 'till Jerry Malone was well nigh stunned, and the ould sheep slipped his head out of the young man's hands as quiet and aisy as a lump of butter would slip down off a hot pratie. Well, the minute the sheep got out of his grip, down he runs as swift as the stream of a waterfall, and all the flock tearing after him like mad, till they reached the entrance to the ould cave, that place you see there on the opposite hill, and then in they tumbled one after the other as quick as praties into the pot."

"Poor Jerry Malone was frightened out of his siven senses, as well he might, and ran off to call the neighbours as fast as he could lay his tongue and; and they took lights and exploded all over the cave again and again, but never heard tale or tidings more of the sheep.

"So Jerry Malone lost his flock, and lost his fortin, and, what was worse than all, he lost his bride too, for her father would never consent to give his beautiful child that was reared so tender and dacent, to a swagman that had nothing. This was the worst stroke of all; and sure

enough it went to poor Jerry's heart entirely. He took on the more because he thought he had brought all his misfortunes upon himself, for not being satisfied with his fine flock, an' for wanting to make mutton of them that way. 'Twould pity you to see him melting away day after day, till at last, poor craythur, he fairly died of pining and a broken heart."

ASSAM TEA.

THE issue of the attempt to cultivate tea in Assam has acquired increased importance since the late suspension of the trade with China, and the difficulties which appear to threaten it. At the same time that an Association was forming in London, one also was established in Calcutta, for carrying out, on a large scale, the cultivation of the tea-plant in Assam, where, from experiments made under the orders of the Indian authorities, its practicability had been ascertained; and, from actual survey, it was proved that the country abounded with the tea-plant, and with every facility for promoting its further production, under approved systems of management, to the greatest extent. A junction of the interests of these two Companies has taken place; the foreign Association being re-constituted under the title of the Bengal Branch Assam Company; the local management of which is to be conducted by a committee of directors, to be elected exclusively in the latter Company. A negotiation is now in progress with the Indian authorities for the transfer of their establishment, with the working machinery employed in the experimental cultivation; and letters have been addressed on the part of the Company to the Government superintendents in Assam, requesting all possible information. To one of these it has been replied that there is an "unlimited field for such operations as are contemplated; abundance of tea-plants in a country" said to be "flowing with milk and honey; provisions abundant, and easily procured," and only requiring labour and capital to develop the ample resources possessed.

It was stated, also, in this communication, that, at that time, there were plants in cultivation equal to the production of 100,000 lbs. of tea, if the means of manipulation were provided. Steps had been taken to remedy the deficiency of hands by procuring families in numbers to proceed to, and settle in, that country; and a correspondence has been opened with Singapore to obtain Chinese artisans conversant with the details of tea preparation. As so large a quantity as 100,000 lbs. had, in so short a space of time, been

planted and prepared on the experimental ground, where, on a small scale only, the probationary cultivation had been attempted by the Government, well-grounded expectations may be entertained, that if the cultivation be adequately followed out, a sufficiency of teas will, in the course of a very few years, be produced to render this country entirely independent of the Chinese market.—*Abridged from the City Letter in the Times, Sept. 28.*

THE LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM RAILWAY.—I.

WE have already introduced to our readers the series of Lithographic Drawings "illustrating the London and Birmingham Railway;" which has lately been executed by Mr. J. C. Bourne. The subjects are thirty-seven in number, besides a map of the country between London and Birmingham; there being eleven views in Middlesex, eight in Hertfordshire, three in Buckinghamshire, ten in Northamptonshire, and five in Warwickshire. The whole form, assuredly, a pictorial work of the highest order of merit, whether the views are regarded as skillful drawings, or as specimens of lithographic art; and we are happy to learn that their reception by the public has been amply gratifying to the artist, so as, we hope, to encourage him to proceed in illustrating other lines of railway in similar style, and with correspondent success, to that of the work before us.

Appended to the concluding Part of Mr. Bourne's Drawings are some six and twenty large folio pages of letter-press "Historical and Descriptive Accounts" of the Railway, by Mr. Britton, F.S.A., which, to our thinking, form the most methodical and complete popular description of a railway yet submitted to the public. By aid of this very interesting *matériel*, our object is to record in the *Literary World* the leading characteristics of the London and Birmingham line. The details of Mr. Britton's work, we have reason to know, have been collected with the most scrupulous regard to accuracy; and the author's inquiries on different parts of the line have been unsparingly made, and as readily answered by the directors, engineers, secretaries, architect, and surveyor; added to which the author brings the antiquarian attainments of forty years' experience, groups the whole with first-rate topographical skill, and invests it with the interest of an attractive narrative.

The rapidity with which the London and Birmingham Railway has been executed,

* We have been informed that the outlay upon this Railway, during the present year, is estimated at £140,000; the income, at £600,000.

is as surprising as its vastness. It has been completed "in the space of less than five years, from the end of 1833, when the works were commenced, to September, 1838, when the whole of the line was opened to the public;" "nothing but ocular or arithmetical evidence can at once demonstrate the stupendous character of those works; or the astounding fact, that six millions of money, at least, will be required for this single, daring, commercial speculation."

It is stated that, so early as the year 1823, a Company was formed for constructing the London and Birmingham Railway, that shares were issued, and an unsuccessful application made to Parliament for an Act. It is, however, certain, that Sir John Rennie surveyed the country between London and Birmingham, in 1824; and that in 1826, he prepared a report strongly advocating a line of railway to pass near Oxford and Banbury. Mr. F. Giles next made another survey, and recommended a different route through Coventry; and two rival Companies were formed, but, in the year 1830, united; when preference was given to Mr. Giles's line, altered and improved from the surveys of Mr. George Stephenson, who, in conjunction with his son, became engineer to the undertaking. In 1832, was printed Mr. Stephenson's estimate of the cost of a railway of two lines of rails; the gross amount being less than 2½ millions; the income calculated at £672,102 per annum; whilst the annual expenditure was set down at one-half that amount. A Bill was then introduced into, and passed, the House of Commons; but thrown out in committee in the House of Lords, July 10, 1832. In the following session, the Managing Committee renewed their application to Parliament, and on May 3, the London and Birmingham Railway Act received the royal assent. These preliminary proceedings cost the Company the enormous sum of £72,868 18s. 10d. The Directors immediately purchased land, and commenced the works.* Mr. Robert Ste-

* Official Reports, 1832-3. To shew the extravagant, extortionate expenses attending the legislative business of contested bills, it may be useful to enumerate the costs of procuring the Acts for the following Companies: viz., The Great Western, £28,710 10s. 11d.; the London and Southampton, £30,940 16s. 6d.; the Midland Counties, £28,776 1s. 5d.; the Birmingham and Gloucester, £12,000 16s. 1d.; the Great Northern, £20,526 11s. 7d.; the Grand Junction, £22,737 10s. 4d.; and the Bristol and Exeter, £18,582 1s. 10d. "In some cases," says Mr. Porter, "the sums here given contain the expenses of surveying and other disbursements, which necessarily precede the obtaining the Act of incorporation. It is understood that the most glaring of the above cases is completely eclipsed by the charges attending the contests of the various lines projected to Brighton."—*Progress of the Nation*, sec. iii. p. 72.

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phenson was appointed engineer-in-chief; and a belief was expressed that the Railway would be completed in about four years from its commencement. This expectation has been much better realized than that originally entertained as to the cost of the Railway. The time occupied, from the date of the first contract, till the opening of the entire line, Sept. 17, 1838, was only four years, four months; which, upon the whole distance of 112½ miles, gives, as the average rate of progress, one mile in every fortnight. By various Acts, the capital of the Company has been increased to 5½ millions. "Considering this large amount in connexion with the length of the Railway, we find that the average cost per mile has not been less than £50,000; whereas Mr. R. Stephenson's original estimate was at the rate of £21,756 per mile." By the revised estimate of Mr. R. Stephenson, in 1837,* the annual income expected from traffic on the Railway was stated at £1,285,965. The actual receipts in June, 1839, realized from £12,685 to £14,356 7s. weekly.

London Terminus.

The passenger terminus of the Railway is near Easton-square, adjoining a great public road, which extends from the Bank, in the City, to Paddington, about five miles. Anticipating a large amount of business in carriages, passengers, and luggage, the Directors of the Company purchased from the Duke of Bedford an ample tract of land, to form the Station. Immediately facing the entrance gateways are two large buildings—an hotel and coffee-house, with dormitories. These buildings, like all other parts of this gigantic undertaking, are on a spacious and handsome scale; they were designed by Philip Hardwick, Esq., and were erected in nine months, by Messrs. Grissell and Peto, "with that rapidity and excellence of execution which at once demonstrate the powers and skill, as well as the modern system of the London builders." Separating the Station from the public street is the *Propyleum*, or architectural gateway, (improperly called a portico,) having four lodges connected with it; intermediate to which, and in combination with the whole, are large, lofty, and ornamental iron gates, cast by J. J. Bramah. The propyleum is a most successful adaptation of the pure Grecian Doric, and "exhibits itself to most advantage, when viewed obliquely, so as to shew its line of roof and depth, especially as the cornice is of

unusually bold and new design, being not only ornamented with projecting lion heads, but crowned by a series of deep antifixæ; while, when beheld from a greater distance, the large stone slabs are also seen that cover the roof." The extreme length of this entrance is upwards of 300 feet; its total cost was £35,000; and the quantity of stone employed nearly 80,000 cubic feet. The columns of the main entrance are higher than those of any other building in London; measuring from the pavement to the top of the abacus, forty-four feet, two inches; their diameter at the base is eight feet, six inches. They are constructed in courses, each stone being of a wedge-like form, with the centre of the pillar left hollow. The whole height of the building, to the summit of the acroterium, is seventy-two feet. A winding staircase in one angle leads to an apartment within the roof, now used for the preservation of drawings, surveys, &c. of the line of railway. Philip Hardwick, Esq., was the architect, and Messrs. W. and L. Cubitt the builders. The stone is from the Bramley Fall Quarries, in Yorkshire. The paved platforms, or landings, within the gateway, are very extensive, and contain nearly 16,000 superficial feet of Yorkshire stone; some of the stones comprising from seventy to eighty square feet of surface each. Here is likewise a range of buildings, about 200 feet in length, with a Doric colonnade of granite, each shaft being a single stone.

Railway Carriages.

The vehicles employed upon the Railway are, at present, of three kinds: mail-coaches, which cost from £500 to £520 each; first-class carriages, from £500 to £520 each; and second-class, from £130 to £150 each. The Travelling Post-office, in which the mails are conveyed, is fitted up with nests of shelves, drawers, desks, and pegs; and is attended to by one or more clerks, and a guard; the former to sort and arrange the letters during the journey, and the latter to tie up and exchange the mail-bags. An ingenious apparatus has been invented by J. Ramsay, Esq., for the purpose of taking in and delivering these bags, during the passage of the train, and without diminishing its speed. Attached to the near side of the office is an iron frame, with a piece of net, which is expanded to receive a bag from the arm of a standard fixed at the side of the road. At the same moment that a bag is delivered into the net, another is let down from the office by the machine, and thus an exchange of bags is instantly effected. The Travelling Post-offices are

* The cost, per mile, of the Grand Junction Railway, was about £34,000; and of the Liverpool and Manchester, £28,000.—*Parliamentary Evid.*

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each sixteen feet in length, by seven feet seven inches in width; and cost £600.

Starting of the Trains.

As soon as the carriages are connected with each other, and the passengers seated, the train is pushed forward by the porters to a bridge under Wriothesley-street: here it is attached to a large endless rope, for the purpose of being drawn up an ascent in the line to the Camden Town Dépôt, a distance of more than a mile. A person stationed near the bridge transmits a signal* to the top of the ascent, where a fixed steam-engine is instantly put in motion, and the train drawn upwards at the rate of from fifteen to twenty miles an hour. The gradients of this inclined portion of the Railway vary from 1 in 62, to 1 in 366. The road is entirely in a deep cutting, with retaining walls, for supporting the earth, on either side; it has four lines of rails, and is crossed by seven bridges, which connect two public roads, and five new streets, which are intersected. The endless rope, by which the ascent is effected, passes round large wheels, at the extremities of the plane, and over a number of small sheaves, or pulleys, fixed along the centre of the trackway: it is 3,744 yards in length, and seven inches in circumference; weighs 235 cwt., and cost £480. The chief cause of its employment was the objection made by the wealthy landholders to the passage of a locomotive engine amongst the houses on this part of the line.

(To be continued.)

LONDON THEATRES,

A CENTURY AND A QUARTER SINCE.

[DEFOR, in his very interesting *Journey through England*, (first edition,) gives the following animated picture of the Theatres of the Metropolis in 1714:]

The theatres here differ from those abroad, in that those at Venice, Paris, Brussels, Genoa, and other parts, you know, are composed of rows of small shut-boxes, three or four stories, in a semi-circle, with a *parterre* below; whereas here, the *parterre*, (commonly called the pit,) contains the gentlemen on benches; and on the first row of boxes sit all the ladies of quality; in the second, the citizens' wives and daughters; and in the third, the common people and footmen; so that, between the acts, you are as much diverted by viewing the beauties of the

audience, as while they act with the subject of the play; and the whole is illuminated to the greatest advantage: whereas abroad, the stage being only illuminated, and the lodge, or boxes, close, you lose the pleasure of seeing the company; and, indeed, the English have reason in this, for no nation in the world can shew such an assembly of shining beauties as here.

The English affect more the Italian than the French music; and their own compositions are between the gravity of the first and the levity of the other. They have had several great masters of their own: Henry Purcell's works in that kind are esteemed beyond Lully's, everywhere; and they have now a good many very eminent masters; but the taste of the town being at this day all Italian, it is a great discouragement to them.

No nation represents history so naturally, so much to the life, and so close to truth, as the English; they have most of the occurrences of their own history, and all those of the Roman empire nobly acted. One Shakspeare, who lived in the last century, laid down a masterly foundation for this in his excellent plays; and Mr. Addison hath improved that taste by his admirable "Cato."

Their comedies are designed to lash the growing follies in every age; and scarce a fool or a cockcomb appears in town, but his folly is represented. And most of their comedians, in imitation of Molière, have taken that province; in which Mr. Cibber, an extreme good player, hath succeeded very well.

They seldom degenerate into farce, as the Italians; nor do they confine their tragedies to rhyme and whining, as the French. In short, if you would see the greatest actions of past ages played over again, and the present follies of mankind exposed, you must come here.

After the play, the best company generally go to Tom's and Will's coffee-houses, near adjoining, where there is playing at piquet, and the best of conversation till midnight. Here you will see blue and green ribbons and stars, sitting familiarly, and talking with the same freedom, as if they had left their quality and degrees of distance at home; and a stranger tastes with pleasure the universal liberty of speech of the English nation. Or, if you like rather the company of ladies, there are assemblies at most people of quality's houses. And in all the coffee-houses you have not only the foreign prints, but several English ones, with the foreign occurrences, besides papers of morality and party disputes.

* This signal-apparatus is called a *Pneumatic Telegraph*. It consists of a tube underground, through which the air is forced, so as to produce a shrill whistle; and it may be worked from either extremity of the inclined plane. The time occupied in the passage of the signal is less than four seconds.

SKETCHES OF BRIGHTON.—I.

Our recollections of Brighton are almost of a patriarchal character. We do not, however, aspire to the clearing up of its aboriginal history; nor can we claim further acquaintance with Brighthelm, (the Saxon bishop, after whom the town is named,) than the "mere conjecture" of the topographers enables us to enjoy. All our reminiscences date within the present century—some thirty years, "or so," as the Pedlingtonians would say; during which period, no spot in our dear country has presented such miraculous changes and creations as magnificent Brighton. Its entire sea-frontage extends nearly three miles in length; the superb additions of our "life and times" being alike east and west, and presenting such a display of palatial splendour as no other coast of England can equal. Of its character, a Londoner may form some conception, by placing, in his mind's eye, the respective sides of Belgrave-square, or of Regent-street, or the several terraces of the Regent's Park, in a line open to a noble, uninterrupted expanse of sea.

The slight sketch, annexed, however, warns us to confine ourselves to one locality, namely, the western section. In our "careless childhood," this was the quiet, we had almost said, neglected portion of Brighton. But fashion, shifting as the sand upon the shore, has, of late years, located here. Well do we remember "the Battery" as almost the western verge of the town; when, beyond it, the several

houses lay, as it were, in the country. A quiet hotel or two, and a bathing establishment, reminded us that we were still in Brighton; and a solitary villa* just kept the fashion of the place in mind, as many a time and oft have we lingered along the rough (and barren road to Shoreham, strewn with the flowers of hoar antiquity.

The cut shews but a portion of the line of extension, which is, probably, of the most pleasing architectural character—namely, *Brunswick Terrace*, built from the designs of Mr. Busby, a son of our respected friend, Dr. Busby, of musical memory. This terrace consists of forty-two splendid houses, with offices in the rear. Between the two great divisions of the frontal line lies Brunswick-square, extending about 700 feet from north to south, and about 300 feet from east to west, being open to the sea on the south side. The whole is fronted by an artificial esplanade, which extends a mile in length. Along this delightful walk, the votaries of fashion are wont to exercise their "recreant limbs," and recruit their wasted energies with the invigorating sea-breezes. The gay scene lacks lines of trees only, to equal the *boulevards* of our inland neighbours; but those who frequent the coast, must recollect that sea-air acts upon vegetation in the inverse ratio of its benefit to animal life; so that the analogy of the tree and man does not hold good in such localities.

* The "villa" of the Countess St. Antonio; a kind of Italianized cottage, with two wings, then the scene of many a gay "revel-rout," notwithstanding its humility.



BRUNSWICK TERRACE, AND THE WESTERN ESPLANADE, BRIGHTON.

Scientific Facts.

BLOWING UP THE WRECK OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

COLONEL PASLEY has, at length, succeeded in firing off one of his enormous submarine mines of gunpowder against the wreck of the *Royal George*, at Spithead. On the 23rd ult., a cylinder, containing 2,320 lbs. of powder, was carefully lowered to the bottom, where it was placed alongside the most compact portion of the wreck which has yet been discovered by the divers. This operation was effected by means of hauling lines rove through blocks attached to the bottom of the ship by the divers. When everything was ready, the vessel in which the voltaic battery was placed was drawn off to the distance of 500 feet, which is the length of the connecting wires; and instantaneously, on the circuit being completed, the explosion took place, and the effects were very remarkable. At first, the surface of the sea, which had before been perfectly smooth and calm, was violently agitated by a sort of tremulous motion, which threw it into small irregular waves, a few inches only in height. This lasted for three or four seconds, when a huge dome of water made its appearance, of a conical or, rather, beehive shape. At first, it appeared to rise slowly, but rapidly increased in height and size till it reached the altitude of twenty-eight or thirty feet, in a tolerably compact mass. It then fell down, and produced a series of rings, which spread in all directions. The first, or outer one of these, having the aspect of a wave several feet in height, curled and broke, as if it had been driven towards the shore. Neither the shock nor the sound was so great as had been expected by those who had witnessed the former explosions by Colonel Pasley, where the quantity of powder was only 45 lbs.; but the effect produced on the water at the surface, considering that the depth was ninety feet, was truly astonishing. What the effect has been upon the wreck will not be fully ascertained by the divers till the present spring tides are over, and the long periods of slack water at the neaps enable the divers to remain for upwards of half an hour under water. In the mean time, it is highly satisfactory to know that Colonel Pasley has completely established his command over the application of the voltaic battery to sub-marine purposes; and that he can now, with certainty, explode his charges at any depth of water. This will give him the power of placing his cylinders against the most refractory parts of the wreck, and, by blowing these

to pieces, and dislocating the knees, timbers, and beams, enable him to draw the whole up, bit by bit, to the surface. Any person who has seen the operation of breaking up a ship on land, knows that this is the only way of going to work with a mass so firmly bound together as a line-of-battle-ship, that even the action of fifty-seven years of decay under water goes but a small way to disintegrate the parts. The manly perseverance of Colonel Pasley, therefore, we are well convinced, will, in the end, effectually clear the noble anchorage of Spithead of this extremely troublesome obstruction.—*Times*.

New Books.

LITTLE PEDDLINGTON AND THE PEDDLINGTONIANS. BY JOHN POOLE, ESQ.

[THE readers of the *New Monthly Magazine* have, doubtless, many pleasant recollections of the Little Peddlington Papers, by the author of *Paul Pry*. They are brim full of fun, whim, and good-natured satire, which latter, be it remembered, is the tax a man pays for being eminent. Their humour is occasionally "of the broadest," and here and there it may be objected, are specimens of fooling and trifling which may be condemned by some crusty and frumpish persons who think themselves nothing if not critical; whereas, to follow up the negative, they are nothing when they are anything. But, human nature is made up of such weaknesses, and history, literally taken, is a "great liar;" for royalty has delighted in something besides wearing its crowns and thundering forth commands; heroes have not always been fighting battles, nor statesmen making laws: assuredly, all had their hours of relaxation, their weak points, and their *littlenesses*, such as are admirably shewn up by the well-qualified author of *Paul Pry*. Little Peddlington is—what locality in this mighty empire?—why, Little Peddlington, or every watering-place and public resort in the kingdom: and a precious farrago do these "Papers" present of the fiddle-faddle of those gatherings of persons who have nothing to do but ~~lose~~ ^{lose} characters by scores, and strangle reputations by hundreds. Such is the appetite for scandal in these places, that it assumes the ferocity of *rabies*; for, not a fortnight since, we were assured that within our most splendid sea-town, upwards of 1,500 copies of a noted scandalous chronicle are sold in a week! and, probably, ere long this hotbed of evil will boast of its "Society for the Diffusion of Scandal." But, we are travelling "out of the record" of the Peddlingtonians, and so return to ex-

plain that the famed papers have been collected and re-published in two pocket volumes. The uniformity of their satire, and its consequent cleverness, are now seen "to advantage drest;" and a very amusing picture it presents of the weak side of the little-great world. The author is certainly one of our neatest wits; his satire is well turned and well aimed, and most of his essays prove hits. He sketches character admirably: who that has witnessed a single representation of *Paul Pry* can forget its homely thrusts and polished points—its unvarnished picture of sins that beset all grades of life. Mr. Poole, too, has not the common sin of humourists and farceurs: he does not out-write himself, but by producing little is enabled to present his work more perfect: his wit is as bright as "a new pin," and as well pointed; his pleasantry is "without o'erflowing, full;" and his fun is most animating.

On first taking up the *Little Peddington* reprint, we scarcely considered it profitable for quotation, as many readers might have already enjoyed its humour in the *New Monthly Magazine*; though the oldest wit, like the oldest wine, is best relished. On reconsidering the merits of the work, it, however, occurred to us that not a few gems might be extracted from its mine of fancy and truth, and in this expectation we trust our quotations will shew that we have not been disappointed. Numerous are the targets for the author's salient shafts: here is a sly one at the Summer Locomotion.]

Where shall I go?—At the approach of the summer season,—that season when London (and since the pacification of Europe, all England) is declared to be unendurable by all those who fancy that they shall be happier anywhere than where they happen to be, and who possess the means and the opportunity of indulging in the experiment of change of place; at the approach of that season, this present, I found myself, like Othello, "perplexed in the extreme." The self-proposed question, "And where shall I go this year?" I could not answer in any way to my satisfaction. I had visited, as I believed, every spot in Europe which celebrity, from some cause or other, had rendered attractive. I had climbed many thousands of feet up Mont Blanc, and stood on the very summit of Greenwich Hill; I had "swam on a gondola" at Venice, and "patience" in a punt at Putney; I had found my way through the dark and tangled forests of Germany, and lost it in the Maze at Hampton Court; bathed in the "chainging waters" of the Rhone, and floundered in the consistent

mud of Gravesend; beheld the fading glories of old Rome, and the rising splendours of New Kemp Town; I had heard the *Miserere* performed in the Sistine Chapel, and the 104th Psalm sung by the charity boys in Hampstead church; I had seen the Raphaels at Florence, the Correggios at Dresden, the Rembrandts at Rotterdam, and the camera-obscura at Margate; I had tasted of Caviare on the shores of the Black Sea, and of white-bait on the banks of Blackwall; I had travelled on a Russian sledge and in a Brentford omnibus; I had been everywhere, (in Europe—the boundary of all my travelling projects,) done everything, seen everything, heard everything, and tasted of everything. Novelty and change of scene are the idle man's inducements to travel: for me there remained neither: I was—to use a melancholy phrase I once heard feelingly uttered by a young nobleman who had not then attained his twentieth year—*blasé sur tout*! Still the unanswerable question recurred—"And where shall I go this year?"

Show Houses.—In a commercial country, where everything is considered relatively to its money-value, it certainly is "but fair" that noblemen and gentlemen, whose mansions and their contents are worth an inspection, should allow their servants to make a charge for the exhibition of them. I do not pretend that such a proceeding is noble, or dignified, or handsome; or, indeed, at all worthy of a person of high station, but, merely and strictly, that it is *fair*. We pay for seeing the sights in the Tower, the lions in Wombwell's booth, and in that in Drury Lane; a charge is made for shewing the wax-work in Westminster Abbey, and at Madame Tussaud's rooms; and upon what principle, either of justice or equity, are we to expect that the Duke of A. or the Earl of Z., if they allow us to see their galleries or their grounds, should grant us such an indulgence *gratis*? The notion is preposterous. There are, indeed, certain thrifless proprietors of what are called show-houses, who are so inconsiderate as to do this, but they form an exception to the general rule; and, happily for the honour and integrity of the maxim, "Give nothing for nothing," such instances of improvidence are not numerous.

Boarding-houses.—"Little Peddington would be a perfect Paradise if it wasn't for them boarding-houses. But they are the pest of the place; they ought to be annihilated; Government ought to interfere and put them down. When we send members to Parliament, (which we have as good a right to do as many other places,) I'll give my vote and support to whomso-

ever will go in upon the independent interest, and bring in a bill to put down boarding-houses. And yet, upon the whole, I can't say they do me much harm, for real gentlefolks don't go to them. Real gentlefolks don't like to be *pisen'd* with stale fish and bad meat. I know how much a-pound Mrs. Stintum, of the Crescent-boarding-house, pays for her meat; and I know how Mrs. Starvum, of South-street, bargains for her fish and poultry. I don't say it to their disparagement, poor devils! because people must live; and those who sell cheap must buy cheap—only, they ought to be a little more careful in cholera times. But go to my butcher, sir, and ask him what sort of meat Scorewell of the Green Dragon buys—my son, George, who is the most pre-eminent butcher in the market; and ask my other son, Tobias, who serves me with every morsel of fish and poultry that comes into this house, what prices I pay for my commodities: I'm not ashamed to have my larder looked into before the victuals is cooked. If, indeed, they would only live and let live, as I say—but two stingy, cheating, undermining, evil-speaking old tabbies like them, who cannot bear to see anybody thrive but themselves—especially me! They are the only two nuisances in the place, and it would be better for everybody if they were out of it. The world is big enough for us all, so there's no need of envy and jealousy, and of trying to do one's neighbour harm: that's my maxim; and I wish that they, and those rascals at the Butterfly and Bullfinch, and the Golden Lion, would profit by it.”—(*Scorewell loquitur.*)

Bores.—Thinking about Sir Gabriel Gabble, a chattering bore, and Major Munn, a silent bore. One will sit with you *lôte-à-lôte* through a long winter's evening, as mute as if he had but just issued from the cave of Trophonius, and (as Charles Bunnicster said of Dignum) *thinks he's thinking*; the other will chatter your very head off—his matter compounded of dull trivialities, common-place remarks, and the most venerable of old woman's gossip, all which he culls conversation.—Query 1. Which of the two is the *least* to be endured? Query 2. Were you to be indicted for that you did accidentally toss them both (or any of the like) out at window, whereby did ensue “a consumption devoutly to be wished,” would not a jury of any sensible twelve of your countrymen return a verdict of “Justifiable Boreicide?”

The Ungrateful Banker.—(*Hobbleday loquitur.*) “Well, having taken trouble to prevent a run upon the house of this ungrateful man, it was near

eight o'clock; so home I go and get a mouthful of breakfast. Look at my banker's book—find I have eleven-pound-two in their hands. Eleven-pound-two, as I hope to be saved! Bank opens at nine, thinks I; post won't be in till ten; probably the firm will know nothing of what is going on in London till then. Eleven-pound-two, a great deal to me, though not much to a house like the Yawkins's—I'll go down quietly, as if I knew nothing, and draw my balance—that can't hurt them. Go—get there at a quarter before nine—what do I see?—I'll tell you what I see: I see Shrubsole, I see Chickney, I see Stintum, I see [here he recapitulated the whole of the two and thirty names he had already mentioned, ending with] and I see Sniggerston; all, with consternation painted on their faces, crowding about the door. Notwithstanding my request that they would not press upon my friend Yawkins, there they all were—and before me, too! What was the consequence? I'll tell you. The consequence was, the first ten or a dozen that contrived to squeeze in were paid; but that could not last, you know; human nature couldn't stand it. Pooh! pooh! I tell you it couldn't: so after paying nearly two hundred pounds—stop! a regular stoppage, sir. I was at the tail of the crowd; and when I saw the green door closed you might have knocked me down with a feather. However, at the end of two years, although the outstanding claims amounted to nearly a thousand pounds, a dividend was paid of four shillings in the pound: and now, Snargate drives his gig again, old Yawkins rides his cob, and, to the honour of our town be it said, the Little Pedlington Bank is as firm and sound as any in Europe. Never kept cash there since, though; no more bankers for me—eleven-pound-two—the sight of that green door—no, no—*one* such fright in a man's life is enough.”

Artiste.—An admirable word (albeit somewhat Frenchified), of late applied, with nice discrimination, to every species of exhibitor, from a rop-dancer, or an American Jim Crow, down to a mere painter or sculptor. On looking into little Entick, (my great authority in these matters,) I find we have already the word *artist*; but with stupid English perversity, we have hitherto used that in a much more restricted sense than its newly-imported rival, which it is now the excellent fashion to adopt. It is questionable, however, whether tumblers, buffoons, and the clowns, in Ducrow's circle, will feel themselves much gratified at being comprehended under the same general term with such folks as Baily, Chantrey, Turner, Shee, Landseer, Wilkie, and the like.

SPORTING IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

[CAPTAIN HARRIS, in his very entertaining Expedition from the Cape, relates the following attractive episode; our traveller and his party having passed "the nearly flat and entirely treeless Chooi desert," and started for the Meritsane River:]

I turned off the road in pursuit of a troop of brindled gnooks, and presently came upon another, which was joined by a third still larger; then, by a vast herd of zebras, and again by more gnooks, with sassayhs and hartebeests, pouring down from every quarter, until the landscape literally presented the appearance of a moving mass of game. Their incredible numbers so impeded their progress, that I had no difficulty in closing with them, dismounting as opportunity offered, firing both barrels of my rifle into the retreating phalanx, and leaving the ground strewn with the slain. Still unsatisfied, I could not resist the temptation of mixing with the fugitives, loading and firing, until my jaded horse suddenly exhibited symptoms of distress, and shortly afterwards was unable to move. At this moment I discovered that I had dropped my pocket-compass, and, being unwilling to lose so valuable an ally, I turned loose my steed to graze, and retraced my steps several miles without success, the prints of my horse's hoofs being at length lost in those of the countless herds which had crossed the plain. Completely absorbed in the chase, I had retained but an imperfect idea of my locality; but, returning to my horse, I led him in what I believed to be a north-easterly direction, knowing, from a sketch of the country which had been given me by our excellent friend Mr. Moffat, and which, together with drawing materials, I carried about me, that that course would, eventually bring me to the Meritsane. After dragging my weary horse nearly the whole of the day under a burning sun, my flagging spirits were at length revived by the appearance of several villages. Under other circumstances, I should have avoided intercourse with their inhospitable inmates, but, dying with thirst, I eagerly entered each in succession, and, to my inexpressible disappointment, found them deserted. The same evidence existing of their having been recently inhabited, I shot a hartebeest, in the hope that the smell of meat would, as usual, attract some straggler to the spot. But no. The keen-sighted vultures, that were my only attendants, descended in multitudes, but no woolly-headed negro appeared to dispute the prey. In many of the trees I observed large, thatched houses, resembling haystacks; and, under the impression that these had been erected in so singular a

position by the natives, as a measure of security against the lions, whose recent tracks I distinguished in every direction, I ascended more than one, in the hope of at least finding some vessel containing water. Alas! they proved to be the habitations of large communities of social *grosbeaks*, those winged republicans of whose architecture and magnificent edifices I had till now entertained a very inadequate conception. Faint and bewildered, my prospects began to brighten as the shadows of evening lengthened. Large troops of ostriches, running in one direction, plainly indicated that I was approaching water; and immediately afterwards I struck into a path impressed with the foot-marks of women and children, soon arriving at a nearly dry river, which, running east and west, I at once concluded to be that of which I was in search.

Those only who have suffered, as I did during this day, from prolonged thirst, can form a competent idea of the delight, and, I may add, energy, afforded me by the first draught of the putrid waters of the Meritsane. They equally invigorated my exhausted steed, whom I mounted immediately, and cantered up the bank of the river, in order, if possible, to reach the wagons before dark. The banks are precipitous; the channel deep, broken, and rocky; clusters of reeds and long grass indicating those spots which retain the water during the hot months. It was with no small difficulty, after crossing the river, that I forced my way through the broad belt of tangled bushes which margined the edge. The moonless night was fast closing around, and my weary horse again began to droop. The lions, commencing their nightly prowls, were roaring in all directions; and, no friendly fire or beacon presenting itself to my view, the only alternative was to bivouac where I was, and to renew my search in the morning. Kindling a fire, I formed a thick bush into a pretty secure hut, by cutting away the middle, and closing the entrance with thorns; and, having knee-haltered my horse to prevent his straying, I proceeded to dine upon a guinea-fowl that I had killed, comforting myself with another draught of *aqua pura*. The monarchs of the forest roared incessantly, and so alarmed my horse that I was obliged repeatedly to fire my rifle to give him confidence. It was piercingly cold, and all my fuel being expended, I suffered as much from chill as I had during the day from the scorching heat. About three o'clock, completely overcome by fatigue, I could keep my eyes open no longer, and, commending myself to the protecting care of Providence, fell into a profound sleep.

On opening my eyes, my first thought was of my horse. I started from my heathy bed in the hope of finding him where I had last seen him, but his place was empty. I roamed everywhere in search of him, and ascended trees which offered a good look-out, but he was nowhere to be seen. It was more than probable he had been eaten by lions, and I had almost given up the search in despair, when I at length found his foot-mark, and traced him to a deep hollow near the river, where he was quietly grazing. The night's rest, if so it could be called, had restored him to strength, and I pursued my journey along the bank of the river, which I now re-crossed opposite to the site of some former scene of strife, marked by numerous human skeletons, bleached by exposure. A little further on I disturbed a large lion, which walked slowly off, occasionally stopping and looking over his shoulder, as he deliberately ascended the opposite bank. In the course of half an hour I reached the end of the dense jungle, and immediately discovered the wagon-road, but as I could detect no recent traces upon it, I turned to the southward, and, after riding seven or eight miles in the direction of Siklagole, had the unspeakable satisfaction of perceiving the wagons drawn up under a large tree in the middle of the plain. The discharge of my rifle, at a little distance, had relieved the anxiety of my companion and followers, who, during the night, had entertained the most gloomy forebodings on my account, being convinced that I had either been torn piecemeal by lions, or speared by the assuagais of the cannibals! A cup of coffee was immediately offered me, which, as I had scarcely tasted nourishment for thirty hours, proved highly grateful.

Periodicals.

BREAKING UP OF DOTHEBOYS HALL.
(From the concluding No. of *Nicholas Nickleby*.)

It was one of the brimstone-and-treacle mornings, and Mrs. Squeers had entered school according to custom with the large bowl and spoon, followed by Miss Squeers and the amiable Wackford, who, during his father's absence, had taken upon him such minor branches of the executive as kicking the pupils with his nailed boots, pulling the hair of some of the smaller boys, pinching the others in aggravating places, and rendering himself, in various similar ways, a great comfort and happiness to his mother. Their entrance, whether by premeditation, or a simultaneous impulse, was the signal of revolt. While one detachment rushed to the door and locked it, and another mounted upon the

desks and forms, the stoutest (and consequently the newest) boy seized the cane, and confronting Mrs. Squeers with a stern countenance, snatched off her cap and beaver-bonnet, put it on his own head, armed himself with the wooden spoon, and bade her, on pain of death, go down upon her knees, and take a dose directly. Before that estimable lady could recover herself, or offer the slightest retaliation, she was forced into a kneeling posture by a crowd of shouting tormentors, and compelled to swallow a spoonful of the odious mixture, rendered more than usually savoury by the immersion in the bowl of Master Wackford's head, whose ducking was intrusted to another rebel. The success of this first achievement prompted the malicious crowd, whose faces were clustered together in every variety of lank and half-starved ugliness, to further acts of outrage. The leader was insisting upon Mrs. Squeers repeating her dose, Master Squeers was undergoing another dip in the treacle, and a violent assault had been commenced on Miss Squeers, when John Browdie, bursting open the door with one vigorous kick, rushed to the rescue. The shouts, screams, groans, hoots, and clapping of hands, suddenly ceased, and a dead silence ensued.

"Ye be noice chaps," said John, looking steadily round. "What's to do here, thee young dogs?"

"Squeers is in prison, and we are going to run away!" cried a score of shrill voices. "We won't stop, we won't stop!"

"Weel then, dinnot stop," replied John, "who waants thee to stop? Roon awa' loike men, but dinnot hurt the women."

"Hurrah!" cried the shrill voices, more shrilly still.

"Hurrah!" repeated John. "Weel, hurrah loike men too. Noo, then, look out. Hip—hip—hip—hurrah!"

"Hurrah!" cried the voices.

"Hurrah-again," said John. "Looder still."

The boys obeyed.

"Anoother," said John. "Dinnot be afeard on it. Let's have a good 'un."

"Hurrah!"

"Noo then," said John, "let's Lawe yae more to end wi' and then coot off as quick as you loike. Tak' a good breath noo—Squeers be in jail—the school's brakken oop—it's a' ower—past and gane—think o' that, and let it be a hearty 'un. Hurrah!"

Such a cheer arose as the walls of Dotheboys Hall had never echoed before, and were destined never to respond to again. When the sound had died away the school was empty, and of the busy noisy crowd, which had peopled it but five minutes before, not one remained.

"Very well, Mr. Browdie!" said Miss Squeers, hot and flushed from the recent encounter, but vixenish to the last; "you've been and excited our boys to run away. Now see if we don't pay you out for that, sir! If my pa is unfortunate, and trod down by enemies, we're not going to be basely cowed and conquered over by you and Tilda."

"Noa!" replied "John, bluntly, "thou bean't. Tak' thy oath o' thot. Think bether o' us, Fanny. I tell'ee, both, that I'm glod the auld man has been caught out at last—dom'd glod—but ye'll sooffer enef, wi'out any crown' fra' me, and I be not the mun to crow, nor be Tilly, the lass, so I tell'ee flat. More than thqt, I tell'ee, noo, that if thou need'st friends to help thee awa' from this place—dinnot turn up thy nose, Fanny, thou may'st—thou'll find Tilly and I wi' a thout o' old times about us, ready to lend thee a hond. And when I say thot, dinna think I be ashamed of waa't I've deane, for I say agean, Hurrah! and dom the school-measter—there!"

His parting words concluded, John Browdie strode heavily out, remounted his nag, put him once more into a smart canter, and, carolling lustily forth some fragments of an old song, to which the horse's hoofs rugg, a merry accompaniment, sped back to his pretty wife, and to Nicholas.

For some days afterwards the neighbouring country was overrun with boys, who, the report went, had been secretly furnished, by Mr. and Mrs. Browdie, not only with a hearty meal of bread and meat, but with sundry shillings and sixpences, to help them on their way. To this rumour John always returned a stout denial, which he accompanied, however, with a lurking grin, that rendered the suspicious doubtful, and fully confirmed all previous believers in their opinion.

There were a few timid young children, who, miserable as they had been, and many as were the tears they had shed in the wretched school, still knew no other home, and had formed for it a sort of attachment, which made them weep when the bolder spirits fled, and cling to it as a refuge. Of these, some were found crying under hedges, and in such places, frightened at the solitude. One had a dead bird in a little cage; he had wandered nearly twenty miles, and when his poor favourite died, lost courage, and lay down beside him. Another was discovered in a yard, hard by the school, sleeping with a dog, who sat at those who came to remove him, and licked the sleeping child's pale face.

They were taken back, and some other stragglers were recovered, but, by degrees, they were claimed, or lost again; and, in

course of time, Dotheboys Hall, and its last breaking up, began to be forgotten by the neighbours, or to be only spoken of as among the things that had been.

A SOLILOQUY, BY AN OLD MAIL-GUARD.

My youthful days—my joyous days of youth,
Have passed as quickly as a six-mile stage;
And now I'm old, they turn me off, forsooth,
Because your iron rails are all the rage.
Sadly I feel the melancholy truth,
That this, indeed, is not a coaching age.
Ribbons, adieu!—"three chestnuts and a grey"
Live but in song—the drag has had her day!

It was not so in olden, golden days,
When Mr. Freeling put me on the road;
When prads were not, could match our stepping
bays,

Spanking along, no matter what the load;
Ten miles an hour we reckoned (with delays),
Then fairish going: but the present mode
Of screwing on—is not behind a team,
But harness'd to a "kettle filled with steam."

The days are gone, when, by the score, the mails
Were wont to congregate in Lombard-street;
Choking it up—as debtors did the jails—
Each jolly dragsman anxious but to beat
His brother workman. But what now avails
Whether the turn-out be correct and neat?
With empty coaches who can do the trick?
The office bags aint things a man can "kick."*

It was a sight delectable and gay,
To mark "The Gloucester," with her iron greys—
"The Bath and Bristol" also held its way—
"The Exeter" deserv'd no end of praise;
"The Holyhead,"—but I shall fill my lay
If I recount "those drags of other days."
Suffice to say, they all were good and true,
The colour scarlet, and the lining blue.

Oh, could but Nelson waken from his sleep!—
I don't mean him as drove the "Victory buss,"
And floored all diligencies on the deep—
But one who likewise struggled hard to sustain
England's honour. Well may coachmen weep
(Although for this the country made more fuss
By far than t'other); still the "outward show"
Is no criterion of the mourner's woe.

What would he say, were he to raise his head,
And skim, with bird's-eye view, the country
round?

Certes, he'd feel delighted he was dead,
And booked for "one inside" snug under ground;
Because, if quick, he'd have to beg his bread,
Seeing that all too slow he would be found.
No tin *his* drags would earn him now, poor soul!
Fire-engines are the only things for coal†

The very javeys, once upon the stand,
Have pass'd away, and cabs reign in their place;
Abandoned is the patriotic band
Of antique *Johns*, for a modern race;
Who push along, like furies, whips in hand,
And screw their skeletons a deadly pace.
Unlike the good old vehicle and pair,
That toll'd its hour to gain its shilling fare.

"My time is nearly up—but one month more,
Then part my coach and I—ah! bitter thought—
No more to open the accustom'd door,
And "sack" the fee civility had bought;
Or, at the change, to strut the sanded floor,
With knowing glances at the pretty daughter
of my host; who, smiling at the leer,
Dives to the cellar to bring up the beer.

* The road phrase for the coachman and guard's perquisite.

† The Cockney vernacular for cash.

And then the game!—the secrets of the boot!—

The pury basket hung to the lamp rail:
The "lions," pheasants, partridges, and fruit,
That I have safely carried "without fail!"

I scarce can bear the luscious theme to moot—

My mouth, like any too-full watering pail,
Runs over at the very recollection
Of these ingredients for a prime refection.

Then gem'men fancied it was no disgrace

To crack a bottle with the rum old guard;
Who found a ready welcome at each place
Through which he travell'd; and was ne'er de-
barred

The cordial greeting, and the friendly face;
His presence fun and frolic never inarred;
And clodpoles gazed, with wonder and amaze,
To see a man who travelled all his days!

Then was my glory!—then, when'er I spoke,
The staring hob-nails hung upon my tone.

Words scarce can tell the feelings I awoke
In the smock-frocks, while spouting from my
throne:

No matter how incredible my joke,
Though hard to swallow as a granite stone,
'Twas slip'd like custard; and the fools done brown,
When'er I told the wonders of the town.

But let that pass—perhaps I did some harm:
But who has not, throughout this roving life?

And, by-the-bye, if roving have a charm,
My pilgrimage with such has been full rife;

Like, as it were, incorporated barn,
I've work'd, with "most unwelcome case," at
strife:

With travel's common travail long perplex'd,
Behold me go through fire and water next!

I grin a ghastly smile! how I *shall* look,
When perch'd upon a locomotive's tail,
I sit past village, castle, river, brook,
Just like the flying Dutchman in a gale.

Sooty and seething as the devil's cook,
When the fiend's *penchants* for a grill prevail;
And all is bustle, lest the sable sinner
Might lose his temper waiting for his dinner.

Ah, well! the fiat's sped—the bags, I wot,
Will henceforth journey on "their murky way,"
It is not now, will I accept or not?

There's no alternative—what else will pay?
Come, fire and brimstone, I must have my *shot*,
The ancient guard is fain to make essay;
"Out with 'em quick," no more shall be his cry,
But "strike a light," and, damme, off we fly!!

Sporting Review.

Varieties.

The Song of Liberty.

How should we drink to him,
Who died in freedom's cause?
From a running brim,
In a silent pause.
Each firm hand laid on a gleaming blade,
So should we drink to him!
How drink to him who died
Linking the freeman's chain?
In a gory tide,
With a curse and disdain,
And a shouting cry for liberty,—
So should we drink to him!

Keepsake, 1838.

The *Kremlin*, at Moscow, is being rebuilt in the old style of Russo-Tartar architecture. Upon the roof there is to be a terem, or large pavilion, in the form of a tent, such as was found in all the places of residence of the Czars of old, and in which they shut up their women. The interior of the palace, as the disposition and form of the apartments, their ornaments, tapestry, and furniture, even, to

the most minute details, will also be in the Russo-Tartar style.—*Times.*

The Traveller's Friend.—In Madagascar, grows a singular tree (*Urania*), which, from its property of yielding water, is called, "The Traveller's Friend." It differs from most other trees, in having all its branches in one plane, like the sticks of a fan, or the feathers of a peacock's tail. At the extremity of each branch, grows a broad, double leaf, several feet in length, which spreads itself out very gracefully. These leaves radiate heat so rapidly after sunset, that a copious deposition of dew takes place upon them; which soon collecting into drops, forms little streams, which run down the branches to the trunk. Here it is received into hollow spaces of considerable magnitude, one of which is found at the root of every branch. These branches lie one over the other alternately, and when a knife, or, which is better, a flat piece of stick, (for it is not necessary to cut the tree), is inserted between the parts which overlap, and slightly drawn to one side, so as to cause an opening, a stream of water rushes out, as if from a fountain. Hence the appropriate name of "The Traveller's Friend."—*Captain Basil Hall.*

Obstinacy is almost always found to exist in proportion to the weakness of the intellect where it is lodged, and, strange to say, is often mistaken by its possessor for firmness; he, however, is the only person who can entertain any doubt on this subject, for all who come in contact with him, are soon aware of the difference,—a difference unlike many others, because it has a striking distinction.—*Lady Blessington.*

Penny Postage.—To ensure the success of the projected plan of penny postage, it is calculated, on the lowest scale, that there must be an eight-fold increase in the number of letters transmitted.

A Tender in payment is rarely made in a legal manner. People commonly clog it with some condition, which makes it no tender in law. One man goes to another, and says: "here is your money; but I must have a receipt in full of all demands." A tender, to be good, must be an unconditional one, clogged with no stipulation whatever.—*Mr. Baron Maule.*

The Falkland Islands, midway between England and the Australian colonies, are about to be colonized by an Association formed for the purpose.

Photography.—The principle of this discovery is, in a few words, as follows: Light, in its state of composition and decomposition, acts chemically upon bodies. It is absorbed, it combines with them, and communicates to them new properties. Thus, it augments the natural consistency of some of these bodies; it solidifies them even, and renders them more or less insoluble, according to the duration or intensity of its action.—*From the French.*

"Or so."—The phrase "or so," is a cheat, an impostor, a specious and an insidious rogue. In all matters involving an inconvenience, it is an aggravation of the original evil, at least three-fold. Thus, your "three miles, or so, further," to the place of your destination, after a wearisome walk in a strange country, may usually be computed at nine; "a guinea or so," an uncertain charge, at three; if waiting for the arrival of your bride "an hour or so," at a day, a week, a year; if of your wife—but that is a case dependent upon peculiar circumstances.—*Little Piddington.*

A certain person being accosted in the street by a blind clarionet-screacher, with "Have pity on the poor blind," replied, "I would if I myself were deaf."—*Ibid.*

Brother and Sister.—As fathers love their daughters better than sons, and mothers love their sons better than daughters, so do sisters feel towards brothers a more constant sentiment of attachment than towards each other. None of the little vanities, heart-burnings, and jealousies, that, alas for

poor human nature! are but too apt to spring up in female hearts, can arise between brother and sister; each is proud of the success of the other, because it cannot interfere with self—nay, on the contrary, is flattering to self. Hence, if there be a bond of family union more free from all the selfish blots that interrupt all others, it is that which exists between an affectionate sister and brother.—*Lady Blessington.*

Lemonade.—(Scene, a roadside inn).—"Pray give me some lemonade."—Landlady:—"Yes, sir. Do you—do you prefer it with lemon, or without?"—"How?"—"Why—only We happen, just now, to be out of lemons."—*Little Peddington.*

Cooling Wine.—Five minutes past five finished dinner, and ordered some wine. Wine fiery as brandy, and warm;—complained of it. Scorewell undertook to "try again." Whilst he was away, fancied I heard a pump-handle at work. Returned: wine by no means so strong, and much cooler. The first decanter chipt at the lip—so was this—odd coincidence. I inquired how the decanter came to be so wet outside? Scorewell replied, that he had just given it a minute in ice. That's a reason, thought I.—*Ibid.*

Advice.—At an inn, call your bill every morning. "In the hurry of business people sometimes forget what you have not had, and down it goes in the bill."—*Ibid.*

Too Late.—"Order dinner," said a generally too late friend, with whom I had agreed to dine at a tavern one day; "Order dinner at six for half-past, and I will, positively, be with you at seven."—*Puole.*

Sailors.—Capt. Basil Hall relates that he once overheard the conversation of two of his sailors in the streets of Valparaiso, who had only been a few days in the country: one said to the other, "What do you think of these people?" "Why," replied his companion, with a look of thorough contempt, "will you believe it?—the infernal fools call a hat Sombbrero!"

Postage.—It appears that the present average cost of transit, per letter, is 28-100dths of a penny: the number of letters and newspapers passing through the General Post-office, annually, is about 26,000,000; and the net annual revenue, or profit, derived therefrom, averages £1,500,000.—*Brillon.*

The First Locomotive.—James Watt is said to have contemplated the application of steam, to the purpose of impelling carriages upon a railway, about the year 1760; but the first successful employment of a locomotive engine on rails, took place in 1804, at Merthyr Tydvil, in South Wales. The engine used upon that occasion, was constructed by Messrs. Trevithick and Vivian; and, on its first trial, it drew, at the rate of five miles an hour, as many carriages as contained ten tons of iron.—*Ibid.*

Irish Content.—Sure they're ungrateful that says this is a bad world, and that we live in bad times: if the world and times are bad, it's our own evil thoughts and ways that make 'em so. Who, that has the blessing of a free conscience, can look around in the summer and see the beautiful skies, earth, and waters, with the trees, herbs, and flowers, which God has given us, and hear the happy birds carolling around, without feeling that such a pleasant world was not given for people to be discontented in? Each season has its pleasures; for, when the winter comes, and all without looks so cold and dreary, not a leaf on the poor shivering trees, or a flower to be seen, sure it's pleasure to see a fine blazing fire, a nice clean hearth, with a warm comfortable supper, and everything around the little kitchen, shining by the light of the fire, and the people that love each other sitting by it, and thanking God that gives such pleasant changes to the seasons. Och! how much have we to be grateful for, and what a sin is it to be discontented.—*The Beguilers, by Lady Blessington.*

Ready Wit.—During a hard frost, which had incrustated every window with the most delicate tracery,

an idler, scratched with a bodkin, upon the vanishing medium, Moore's lines:—

"All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest."

An old lady, of seventy-nine, on seeing it, said, quietly, "Ah, that is rhymes upon time."—*Metropolitan.*

Swallowing a Writ.—Mr. Sergeant Davy, who lies buried in Newington Church, Surrey, was a most eccentric character. He was originally a chemist, at Exeter; and a sheriff's officer coming to serve on him a process from the Court of Common Pleas, he very civilly asked him to drink some liquor. While the man was drinking, he contrived to heat a poker; and then asking what the parchment process was made of, and being answered of sheep-skin, he told the man it must eat as well as mutton, and recommended him to try. The bailiff said it was his business to serve processes, and not to eat them; on which Mr. Davy told him, if he would not eat that, he should swallow the poker. The man preferred the parchment; but the Court of Common Pleas, not then accustomed to Mr. Davy's jokes, sent for him to Westminster Hall, read him a serious lecture on contempt of their process, and locked him up in the Fleet. From this circumstance, and some unfortunate man whom he met there, he acquired that taste for the law which the eating a process had not given the bailiff; and, when he was discharged from the Fleet, he applied to the study of it in earnest, was called to the bar, made a sergeant, and was, for a long time, in considerable practice. He died in 1780.

Queen Mary.—The bigot Mary rests in the abbey church at Westminster, but no storied monument, no costly tomb, has been raised to her memory. She was interred with all the solemn funeral rites used by the Roman church, and a mass of requiem, on the north side of the chapel of Henry VII. During the reign of her successor, not the slightest mark of respect was shewn to her memory by the erection of a monument; and even at the present day, no other memorial remains to point out the spot where she lies, except two small black tablets at the west base of the sumptuous tomb erected by order of King James I. over the ashes of Elizabeth, and her less fortunate sister. On them we read as follow:

REGNO CONORTES	ET MARIA SORORLES
ET VERNA HIC ORDOR-	IN SPE RESURREC-
HIMUS ELIZABETHA	TONIS.

—Sir F. Madden; *Privy Purse Expenses of the Princess Mary, &c.*

Public Gardens and Mechanics' Exhibitions.—Among the best modes that we know of for improving the taste of the inhabitants of country towns and their neighbourhood, are, the establishment of public gardens, such as those of Birmingham and Sheffield; and the opening of exhibitions, such as those of the Mechanics' Institutes in these towns, to which gentlemen in the neighbourhood are kind enough to send pictures, sculpture, and other articles of beauty, curiosity, or of scientific interest. These exhibitions, to which all are admitted on the payment of 6d.; or every day as long as they are open, for 2s. 6d.; cannot fail to have an excellent effect. We learn, on good authority, that at the end of a fortnight after the Derby exhibition was opened, more than 20,000 persons had been to see it.—*Gardener's Magazine.*

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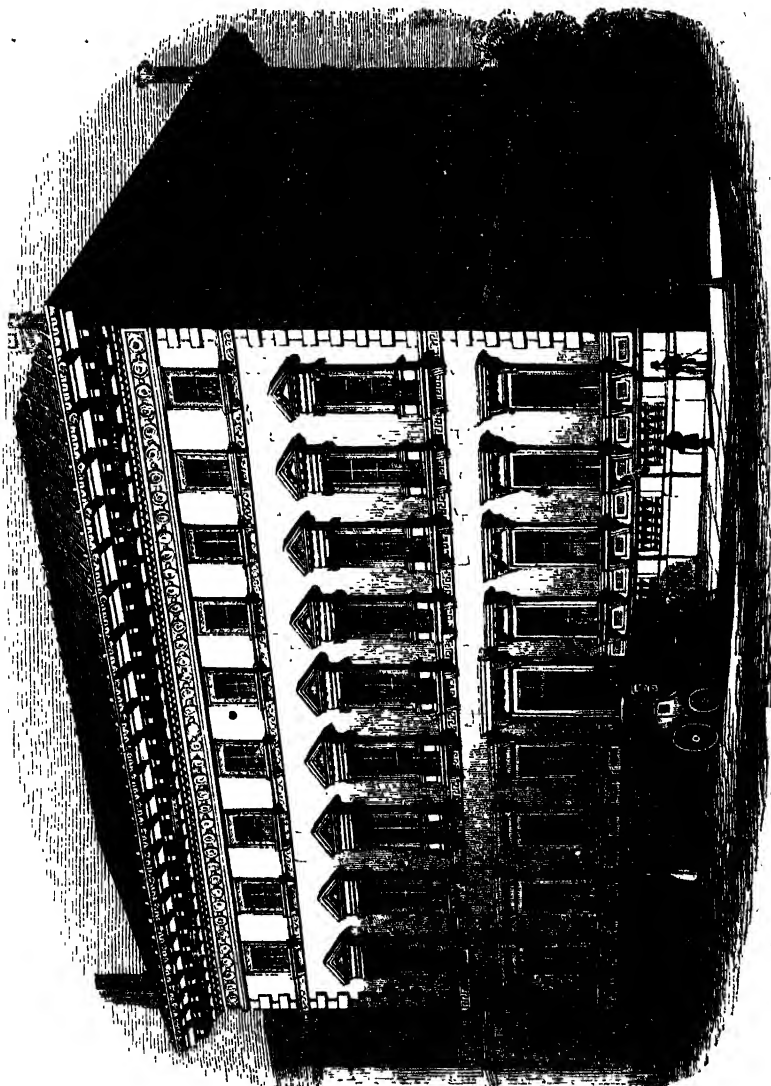
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THE REFORM CLUB-HOUSE, PALL-MALL.

THE REFORM CLUB-HOUSE, PALL-MALL.

Barry, our "sweet shady side of Pall-Mall," is fast becoming a line of club-palaces; for the mean term "houses" is scarcely characteristic of the architectural magnificence of the buildings erected of late years for the accommodation of the metropolitan clubs. Thus, one palace has given place to others; for the site of Carlton Palace, and its appurtenances, is now nearly occupied by club-mansions; the external splendour and interior arrangements of which present altogether a novel as well as luxurious feature in social economy. Already, the south side of Pall-Mall presents six of these costly edifices, which have been erected within the last twelve years, and well denote the taste and opulence of the upper classes of society in the metropolis; whilst their architectural characteristics are interesting to all—whether we admire the Grecian-Doric of "the United Service," by Nash; "the Athenæum," occupying the opposite and corresponding position (with its frieze of classic story), by Burton; the unique Italian taste of "the Travellers," and "the Reform" (about to be described), by Barry; the chaste proportions of "the Conservative," by Smirke; or the enriched facade of "the Oxford and Cambridge Universities," by the Smirkes, with its clever sculptural impersonations, by Nicholl. These edifices, it has been well observed, "give not only richness of architectural character, but a certain patrician air to Pall-Mall;" and they have few, if any, parallels in Europe.

The Reform Club-house, occupying (as already indicated) the space between the Travellers' and Conservative Club-houses, stands on the sites of the National Gallery, and the house previously used by the Reform Club. The new Club-house is from the designs of Mr. C. Barry, the architect of the new Houses of Parliament, and of "the Travellers." It is the largest and most commodious of any of the club-houses in the metropolis: the length of the front is 120 feet, exclusive of the entrance between the Travellers' Club-house and the main building, which is fifteen feet; making, in all, a frontage of 135 feet. The depth of the main building is 104 ft. 6 in.; the height of the cornice from the street pavement, is about sixty-eight feet. The style is pure Italian, and partakes largely of the character of many of the celebrated palaces in Italy. The building is chiefly remarkable for simplicity of design, combined with

grandeur of effect, as well as for the convenience and elegance of its internal arrangements.

In this capacious edifice are six floors. The basement is divided into two portions; one being allotted to the club kitchens, servants' rooms, and cellarage; and the other to separate kitchens for the accommodation of the lodgers' floor. The mezzanine, between the ground and basement floors, is allotted to baths and dressing-rooms, cellarage, and servants' rooms.

The ground floor comprises a grand saloon, about fifty-six feet square, and fifty feet in height, with two tiers of columns, forming a colonnade on each side. The walls of this apartment will be embellished with highly-finished paintings; and the furniture and appointments will be of the most sumptuous description. It is lit from above by a very large and richly-ornamented lantern. The coffee-room is likewise upon this floor, and extends the whole length of the back or garden front of the building; 117 feet in length, and twenty-six feet in width. Upon the same floor, also, are a spacious Parliamentary library, a morning-room, and private dining-room, and other apartments; all entered from the great saloon. From the centre of the east side of this saloon is a superb staircase, ascending, with three handsome arched flights, to the colonnade, formed by the upper tier of columns, which is the passage of communication with the principal rooms on the first floor; these being a drawing-room, of the same size as the coffee-room, and over it; an upper library, private drawing and card-rooms, &c. Above, is a floor comprising a billiard-room and twenty-one apartments; the latter to be let as lodging-rooms to the members of the club; many of these apartments are very commodious, and have easy access from an arched corridor. This floor has no communication with the other portion of the club-house, but is entered by the staircase in the lodge immediately adjoining the Travellers' Club-house. Above the lodging-floor, in the roof, is a complete attic, in which are numerous dormitories for the use of the club and lodgers' servants.

The whole building is faced with Portland stone: the contractors are Messrs. Grissell and Peto, and the work is executed in a very superior style; the estimated cost being £50,000.

It will be seen that the new mansion of the Reform Club differs from most other new club-houses, in having two ranges of windows above the ground-floor instead of a single range. The latter feature has been regarded as rendering the metropolitan

"club-houses eminently characteristic of their purpose," and "highly favourable to architectural dignity," owing to which these edifices "announce themselves very distinctly for what they are, at first glance, and can hardly be mistaken for private mansions." Such is the opinion of a critical writer of the day (*Companion to the Almanac*, 1838); but, in the instance of the Reform Club-house, we do not perceive the fitness of these observations; whilst very important accommodation, and completeness of convenience, have been gained by the addition, without any sacrifice of architectural propriety.

ON LOOKING ON THE SEA.

WRITTEN ABROAD, BY THE HON. CHARLES PHIPPS.

Yon sunny wave, that sparkling foam,
That booming of the sea,
How many thoughts of friends, of home,
Those objects bring to me.

So days in youth successive roll'd,
Like billows drest in light;
And like yon liquid flood of gold,
Each passing hour was bright.

Those days of bliss! No gayer heart
Ere led the laughing throng,
Or in the joyous dance took part,
Or trol'd the merry song.

But like yon shadow'd cloud that flies
Across the bright blue main,
In time's horizon cares arise
To chequer life with pain.

And storms have rag'd, and gloom has veil'd
The joys that childhood deck'd;
Of all the hopes so trimly sail'd,
How many now are wreck'd!

But still I love to think on days
'Twere better to forget,
And idly watch for pleasure's rays
Where pleasure's sun has set.

I love to wander here alone,
And listen to that sound,
That hollow voice, from realms unknown,
Bears tidings of the drown'd.

I fancy every breeze's sigh
Laments for parted hearts,
Upon the murmurs floating by,
Some last, fond thought departs.

I think each swelling wave but seems
A mound o'er some fair head,
And sadly think each ray but beams
To decorate the dead.

The brave, the coward, there are laid,
The vilest and the best;
There hopes have sunk, there joys decay'd,
There sorrow has found rest.

Keepsake, 1830.

FORBESIANA:

OR PASSAGES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF MR.
FORBES, THE ORIENTAL TRAVELLER.

(Continued from page 391, vol. i.)

HISTORICAL.

1765.—On the 30th of December, died at Rome, in a far advanced age, the Chevalier de St. George, only son of King

James the II. Born with the prospect of inheriting three powerful kingdoms, he experienced, during the course of his life, nothing but misfortunes. So entirely had he survived his political importance, that the intelligence of his death was received in Great Britain with the utmost coldness and indifference; though his pretensions to the British crown had, within the memory of the majority of persons living, excited the highest apprehension and alarm.

The Chevalier left two sons, upon the eldest of whom devolved that shadow of a shade, the right of succession to the British throne; the younger had been advanced to the purple, under the appellation of Cardinal of York, and is the last surviving male of the ancient and royal house of Stuart.

1793.—The third American Congress assembled at the conclusion of this year, when the illustrious Washington was re-chosen president; nor was any other man qualified, like him, to fill that dignified and important station; yet it is much to be apprehended that such a re-election, at the commencement of the constitution, may furnish a precedent, which, in future times, shall prove very injurious to its original purity, as well as essential principle. Experience has fully proved, that elective offices, if not carefully guarded, are liable to be converted into tenures for life; and it had, perhaps, been more advisable for the States to have lost the ostensible services of this great man for the four succeeding years, rather than, by reinstating him, to lay a foundation for a destructive innovation in future times.

1794.—The events which have happened lately in France, have astonished mankind; baffled the speculations of the wisest; frustrated the glowing expectations of rational patriotism; shocked the feelings of humanity; spread confusion over that delightful country; introduced uproar and savage ferocity of manners into the legislative assembly of the people, where calm reasoning, sage and deliberate counsels, and practical principles in politics, have all been overthrown by the furious and unbounded turbulences of the capricious and enthusiastic multitude. At these scenes the historian's powers are benumbed; for who can describe a chaos? Humanity turns pale, and the detester of tyranny pines in the deepest anguish of spirit.

1795.—On a general review of the revolutions of France, we clearly discern, in the opposite extremes into which they run, the national character of the ancient Gauls: Caesar tells us they were fickle, given to innovation, turbulent and, sedi-

tious. Polybius, Tacitus, and other writers, give them the same character. History does not present an example of an agitation arising from the same, or any similar cause, so great, so sudden, and so various in its operations and effects, as the present vicissitudes of France. The gradations from despotism to limited monarchy; from limited monarchy to republicanism; from republicanism to anarchy; and from anarchy to a certain degree of moderation, have been extremely rapid; and the social feelings, during this shifting scene, have been swallowed up in a political whirlpool.

It is beyond all doubt, to the atrocious, murderous disposition that now rages and reigns in France, that we are to ascribe the untimely end of that lovely, promising, and unfortunate young prince and king, Louis the XVIIth of France. If his death was not the immediate effect of violent, it was probably that of slow poison; at any rate, it was the consequence of that degrading and cruel mode of treatment, to which the young prince, immersed in all the excess of which his puerile frame was susceptible, and, at the same time, immured from the sanative power of air, and continual motion and exercise, so natural to his time of life,—has been for so many years subjected. The ruling powers of France have been in the practice of sacrificing one of the royal family on every great crisis of danger. On the approach of the Duke of Brunswick, they murdered the king; on the revolt of Toulon, the queen; and now the royalists threaten the prince.

The series of important events that have recently taken place in France, has occasioned no changes more strikingly distinguished than those of the national church. Its honours, its exemptions, its treasures, its enormous revenues, rites, ceremonies, and superstitions, with all their dead and living appendages, have been driven before the tempest of an ineffectually opposed reform; have been wrecked upon the shores of a strongly agitated sea; and swallowed up in an abyss, from which it seems to be very improbable they will ever emerge, but as shattered fragments, never again to be united.

OLDEN KITCHEN-GARDENING.

SOME curious facts in the history of horticulture are found in Evelyn's *Acetaria*. It was scarcely an hundred years, he tells us, since cabbages were introduced from Holland into this country, one of the Sir Anthony Ashley, of Wiburg St. Giles, in Dorsetshire, being the first person who

planted them in England;—the family, then, has deserved well of its country, notwithstanding it produced so great a — as Shaftesbury. It had not been very long since artichokes were cultivated in Italy, after which they were, for some time, so rare in England as to be sold for crowns a-piece. We have not learnt from the French to eat this noble thistle, as Evelyn calls it, as a salad; nor from the Italians to stew it till its tough leaves are edible. The cucumber, within his memory, had been accounted "little better than poison;" the melon was hardly known till Sir George Gardiner, coming from Spain, brought it into estimation; when its ordinary price was 5s. or 6s. Much has been added to the catalogue of esculents since Evelyn's time; but some things, on the other hand, have fallen into disuse. The bud of the sunflower, before it expands, was then dressed like an artichoke, and eaten as a dainty; the root of the minor pimpinella, or small Burnet saxifrage, dried and pulverized, was preferred by some persons to any kind of pepper; and the pounded seeds of the *nasturtium* were thought preferable to mustard. Evelyn praises the milky, or dappled thistle, either as a salad, or boiled, or baked in pies like the artichoke; it was then sold in our herb-markets, but probably for a supposed virtue in consequence of its name *Carduus Mariae*, or Our Lady's Milky Thistle, which made it be esteemed a proper diet for nurses. The bur, also, he calls delicate and wholesome, when young. The young leaves of the ash were a favourite pickle,—but, of all his dainties, that of which a person of the present age would be the least willing to partake, would be "the small young acorns which we find in the stock-doves' craws," and which are "a delicious farce, as well as those incomparable salads of young herbs taken out of the maws of partridges at a certain season of the year, which gives them a preparation far exceeding that of cookery." They were certainly valiant eaters in those days, and one who admired such salads might have sat down with Hearne to a Northern Indian's feast.

MARCH OF REASON.

THERE is, we humbly think, something impressively appalling in the reflection that everything in creation has been immutably fixed, by a strict entail, save and except the marth, progressive or retrograde, of human reason.

The velocity of lightning, the sound of thunder, the power of the wind, which still goeth where it listeth, do not increase. The heat of the sun, the blueness of the

sky, the freshness of mountain air, the solemn grandeur of the trackless ocean, remain unaltered. The nest of the bird improves no more than its plumage—the habitation of the beaver no more than its fur—the industry of the bee no more than its honey; and, lovely as is the melody of the English lark, yet the unchanged accents of its morning hymn daily proclaim to us from the firmament of heaven, that, in the conjugation of the works of Nature, there are no distinctions of tenses, for that what is, what was, and what will be, are the same.

But it is not so with human reason. Man alone has the power to amass and bequeath to his posterity whatever knowledge he acquires, and thus our condition on earth may be improved *ad infinitum* by the labour, intelligence, and discoveries of those who have preceded us.

Human reason being, therefore, a fluctuating series, while brute instinct is a fixed quantity, there is something encouraging in reflecting that the high degree of instinct with which animals are gifted, coupled with our promised dominion over every beast of the field, foretells the superior eminence which human intelligence is capable of attaining. For instance, the powerful eyesight of the eagle might have almost led a philosopher to prophesy the invention of the telescope, by which we have surpassed it; the astonishing instinct of those birds of America, which, from the luxury of a southern latitude, annually return to a wilderness nearly a thousand miles distant, to build their nests on the very trees upon whose branches they were reared, might have led him to foretell the discovery of the compass, which enables men, not only in one direction, but in all directions, to probe their way to the remotest regions of the earth.

The strength and ferocity of the lion, the tiger, and the rhinoceros, might have foretold the invention of fire-arms, which have empowered us, with fearless confidence, to seek, rather than avoid, every beast of the field.

The immense size of the whale, so fortified by the bolsterous element in which it lives, might have led a man to prognosticate the simple apparatus by which it is now captured.

The speed of the horse—the strength of the ox—the acute sense of smell in the dog—the patient endurance of “the ship of the desert,” the camel—the stupendous power of the elephant—and the swiftness of the carrier-pigeon’s wing, have already, by the exertion of the human mind, one after another, been made subservient to the interests of man, for whose dominion they were created; and, though we cannot

deny that in certain instances human reason has not yet surpassed brute instinct, yet we should remember that in science, as well as in religion, it has beneficently been declared to us, “Seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.”—*Quarterly Review*.

THE BROKEN HEART.

WHEN the knell, rung for the dying,
Soundeth for me,
And my cold corse is lying
’Neath the green tree;
When the turf strangers are heaping,
Covers my breast,
Come not to gaze on me weeping;—
I am at rest.

- All my life, coldly and sadly
The days have gone by;
- I, who dream’d wildly and madly,
Am happy to die.
- Dear friend, my heart hath been breaking,
Its pain is all past;
- A term hath been set to its aching,—
Peace comes at last!

Keepsake, 1838.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

ETRUSCAN SCULPTURES.

AMONG the votes of Parliament relating to the British Museum, in the present year, is one for £6,570, part of which has been expended in the purchase of a collection of Etruscan monumental sculptures, found by Signor D’Anastasi in Tuscany, the ancient Etruria. They are at present placed in the grand central and in the Phigalian saloon, and are well worthy of attention; as they enable us more distinctly to trace, by being placed in conjunction with others within that edifice, step by step, the improvements in the art of sculpture, which, perhaps, having had its origin in China, appears gradually, in proceeding towards the west, to have been improving in its march, till it attained the zenith of its perfection in the classic climes of Greece and Italy.

The tombs whence these figures and monuments were brought, were in general excavated in the rock, and in a line of road immediately leading to a city, as was the custom of all the ancients, and the outside, where it would admit being adorned, embellished with sculptured ornaments; they were of that kind called *Tafos*, and not like the Celtic *grunulus* or mound; in some of them it was the custom for the priests to practice the art of divination. The interiors of the chambers were so formed, that the ceilings were made to represent beams of wood, and the walls of those belonging to families or individuals of distinction were entirely covered with paintings; these were divided into compartments, and the subjects represented were rarely of a sombre or funereal descrip-

tion ; in many of them groups of figures are represented as dancing with female musicians playing on flutes. The dress of the men is commonly a cloak, thrown over the arms and shoulders, without sandals, or any other covering ; the women have light tunics and mantles floating in the air, both of which are bordered ; all the figures are crowned with myrtle ; the men wear a necklace of blue beads, and in the back-ground of the picture is generally seen a table covered with painted vases, which contain the wine destined for those votaries of Bacchus ; in others there are representations of chariot races : a number of cars, with three horses to each, appear ready to start, and only wait because the steeds of all are not prepared. In some, wrestling matches are depicted, over which a figure on horse-back presides armed with a lance. It is evident that the subjects on the walls of these tombs are a true representation of the funeral ceremonies of the Etruscans, and that they contemplated death but as a gate through which mortality must pass to obtain a perpetual enjoyment.

The chests, when opened, were found to contain, beside the bones of the deceased, many favourite articles appertaining to their lives, such as female ornaments of gold, parts of the armour of a warrior, besides mirrors, cestuses, dice, table utensils, and pieces of money of ancient fabric, as also vases of glass and terra cotta, some beautifully painted ; with many other articles possessed in life. The chest on the right hand from the entrance of the grand saloon of the Museum, was found in a chamber excavated in the rock on the road from Tuscanella to Corneto, the ancient Tarquinia. The bas-relief in front represents the head of Medusa, having on each side a dolphin. A figure of a boy, probably the son of the deceased, stands beside ; he is naked, excepting a sash around the loins ; the cover is the recumbent effigy of an aged matron. On the cover of the adjoining one is sculptured the statue of a priest of Bacchus, which is shewn by the *pretericulum* he holds in his hand, and the ivy chaplet round his temples, as also by the sacred utensils hanging from the wall on his side ; the chest belonging to it presents in front a combat of three warriors, scarcely blocked out ; within it were the remains of the body, and some other articles. The next chest has a male figure on the top, and an inscription, probably bearing the name of the departed, engraved on the upper cornice of the principal side : the bas-relief on this represents two marine monsters opposite each other, and between them is a disc intended for a Gorgon : the marine figures are

finished, but the other is only sketched out. This is strange, but probably can be accounted for, that it was the custom to prepare the receptacle during life, and, not being completed, it was thought sacrilegious to touch it after death ; round the neck of this figure is a circular ornament, surrounded with a riband in spirals, which it is difficult more accurately to define ; it has, too, a ring in the hand, which it was also the custom for women to hold. There is an inscription, which, according to the theory of Lanzi, may be translated "*Vibius Sithicus*," or "*Sextus, Velthurius, Medosia natus Tanaquilis filia, vixit annos quinquaginta*." The next cover represents a warrior, as may be judged from the bas-relief of a military car, guided by himself ; behind, is a genius with expanded wings, followed by three figures bearing palms in procession, and a fourth who has in his arms an instrument resembling the crooked Etruscan trumpet. There is a long inscription upon this coffin, the whole of which, according to the above antiquary, is unintelligible, excepting the name "*Arzio Velio*," and the age, sixty-one. The adjoining chest to this has a bas-relief of a bearded head, covered with the Phrygian bonnet, the point of which falls over the forehead ; beside, are two marine monsters mounted by boys, symbolical of the passage of the soul over the ocean to the Elysian fields. The statue on the cover is that of a young female, which has evidently been painted red, as also the ornaments of a golden colour, a practice which seems to have been general among the ancients ; on the head is a diadem, and there can be no doubt but the countenance is a portrait of the deceased, who must have been handsome ; the dress is in an unfinished state, as is the case with almost all the others.

In the Phigalian saloon is a chest, by far the most magnificent of the whole collection ; it is larger than any of the others, and is sculptured on all the sides, which is unusual, and would seem to prove that it was intended for some superior personage. At the head is represented a combat of gladiators in honour of the deceased ; the bas-reliefs on the other sides of the monument display the barbarous sacrifice of human victims, men, women, and children, who are hacked to death before the altar, amidst the despair of their relatives and friends : the whole is masterly executed ; the grouping of the figures is excellent ; the attempt at flight of some, and the useless resistance of others, are boldly delineated ; and, but that the finish is not equal, we think that this sculpture is not surpassed by any of the splendid specimens of Grecian art around : this beautiful

work has unfortunately been much injured, and only a few letters remain of an inscription which probably contained the name of the deceased. The next sarcophagus has no bas-relief of any kind, the cover is a figure of a priestess of Bacchus lying supinely on the chest; she is dressed in the pomp of her sacred calling, and ornaments of gold decorate her person. A fawn, sacred to the God, is lying beside her; in her right hand is a vase with handles, and a thyrsus in the left. The style of this figure varies from that of all the others.

The next chest is of *terra cotta*; the statue which forms the lid of it, represents a young female dressed as the old matron before described; but it is to be remarked of the figure, the singular position of the legs; the left is bent under the other, and is seen at the back of the statue; the whole is coarsely finished, except the face, which is more carefully formed. The adjoining chest is also a sarcophagus of *terra cotta*, and has on it two figures of dolphins in relief; the cover is a young woman, whose head is encircled by a garland, reposing with the right hand under the neck, while the other is extended, on the little finger of which is a ring; the leg is in the same awkward position as the one before mentioned.

The last we have to describe is a magnificent tomb, which bears in front two winged genii, sculptured; in the hand of one is a torch; the other bears military trappings, and in the centre are ornaments of leaves; at the sides are heads of animals, in various forms, and at the back are other genii and ornaments. The cover is of a cubical form, terminating at the cornice with tiles and artificial masks, surrounded with festoons; in the middle of the ridge of the roof are two serpents tied in a knot. At the extremities are sphynxes with expanded wings. The whole is sculptured in peperino stone, which is carefully covered over with a coating of lime stucco, and coloured in red, black, white, and green; on the front is an inscription, and the same is delineated in colours on the lid.—*Abridged from the Times.*

SNOWDONIA.

THIS poetical appellation has been given to the central part of the county of Caernarvon, the most romantic district of North Wales—from its grand feature being the magnificent mountain of Snowdon. "Nature has here, (says Camden,) reared huge groups of mountains, as if she intended to bind the island fast to the bowels of the earth, and make a safe retreat for the Britons in the time of war.

For here are so many crags and rocks, so many wooded valleys, rendered impassable by so many lakes, that the lightest troops, much less an army, could never find their way among them. These mountains may be truly called the British Alps; for, besides that they are the highest in the whole island, they are, like the Alps, bespread with broken crags on every side, all surrounding one which, towering in the centre, far above the rest, lifts its head so loftily, as if it meant not only to threaten, but to thrust it into the sky."

In a region so fitted by Nature for the strategies of war, there were, doubtless, many strongholds erected in the troublous times of Britain. Throughout the district exist some traces of the Roman conquest of the aboriginal inhabitants; although there is some difficulty in determining by what tribe of native Britons Caernarvonshire was inhabited at the above early period. The neighbouring districts of North Wales were peopled by the Ordovices; and Caernarvonshire has, with great shew of probability, been included in the territory of that tribe. The Romans crossed this county under Suetonius Paulinus, when they attacked Mona, (Anglesey) A.D. 59. In the Itinerary of Antoninus, two stations within the county are given: Segontium, now Caer Seiont, (Caernarvon) and Conovium, now Caer Rhun, the Fort of Rhun), near Conway, where Roman bricks have been found inscribed *Læ. x.*; and, in 1801, the late Rev. H. D. Griffith had many apartments cleared, wherein were discovered several broken vases, dishes, &c. The name of this station, Conovium, is evidently connected with that of the river; although some authorities place the site at Conway, five miles lower down. Of the other Roman remains in the county, may be mentioned Dinl Dinlle, thirty acres in extent, supposed to have been raised by the soldiers of Agricola, near the coast, between Clynog and Caernarvon. At the foot of the lower lake of Llanberis is also, "a most perfect Roman station, called Dinas Dinorwic, partly natural and partly artificial, in fine preservation."

The ruined stronghold of the annexed Engraving is the work of a very remote age, but whether anterior or subsequent to the Roman conquest, is doubtful. It was one of what Sir Richard Hoare calls the first class of Welsh castles—"the original British, situated on high and almost inaccessible mountains." Its locality is about two miles from the village of Llanberis, nearer to Caernarvon. The name, Dôlbadarn, or, Padarn's Meadow, is referred to Padarn, a British saint, of

obscure note. "The castle, standing near the junction of the two lakes of Llanberis, is the only one that remains in all the narrow passes of North Wales. As it was impossible for an enemy to climb the chain of mountains, which are a guard to Caernarvonshire and Anglesey, and as there were five narrow passes, the British secured each with a castle: this was the central one." Its remains are a small round tower, or keep; its inner diameter ten yards, and its height, twenty-five yards. This seems to have been the principal part of the fortress, since it occupies the whole of a small elevated rock: it would scarcely accommodate fifteen men, and is hardly larger than one of the bastions of Caernarvon castle. The strongholds of the British kings, we must recollect, cannot be compared in magnitude with the Norman fortresses.

Dôlbadarn castle has been, for centuries, in ruins; since Leland (temp. Henry VIII.) describes only a decayed tower. Within its walls Owen Gôch was confined upwards of twenty years, for having joined in a rebellion against his brother Llywelyn ap Gruffydd, the last Prince of Wales.

The view from hence is extremely beautiful, embracing the two lakes, nearly three miles in extent, and the vast mountain chain which bounds the vale. The effect of the castled crag, with its ruined tower reflected in the crystal lake, the stupendous mountains on each side, and the upper lake stretching to the church of Llanberis, with mighty Snowdon in the back ground, make up a scene of the sublime and the picturesque, which baffles the eloquence of the pen, and the mastery of the pencil.



DOLBADARN CASTLE, N. WALES.

Scientific Facts.

ENGRAVING WITH THE DAGUERRETYPE.

A PARIS paper states that Dr. Donné has applied, with success, the ordinary process of engraving directly to the proofs taken with the Daguerreotype; a discovery almost as important as the invention of the apparatus itself. The plates have been submitted to the Academy of Sciences, where they have caused "a

very great sensation." The account adds: "when Dr. Donné shall have brought to perfection his engraving process, then only will the Daguerre apparatus prove to the traveller, antiquary, and naturalist, the most valuable resource. When the image of the most complex monument or most minute preparation of natural history shall have been finished, every traveller or observer, by immediately engraving the plate, will be able himself to compose the picturesque part of his

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work, and to multiply its proofs at a cheap rate. The primitive art, which obliged us to make collections of unique pictures upon silver plates, is, therefore, about to take a far wider range. It will quit the cabinets of the curious, and enter the domain of the graphic arts in general, and of popular education."—*Quoted in the Times.*

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION. CHEMICAL ABACUS.

Dr. Reid, of Edinburgh, has found this apparatus useful in introducing his pupils to a precise knowledge of the constitution of the more important chemical compounds. It consists of a frame of wood, across which wires are placed, and upon which beads are strung, as in the instrument employed by Chinese clerks, and to be seen in most museums. Each wire corresponds to a chemical element, and the beads to atoms; while the names of the elements are placed on the frame at the extremities of the wires. Dr. Daubeny suggested an improvement of this instrument, by having the beads of different colours to correspond to the different elements. [The Chemical Abacus may now be seen at all of the philosophical instrument-makers' in the metropolis.]

FRENCH SAFETY-LAMP.

This lamp was invented by Baron du Mensil in 1834, and has been adopted by the French government, after a favourable report on it by M. Ch. Combes. The lamp consists of a body of flint-glass, defended by twelve iron bars. The air is admitted by two conical tubes inserted at the bottom, which are capped with wire-gauze, and enter by the side of the flame. The latter rises into a chimney, which has, over its top, an arched piece of metal; the chimney, however, being quite open: consequently, a strong current is constantly passing up the chimney. When carburated hydrogen gas passes in, the fact is discovered by numerous small explosions, and the whole glass-work is thrown into vibrations, which emit a loud and shrill sound, to be heard at a very considerable distance.

Prof. Graham stated the novelty in the above lamp to be the open chimney. He considered that the Davy Lamp was left almost perfect by that philosopher, and that all accidents proceeded from carelessness. [We are happy to see the fame of Davy thus vindicated; for there has been too evident a disposition to asperse it, of late.] Prof. Graham alluded to the deleterious effects of after-damp, or carbonic acid, left in the atmosphere of a mine after an explosion, which is believed to occasion often greater loss of life among

the miners than the original explosion, and has often prevented assistance being rendered in accidents. In many cases, the oxygen of the air was not exhausted by the explosion; although, from the presence of five or ten per cent. of carbonic acid, it was rendered irrespirable. The atmosphere might, therefore, be rendered respirable by withdrawing this carbonic acid; and he suggested a method by which this might be effected. He had found that a mixture of dry slaked lime and pounded Glauber's salts, in equal proportions, has a singular avidity for carbonic acid; and that air might be purified completely from that deleterious gas, by inhaling it through a cushion of not more than an inch in thickness, filled with that mixture, which could be done without difficulty. He suggested the use of an article of this kind by persons who descended into a mine to assist sufferers after an explosion; indeed, wherever the safety-lamp was necessary, and the occurrence of an explosion possible, the possession of this *lime-filter* would be an additional source of security.

PRESERVING FISHES.

Mr. Lankester's process, already referred to, consisted in drying the fish, then taking away their soft parts, drying the skins, keeping them in shape by pieces of stick and cork, and, finally, varnishing them with mastic varnish, by which they become stiffened, and their colours preserved. Mr. Gray stated, that Mr. Lankester's process was not new. He hoped soon to have a very fine collection of fishes open for inspection at the British Museum. He thought the fish were better sewed on to the paper than glued. He had preserved the colour of the fish by soaking them in brine, and drying them before they were put into spirit. He condemned the use of oxy muriate of mercury in the preparation of animal substance. Dr. Macartney recommended pyroligneous acid instead of corrosive sublimate. Medusæ might be preserved by putting them into a solution of alum and nitre in spirit: they lost little of their size thus, and could be kept in no other way.

OBSERVATORY AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

It appears that, upon the wish of the British Association, communicated to the Government by Sir John Herschel, the first Lord of the Admiralty has appointed an additional assistant to the Cape observatory, at a liberal salary. Jones's mural circle, hitherto used at Greenwich, has also been despatched to supply the place of the defective one in use at the Cape. Added to this, to aid Mr. Maclean, the director of the above observatory, in his remeasurement of Lacaille's arc of the

meridian at the Cape, there have been forwarded to him Colonel Colby's excellent compensation measuring bars, the same which have been employed by him in the measurement of the Irish base, which are now actually on their voyage to perform a similar office at the Cape. Lastly, in pursuance of the same object, has been obtained the use of the Astronomical Society's excellent theodolite, for remeasuring Lacaille's triangles. [This fostering aid from Government will be very satisfactory to the scientific world.]

THE PACIFIC TIDELESS.

There is no tide in the middle of the Pacific, around the South Sea Islands; a phenomenon which Mr. Russell explains, by the probability that the coral reefs in that part of the ocean would have the effect of obliterating the tide-wave; for he found, during his researches on waves, that the slightest obstacles placed at the bottom of the trough, were sufficient almost instantly to obliterate the wave; inasmuch that, whereas, at first, he had to wait, after one experiment, sometimes fifteen or twenty minutes before the surface was still enough to commence the next; after he discovered the fact, he could, at pleasure, quiet the surface by elevating certain pieces of wood, which, in general, lay even with the bottom. Now, the coral reefs were just such obstacles; and the tide-wave being clearly proved a wave of translation, he had little doubt that they would furnish an explanation of the fact.—*Abridged from the Athenæum.*

New Books.

MEMOIRS OF CHARLES MATHEWS, 'COMEDIAN.
BY MRS. MATHEWS. VOLS. III. AND IV.

[This portion comprises some 1200 pages of most interesting and minute biographical memoir, varied with numerous letters of a domestic character, but all tending to shew that Mr. Mathews was as extraordinary a person in private as in public life. These volumes commence with the year 1828; but, as we have not space in our "cabined and confined" columns to follow dates, we must be satisfied with selecting a few of the many admirable anecdotic illustrations of life and character which this excellent work contains.]

Whimsical Mistake.

In the Lent of the year 1826 a whimsical mistake occurred, in consequence of the stage of the English Opera House being occupied on alternate nights by Mr. Mathews with his "Lecture on Men and Manners," and Mr. Bartley with his lecture on the "Structure of the Universe."

This change from "gay to grave" probably caused more mistakes than the one I now relate.

It appeared that the editor of a newspaper, having been prevented by illness, or some other cause, from writing a criticism on Mr. Mathews's Entertainment of this season, and wishing to give some notice of it, requested an intelligent Scotch friend, who had visited London for the first time, to go to the English Opera House, for the double purpose of enjoying the performance, and afterwards of furnishing an account of it for publication.

On the following morning, when the Scotchman entered his friend's office, he was questioned as to his impressions with regard to the preceding night's exhibition. He owned he had been disappointed by it; he expected more comicality than he discovered in Mr. Mathews, whom he had never seen before. The subject, he said, was not made so much of as it might have been; there were no jokes, no opportunities for him to display drollery; in fact, he was disappointed.

The editor expressed his surprise, and asked whether the songs were not good? He was told that there were no songs, and what music there was introduced was of a very grave character. This was a puzzle.

"Well, but the rest of the audience were amused, I suppose, though you were not?"—"No: they smiled occasionally; but we were all frozen. The house was thinly attended; and, even had there been cause, we were too cold to laugh; but, in fact, there was nothing to laugh at."—"Is it possible that you did not think Mathews a very droll person?"—"Oh, dear, no; quite the contrary: he was very gentlemanlike, but very far from droll. I never heard a more sensible delivery, or a better voice; but he was not comical, or what I expected."—"Oh!" said the editor, "he must have been ill."—"He did not look ill; on the contrary, he was fat and jolly in appearance."—"Fat! well, he must have altered very much since last year, then. Are you sure you were at the right theatre, and that it was really Mathews you saw?"—"Oh! yes, no doubt of it. The name of his entertainment was 'Earth, Air, and Water;' those were the subjects he professed to treat of, and he delivered all he had to say very well; but it was not comical; a mere matter-of-fact production, and very dull. I did not wait to hear it out."

The editor paused: "A dull entertainment—no songs—a thin house—a fat matter-of-fact Mathews!"—all this was inconceivable. At last he remembered the alternate exhibitions, and at once saw through the mistake; and, without explaining it to his Scotch friend, he induced

him (with some difficulty) to go again that night, in order to try a second impression, and give it a fair hearing to the very end.

The result of his second visit was his appearance at the supper table of his friend in a state of excitement and delight at his evening's amusement; he had almost been deafened by the shouts of laughter in which he had joined, almost pressed to death by the crowd, and nearly suffocated by the heat.

On further questioning him about the preceding night's experiment, he owned that as soon as the first portion of the subject was ended, he had left the theatre; satisfied that he had seen enough of Matthews's fun in the description so excellently given by Mr. Bartley of the formation of the terrestrial globe, which afforded no ground to be conical upon, and was delivered too well to be laughed at by his auditors.

Matthews's Imitation of Children, and Partiality to them.

Mr. Matthews had been, I believe, a tolerable billiard-player; but his lameness made it latterly too fatiguing an amusement to be pursued, even when he found a table in a private house. He did not rightly understand any other game: cards he did not like, unless he found himself, at any jovial season in the country, amongst a party of young people; then his enjoyment of a round game was even childish. He would be noisy and full of all sorts of absurdity, and gather up his earnings with boyish delight, in order, when the game was over, to give them away; or else, sometimes, to pocket his gains with affected triumph, in imitation of a child's chuckle, though he would not till the end part with his fish for money, however he distressed the table by his monopoly. Indeed, like Goldsmith, his behaviour with children was that of the most simple child. He generally addressed them in the tones and manner of childhood, always making himself the age of those to whom he talked. At first the little creatures would look surprised, sometimes frightened; but this effect soon wore off as he persevered, and it always ended in his being accepted as a playmate. The first wonder over, ever after he was considered by them as a boy, for such was his voice and manner.

I remember our travelling into Suffolk once, with Mrs. Richard Wilson, on a Christmas visit, and stopping at a village inn for refreshment while her horses baited. Soon after we saw my husband near the door, with half a dozen boys, of about eight years old, playing at marbles, bawling and wrangling about the game, in their childish and rude manner, and

every one of his companions as grave and earnest with him as if they were all of the same age, and had been used to him all their lives. There he was squabbling. "You, Bill Atkins! I say, you've no right to that taw."—"I have," said Bill.—"I say, you haven't!"—"I say I have!"—"Ah! you cheat! I won't play with you no more." And thus eventually he picked a quarrel with one of them; and taking off his coat, offered to fight. He was met with spirit by the boy in question, and, finding this, he resumed his good humour, and made a present to his adversary of the marbles he had won, and left them all pleased with the "large boy."

We inquired how he became so regally installed amongst these urchins in so short a time. He told us that he went up to them as they were playing, and, assuming the tone and words suited to their age and the occasion, asked if he might play with them? They all looked up with something like alarm mixed with wonder, and stared at him in silence for a minute. He reiterated his wish to join them, and they all looked gravely and sheepishly at each other. He still urged them, till, at last, after some demur, the smallest of the party boldly cried, "Let him play; what harm?"—"Very well," said another, encouraged by his friend's example—"very well; but has he got any marbles?"—"No," said the new comer; "but I've a penny."—"Well, then, let him buy some of yours, Tom; you've got plenty to sell." The bargain was completed, and he knuckled down, soon learned several of their names, and thus we found him with them. It was most diverting to observe how completely the boys had ceased to regard him as anything but what he represented: no giggling, no suspicion, but a thorough confidence at last in the reality of his being a child, though of "larger growth" than themselves. As he quitted them, he said he must go to his "Ma," and joined us; the boys looking after him and at us with curiosity for a moment; but immediately resuming their play, seemingly without any further reflection upon the incident.

With some children (at the houses where he familiarly visited) he never allowed himself to appear other, when they were by, than one of their own age; and after the first surprise, alarm, or, perhaps, laughter, they fell into the notion as completely as if they had forgotten his size. In fact his face bore little contradiction to his tones, language, and manner: such was the wonderful power he possessed over his features, that life had command of every possible expression that belongs to the human countenance, from

puling infancy to impotent old age, from inanity to the highest point of intellectual meaning. A little girl of Mr. Rowland Stephenson's, for several years never doubted his being what he pretended to be, and invariably called him "that boy-man."

Mr. Mathews's "At Home."

Amongst the extraordinary effects of the popularity of my husband's "At Home," were the applications made, under every kind of pretext, letters being sent to him from all sorts of professions and trades about town. One man offered him snuff for himself and friends if he would only mention the name and shop of the manufacturer. Another promised him a perpetual polish for his boots upon the same terms. He was solicited to mention every sort of exhibition, and to puff all the new quack medicines; and patents, from surgeons' instruments to mangles, called for his public approval. There was no limit to these requisitions. Lozenges were to be tasted, razors to be used, razor-strops to be tried. The wines sent for him to taste, though said to be "of the finest quality," nevertheless required a "bush," which was expected to be hung out nightly at his "house of entertainment," for "value received." Patent filters, the price of which was to be liquidated by his praise; wigs, waistcoats, boots and boot-hooks, "ventilating hats," and "bosom friends!"—all *gratis*! And an advertising dentist one day presented himself, offering to teethe our whole family if Mr. Mathews would draw his metallic teeth into notice. In fact, he was inundated with presents and petitions, so that our cottage sometimes looked like a bazaar; and I had frequently occasion to exercise my ingenuity in contriving how and to whom I might convey the generally useless articles forced upon our acceptance. In fact, we eventually paid for them by purchases or presents of and to the parties from whom they came, in order to smooth down their disappointments at my husband's declining to comply with the requests with which they were accompanied.

Amongst the most amusing of these varieties, was a petition from Mrs. Johnson, who yearned to hear her "American Soothing Syrup" commended and recommended by my husband; and she one night held forth the tempting bribe, that she and a party of friends would appear in the boxes, in the fond hope of hearing this "real blessing to mothers" pointed out by Mr. Mathews to the paternal part of the audience. At length my husband's "ill-nature" (and for the joke's sake) devised the mention of it in the "Dilbery Fa-

mily," where he made Mr. D— boast that he had, in the course of his domestic duties, found it right to supply his family with this inestimable balm.

But these were minor evils of his popularity compared to others, arising from his use of names. The commonest upon which he could fix for his characters (Smith excepted), laid him open to the "hope" of its possessor, "that Mr. Mathews would adopt one less known for his purpose;" and if, in escaping from this difficulty, he made his peace with one person, by adopting a different name, he fell under the censure of another, who requested that he would choose one more common than the writer's. Some were "informed that their names and titles were held up to ridicule," when such names and titles had never before been heard of by the accused. In fact, there was no doubt but that this was often the trick of the mischievous to annoy the ridiculously vain, to fret them with a feigned account of the manner in which their name, person, or peculiarities, were "shewn up" by Mr. Mathews in his "At Home."

Periodicals.

PIC-NIC FROM THE OCTOBER MAGAZINES.

"The Unexpected Meeting."—[In the *New Monthly Magazine*, the editor's contribution, "Emily; or the Unexpected Meeting," is abruptly yet cleverly brought to a close by a railway catastrophe, which we take to be altogether a novel denouement. The party, a lady of fortune, (inferred but not known to be a widow,) her quasi daughter Emily, and her suitor, are proceeding with an aged stranger to Liverpool, to meet a party to clear up the mystery of the actual relationship of the two females.] Wrapped in meditation, the party reached the station; they were in excellent time, they debarked from the carriages, which were ordered to be there to receive them at six o'clock on the Thursday; and such is the admirable punctuality of the railroad arrangements, that within one minute or less of the appointed time, the almost vital breath of the impetuous engine was heard snorting through the air, and in less than a quarter of an hour from their arrival at the station, the whole of the party, agitated as they were by a thousand contending feelings, were flying through the air at the rate of twenty-three miles an hour. During this rapid progress, Mrs. Langley resolutely refused to enter into any conversation on the subject of the journey, well assured that it would be productive of the worst effects upon Emily; in a place and under

circumstances, where she would be without the means of soothing or reviving her. The stranger still gazed on the beautiful girl, and Alfred, who was seated next Mrs. Langley, appeared, in some degree, to have recovered his spirits, although his eyes remained downcast, and his brow contracted. The speed at which they proceeded seemed to excite in the stranger an anxiety to address the fair girl, who evidently absorbed all his attention; and, at length, after an apparent struggle with his feelings, he laid his hand upon hers, and, in a subdued tone of voice, said, "Dearest, best-beloved of human beings, a few short hours will restore you to him, who—" At this moment, a noise, louder than the crashing of thunder, burst over their devoted heads—a shout of horror, the screams of agony and fear, filled the air, and, in an instant, a concussion, irresistibly violent, shivered the carriage in which the travellers were seated, into atoms, and whirled the passengers down the precipitous embankment on which they were travelling, into the depths of the valley below. Fourteen of the vehicles shared a similar fate, and the green sward was covered with the mutilated bodies and the scattered limbs of the unfortunate victims—nor was this the extent of the mischief. He to whom the unhappy creatures were hurrying to relieve his mind, too anxious to reap the harvest of happiness which was ripe and ready for his hand, and finding himself better in health, had quitted Liverpool, in hopes of anticipating their departure from Beaulieu, (Mrs. Langley's residence.) By some unaccountable circumstance, connected with the switches, or the rails, or the sleepers, or something else, the up-train had come into contact with the train travelling downwards—each set of carriages suffered nearly in an equal degree, and by this "unexpected meeting," the reader, in common with the village in which Beaulieu stands, and of the town which it overlooks, and the rest of the world universally, are left in total ignorance of the history of Mrs. Langley, and of all the circumstances connected with it. This is to be deeply lamented—but still as far as the accident itself goes, there is every reason for consolation:—no "blame whatever could be attached to any person connected with the railroad;" and, moreover, the mutilated remains of the respected ladies and gentlemen who suffered, were carefully collected, and interred the following day in the catacombs of one of the popular joint-stock company cemeteries, which "commands a beautiful view of the surrounding country, and to and from which there are omnibuses going and returning every half-hour in the day—fare sixpence, inside."

Modern Mohocks.—Of their sports in their own houses, such as bringing their horses into their drawing-rooms, and leaping over the chairs and tables, we forbear to make more particular mention; but of their public amusements the following are the most notable:—They are exceedingly fond of injuring public monuments; of running off with sign-posts from inns and turnpikes, stealing knockers, bell-handles, and pewter-pots; driving their carriages on the foot-pavement. It is also a favourite achievement with them to hire a carriage, if it so happen they have not one of their own, and drive through the streets of the metropolis at such speed that it is dangerous to attempt to stop them, throwing soda-water bottles against the windows of shopkeepers as they pass, or sometimes firing pellets through them with air-guns. A detachment of them, composed of silly youths, who have been spoiled from want of the horsewhip, and who are known by the names of the Dousers and Blinkers, take the gas-lights under their especial care, and sometimes succeed in throwing a whole parish into darkness, and putting the gas companies to an expense of £100 for broken glass. This is a feat which the lowest order of Mohocks can accomplish; it may be indulged in by a man who has not one penny to call his own; but the really aristocratic Mohocks have more expensive amusements. They delight to go into low public-houses, with cudgels in their fists, with which they break all the bottles and glasses, to the great delight of mine host, who knows he can make them pay double or treble the damage. They also take pleasure in having run and gin served up in buckets to prostitutes and cab-drivers; and one Mohock was known to sit astride on a barrel, naked as Bacchus, and in the position he generally occupies on public-house signs, and in this trim serve out full goblets to about a score of delighted street-walkers and scamps of every degree, hob-nobbing with each until he became as drunk as the drunkest, when he rolled off the barrel, and was carried home to her lodgings by a sympathizing fair one.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

Practicability of Civilizing Aboriginal Populations. [From a striking paper, with this head, in the *Monthly Chronicle*:—]

Who can read the description which Tacitus gives of the ancient Germans, "*truces et cerulei oculi, rutile comæ, magna corpora et tantum ad impetum valida*," and fail to recognise the lineal ancestors of those very individuals who form the brightest ornaments of the most polished and cultivated nations of the present day? and who can refuse to admit the parallel which exists between the picture

which Tacitus has drawn of the state and manners of those Germans, and the actual condition of the Caffres and the North American Indians? Who for a moment can entertain a doubt, that, in various parts of Europe, insular or continental, we may find the almost unmixed remnants, not only of Germans, but of Belgic and Aquitanian Caps,—of Ancient Britons, Celts, and Iberians,—of Goths, and of Huns, who have progressively emerged from various degrees of barbarism to prove, not the uniformity of capacity of all the families of the human race, but that none must necessarily be exterminated, and that none are incapable of great mental improvement? What can have been more barbarous than the state of the Picts and Scots? When we recollect that, within a comparatively recent period, some of the distant Highland clans were in a state which caused them to be regarded as barbarous by the rest of Europe, and contrast them with their descendants, of the present day, who are continually and successfully competing with their fellow-men in all those situations which require the highest intellectual development, we certainly ought not to admit the discouraging idea, that actual barbarism necessarily implies that that state must be perpetual.

[*The Hottentots* have long been despised as one of the most abject races of the human family; but the following facts, in the paper just quoted, speak volumes for their civilization:—]

The Hottentots, who are evidently of the same family with the Bushmen, who are stigmatized as the lowest of the African races—the Hottentots, who have been regarded as but one degree above the monkey, who have been deprived of every inch of territory which they could call their own, who have ceased to exist as an independent people, and, till lately, were only suffered to remain as slaves of the lowest description—these very Hottentots, under the superintendence of a Moravian missionary, have founded a settlement in which, in a few years, social order, European arts, and Christian morals, were seen to flourish in a most satisfactory manner. The writer of these remarks has been informed by an independent, and, therefore, an impartial witness, that the articles of hardware produced in that Hottentot settlement, had acquired distinguished reputation in the colony. The ruin, but it is to be hoped only the temporary ruin, of that and similar settlements of Hottentots, has sprung from no intellectual incapacity of the Hottentot race, but from the lawless and unbridled passions of degenerate Europeans.

Missionary Labours in Guiana.

Extract of a Letter from John Scobie, Esq. to T. F. Buxton, Esq., dated Demerara, June 1, 1839.

"In the year 1836 I visited the Indian station at Carla Carla, and had the happiness to enjoy Christian intercourse with above sixty converted natives of the Arrawaak nation. They were the fruits of the labours of a zealous and disinterested individual, a Mr. Peters, a black man. This worthy man had gone from creek to creek, preaching the gospel to these children of the forest; and in a period of less than six years the number above mentioned were united together in Christian fellowship, were married and baptized with their offspring,—had erected themselves, at their own cost and expense in money and labour, a neat chapel, in the midst of their native woods, capable of containing 250 people; and were longing to obtain a Christian teacher for their children, who should instruct them in the 'white man's knowledge.' During my present visit to this colony, I have again visited this highly interesting people, and find that there has been a considerable accession to their numbers—that their chapel has been enlarged,—and that they now wish, above all things, to be formed into a community in some suitable locality, where they can have sufficient room, and enjoy protection under the direction of some one in whom they can place confidence, and who would direct them in so important a matter. Until this be done, they feel it will be impossible for them to make much progress as a people, or to get their children properly educated. I was much affected when up the Essequibo the other day, to learn that some Indians residing on the banks of the Mazarooni River, had sent a message to Carla Carla to this effect, that they could not conceive why the Arrawaaks should be taught and instructed in religion, and they be neglected; and that they were much hurt that they were overlooked,—and begged that a teacher would come among them.

Sonnet.—Human Greatness.

Time! thou destroy'st the relics of the Past,
And hidest all the footprints of thy march
On shattered column and on prostrate arch
By moss and ivy growing green and fast.
Hurled into fragments by the tempest-blast,
The Rhodian monster lies—the obelisk,
That with sharp line divided the broad disc
Of Egypt's sun, down to the sands was cast;
And where these stood no remnant trophy stands—
And even the Art is lost by which they rose!
Thus with the monuments of other lands—
The place that knew them once no longer
knows.
Yet triumph not, oh Time! Strong towers decay,
But a great name can never pass away.

PARK BENJAMIN.

New York, July, 1839.

Monthly Chronicle.

The love of power solely for power, for the unintelligible satisfaction of exercising a certain dominion over one's fellows, without aim and without principle, can only exist in narrow minds and vulgar souls; it is then something deplorable and immoral, and the more base and degrading in a ratio to the vanity that it is destined to pamper. But in souls loftily set, and in intelligences really productive, it is rare, perhaps even impossible, that the love of power is not allied to a system of belief,—to a doctrine, to an idea sought to be realized, to be installed among society. Thus conceived, it may be a holy thing, if the

soul that bears it be sufficiently tempered to have nothing to fear from the delusions of pride or individualism, and if the idea whose triumph is intended be useful and true; if it be not, the love of power is still something deplorable and immoral, but not degrading, and though immediately pernicious, not useless in its extended results. It ends by enlightening men on the defects of the idea to which it was subservient: at least a false system dies with it, and the reaction sooner or later brought about in men's minds is always noble and efficacious.—*Ibid.*

Varieties.

M. Michaud, the celebrated author of the *History of the Crusades*, and of various other literary and political compositions of merit, died at Passy, near Paris, on the 30th ult., in the seventy-second year of his age.

Economy in Candles.—If you are without a gas-light, and would burn a candle all night, unless you use the following precaution, it is ten to one an ordinary candle will gutter away in an hour or two, sometimes to the endangering the safety of the house. This may be avoided by placing as much common salt, finely powdered, as will reach from the tallow to the bottom of the black part of the wick of a partly-burnt candle, when, if the same be lit, it will burn very slowly, yielding sufficient light for a bedchamber; the salt will gradually sink as the tallow is consumed, the melted tallow being drawn through the salt, and consumed in the wick.—*Economist.*

Labour-saving Soap.—Take two pounds of soda, two pounds of yellow soap, and two quarts of water. Cut the soap into thin slices, and boil all together for two hours; then strain it through a cloth, let it cool, and it is fit for use. Directions for using the soap:—Put the clothes in soak the night before you wash, and to every pail of water in which you boil them add one pound of soap. They will need no rubbing; merely rinse them out, and they will be perfectly clean and white.—*New York Paper.*

Observatories.—Captain James Ross is commissioned to plant, in his Antarctic Expedition, three magnetical and meteorological observatories, at St. Helena, the Cape, and Van Diemen's Land. (Thus will be wiped off the slur of the neglect of Ladder Hill.) The commander himself especially wishes to observe at Kerguelen's Land, New Zealand, and other stations on the land and ice; and he regards these as only part of a system of observations, simultaneous or combined, stretching from one side of the earth to another, undertaken or promised, through the whole extent of the British Empire, from Montreal to Madras, and blending in co-operation with chains of observatories established, or on the point of being established, by other nations in the four quarters of the world.—*President's Address: Proc. British Association.*

Cooking Clock.—Mr. Loudon describes an egg-clock, which rings a bell, or sets off an alarm, at any number of minutes required: it is formed by a dial like that of a watch, but larger, surmounted by an alarm-bell, and with five divisions, representing five minutes on the dial. This being fixed up over the kitchen fireplace, the index is moved to the number of minutes the egg is to be boiled; and during the boiling, the cook may be otherwise employed till the alarm goes off. The act of moving the index, or pointer, backwards, winds up the clock. The principle may be applied to a larger dial, so as to mark the time requisite for cooking articles generally; and Mr. Loudon has accordingly caused such

an apparatus to be made. Hence the ordinary work of the kitchen may go on without the interruption of watching, &c.

Encroachment of the Sea.—There are places upon the coast of Kent, where the sea has encroached upon the land to such an extent, that whole fields, gardens, and even churchyards, have been precipitated into the ocean, by the continual crumbling away of the chalk. A gentleman residing in the Isle of Thanet, who had some ornamental grounds extending nearly to the edge of the cliff, experienced a serious inroad, such as we have described, which not only swept away all the public path outside his premises, but also the sea-wall, and part of a fine plantation. The two side walls remained with their broken ends hanging fearfully over the precipice, so that all passage along the cliff was obstructed.—*United Service Journal.*

Westminster Bridge.—Till the building of this bridge, the only communication between Lambeth and Westminster was by the ferry-boat near the palace gate, which was the property of the Archbishop, and granted by patent under a rent of twenty pence. On opening Westminster Bridge, November, 1750, it ceased, and £2,205 were given to the see as an equivalent. Previous to that time, there were two considerable inns for the reception of travellers, who, arriving in the evening, did not choose to cross the water at such an hour, or, in case of bad weather, might prefer waiting for better.

Sporting in South Africa.—No country can produce better marksmen than the Dutch colonists of Southern Africa. Accustomed from their earliest youth to the use of their powerful gun, they have constant practice in the pursuit of game, which still abounds in many parts of the colony. When the sportsman meets the lion, the leopard, the elephant, or the buffalo, he must have confidence in his dexterity; for it is not enough to hit the animal,—he must be struck in the proper place, or, in all probability, his pursuer will be immediately destroyed.—*United Service Journal.*

Niagara.—These Falls are considered to have receded a distance of seven miles, in which opinion Capt. Marryat coincides: "but," adds he, "what time must have passed before even this tremendous power could have sawed away such a mass of solid rock! Within the memory of man it has receded but a few feet—changed but little. How many thousand years must these waters have been flowing and falling, unvarying in their career, and throwing up their sheets of spray to heaven!"

Smuggling.—It is a common practice for smugglers, residing in fashionable sea-bathing places, like Brighton, Hastings, Dover, &c. to entice livery-servants into illicit speculations, persuading them to "try their luck," by venturing a few pounds in some plausible project, having similar attraction to a lottery, or some other game of chance. Having, by such means, raised sufficient capital to purchase a contraband cargo, the smuggler proceeds over to Boulogne, or Dieppe, fills his lugger, or galley, with goods, sails across the Channel, and lands them, at all hazards, in Kent, or Sussex; but, pretending to have sustained some loss by seizure, evades wholly, or in part, payment of the money so borrowed: the unfortunate dupes, who plunge their little savings in such transactions, discovering, when too late, that their being participants in an illegal traffic, the law affords them no remedy against the treachery of their confederates.—*United Service Journal.*

Wyatt's Horse, on which George III. is mounted, is by far the best in London; and had the statue been raised ten feet higher, the effect would have been better.—*British and Foreign Review.* [Surely the writer has forgotten Le Scour's master-piece, upon which Charles I. is mounted, at Charing Cross; of which Walpole says, "the commanding grace and figure, and the exquisite form of the horse, are striking to the most unpractised eye." Dr. Kitchiner, who was a staunch stickler for everything English,

notes: "the figure and symmetry of the horse are nowhere more perfectly displayed than in the equestrian statue of Charles I., at Charing Cross, which is said to be the most finished piece of workmanship of its kind ever produced. Continually, however, in our sight, this *chef-d'œuvre* is not only disregarded, but neglected." The figure of the horse is extremely spirited; but it has been objected to as too large and unwieldy. Wyatt's horse is surely very similar to that in Sir W. Beechey's equestrian portrait of George III.]

Varities of Clients.—The "whimsical" species is a very large family; and, if not very perplexing, certainly very far from agreeable. The case of the wrong-headed is usually one of some very equivocal right; the abatement of an alleged nuisance; the restraint of a customary trespass; resistance to a doubtful encroachment; enforcement of a vague contract; or, above all, the assertion of some very questionable right of way, of toll, of common, and of so forth. With the clergyman, invariably, it arises on the fittheable character of a twig of hazel, or an alder bush. "So with the client whimsical, his wrongs are always characteristic of the man; they savour of frivolity,—he has been deceived into the value of a painting or a horse, or the mall has started before its time and left him behind, or he has contracted for a green-house or a dog-kennel, and the builder has built it one way while he ordered it another; and then comes objection; objection ends in quarrel; and each party flies to his attorney, to bring the other to book."—*Adventures of an Attorney.*

African State.—A German renegade, in the service of Ab-el-Kader, gives the following graphic description of his interview with a Chalfia of North-west Africa:—"At the entrance doors, which were open, stood the Chafus (Janissaries,) who had the office of keeping back the assembled multitude. Here I was obliged to take off my boots, which I left on the thresholds; and when I returned, a quarter of an hour afterwards, they were gone, probably stolen. We entered a room more like a barn than a prince's hall of justice. The ground was covered with rich carpets, and opposite to the door, on a seat formed of soft cushions, I perceived the Chalfia, surrounded by his scribes and several officers. Above him, in a cushioned frame with scarlet cloth, hung his magnificent arms in valuable cases; behind him stood several coffers, which, as I was afterwards informed, contained his treasures, and before him matuk was burning in an urn-shaped earthen vessel."—*Translated in the Times.*

Confident Ignorance.—The other day, a lady was inspecting one of the fine corallines at the British Museum, observing, at the same time, to her friend: "How very beautifully this white stuff is carved—it must have been done by the French prisoners!"

Statue of Telford.—Telford, the great civil engineer, who built the suspension-bridge across the Menai, has a monumental effigy sculptured of him by Baily, which has just been placed in Westminster Abbey. Baily undertook to execute the work for £1,000, a third of the sum usually charged by those who consider themselves superior to him. The Dean demanded £300 for the permission to place it there; but subsequently lowered it to £200; which demand has been acquiesced in.—*British and Foreign Review.*—[The other day, the Dean refused admission to a statue of Lord Byron, and the "authorities" at Richmond have since objected to Kean's tablet being placed in the church. Truly this is a corrupt age, when our first poet and our first actor are denied the honours of Christian burial. Yet, at Richmond, the memorial is placed as near to the church-door as possible, an expedient which recalls the profane waggery in the form of an epitaph:

Here lie I by the church-door;
Here lie I because I'm poor;
Further in, more to pay,
Here lie I as warm as they."]

Catholicism in America.—Although it is forty years since the first Roman Catholic see was created, there is now in the United States a Catholic population of 800,000 souls under the government of the Pope, an archbishop, twelve bishops, and 434 priests. The number of churches is 401, manse-houses, about 300; colleges, ten; seminaries for young men, nine; theological seminaries, five; novitiates, for Jesuits, monasteries, and convents, with academies attached, thirty-one; seminaries for young ladies, thirty; schools of the Sisters of Charity, twenty-nine; an academy for coloured girls at Baltimore; a female infant school; and seven Catholic newspapers.—*Capt. Murray.*

Pine Nonsense.—A provincial newspaper announces that a certain convalescent nobleman is "able to pursue, without pain or difficulty, his favourite avian pursuit!"

To Duellists.—The Duke of Wellington, we read, once recommended a dose of salts in what appeared to him a case of cowardice.

A more striking conjunction of civilization and barbarism could hardly be given than by the fact related in the following anecdote: an English lady lately passing to Constantinople in a steam-vessel, was about to sit down on a convenient-looking basket, which stood on the deck, when, to her utter astonishment, she was warned by the commander not to do so, as it contained the head of the governor of the Dardanelles, on its way to be fixed up before the gates of the Seraglio.—*Literary Gossip.*

William III.—Of this sovereign it has been well observed that he was a man as inferior in all outward graces to the two preceding kings, as he was superior to them in sterling wisdom and solid worth.

Public Monuments.—The English penchant for scribbling upon monuments is of some standing. John Evelyn, about 1640, engraved his name, "amongst other travellers," in St. Peter's cupola at Rome.

A Hard Case.—Among the remarkable things noticed by Evelyn, in his Journal of his Tour in the Netherlands, is the case of a woman who had been married five and twenty times, and was then prohibited from marrying again; "yet it could not be proved that she had ever made any of her husbands away, though the suspicion had brought her divers times to trouble."

Civilization of the North American Indians.—John Sunday, a Chippaway Indian, at the age of thirty, and whilst living in the woods, managed to teach himself to read, and has acquired such a knowledge of Scripture as to enable him to be a successful as well as a zealous preacher to his countrymen.—*Monthly Chronicle.*

Malibran.—The Rev. Mr. Elwin, of Norwich, possesses some drawings by Malibran, which display amazing natural spirit and genius. A writer in the *Monthly Chronicle*, who has seen these relics of genius, is persuaded "that an entirely new aspect of the genius of that extraordinary woman is yet to be made known, in the expressive, though wild, talent of her pencil."

Cities.—The three stinking cities of Europe are Lisbon, Edinburgh, and Geneva.

Ignorance Bliss.—"How do you do, my dear fellow! Here's a day! Broiling! They call these the dog-days, and well they may! Fool I was to go to our U. N. S.—our Universal Knowledge Society, to look at our thermometer: hadn't a notion how hot I was till then. Seventy-five in the shade, as I hope to be saved! Thermometer pretty invention, nevertheless. Don't you think so, eh?"—*Little Piddington.*

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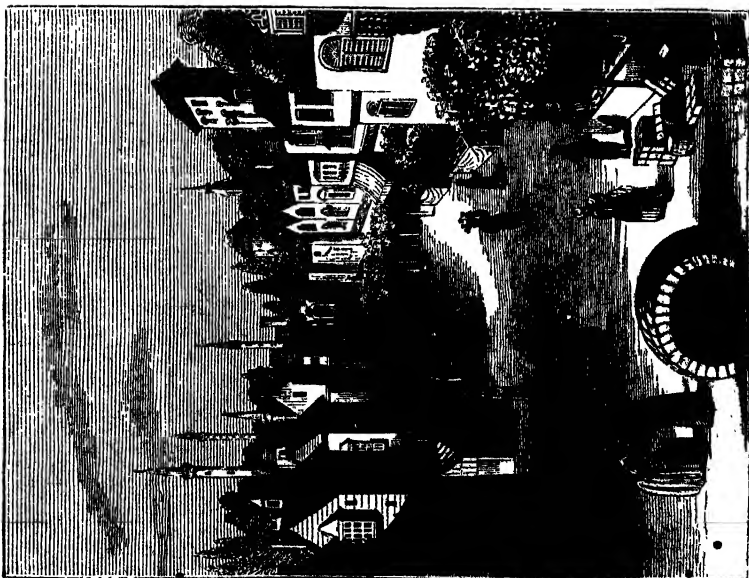
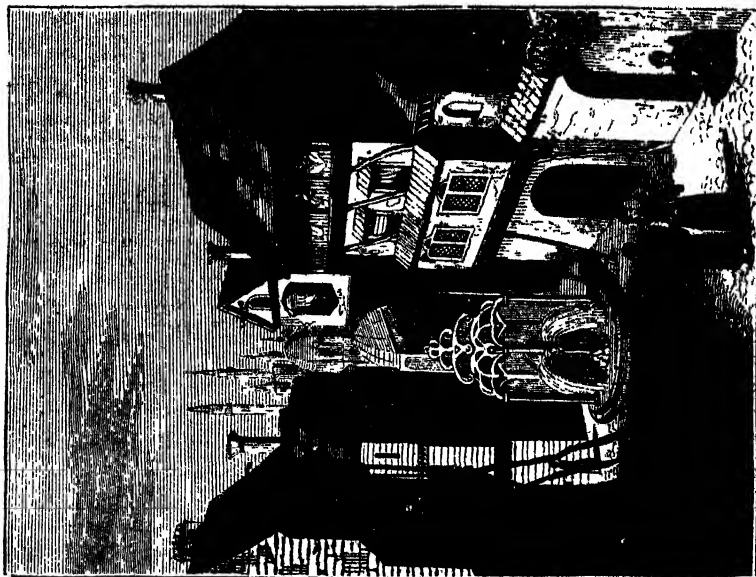
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STREETS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

The physiognomy of cities must be one of the most interesting studies of travel; and its advantages must be in the precise ratio of its delights. In each of them we behold human life in all its phases, an epitome of existence, and a miniature picture of the world; in the impressions which are left by their scenes upon the susceptible minds of travellers. One of the most philosophical tourists of our time has observed, "the universe is everywhere full of life, but the modes of this life are infinitely diversified;" a remark applicable to less subtle subjects than our observer intended it, and eloquently characteristic of the pleasure to be derived from the contemplation of cities. In a beautiful trail of reflection, the same master-mind glances at the decay of empires—"of all the works and institutions belonging to humanity. They rise, flourish, and then decay, and fall; and the period of their decline is generally proportional to that of their elevation. In ancient Thebes, or Memphis, the peculiar genius of the people has left us monuments from which we can judge of their arts, though we cannot understand the nature of their superstitions. Of Babylon and of Troy, the remains are almost extinct; and what we know of these famous cities is almost entirely derived from literary records. Ancient Greece and Rome we view in the few remains of their monuments; and the time will arrive when modern Rome shall be what ancient Rome now is; and ancient Rome and Athens will be, what Tyre and Carthage now are, known only by coloured dust in the desert, or coloured sand, containing the fragments of bricks or glass, washed up by the wave of a stormy sea." In a livelier vein we find the same accomplished writer thus discoursing the sweet music of cities, in the impressions of our own metropolis:—"In my youth," he observes, "and through the prime of manhood, I never entered London without feelings of pleasure and hope. It was to me as the grand theatre of intellectual activity, the field of every species of enterprise and exertion, the metropolis of the world of business, thought, and action. There I was sure to find the friends and companions of my youth, to hear the voice of encouragement and praise. There society, of the most refined kind, offered daily its banquets to the mind, with such variety that satiety had no place in them, and new objects of interest and ambition were constantly exciting attention either in politics, literature, or science."

How many and manifold have been the

"sweet uses" of travel in all ages; and what a store of delightful knowledge has been, from time to time, laid up for us by intellectual travellers who had higher objects in their journeys than mere idleness or vague curiosity. "Journals and books of travels," it has been truly said, "are among those works which acquire, by time, more value than they lose; they are the subsidiaries of history, and preserve the memory of many things which history disdains to notice as trifling, while they are trivial, but which become objects of curiosity when they are obsolete and ancient." Partiality for this class of characteristics has led to the selection of the illustrations upon the preceding page—a pair of cabinet pictures of the celebrated Constantinople, from the pencil of a living traveller, and a journal of impressions upon the Continent, as felicitously recorded as some of them are drawn.*

Nothing can be finer than the approach to Constantinople, from the Propontis, thus vividly described by the author of *Anastasius*, whose mind was stored with the riches of travel, which he unparingly lavished upon every elaborate production of his fertile mind. "With eyes riveted on the expanding splendour, I watched, as they came out of the bosom of the surrounding waters, the pointed minarets, the swelling cupolas, and the innumerable habitations, either stretching along the jagged shore, and reflecting their shape in the mirror of the deep, or creeping up the crested mountain, and tracing their outline on the expanse of the sky. At first, agglomerated in a single confined mass, the lesser parts of this immense whole seemed, as we advanced, by degrees to unfold, to disengage themselves from each other, and to grow into various groups, divided by wide chasms and deep indentures; until, at last, the clusters, thus far distinctly connected, became transformed, as if by magic, into three distinct cities, each individually of prodigious extent, and each separated from the other two, by a wide arm of that sea whose silver tide encompasses their base, making its vast circuit rest half on Europe, and half on Asia." The situation of this triple metropolis, so mysteriously guarded by the double strait which forms its portals, is alike singular and advantageous. "It seems," says an old traveller, as if "the canal of the Dardanelles, and that of the Black Sea, were made on purpose to bring it the riches of the four quarters of the world."

* From "A Residence in Greece and Turkey; with Notes of the Journey through Bulgaria, Servia, Hungary, and the Balkan. By Francis Hervé. Illustrated with tinted Lithographic Engravings, from Drawings by the Author," 1837.

* *Conversations in Travel*, by Sir Humphry Davy. Dialogue iv. p. 164.

The interior of the city, however, presents a strange combination of meanness and magnificence, wealth and wretchedness. This character is proverbial; and it is related, that an English gentleman having arrived at Constantinople, when moored alongside of it, was so enchanted with what he saw, that he would not land for fear a view of the interior should dissolve the charm, having heard that the streets, alleys, &c., were so detestable; he, therefore, remained on board until he met with a vessel bound for Europe, and returned by the first that would receive him, retaining all the delights of the impression with which the city had struck him, as it suddenly burst upon his view.

Mr. Hervé, the pleasant tourist already alluded to, however, was less fastidious, and explored the streets of Constantinople, many of which he found highly interesting; and the two prefixed sketches are corroborative records of his impressions. * He remarks:—"The figures that were moving about, to me were infinitely more amusing than the majority of those I met at Pera, which consisted principally of merchants, or their clerks, all dressed in a slovenly sort of European style; but in Constantinople one rarely meets a person in any other than the eastern garb. The houses are mostly built of wood, and painted; there is a great predominance of red, over that of any other colour, and I have understood, that it is considered a high privilege to be allowed to paint your house that sort of ruby tint so much in vogue in this part of the world, and that many pay for the permission; and sometimes it is granted in consequence of the proprietor having rendered any service to his sovereign, or his country.

"Their shops are all open, no windows being in use, the same as was the case formerly in our own country, and is still for butchers, fishmongers, &c.; and this custom is continued generally in many of the ancient quarters of the towns in the south of France. Large balconies with heavy rails, or balustrades, projecting windows, kiosks, and terraces, are the principal features which characterize the Turkish style of building."

Still, it must be admitted that, with the exception of one very long street, which traverses the city nearly from the high walls of the *seraglio* to the gate of Adrianople, the streets are narrow and winding. The *garebou*, or *shah-nishine*, (projecting windows,) are latticed and closed, like the windows of convents; and many of the houses have no windows at all towards the street, but only a narrow, dingy door. All the life and activity of the interior of the city are concentrated in

the bazaars, which are long, wide corridors, communicating with each other mostly in an irregular and striking manner; their side walls are built of stone, and these are arched with stone, through which a subdued light is admitted. Towards evening, the coffee-houses, which are excessively numerous, are much thronged with Turks, Armenians, Greeks, and Jews, all smoking and indulging in tiny cups of coffee, which is generally drunk by the poorer classes, not only without milk, but without sugar.

Reverting to the Engravings, both are attractive pictures of the architectural variety of Constantinople; although they represent but two of its 3,770 (reputed) streets. Here we see buildings of various forms, from the mean shed-like shop to the aspiring minaret of the sacred mosque, wherein art fritters her trifles in aid of empty adoration. There are no wheel-carriages in the streets; but camels and horses are generally employed. Foremost of the shops, to the right, is what we take to be a coffee-house, wherein the everlasting pipe plays so important a part; unless this be a merchant's: the balcony, the shop-front delightfully shaded with shrubs, the merchandise lying in the street, and the smoking party, with the pair striking a bargain—all make up a curious sketch of busy idleness. At the opposite corner is a flower-shop, attractive to female passengers, who are veiled. There is a kind of grotesque variety about the whole scene, (admirably set off by occasional vegetation,) which is very characteristic; and is, doubtless, aided by the multifarious hues of the objects depicted. The second Engraving presents less variety than its predecessor; the pointed gables, projecting eaves and balconies, reminding one of the half-timbered houses of our own country of old. Here, again, is the pipe; and the love of out-door recreation reaches from the very ground to the house-top. From the narrowness of the streets, fires may well be serious affairs in Constantinople, even setting aside the chances of incendiarism. In dry weather, the houses resemble touchwood; and the probabilities of extinction, or salvage of property, are small, notwithstanding each street has its fountain, such as is shewn in the second Cut. The public fountains, by the way, are as remarkable as numerous: some of them, with their pure white marble façades, elaborate arabesque ornaments, and Chinese roofs, are most beautiful objects.

Thus live about half a million of persons within the walls of Constantinople: the inhabitants are stated not to exceed this number, although, from the love of trope, natural to the East, the people de-

light in adding the population of the neighbouring villages, and then prating of "the million of Stamboul." All walled cities delight in "round numbers."

THE REFORM CLUB-HOUSE, PALL-MALL.

THE following additional details of this superb edifice, (engraved at page 17,) are abridged from an able notice of the architect's designs, selected by the Club in December, 1837; and reported in the *Civil Engineer and Architect's Journal*, No. 4, Jan. 1838. The competing architects were Mr. Sidney Smirke, Mr. Blore, Mr. Cockerell, and Mr. Barry. "The instructions were to produce a Club-house which should surpass all others in size and magnificence; one which should combine all the attractions of other Clubs, such as baths of various kinds, billiard-rooms, smoking-rooms, with the ordinary accommodations, besides the additional novelty of private chambers, or dormitories. The site extends from the spot formerly occupied by the temporary National Gallery, (the residence of the late Sir Walter Stirling,) on one side of the temporary Reform Club-house, over the vacant plot of ground on the other side. This extent gives a frontage towards Pall-Mall, of about 135 feet. "The Athenæum," in Pall-Mall, occupies a space of seventy-six feet; the frontage of "the Travellers" is seventy-four feet; and that of "the Conservative," or "Carlton Club," ninety-feet: the Pall-Mall front of the new Club is, therefore, nearly equal to that of the Athenæum and Travellers' together, and one-third longer than the Carlton. The introduction of chambers above the ordinary rooms of the new Club-house, renders the elevation, also, about a third higher than its neighbours. The ground is rented of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests; and it is computed that the revenue of the chambers, calculated to yield from £1,500 to £2,000, will cover all expenses of ground-rent, taxes, rates, &c.

The preference of Mr. Barry's design was nearly unanimous. Independent of other advantages, his plans entered into much fuller details, and conveyed a much clearer impression of all the various compartments as well as of the whole building, than those of his competitors. He furnished, besides the ordinary plans, sketches of the more important rooms, in which was indicated the proposed mode of decoration. A similar advantage was possessed by Mr. Barry's plans of the Houses of Parliament. In that instance,

too, they were the most numerous and complete.

In the exterior, Mr. Barry has produced an elevation in harmony with his own elegant Travellers' Club-house, and its neighbour, the Athenæum; and, though designing an edifice nearly twice as large as either, he has succeeded in not detracting from their importance, and in preserving the superior grandeur of the Reform Club-house. We fear he found it necessary to leave "the Conservative" to its chances.

Mr. Barry has taken as a model, the celebrated Palazzo di Farnese, at Rome; designed by that mighty genius Michael Angelo Buonarroti, during the Pontificate of Paul the Third, A.D. 1545, and built by Antonio Sangallo. It will be remembered that the Farnese Palace contains the gallery of Annibale Caracci. Even with all the necessary modifications, Mr. Barry's elevation, fronting Pall-Mall, bears a very strong resemblance to the Farnese Palace; and the adoption of so splendid a model affords evidence of our architect's excellent judgment, and correct appropriation of a design most suitable to the purpose.

The new Club-house, though consisting of six floors from the basement, presents, in Pall-Mall, a frontage of only three from the ground: the basement and mezzanine below ground, and the chambers in the roof, being unseen. The entrance, like that of "the Travellers," is several steps above the ground, and in the centre of the building in Pall-Mall. There are four windows on each side of the entrance; nine windows equi-distant on the first floor, and the same number on the second. The pediments surmounting the windows on the first floor in Pall-Mall, are supported by Corinthian columns;* and at the back, looking over Carlton Gardens, by Ionic pilasters, rusticated. A balustrade, somewhat resembling that of the Travellers', rises from the ground. The whole design is one of massive grandeur.

Our admiration increases with the examination of the arrangement of the interior details. An Italian court, (thirty-four feet and a half by twenty-nine feet,) beginning at the base, is placed in the centre of the quadrangle; and is partly occupied by the grand saloon, already described. The principal chamber, on the ground floor, is the coffee-room, supported by Ionic columns, and having a view into the gardens. The drawing-room, above the coffee-room, is supported by Corin-

* These are alterations from the original design. We have been favoured with an inspection of the drawings, which are elaborately beautiful.

thian columns, and so constructed, that it may be divided into two or three rooms: and the library is similarly supported. There are, in all, upwards of 134 apartments in this magnificent building.

EVELYNIANA:

OR, PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF
JOHN EVELYN; WITH NOTES.

Hyde-Park.—During the Protectorate, in Hyde-Park, every coach was made to pay a shilling, and every horse sixpence, by the sordid fellow who had purchased it of the State.

Lepers.—Evelyn, on his way to the Hague, observed "divers leproous poor creatures dwelling in solitary huts on the brink of the water, and permitted to ask the charity of passengers, which is conveyed to them in a floating-box that they cast out." Perhaps, this is the latest notice of lepers in Europe being thus thrust apart from the rest of mankind; and Holland is likely to be the country in which the disease would continue longest.

Travelling in Holland.—Evelyn tells us that taking wagon from Dort to Rotterdam, "he was hurried there in less than an hour, though it be ten miles distant, so furiously did these foremen drive." The Dutch are not so celebrated for the celerity of their motions in these days.

Archbishop Laud.—Had Laud been born a generation earlier, or a generation later, how high and undisputed a reputation would he have raised by his munificent love of letters, and his conscientious discharge of the duties of his office as chancellor of Oxford.

Fountain Walk.—Evelyn, in his *Diary*, speaks with great delight of a large walk in some gardens of the Grand Duke of Florence, "at the sides whereof several slender streams of water gush out of the pipes concealed underneath, that interchangeably fall into each other's channels, making a lofty and perfect arch, that a man on horseback may ride under it, and not receive one drop of wet." Sir Henry Wotton has also noticed this "continual bower and hemisphere of water as an invention for refreshment, surely far excelling all the Alexandrian delicacies and pneumatics of Hiero."

Quaint Philosophy.—Evelyn's remark upon the view from the tower of Antwerp cathedral is curious. "The sun," he says, "shone exceedingly hot, and darted its rays without any intermission, affording so bright a reflection to us who were above, and had a full prospect of both land and water about it, that I was much

confirmed in my opinion of the moon's being of some such substance as the earthly globe consists of; perceiving all the adjacent country, at so small a horizontal distance, to represent such a light as I could hardly look against, save when the river and other large waters within our view appeared of a more dark and uniform colour, resembling those spots in the moon, supposed to be seas there, according to our new philosophy, and viewed by optical glasses."

Curious Echo.—About two centuries since, there were in the garden of the Tuileries, at Paris, a labyrinth of cypress, and an artificial echo, redoubling the words distinctly, and never without some fair nymph singing to it. Standing at one of the foci under a tree, or little cabinet of hedges, the voice seemed to descend from the clouds; at another, as if it was under ground.

Antwerp.—Evelyn was particularly pleased with Antwerp, and with nothing more than "those delicious shades and walls of stately trees which render the fortified works of the town one of the sweetest places in Europe." Long will it be before any traveller can again speak of the delicious shades and stately trees of Antwerp! Carnot, in preparing to defend the place, laid what were then its beautiful environs as bare as a desert; and in the siege of 1832, even the walls of art fell before the fury of civil war.

Consummate Art.—At Cardinal Richelieu's villa, at Paris, the arch of Constantine was painted on a wall, in oil, as large as the real one at Rome, and was so well executed, that a man skilled in painting might mistake it for stone and sculpture. The sky and hills, which seemed to be between the arches, were so natural, that swallows and other birds, thinking to fly through, dashed themselves against the wall.

The Chase.—About the middle of the seventeenth century, the Duke of Orleans would not permit the wolves to be destroyed upon his domains, in consequence of which they became so numerous in the forest of Orleans, as often to come and take children out of the very streets of Blois! In our days, Stolberg noticed a similar effect of this preposterous passion for the chase; cats were prohibited in the island of Ischia, lest they should destroy the game; and when these useful animals had been extirpated, the rats became so numerous that infants were not safe from them in the cradle. This Duke of Orleans likewise kept tortoises in great numbers, in the Luxembourg gardens.

Genoa has been pictured as "a town with its holiday clothes on," "full of

well-designed and stately palaces:" but, two centuries since, it was described as "more stained with horrid acts of revenge and murder than any place in Europe, or, haply, in the world." It was, perhaps, this temper of the Genoese which made Louis XI., when he was asked what he would do with Genoa if it were at his disposal, reply, that he would give it to the Devil. Labat, who is always lively and always malicious, says that the inhabitants call their city *Gena* instead of Genoa,—*telle est leur économie: ils rognent tout jusqu'aux parois*—and he ascribes the invention of wafers to Genoese economy.

Splendid Aviary.—Evelyn was much delighted with the aviary in the gardens of Prince Doria's palace at Genoa; in which were growing trees of more than two feet in diameter, besides cypress, myrtles, lentiles, and other rare shrubs, which served to nestle and perch all sorts of birds, who had air and space enough under their canopy, "supported with huge iron work, stupendous for its fabric and its charge." Lassel's says that, "to make the poor birds believe they are rather in a wood than in a prison, the very cage hath put even the wood itself in prison." It was about 100 paces long, "and fetched in a world of laurel and other trees." [The tropical conservatory at Chatsworth, with its splendid feathered tenants, bids fair to eclipse this continental wonder.]

Venice.—Evelyn speaks of the striking silence of Venice, a city in which there was no rattling of coaches, nor trampling of horses, and where nothing disturbed the singing of nightingales which were kept in every shop: shutting your eyes, he says, you would imagine yourself in the country.

Charles II. in Adversity and Prosperity.—Happy had it been for this sovereign if he had demeaned himself as well in his prosperous as in his adverse fortune. The recorded facts are highly honourable to him and the companions of his exile; while Cromwell, as the Queen of Bohemia said, was like the Beast in the Revelations, that all kings and nations worshipped. His horses, and some of them were favourites, were sold at Brussels, because he could not pay for their keep; and during the two years that he resided at Cologne he never kept a coach. So straitened were the exiles for money, that even the postage of letters between Sir Richard Browne and Hyde was no easy burthen; and there was a mutiny in the ambassador's kitchen, because the maid "might not be trusted with the government, and the buying the meat, in which she was

thought too lavish." Hyde writes, that he had not been master of a crown for many months; that he was cold for want of clothes and fire; and for all the meat which he had eaten for three months, he was in debt to a poor woman, who was no longer able to trust. "Our necessities," he says, "would be more insupportable, if we did not see the king reduced to greater distress than you can believe or imagine."—Of Charles, in prosperity, a few days before his death, Evelyn draws a fearful picture. Writing on the day when James was proclaimed, he says: "I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming, and all dissoluteness, and, as it were, total forgetfulness of God, (it being Sunday evening,) which this day se'night I was witness of; the King sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleaveland, and Mazarine, &c.; a French boy singing love-songs in that glorious gallery; whilst about twenty of the great courtiers, and other dissolute persons, were at basquet round a large table—a bank of, at least, £2,000 in gold before them; upon which two gentlemen, who were with me, made reflections with astonishment. Six days after, all was in the dust!"

Umbrellas.—Evelyn, in his *Diary*, notes that, at Marseilles, he and his companions "bought umbrellas against the heats;" a precaution so novel for an Englishman at that time as to be noticed among the *memorabilia* of their journey. It is scarcely eighty years since they have been in general use "against rain" in this country.

Sayes Court.—The fate of Sayes, (near Deptford,) which John Evelyn had beautified, according to his own taste, with so much cost and care, is worthy of notice: first, it was let to no less remarkable a personage than Admiral Benbow, then only a captain; when Evelyn had, he says, the misfortune of seeing every day much of his former labours and expense there impairing, for want of a more polite tenant. The next inhabitant was a much greater person, and a worse tenant—it was the Czar Peter: while in his occupation, the house is described, by a servant of Mr. Evelyn, as full of people, and right filthy. It was hired for him, and furnished by the King; but the damage which he and his retinue did to the house itself and the gardens, during a residence of only three weeks, was estimated, by the King's surveyor and his gardener, at £150. The gardens, indeed, were ruined. It is known that one of Peter's favourite recreations was to demolish the hedges by riding through them in a wheelbarrow.

THE LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM RAILWAY.—II.

WHEN the train reaches the end of the cutting, it crosses the Regent's Canal by an iron suspension-bridge; one of the boldest specimens of construction on the line.

• We now approach the

Camden Town Depot,

where two chimneys rise, one on each side of the Railway, to the height of upwards of 132 feet from the ground. One of these belongs to the two stationary engines, by means of which the train has been drawn from the Euston Station. The engines are in a large vaulted structure, beneath the surface of the Railway; and the buildings appropriated to these works occupy nearly half an acre: the engines are of sixty-horse power each, and were constructed by Messrs. Maudslay and Field. Here are several wheels, round which the endless rope revolves; the largest, or driving wheel, (that immediately operated on by the engines,) being twenty feet in diameter. Near the chimneys, the train is detached from the rope, and a locomotive engine is then fixed to the first carriage, for the purpose of conveying the train onward to Birmingham; this operation being so speedily effected, that the passenger is scarcely aware of it. He has now reached the Camden Town Depot, which covers a space of more than thirty acres; and comprises, amongst other buildings, a locomotive engine-house, which is fire-proof, and occupies nearly three-quarters of an acre.*

Mr. Britton intersperses several amusing notices of the objects and associations of the London Stations; as, the site of the Euston terminus, which, within the last twenty years, was a garden and nursery, where lived, for some years, in blindness and obscurity, Dr. Walcott, popularly known as Peter Pindar. Haverstock Hill, near the Camden Station, is also celebrated as the abode of Sedley and Steele; and old St. Pancras church and churchyard are crowded with memorials of men of genius. Chalk Farm,—“a place of blood,” from the time of Sir Thomas Overbury, and Primrose Hill, are next noticed; and then the suburban villages of Hampstead and of Highgate, with their church spires

rising from bosoms of trees: within these picturesque villages lived and died, amongst other persons of distinction, Lord Erskine, the Earl of Mansfield; the poets Gay, Akenside, and Coleridge; Dr. Johnson and Lord Chancellor Macclesfield.

Primrose Hill Tunnel.

The train of carriages being fastened to the locomotive engine, is drawn, with gradually increasing velocity, a distance of a quarter of a mile, when it enters the Primrose Hill Tunnel; which, though a subterranean channel, of utter darkness, and nearly three-quarters of a mile in length, may be traversed with safety in two minutes. Its precise extent is 3,493 feet, or more than five-eighths of a mile. Its height, from the rails to the crown of the arch, is twenty-one feet, six inches; and the span of the arch is twenty-three feet, nine inches; at its entrance, the rails are forty-five feet below the natural surface of the earth. There is one ventilating shaft, about midway between the extremities. It should here be mentioned, that, in the complete work before us, the precise length of each tunnel is given; many of the statements hitherto published being incorrect and contradictory.

Kensal Green Tunnel.

The Railway passes under the Edgware Road and Kilburn Wells. “At Kensal Green, a deep cutting was made to pass under the Harrow Road, at a very acute angle; after which the channel was covered over, and the roadway newly made. This gallery, or covered way, called the Tunnel, at Kensal Green, is 966 feet, 6 inches in length.” “A short distance westward are the works of the Birmingham, Bristol, and Thames Junction Railway, branching out of the London and Birmingham, crossing the Great Western, on Wormholt Scrubs, and proceeding thence to the Kensington Canal, and through that to the river Thames, at Chelsea.” At this point, it was intended that the Great Western should join the London and Birmingham Railway, allowing the trains of the former line to run upon the five miles of the latter nearest to London; but this plan of having the terminus of two such lines at the same place, was prudently abandoned.

Brent Valley.—Oxhey Ridge.

The Railway crosses the Brent Valley by an embankment, which is, in some parts, from thirty to thirty-five feet high; the small river Brent is passed by a bridge, with one arch of sixty feet span, and three land arches on each side; whence the embankment is continued to the *Harrow*

* The engines employed on this Railway are at present constructed by Mr. Edward Bury, of Liverpool; and cost about £1,250 each. In 1834, the price of a similar machine was only £900: this increase of price is attributed by Mr. Glyn (*Evidence before Parliamentary Committee*, April, 1839,) to the increased demand, both for England and the Continent, and the inadequate supply; although the superior style in which they are now finished has, doubtless, contributed to it.

Station, (intermediate,) at a distance of one mile from the town, and eleven and a half from London. Here, as at all the other Stations, the trains which comprise second-class carriages, stop for a few minutes; the mail trains, and those which have only first-class carriages, stopping at the principal Stations only. The village of Harrow-on-the-Hill, with its great public school, and associations of celebrated persons educated here, its ancient church, (in part of Anglo-Norman architecture,) and the conical form and insular shape of the eminence itself, are all interesting even to the railway traveller, though he but glances at their locality.

The line passes from the Harrow Station through low grounds, with the eminences of Stanmore and Bushey to the north, and Harrow to the south. "The western extremity of the former high lands is called the Oxhey Ridge, which intersects the Railway, by a cutting, in some places, forty feet deep, the materials for which were carried northward, to form part of the extensive embankment through the Colne Valley. At the eastern extremity of the town of Watford is a lofty viaduct, of five semicircular arches, one of which, of an oblique form, stretches over the turnpike-road. According to the engineer's statement, no less than 372,000 cubic yards of earth were conveyed from the Oxhey Cutting to form part of the adjoining embankment, the remainder of which was made with materials from another extensive cutting between the valley and the Watford Tunnel. More than 1,000,000 cubic yards of earth were used in forming this embankment, which, in some places, is forty feet in height, and is nearly three-quarters of a mile in extent: it has a viaduct of five semicircular arches near its centre, for the waters of the river Colne. From the viaduct over the Watford road, to the S.W., you look over a fertile vale to a wooded range of hills, crowned with Moor Park, a seat of the Marquis of Westminster. Immediately adjoining the town are seen the magnificent woods and parks of Cassiobury and of Grove. But for the powerful opposition of their owners, the late Earls of Essex and Clarendon, the Railway would have escaped the deep and expensive Oxhey Ridge, the Colne embankment, and the Watford Tunnel, by passing up the vale of Gade, through the parks of the Cassiobury and Grove; and thereby have saved the Company several thousands of pounds.

Watford Tunnel.

From the Watford Station, the Railway continues in deep excavation for nearly a mile, till it enters the Watford Tunnel,

"in point of length, the second tunnel on the line, being 1791½ yards, (a mile and thirty-one yards,) in length: it is twenty-four feet wide, and twenty-two in height from the rails, and was carried through a stratum of chalk, with intervals of loose gravel and running sand, which rendered the execution of the work difficult and dangerous. Ten men were killed, on one occasion, by a rush of sand and gravel through an opening in the chalk; and to extricate their bodies, a large shaft was sunk by the Company, at a great expense: this has been converted into a double ventilating shaft. Six working shafts were sunk to form the tunnel, and the soil was never excavated to more than six feet in advance of the brickwork. The arch is nearly of a semicircular form, and supported by side-walls. The cost of this work was about £140,000."

To this tunnel succeeds a deep cutting, and an embankment nearly three miles long, which crosses obliquely the Grand Junction Canal,* by means of the Nash Mill Bridge; already engraved in the *Literary World*.†

Boxmoor.

At a short distance onward is the *Boxmoor Station*, (intermediate, twenty-four miles and a half from the metropolis,) and immediately afterwards the Railway crosses the London road at an angle of thirty-two degrees, by a bridge considered to be the finest specimen of an oblique, or skew archway, yet executed. The direct span across the road is only twenty-two feet, but the obliquity increases it to upwards of thirty-nine feet on the face of the arch. Over Boxmoor the Railway is continued on an embankment; just beyond the Boxmoor Station it crosses the Grand Junction Canal by another iron bridge; and, at twenty-eight miles from London, it reaches the *Berkhamstead Station*, (intermediate.)

LONDON STREET ARCHITECTURE.

EARLY in the first volume of the *Literary World*, we commenced the illustration of the improvements which have recently been made, or are in progress, in the architecture of the streets of the metropolis. The annexed Engraving is a continuation of this design, which we are prepared to follow out more frequently than hitherto.

The Cut shews the façade of the Marine

* This canal runs parallel to, and very near, the Railway, from a short distance north-west of the Watford Tunnel, for a length of twenty-seven miles; intersecting it three times in that extent. It again crosses the Railway at Wolverton, and at two other points before it reaches the Crick Station.

† See *Literary World*, vol. i. p. 337.

Insurance Office, opposite the site of the Royal Exchange, in Cornhill. The architect, Mr. J. Davies, has here somewhat over-decorated his design in the objectionable taste of the Italian style: there are too many capitals, pedestals, and petty columns; and the design is altogether too crowded with detail to be effective, though it may be attractive. The sculpture, from the chisel of Mr. Nixon, is even of a more ambitious character; the effigies being



MARINE INSURANCE OFFICE, CORNHILL.

much larger than life. They are two half recumbent figures in relief—Navigation and Hope—which fill up the spandrels of the arch of the ground-floor window. This arch has also a very bold console keystone, with a figure of Britannia; this being the most successful, as it is the most striking, portion of this highly-embellished front.

Scientific Facts.

PREVENTION OF FORGERY.

THE French Government have offered a premium of 36,000 francs for the discovery of the means of preventing forgery of stamps, water-marks in paper, and engine-turned engraving; and also for an indelible ink, so that characters written with it, on any material, cannot be obliterated. The decision is left to the Academy of Sciences, which has long been consulted by the French Government on the means of protecting the public from frauds of the above kind. To shew how easy it is to get over every precaution that has hitherto been taken to prevent counterfeits, imitations of every species of invention for that purpose have been exhibited to the officers of the different Government departments, which were so perfect that it was impossible to distinguish them from the originals. The trial was not extended to the notes of "the Bank," because that establishment protested against its being made. It is said that the loss sustained by the French revenue from documents written upon stamped paper being, when no longer of use, obliterated by chemical process, and the stamps used for fresh purposes, amounts to 600,000 francs a-year. This sum appears to us very large.—*Galignani's Messenger*, quoted in the *Times*. [A Commission, for objects precisely the same as the above, was appointed by the French Academy, among its members, and their Report made by MM. Dumas and D'Arceet, about two years and a half since. This valuable document will be found translated entire, in the *Magazine of Popular Science*, vol. iii. pp. 161—284: the Editor observes: "The falsification of deeds is, however, we believe, but rarely attempted in Britain; while we have grounds for believing, independent of the testimony, direct and indirect, in the Report, that in France it prevails to a very frightful extent." * * * "The Report itself will present to many persons an interesting and, probably, unexpected view of the numerous difficulties which must be surmounted, before a *protective ink or paper* can be obtained, which will defy the ingenuity and defeat the perseverance of the fraudulent. There will be found distributed in every part of it suggestions which may be serviceable for other purposes than those which were the objects of the Commission, and a spirit of practical application and indefatigable inquiry pervades the whole." * It may be urged that the above inquiry is, by no means, new to

* See *Magazine of Popular Science*, Nos. 15 and 16. Parker, West Strand.

the British public, Parliamentary Commissions being still fresh in recollection : but mechanics and chemistry have since made such rapid progress that it becomes our legislators to be on the alert ; especially as the abolition of the punishment of death for forgery calls for renewed exertions for the prevention of the crime. Now that a probability exists of there being employed, in the Penny Postage experiment, "stamped envelopes, with a complex engraved figure, such as we see on bank-notes, impressed on them from a die," the above inquiry increases in interest and importance ; and we hope it will not be overlooked by Mr. Rowland Hill, in his journey to Paris upon the Postage inquiry, or by the Order in Council, in their decision upon the safest means of protecting the revenue from fraud. It may likewise be well to refresh the memory upon the subject, in anticipation of an increased paper currency.]

* New Books.

MEMOIRS OF CHARLES MATHEWS.

(Continued from page 28.)

Mathews's Beauty.

[All who witnessed Mr. Mathews's characteristic "Entertainments," can likewise bear testimony to the varieties of indications of enjoyment in his audience : he could, indeed, as readily transfix them with pathos as set them on a roar. Upon one occasion, Mathews was performing in a neat little ball-room in a country town, when the ecstacy of the lady-patroness of the evening knew no bounds]. She was a person of great consequence in the town, and the centre of the little circle in which she moved. She was a plump, rosy-faced, joyous-looking person ; and, moreover, distinguished by a large be-spangled turban, and diamond ear-rings. She talked very loud, and was evidently elated at the "treat" she declared she was prepared to receive ; upon which expectancy she chatted with much volubility to everybody in turn, and read the "bill of fare" audibly, with comments upon every part of it. [During the performance, Mrs. Mathews relates :—] While the rest of the party were satisfied with the usual mode of testifying approbation, her surprise and delight at what she saw and heard refused to be confined to mere action ; words, as well as laughter and applause, were necessary to express her measureless content, so that at the close of every point her voice was raised in audible exclamations of wonder and admiration ; such as "Excellent !—Delightful !—Admirable !—Charming !" Now and

then she appealed to her friends with— "Did you ever hear anything so good ? Ha ! ha ! ha ! Capital ! How very fine that was ! He's a wonderful man ! greater than I could have believed. Charming ! charming, indeed !" All these verbal indications of the lady's approbation were very flattering ; but my husband found some difficulty in controlling the risible muscles of his face, while it was evident to him that the respect in which she was generally held by the rest of "the room," precluded any visible effects on their part. The patroness's wonder, however, was not at its climax until the *Old Scotch Lady* appeared, hooded and shawled, before her. The effect of Mr. Mathews's sudden transformation seemed to exceed possibility itself ; and during the "Leetle Anecdote" the lady seemed transfixed ; all expression was denied her. She was absorbed, and remained totally silent for the time ; her eyes distended, her lips apart, her cheeks pale, and her hands upraised—the image of wonder turned to stone ! But, when the story was over, the hood and shawl thrown back, and the performer stood again before her *in propria persona*, she dropped her hands heavily upon her knees, fell back in her chair, took a long breath, and, recovering her wonted power of utterance, cried out, exultingly, "And there he is, a handsome man again !" This was too much for my husband ; he was so upset, as he said, by this novel instance of feminine partiality, that he was compelled to retire for a few minutes behind his screen, to hide his blushes, and to give way to the irrepressible laughter into which his newly-discovered beauty had surprised him.

Mathews's Personal Peculiarities.

The commonest purchase puzzled him, and he would come home after any attempt to supply himself with a pair of gloves, shoes, hat, or other trifling article, and convulse me with laughter by his serious account of the difficulties he had gone through in obtaining what he had bought : and the bad quality and fit of his purchase was equally laughable. He gave the drollest description of the tradesmen, who always accused him of being different in his proportions from other people—nothing would fit him that was made upon general principles ; neither hat, shoe, glove, neckcloth, nor stock ; "nothing did for him that was suited to other men of similar height." This was, in fact, true ; for if the collar of a shirt fitted, for instance, the wrists were wrong, and *vice versa*. His hands and feet were so small that neither stockings, shoes, nor gloves could be obtained, ready-made, but what were too large for them. "Sir," a shoe-

maker would say, as if reproaching him, "you are not made like *other* gentlemen; your feet are too short for your height." This would excuse a pair of boots brought home two or three inches too long, although he had been measured for them. "Sir," said the haberdasher, "your throat is *larger* than that of *other* gentlemen." If he asked for a hat, the hatter would shake his head—"No, sir, your head is *smaller* than any ready-made hat; you must be *measured*." All this used to fret him for the moment; and he once asked a friend, if he thought his hatter knew him; for he wished to *try* to obtain a hat of somebody who would not twit him with his "peculiar make." His friend encouraged him to drive to a hatter's in Bond-street. I waited for him at the door, and watched the process of putting on and taking off a great many hats. At last he hastily re-entered the carriage, and ordered it to drive home, observing to me, impatiently, with a half sigh, "Ah! it's of no use; I was found out. No hat to fit *my* head! Hatter very much offended at my *expecting* such a thing. In fact, it appears that I am very much to blame. They're all *angry* with me when I go to buy anything; and I feel as if I ought to apologize for my mal-proportions."

An Odd Fellow.

On the plea of liking *characters* about him, Mr. Mathews kept a man for a long time in the quality of dresser at the theatre, whose self-importance was his best recommendation; he unconsciously amused, though he as often teased his master, by his peculiar manner. Like all blockheads, his gravity was profound; he was fond of "adding weight to trifles" when he could; and all this was very diverting to his employer when no anxiety was likely to be touched upon. Above all, he loved a "misery;" would rather than not have a grievance to relate; his face was doleful, and the expressive "title to a tragic volume." His master christened him *Batt Owllett*, from his love of the dismal; which were, in general, elicited by the most trivial causes. For example:—One night, while my husband was under the most intense anxiety about the state of Charles's health (who was then extremely ill in Italy), and painfully alive to every look or word that might seem to relate to the sufferer, he went to perform at the Adelphi, in *The May Queen*, with spirits unusually depressed. "*Batt*" met him at the door of his dressing-room, with face elongated, and eyes cast down, and addressed him in a hollow, impressive tone, with—"I'm sorry to say, sir, that I have some *very unpleasant* news to com-

municate to you!"—"Good God!" exclaimed his master, sinking upon a chair; "tell me at once, don't keep me in suspense."—"Well, then, sir, I'm sorry to say—I can't find your *tinker's* hat anywhere!" The next night he met his master with less of *misery*, but with a brow which meant suspicion in its worst form; and Mr. Mathews was thus saluted by *Batt*:—"Sir, I have something *very extraordinary* to tell you."—"Well?"—"You will be surprised to hear, sir, that by a *very strange* coincidence I have found your tinker's hat!"

Mr. Mathews's Character.

Few better merited the prosperity he met with, and few misused the advantages of fortune so innocently. His heart was without guile—his character untainted with a shade even of dishonour. His failing was from not having studied the world's craft, by which want of knowledge he was continually open to the specious and false; for he was trusting and benevolent in his nature—a benefactor without ostentation—a friend without reserve. His tender consideration, his unvarying affection for his family, his meekness and simplicity in prosperity, his constancy in adversity; his moral and religious feelings, of the sincerity of which his life was a practical illustration; his conscientious fulfilment of all he professed, his patient endurance of wrongs, his submissive resignation to inflictions, were admirable.

Writing, as I do, after more than two years' reflection,* and constantly dwelling upon his character, I can appeal to Heaven to witness my sincere conviction that I have been unable to detect in it one serious blemish. He had acknowledged failings of temper, deplored more by himself than any other; but they were transient in their effects, and, as it has proved, as much the result of bodily infirmity as of natural sensitiveness. On looking back, I can even remember these ebullitions of a moment as *virtues*, knowing, from the disclosures after his death, the *sufferings* he concealed under the imputation of a faulty temper. Let those who were fond of commenting upon his infirmity, remember his countless excellences, which, while I dwell upon them, teach me to thank God who made him without other alloy to his great talents, and left me without one fear as to the perfection of his future happiness. He died without earthly riches. It is true; but he laid up treasures in Heaven which will never decrease: and these thoughts are too precious not to make me satisfied with the result of his good intentions. Had he left me millions, acquired

* These pages were written in the autumn of 1837.

by hard accumulation, or snatched away from his debtors in the midst of their misfortunes; had he selfishly neglected the needy, or proved harsh to the erring; I should have been less happy than I now am in the consciousness of his deservings, and his extensive Christian charity.

"Of all the legacies the dying leave,
Remembrance of their virtues is the best."

MR. POOLE'S "LITTLE PEDDLINGTON."

(Concluded from page 11.)

[Here are a few more bricks from the Babel of the Peddlingtonians, who deserve to be well roasted for their folly.]

Coaches v. Railways.—I was in a most amiable mood, for the sky was bright, and the atmosphere so unusually pure, that, from the Regent's Circus, I could clearly distinguish the Duke of York's column. The day for my journey, fine. Took my place on the coach-box. Driver an agreeable, chatty man. During some hours, from the moment of our quitting London, he entertained me with accounts of all the dreadful accidents which had lately occurred on railroads and in steam-boats. Swore that, for safety,—to say nothing of its gentility,—there was no conveyance comparable with an elegant light four-horse coach. At this moment—being within seven miles of Doddleton—the horses took fright at an old woman in a scarlet cloak, and galloped off at race-horse speed. Whatever we met on the road avoided us as if a pestilence had been approaching. At half-a-mile's distance from the village, the elegant, new, light, four-horse Patent Safety-coach was upset, and we, the outsiders, (inside passengers there were none,) were tossed over a hedge into a field of standing corn. We were all more or less hurt by sprains and bruises, but none of us sufficiently so to prevent our assisting the driver, who lay senseless on the ground, with a broken leg and a dislocated shoulder. He was conveyed to Doddleton, where he immediately received surgical assistance. The coach was so much damaged that it could not continue the journey; so another was provided to carry us forward. Certainly, for safety, there is nothing like an elegant, light, four-horse coach.

An Angry Note.—Mrs. Strutt desires Mr. Yawkins will instantly send in his bill for the two cakes of Windsor soap, also the tooth-brush, she owes him for, as she intends to withdraw her custom from his shop, and give it somewhere where people have enough to do to mind their own business without troubling themselves about other people's. Mrs. S. also informs Mr. Y. that she does not intend to renew her

subscription to his library when her present week is out, as people taken up with pleasant conversation naturally forget to send new works when bespoke. Mrs. S. also informs Mr. Y. that she has struck his name off the free-list of the theatre, which she has still a right to do, whatever Mr. Y. may report to the contrary. Mrs. S. desires Mr. Y. will be sure to receipt the bill, as people who trouble themselves so much with what does not concern them might forget to scratch it out of their books when paid, and she is not fond of disputes.

A Gossip.—"That, sir," said Yawkins, "is the most pestilent little gossip in the town. A secret runs through him like water through a sieve. He is not happy till he has got it, and is miserable till he is rid of it. He is worse than forty old women. You cannot be sure of the duration of a common acquaintance for a day, if he gets between you. He is a sort of cholera in social life; and, when he 'breaks out' in a place, he 'carries off' friendships by the dozen. Ah! sir, you ought to be very happy that you have no Hobbledays in London."

A Crowd.—It seems to be the principle of a crowd, whether large or small, whenever or for whatever purpose collected, to make each other as uncomfortable as they can. If fifty people are assembled at the entrance to a place which they know to be capable of accommodating five thousand, they will squeeze, jostle, shove; push forwards, backwards, sideways; they will do anything but stand still, although perfectly convinced they can "take nothing by their motion"—save a few needless bruises, or a broken rib. I never but once heard a satisfactory reason for this propensity. "Pray, sir," said a person who till that moment had been the backmost of a crowd, to another who had just joined it—"Pray, sir, have the kindness not to press upon me; it is unnecessary, since there is no one behind to press upon you!" "But there may be, presently," said the other; "besides, sir, where's the good of being in a crowd if one mayn't shove?"

Small Theatres.—"For my own part," said I, "I am partial to a small theatre, wherein you may count every line of the burnt cork on the actor's nose—trace every mark of the hure's foot on his cheek; where they can practise none of that roguery dignified by the term *illusion*, but where paint is palpably paint, and tinsel, tinsel." "Exactly my notion, my dear fellow," said Hobbleday: "in these good, sensible, matter-of-fact, march-of-intellect times, rational folks won't allow of any advantage being taken of their imagination, even in a play-house."

Play-bills.—In order to accommodate the hundreds who could not obtain admission at night at the doors, this evening the windows also will be thrown open. Tomorrow, being the anniversary of the death of the late eminent antiquary, Simcox Rummins, Esq., F.S.A., this theatre will, by an order received through the parish beadle, be closed. And as, on this solemn occasion, there can be no performance, a variety of most laughable entertainments will be given, as will be expressed in the bills of the day.

Albums.—Mrs. Shanks, the pastrycook and confectioner, passing, Hobbleday beckoned her towards us.

"Ha! Mrs. Shanks, how do, Mrs. Shanks? See here! Sweet pretty book, eh? Suppose you intend to treat yourself with the new Annual this year, eh?"

"Oh dear, no, sir," replied the lady; "I cannot afford to buy a book for the sake of the pictures; and as for the *littery* part, that doesn't answer my purpose at all."

"*Litterary* you mean, my dear Mrs. Shanks," said Hobbleday.

"How contradictory you are, Mr. Hobbleday," said Mrs. S.: "I say *littery* part, and I appeal to that gentleman which of us is right."

Not having yet read a line of the work, it was impossible for me to decide.

"As it is, I have nearly half a hundred weight of the *littery* part," persisted Mrs. S., "of last year's annuals on hand; but the paper is so smooth, and glossy, and crackly, it's of no use for making up parcels; and as for putting it at the bottom of tarts, the nasty ink on it would *pisen* the people. Wish you very good morning, gentlemen."

"*Touching*" Exhibitions.—Chickney, the poulterer, who has naturally been appointed keeper of our Zoological Gardens, and honorary secretary, has presented us with a stuffed kangaroo. Yesterday there was a private view of it. Interesting sight! Subdued, *quiet* interest, though—not of an *exciting* interest like the monkeys on the ladies' days, Sundays, you know. Interesting creature, though. Paper pasted on it—"Visitors are requested not to touch." Very foolish—gave great offence. How can one tell what kangaroos are made of if one isn't allowed to touch. Besides, I'm a friend of the people—public property—people have a *right* to touch; and the moment Chickney's back was turned people *did* touch. And what harm did they do? Nothing but a little bit of its tail, one fore-paw, and two claws of the other broken off. Chickney angry—very foolish to be angry—told him so. Easy to glue the pieces on again if ever he should get them back. If not, what then? What is

that in comparison with the rights of the people? I don't know how the case may be with you Londoners, but this I can tell you, my dear fellow, no free-born Pedlingtonian will relinquish his right at an exhibition of touching whatever he can lay his hands upon.

As Rome, we are told, was not built in a day, so ought it not to be made a subject of complaint against the "worthy Cockneys" that everything that is destructible, and within their reach, in the public places to which they are admitted, is not yet destroyed. In Westminster Abbey, for instance, much still remains to be done; though, considering that that edifice has never yet been thrown open *gratis*, at all hours of the day, to all sorts of people, it is astonishing, as well as satisfactory, to reflect on the prodigious quantity of noses, toes, fingers, and other equally vulnerable parts which have been knocked off from the numerous monuments, even under the present restricted system of admission. Some portions of the work, however, are complete, or nearly so. Of the delicate inlaid brass-work which formerly so profusely ornamented many of the tombs (that of Edward the Confessor, for example), some, though not much, still remains to be scooped out; but once let the Abbey be thrown open *gratis*, and, with common industry, the whole of the work in that department might be finished in a month. The antique coronation chairs, however, are actually completed; and so entirely are they carved over with names, dates, and initial letters—ornaments at once interesting and appropriate—that there hardly is room on any part of them to cut a dot to an i.

Periodicals.

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

[In this month's Number, *Jack Sheppard* occupies but half the usual modicum: his adventures have, however, been completed, and published in a separate form; but their consummation will likewise appear in the *Miscellany*. Suspense is a spiderly sensation, intolerable everywhere save in personal history; and to hold their readers in "glorious uncertainty" seems to be as much an accomplishment among the story-tellers of our time as with the law of old; for, in these days of Macadamization and centralization, we suppose matters run more smoothly in "the courts," and no longer "so pitiful a thing is suitor's state." Reverting to Mr. Ainsworth's romance of real life, we are dying to know how Jonathan Wild and the Jew would escape from the well-hole. Our author is, indeed, the prince of thieves.]

historians. He is the Holmshed of Newgate, the Froissart of Clerkenwell prison, and head master of *argot* and burglary. We should actually be afraid to meet him in the dark, did not his brilliant and stirring accounts of the court of *la jeune France*, and its lovely ornaments, in another of his romances, persuade us that his thoughts were sometimes keeping better company than Blueskin or Jonathan Wild, and Dick Tuppin or Jerry Juniper—that he admired Esmeralda equally with Edgeworth Bess, and thought the sparkling eyes of La Torigni no whit inferior to the saucy peepers of Poll Maggot. Let us see how Jack arrayed himself on the night he kept his promise of supping with the gallant Mr. Kneebone, subsequent to his escape from Newgate. Verily, in their appointments, the *darby slippers* of 1724 formed a bright contrast to the “artful dodgers” of the present day.]

The caution was scarcely uttered, when the door opened, and Jack Sheppard presented himself. He was wrapped in a laced robequaire, which he threw off on his entrance into the room. It has been already intimated that Jack had an excessive passion for finery; and it might have been added, that the chief part of his ill-gotten gains was devoted to the embellishment of his person. On the present occasion, he appeared to have bestowed more than ordinary attention on his toilette. His apparel was sumptuous in the extreme, and such as was only worn by persons of the highest distinction. It consisted of a full-dress coat of brown flowered velvet, laced with silver; a waistcoat of white satin, likewise richly embroidered; shoes with red heels, and large diamond buckles; pearl-coloured silk stockings with gold clocks; a muslin cravat, or steenkirk, as it was termed, edged with the fine point lace; ruffles of the same material, and so ample as almost to hide the tips of his fingers; and a silver-hilted sword. This costume, though somewhat extravagant, displayed his slight, but perfectly-proportioned figure to the greatest advantage. The only departure which he made from the fashion of the period, was in respect to the peruke—an article he could never be induced to wear. In lieu of it, he still adhered to the sleek black crop, which, throughout life, formed a distinguishing feature in his appearance. Ever since the discovery of his relationship to the Trenchard family, a marked change had taken place in Jack's demeanour and looks, which were so much refined and improved that he could scarcely be recognised as the same person. Having only seen him in the gloom of a dungeon, and loaded with fetters, Kneebone had not noticed this alteration; but he was now greatly struck by it. Advancing towards him, he made him a formal salutation, which was coldly returned.

“I am expected, I find,” observed Jack, glancing at the well-covered board.

“You are,” replied Kneebone. “When I heard of your escape, I felt sure I should see you.”

“You judged rightly,” rejoined Jack; “I never yet broke an engagement with friend or foe—and never will.”

“A bold resolution,” said the woollen-draper. “You must have made some exertion to keep your present appointment. Few men could have done as much.”

“Perhaps not,” replied Jack, carelessly. “I would have done more, if necessary.”

“Well, take a chair,” rejoined Kneebone. “I’ve waited supper, you perceive.”

“First, let me introduce my friends,” returned Jack, stepping to the door.

“Friends!” echoed Kneebone, with a look of dismay. “My invitation did not extend to them.”

Further remonstrance, however, was cut short by the sudden entrance of Mrs. Maggot and Edgeworth Bess. Behind them stalked Blueskin, enveloped in a rough great-coat, called—appropriately enough in this instance,—a wrap-rascal. Folding his arms, he placed his back against the door, and burst into a loud laugh. The ladies were, as usual, very gaily dressed; and, as usual, also, had resorted to art to heighten their attractions:—

From patches, justly placed, they borrow’d graces,
And with vermillion lacquer’d o’er their faces.

Edgeworth Bess wore a scarlet tabby negligée,—a sort of undress, or sack, then much in vogue,—which suited her to admiration, and upon her head had what was called a fly-cap, with richly-laced lappets. Mrs. Maggot was equipped in a light blue riding-habit, trimmed with silver, a hunting-cap and a flaxen peruke, and, instead of a whip, carried a stout cudgel.

[Shotbolt, the head turnkey, has arrived at Kneebone’s house before Jack, and is secreted under a table. A casual remark of the servant arouses the suspicions of our hero:]

“The plot’s out!” cried Jack. And, without another word, he seized the table with both hands, and upset it; scattering plates, dishes, bottles, jugs, and glasses far and wide. The crash was tremendous. The lights rolled over, and were extinguished. And, if Rachel had not carried a candle, the room would have been plunged in total darkness. Amid the confusion, Shotbolt sprang to his feet, and, levelling a pistol at Jack’s head, commanded him to surrender; but, before any reply could be made, the gaoler’s arm was struck up by Blueskin, who, throwing himself upon him, dragged him to the ground. In the struggle the pistol went off, but without damage to either party. The conflict was of short duration; for Shotbolt was no match for his athletic antagonist. He was speedily disarmed; and the rope and gag being found upon him, were exultingly turned against him by his conqueror, who, after pinioning his arms tightly behind his back, forced open his mouth with the iron, and effectually prevented the utterance of any further outcries. While the strife was raging, Edgeworth Bess walked up to Rachel, and advised her, if she valued her life, not to scream or stir from the spot; a caution which the housekeeper, whose curiosity far outweighed her fears, received in very good part.

In the interim, Jack advanced to the woollen-draper, and, regarding him sternly, thus addressed him:

“You have violated the laws of hospitality, Mr. Kneebone. I came hither as your guest. You have betrayed me.”

“What faith is to be kept with a felon?” replied the woollen-draper, disdainfully.

“He who breaks faith with his benefactor may well justify himself thus,” answered Jack. “I have not trusted you. Others who have done, have found you false.”

“I don’t understand you,” replied Kneebone, in some confusion.

“You soon shall,” rejoined Sheppard. “Where are the packets committed to your charge by Sir Rowland Trenchard?”

“The packets!” exclaimed Kneebone, in alarm.

“It is useless to deny it,” replied Jack. “You were watched to-night by Blueskin. You met Sir Rowland at the house of a Romish priest, Father Spencer. Two packets were committed to your charge, which you undertook to deliver,—one to another priest, Sir Rowland’s chaplain, at Manchester,—the other to Mr. Wood. Produce them!”

“Never!” replied Kneebone.

"Then, by heaven! you are a dead man!" replied Jack, cocking a pistol, and pointing it deliberately at his head. "I give you one minute for reflection. After that time, nothing shall save you."

There was a brief, breathless pause. Even Blin-skin looked on with anxiety.

"It is past," said Jack, placing his finger on the trigger.

"Hold!" cried Kneebone, flinging down the packets; "they are nothing to me."

"But they are everything to me," cried Jack, stooping to pick them up. "These packets will establish Thames Darrell's birth, win him his inheritance, and procure him the hand of Winifred Wood."

"Don't be too sure of that," rejoined Kneebone, snatching up the staff, and aiming a blow at his head, which was fortunately warded off by Mrs. Maggot, who promptly interposed her cudgel.

"Defend yourself!" cried Jack, drawing his sword.

"Leave his punishment to me, Jack," said Mrs. Maggot. "I've the Bridewell account to settle."

"Be it so," replied Jack, putting up his blade. "I've a good deal to do. Shew him no quarter, Poll. He deserves none."

"And shall find none," replied the Amazon. "Now, Mr. Kneebone," she added, drawing up her magnificent figure to its full height, and making the heavy cudgel whistle through the air, "look to yourself."

"Stand off, Poll," rejoined the woollen-draper. "I don't want to hurt you. It shall never be said that I raised my arm willingly against a woman."

"I'll forgive you all the harm you do me," rejoined the Amazon. "What! you still hesitate! Will that rouse you, coward?" And she gave him a smart rap on the head.

"Coward!" cried Kneebone. "Neither man nor woman shall apply that term to me. If you forget your sex, jade, I must forget mine."

With this, he attacked her vigorously in his turn.

It was a curious sight to see how this extraordinary woman, who, it has been said, was not less remarkable for the extreme delicacy of her features, and the faultless symmetry of her figure, than for her wonderful strength and agility, conducted herself in the present encounter; with what dexterity she parried every blow aimed against her by her adversary, whose head and face, already marked by various ruddy streams, shewed how successfully her own hits had been made;—how she drew him hither and thither, now leading him on, now driving him suddenly back; harassing and exhausting him in every possible way, and making it apparent that she could at any moment put an end to the fight, and only delayed the finishing stroke to make his punishment the more severe.

[Cruikshank's illustration is Jack Sheppard tricking Shotbolt, the gaoler,—a capital "situation." The second embellishment of the Number is Charles Matthews, as Caleb Pipkin, in the *May Queen*: the likeness is admirable—the facial humour excellent. Among the letter-press, "Celebs in search of a Cenotaph," by Ingoldsby, is smart and clever.]

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

Prospects of the Drama.—The desperate state of the drama in this country, does not wholly deter some experimentalists from venturing upon the publication of plays, the only vent open to living dramatic poets. The stage is literally closed upon them. No man, with the genius to conceive and execute a great work for representation, could submit to the humiliations and perplexities he must undergo

before he can succeed in obtaining a hearing. The labour of getting a play performed, is infinitely greater than the labour of constructing it. A poet may write a play with pleasure, but he cannot get it acted without enduring a much larger measure of pain. The popularity of established authors, instead of influencing the public taste to the further encouragement of dramatic literature, seems to have the effect of repressing its development. The only writers who have any chance of succeeding, (not before, but behind the curtain,) are those who have succeeded already. The sole question which our managers believe themselves required to consider, is, not the merit of a new drama, but the authorship. The matter is determined by the fashion of the workmanship, as we purchase boots from Hoby, or fowling-pieces from Manton. The label is the grand test and guarantee of excellence. There is no admission of young blood and fresh spirit into the theatre, which is ruled by a life-oligarchy; and, until the oligarchs who are in, shall have died out, and left vacancies for new candidates, there is no hope of reviving either a just or a general appreciation for this lofty and ennobling class of poetry. The remaining alternative is to print and publish. Here the prospect is, if possible, less cheering. Unless a play has received the *imprimatur* of an audience, it falls still-born from the press. We have no notion of buying a drama for the sake of its intrinsic qualities. We are tempted wholly by extrinsic circumstances—by the excitement it has occasioned in the acting—by the region of perfume in which the author moves—by the *clôû* of a name. It must, in short, come recommended to us by some accidental charm, over and above its merits, whatever they may be, before we will take the trouble of looking at it. Thus we invert the natural order of things, and sentence to oblivion, because they have not been represented, all those pieces (and they are generally of the very highest order) which were never intended for representation. In France and Germany there are no such hinderances to the cultivation of the dramatic forms of poetry. The applause of an audience is not necessary to ensure a perusal in the closet. The distinction is better understood, and the judgment of the reading public is more refined and cultivated. The drama, by George Sand, "*Les Sept Cordes de la Lyre*," has, in an incredibly short period, without the aid of *loupes*, scenes, music, or *claqueurs*, penetrated into every part of Europe. Such an event would be a marvel in England. We might as reasonably speculate upon one of Cuypp's skies in Bishopsgate Within.

Varieties.

Commensalism of the Fuegians.—There seems to be no doubt that the Fuegians eat human flesh upon particular occasions—namely, when excited by rage, or extremely pressed by hunger. Almost always at war with adjoining tribes, they seldom meet but a hostile encounter is the result; when those that are vanquished and taken, if not already dead, are killed and eaten by the conquerors. The arms and breast are eaten by the women; the men eat the legs; and the trunk is thrown into the sea. In times of famine, during a severe winter, they lay violent hands on the oldest woman of the party, hold her head over a thick smoke, made by burning green wood, and, pinching her throat, choke her. They then devour every particle of the flesh, not excepting the trunk, as in *Parley's* case. — *New Monthly Magazine*.

Letter-writing.—In a smart paper, entitled, "A Stir among the Letter-writers," in the *New Monthly Magazine*, are some harmless, but sly, shafts, at the proposed change in our postage system. Thus: "To meet the new demands upon time in social life, much, no doubt, will be effected by the adoption of *lithographed skeleton letters*, to be merely filled up with the pen as to their accidental particularities; with blanks, for instance, for dates and sums; or, in the case of marriage announcements, with spaces for the names of the parties. Such printed formulas will be sold by the quire; and selections from subjects will be made up in sets; begging letters, borrowing letters, dunning letters, complimentary letters; letters for wives, husbands, friends, children; letters to constituents, and to country cousins, with counter sets of replies, to correspond." [This ready-made correspondence reminds one of a shrewd booby played off, some forty years since, by the editor of a country newspaper, inserting a fictitious advertisement for a wife, the answer to be by advertisement in his newspaper; so that, by each reply, he pocketed the usual advertisement profit; and the answers were numerous.]

Nine-pins in America is a very superior game to what it is in England. In America, the ground is always properly covered over, and the balls are rolled upon a wooden floor, as correctly levelled as a billiard-table. The ladies join in the game, which here becomes an agreeable and not too fatiguing an exercise. — *Capt. Merryat*.

The English Gentleman.—Neither to solicit public offices, nor to shun them, but when they are conferred, to execute their duties diligently, conscientiously, and fearlessly; to have no amusements but such as being laudable as well as innocent, are healthful alike for the mind and for the body, and in which, while the passing hour is beguiled, a store of delightful recollection is laid up; to be the liberal encourager of literature and the arts; to seek for true and permanent enjoyment by the practice of the household virtues—the only course by which it can be found; to enlarge the sphere of existence backward by means of learning through all time, and forward by means of faith through all eternity,—behold, the fair ideal of human happiness. — *Quarterly Review*.

Travelling.—Every traveller must sometimes experience satiety, in an hour of exhaustion, when he feels the want of that comfort and perfect rest, one of which can only be enjoyed in his own country, and the other in his own house. But the appetite soon returns for that living knowledge which travelling imparts. — *Quarterly Review*.

Tea. Evelyn, in his *Scenes*, gives the following account of the drinking of tea: "pale, tea; coppered, black; fine; heat the table grossly, and have some of *Cherri*. The reader will observe, that Evelyn's taste in tea, and the use he made of it was worse.

Wafers. From a curious passage in *Leaves of Paper & Paper of Italy*, it would appear that wafers were not known in France at the publication of the above work, in 1721. But they were certainly no new discovery when he was there at Genoa in 1708. A writer in the *Quebec Magazine* (! Sir Walter Scott,) says: "we have in our possession, letters with the wafers still adhering, which went from Lisbon to Rome twenty years before that time; and Stolberg observes that these are wafers and wafer-seals in the museum at Fortet."

The Coast of Sussex, between Eastbourne and Seaford, exhibits some of the most magnificent cliff scenery in Europe, comprising the noble promontory of Beachy Head, with its stupendous pinnacled out-work, called "the Charleses," 700 feet high; the long line of undulating downs, extending thence to Cuckmere Haven, comprehending that extraordinary succession of eminences, known to seamen under the denomination of "the Seven Sisters," terminated towards the west by Seaford Head; presenting, for miles, a precipice of the purest white, so perfectly perpendicular, that a plummet dropped from its brink would descend without interruption to its base. The whole, as seen from the sea, resembles an enormous curtain, gracefully festooned along its summit, and having its surface horizontally interlaced at intervals by double lines of flints, imbedded with such regularity, that they appear to resemble pencilled lines drawn by a ruler. — *United Services Journal*.

The Nelson Column.—A critic, in *Fraser's Magazine*, shrewdly asks, "How it is possible to erect, for the sum specified, some of the complex and profusely ornamented designs, when that exceedingly plain stone-post, the York Column, without any other addition than what is almost a pigmy statue, in comparison with several of those now projected, cost £25,000?" The same writer observes, that "a statue of Nelson, about twenty feet high, on the same level as the base of the column, would form a far more imposing object than a figure of the same, or even greater dimensions, elevated on the top of the column; while the latter would serve to announce it from a distance, and would impart to it greater importance than even such colossal figure would possess if standing by itself; because it would still appear so gigantic in its dimensions, in comparison with a column, however lofty, that the other would look only as a striking architectural accompaniment to it, secondary in interest and importance, though surpassing it in actual size."

Newgate.—It is a cheering reflection, that, in the present prison, with its clean, well-white-washed, and well-ventilated wards, its airy courts, its infirmary, its improved regulations, and its humane and intelligent officers, many of the miseries of the old goal were removed. For these beneficial changes, society is mainly indebted to the unremitting exertions of the philanthropic Howard. — *Bentley's Miscellany*. [We believe the improvement of frequent whitewashing to have been introduced by Sir Richard Phillips during his shrievalty in 1808, during which there was not a single execution. Sir Richard was a most efficient sheriff, and published a small volume upon the duties of his office; together with *A Treatise on the Powers and Duties of Juries*: both now out of print.]

Making a Profit.—"My dear Thiers,"—he was minister of the Interior when Talleyrand wrote him this letter. "I very particularly recommend to you a person, whom I do not know. I desire that you should profit of him. He has been sent to me by one of my acquaintances in whom I am exceedingly interested." &c.

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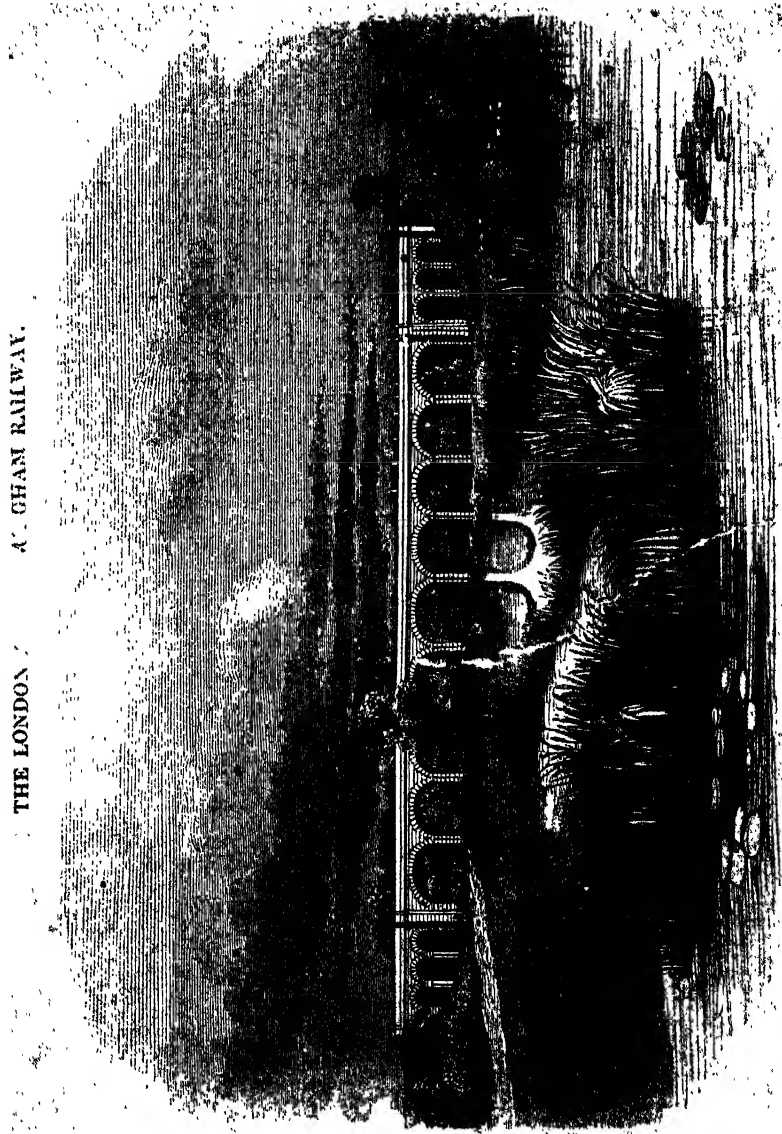
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THE LONDON &
A. CHAM RAILWAY.

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A. CHAM RAILWAY.



THE AVON VIADUCT. (See page 52.)

THE LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM RAILWAY.—III.

Northchurch and Tring.

NEXT commences the Dudswell excavation through a substratum of chalk, and leading to the Northchurch Tunnel, which is 24½ yards long. The continued excavation, cuttings, and various embankments, lead towards the great excavation through the Tring chalk ridge; at the beginning of which is the *Tring Station*, thirty-one miles and a half from London.* The cutting here is through the lower chalk formation, divested of flints and gravel. A number of fossil oysters, nautilus, the tusk and teeth of an elephant, ammonites, and concretions of pyrites, with Roman vases, and other relics, were found in this locality. The length of this great excavation is about two miles and a half, and its depth varies from forty to sixty feet: it is crossed by several bridges. In its formation, nearly 1,400,000 cubic yards of material were excavated, and the greater part deposited in spoil banks on the adjoining surface, on each side. From the north end of the cutting, the Railway sweeps to the right, and for upwards of six miles, (excepting some short cuttings,) is on an embankment, sometimes rising thirty feet, and commanding views over the fertile vale of Aylesbury. "Near the thirty-third mile-post is a lofty bridge of stone arches, crossing over the cutting, and connecting a roadway, in the line of the ancient Roman Icknield-street, which intersected the island from Hamtun, in the south, to the eastern coast of Suffolk. In this part of the cutting, the workmen found several human skeletons, some Roman pottery, and two antique urns. On one of the chalk hills, north of the line, is a large ancient encampment, called Maidenbower, or Toternhoe Castle, near which are the quarries whence the fine stone was obtained, for constructing the altar-screen, and the abbatial tombs, in St. Alban's Abbey Church. The town of Dunstable, noted for its straw-plaiting, and for the remains of a fine and interesting priory church, is eight miles from the Railway on the right." This quotation is a fair specimen of the attractive manner in which Mr. Britton has treated the antiquities and topography of the country through which the Railway passes; and, it is gratifying to find that, in describing a scientific triumph of our own times, he has not overlooked the interest of the past, or left undescribed the picturesque natural

features of the district. These characteristics, added to the statistics of the Railway construction, render the "Account" before us the most faithful, as well as entertaining description of a Railway that has yet appeared.

Near the thirty-fifth mile-post, the Railway again crosses the Grand Junction Canal by an iron bridge; and, a mile farther, branches off to the left the *Aylesbury Railway*, seven miles in length; rented of the London and Birmingham Company, at £2,500 per annum.

Leighton Buzzard.

At forty-one miles from London is the *Leighton Buzzard Station*, (principal,) immediately adjoining the ancient town of that name. From this Station the Railway is an excavation to a ridge of high land at Linslade, where is a tunnel, 285 yards in length, the shortest on the line; and differing from other subterraneous works, in having a curve in the rails of less than a mile radius. This hill is part of the range which extends across Bedfordshire, by the Brickhills, to Woburn, &c., and consists of a deep stratum of indurated red sand, with bands of iron stone, and occasional beds of fullers' earth. Immediately beyond the tunnel, is passed, in cutting Jackdaw Hill, a sandstone rock of the oolitic series. In forming this cutting, a mass of earth, containing a large oak tree, slipped nearly forty feet from its original position: the tree remains, nevertheless, nearly perpendicular, to flourish on its new site for ages yet to come.

Denbigh Hall.

After traversing two embankments, the line reaches the Holyhead Road, "and here, at a place called Denbigh Hall, was a memorable Station, to which the London trains conveyed passengers and luggage, and thence returned to the metropolis, with others; the intermediate distance from this Station to Rugby, being travelled by stage-coaches, from April to September, 1838." The turnpike-road is crossed by a stupendous bridge, stated to be partly based on the foundation of a Roman bridge; "the celebrated Watling-street of the Romans having occupied the site and line of the present Great North Road."* This

* "The celebrated Watling-street of the Romans." Mr. Kempe, adopting the opinion of Whitaker, is inclined to consider the Watling-street to have been a British road before the Romans arrived in this country. Such was, probably, the case; for it is scarcely reasonable to suppose that a people like the Britons, acquainted with the use of carriages, (and their thousands of war-chariots,) could have been ignorant of road-making, or could have traversed the country save by highways. We, therefore, incline to the opinion that the Watling-street and three other great highways of Britain were adapted, not constructed, by the Romans, who used them as strategic

* At about thirty miles from London, the Railway reaches its highest level; where the road is 120 feet above the sea, 200 feet above the Camden Town Station, and 300 feet above that of Birmingham.

bridge is 200 feet in length, and its work amounts to 160 tons. Next comes the Denbigh Cutting, which extends about three-quarters of a mile, and varies in depth from thirty to forty feet.

Wolverton.

The village of Wolverton, fifty-two miles and a half from London, and sixty from Birmingham, being a point of the combination of public roads, and the Grand Junction Canal, with the Railway, has been fixed on as a *Central Depot and Station*. "Here," says Mr. Britton, "have been erected a locomotive engine-house, 314 feet square, provided with tender-sheds, an iron foundry, smithy, boiler-yard, hooping furnaces, iron warehouse, a steam-engine for working the machinery, turning-shops and lathes; also cattle-sheds, a depot for goods, booking offices, with waiting and refreshment rooms, and a new colony of cottages and dwellings for the workmen and their families. Hence a small town, or village, is established in a district previously unoccupied." Such may be expected upon every line of Railway in the kingdom: as the system progresses, traffic will be drawn from the old roads, and those employed on Railways, or whose occupation is at all influenced by them, will, for the sake of convenience, seek new locations in their neighbourhood.

At the Wolverton Station, "the Railway crosses the Grand Junction Canal for the fourth time, by an iron bridge, and then enters upon the great Wolverton embankment," the longest on the line, and extending one mile and a half across the valley of the Ouse: it averages forty-eight feet in height, and is formed chiefly of clay, gravel, sand, and lias limestone. In its course is a viaduct, of six principal elliptical arches, each sixty feet span, and rising forty-six feet from the ground to the crown. "In the abutment, at each end of the viaduct, are two bold pilasters, and four subordinate arches: a stone cornice runs through the whole, which is 660 feet in length, and fifty-seven feet high to the top of the parapet. Beneath one of the main arches, is an artificial channel, formed by the Company, for the united waters of the river Ouse,* and a smaller routes in war, and thenceforth they may have been too generally regarded as military roads; although, as in the case of the Watling-street, they are still the general roads of the country. The discovery of British remains on the Watling-street is important towards the settlement of its origin. Altogether, we can scarcely conceive any country, in which carriages are used, to be long without roads. (In Persia are no roads; but wheel-carriages are unknown there.)—*Ed. L. W.*

* The river Ouse is singular in character and course. It traverses a flat and mostly a boggy and marshy country, from near Brackley, in Buckinghamshire, to its junction with the sea, at Lynn, in

stream called the Tow, which formerly flowed separately through the valley." In forming this embankment, a slip, or sinking, spread nearly 170 feet, so that it was necessary to build a temporary wooden bridge across it, to carry on the embankment, until it had become firm enough to bear more earth upon it; when a portion of the earth being alum shale, containing pyrites, the sleepers laid upon it took fire.

To the Wolverton embankment, fifty-four miles and a half from London, succeed two cuttings, from the second of which is seen the steeple of Hanslope church, 190 feet high. An extensive and lofty embankment then intersects the village of Ashton, eastward of which lies Whittlewood Forest. Next is a short cutting crossed by Victoria bridge, (of blue stone,) named from having been finished on the day of Her Majesty's accession. Half a mile beyond Ashton, and sixty miles from London, is the village of Roade, a principal Station, whence coaches communicate with Northampton, (four miles distant,) Nottingham, Leicester, and other places.

Blisworth.

At Roade commences the Blisworth Cutting through one of the main ranges of hills which the Railway intersects. It is, in places, nearly sixty feet deep, and is a mile and a half in length; the sides of rock being sometimes nearly vertical, and elsewhere supported by walls at the bottom. This cutting was one of the most formidable works on the line: 1,000,000 cubic yards of material were excavated; the superstratum consisted of light, sandy clay, with loose stones; beneath which lay hard blue limestone and blue shale. To blast, or break up the rocks, about 3,000 barrels of gunpowder, of 100 pounds each, were used,—sometimes at the rate of twenty-five barrels weekly. The whole cost of the cutting was £220,000, being nearly double the amount of the first estimate. "The Railway rises 1 in 335 (about sixteen feet in a mile) from the beginning to about the middle of the excavation, whence it falls 1 in 326, to the northern extremity; where, to the left, is the village of Blisworth, with an intermediate Station. This cutting is crossed by five bridges. To the west, the same ridge is passed through by the Grand Junction Canal, in a tunnel two miles in length, formed in 1805. The Railway crosses the Canal by an iron bridge, and soon after enters upon an embankment. The Stour Hill Tunnel, 484 yards in length,

Norfolk. In this extent its meanderings are so numerous, that, in passing through the county of Bedford, alone, a distance, in a straight line, of less than eighteen miles, it winds from eighty to ninety miles."

succeeds. The Nen valley and river are next crossed by an embankment from thirty to forty feet in height, with a viaduct thirty-five feet high, having five arches.

Weedon.—Crick.

At sixty-nine miles and three quarters from London is the *Weedon* (principal) Station; the extensive barracks lying to the left. The Railway next passes under the Holyhead Road by a flat-ribbed iron bridge, or covered way; and at about four miles onward, at Bucky Wharf, the Grand Junction Canal is crossed by an iron suspension-bridge. And at a mile and a half further, a long iron bridge, decorated in the Grecian Doric style, carries the Railway at an acute angle over the Grand Union Canal. After passing the Watling-street, for the third time within six miles, the line reaches the *Crick* (intermediate) Station. At the seventy-sixth mile-post, it approaches the Kilsby range of hills, through which passes the *maximum opus* of the Railway,—

The Kilsby Tunnel.

Of this difficult work, the main details, illustrated by a view of one of the eighteen working shafts, from one of Mr. Bourne's most successful drawings, have already appeared in the *Literary World*.^{*} "From the time the execution of this tunnel was undertaken by the Company until its completion, 1,300 men were constantly employed, and twelve steam-engines were worked day and night;" yet, thousands of persons daily pass through this great duct, "without experiencing the least inconvenience from the surrounding water and sand, and unconscious of the amount of labour spent in its formation." In short, the details of this stupendous work furnish an admirable annotation upon the word "impossible," a term now almost obsolete, and implying a state of things scarcely recognised in this age of mechanical skill. Napoleon, in the gale of his glory, discarded the word—a natural ebullition of his ambitious master-mind; the truth of which, it is far more gratifying to witness in the peaceful triumphs of man's ingenuity directed to the most useful purposes.

Rugby.

At a mile-and-a-half from Kilsby, the Railway crosses the Oxford Canal by a

bridge of three arches; to which succeeds the Rugby embankment, crossing the road approaching the town by a cast-iron bridge, in architectural character resembling the Rugby School-house. This viaduct consists of a flat-pointed arch, with decorated spandrels, abutting against two octagonal towers of brickwork; beyond which, at each end, are three narrow and more acutely-pointed arches. The bridge was designed by Mr. Stephenson: it has, doubtless, been a costly composition; but, it is not so certain that the Trustees of Rugby School contributed £1,000 towards the expense of giving it this embellished effect—as stated in most descriptions of the Railway. The error may, probably, be extenuated on the ground of its being always agreeable to record liberality, especially in a corporate body. If the truth be spoken, we suspect the embellishment to have been made compulsory by the Trustees of the foundation in question. At the *Rugby Station*, (principal,) eighty-three and a quarter miles from London, branches off the Midland Counties' Railway, to proceed through Leicester to the Trent, with branches to Nottingham and Derby; the construction of which is in rapid progress.

The Avon Viaduct.—Coventry.

Between the Rugby and Brandon Stations, (six miles,) is the Church Lawford Cutting, about a mile long; to which succeeds the Brandon embankment. After passing the Brandon Station, (intermediate,) the Railway crosses the Avon by the viaduct shewn in the engraving, which has been copied from one of Mr. Bourne's most brilliant drawings. The main portion has nine arches, each twenty-four feet span, separated by octagonal piers; and in each of the abutments are three arches of ten feet span each. Right of this viaduct lies Brandon; to the left lies Wolston; and at a mile and a half distance is Combe Abbey, the interesting seat of Earl Craven. Alternate embankments and cuttings, too numerous to detail, lead onward to Coventry, passing the river Sow by a viaduct 264 feet long, fifty feet above the water, and having a main arch of sixty feet span. The Sherborne river is crossed by a similar viaduct, and the Holyhead Road by an iron and stone bridge; the sedgy Avon and the Coventry spires add interest to the scene; and you reach the *Coventry Station* (principal) in excavation. Coventry is so richly dight with antique story as nearly to make the railway advocate regret that, in his meteor-like travel, "its three lofty and beautiful spires are almost the only objects of attention."

^{*} See *Literary World*, vol. i. p. 193. Mr. Britton observes, (in explanation of the striking effect, faithfully copied in our Engraving, though viewed by some persons as exaggerated):—"The visibleness of the rays of light from the shaft is occasioned by the dampness and humidity of the atmosphere, arising from the want of ventilation." For some corrections in the length of Tunnels, &c. see *Literary World*, vol. i. p. 214.

Coventry to Birmingham.

To the Coventry Station succeed nearly three miles of embankment, with two short cuttings: and, at ninety-eight miles from London, separating the valleys of the Avon and Blythe, is the Meriden Ridge, of sandstone, through which are an open cutting, and the Beechwood Tunnel, 292 yards in length; each extremity having a flat segmental arch of seventy-six feet span. Next are the Berkswell excavation, a mile long, and an embankment, with a viaduct over the river Hlythe: it consists of two bold arches, each of fifty feet span, separated from the abutments by pilasters of ten feet in width; the whole length of the parapet being 132 feet. Mr. Bourne's drawing of this viaduct is, probably, the most poetical in the series: it is a scene of new-born art and picturesque decay; the fresh and substantial Railway Viaduct, contrasting forcibly, as Mr. Britton observes, "with the old and ruined foot-bridge over the same stream, a few yards below." Here, indeed, are "sermons in stones:" thousands dart along the new structure quickly as the sand of life runs out; years may roll on, and the viaduct be deserted, as the foot-bridge is now, for some new triumph of ingenuity; whilst the river flows on softly beneath both structures—a deceitful picture of man's life, nudes its glassy surface reflect fleeting clouds, and its sedgey bosom represent the spots whereon hopes are wrecked, and little joys are stranded, as we sail down the stream of time. A river, in all its changes, is a fit emblem of human life; from its busy, bubbling rise, to its rapid full-tide, and its "welling" forth away. But, moralizing on a Railway is as snow in harvest, and so we proceed.

At a short distance hence is the *Hamp-ton-in-Arden* (intermediate) Station, where branches off the Birmingham and Derby Junction Railway. At the village of Birkenhall, the line passes under the Great London Road; and further on is a bridge of three arches, over the Sheldon brook. An embankment, fifty feet in height, in some parts, and a mile and a quarter in length, succeeds. This is followed by a cutting, crossed by four bridges; after passing under the last of which, at the distance of a mile from the south-eastern extremity of Birmingham, the first view of that town is obtained. This mile is over an embankment, having, at its north end, the longest viaduct on the line; conveying the Railway diagonally over Lawley-street and the Rea brook. It consists of ten main arches, of fifty feet span each, separated by piers ten feet thick; and the whole extends to a length of 711 feet. Between the viaduct and the *Birmingham Station*,

the line crosses a canal by a massive stone bridge; and you approach the Grand Junction Railway Depot; whereat already converge the lines from the metropolis, and from Manchester and Liverpool.

The *Birmingham Station* covers ten acres, and has six lines of rails, with raised platforms on each side, and at one end, with numerous offices, store-rooms, workshops, &c. The building facing the street has a portico of four Ionic columns in front, and four three-quarter columns in the rear: it was designed by P. Hardwick, Esq., and cost £26,000.—Here we take leave of the London and Birmingham Railway, which, vast as it is, is but an integer of that vast system which is destined to work inestimable changes in our social philosophy.

Of Birmingham, Mr. Britton has grouped some striking details. Its streets and buildings cover a space of at least two miles from north to south, by two miles and a half from east to west. Its population, within fifty years, (1781 to 1831,) has increased from 50,000 to 146,986. In 1831, there were 32,318 houses in the town; and since, their houses and inhabitants have increased in number more than twenty per cent. Burke, we remember, designated Birmingham as "the toyshop of Europe;" but its annual manufactured produce of £3,000,000 must be no child's play.

● IRELAND.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

HAIL! land, whose verdure with the emerald vies,
Whose sons are manly, generous—all—but wise;
Whose hearts are warm, but heads, alas! are hot,
And prudence, goodly prudence, worshipp'd not.
Gem of the West, set in a stormy sea,
As if e'en Nature meant thee to be free;
The waves, like barriers, guarding thy green shore,
Or ready still to guard thy commerce o'er,
Say, why has Nature smiled on thee in vain,
When still thy reckless sons her gifts profane,
And give to licence what is Freedom's due,
Freedom, that hapless Erin never knew,
And ne'er can know, till season points the way,
And passion yields to her benignant sway.

Grace Cassidy; or, the Repealer.

Notes of a Reader.

● RELICS OF CHIVALRY.

Riding at the Ring.—As the joist superseded the dangerous tournament, so riding at the ring superseded the joist, and became so great a favourite, that, by the end of the reign of Elizabeth, it was reduced to a regular science. This, the most graceful, as well as the safest of all the warlike exercises, consisted in careering at a small ring, and bearing it off on the lance's point. Three courses were allowed at this most difficult mark, which was suspended nearly on a level with the rider's eye.

brow: when, if the point of the weapon was so judiciously aimed as to enter the circle, the fastening yielded, and the ring was borne off in triumph on the extremity of the lance.—*Pictorial Hist. England.* [A game of this kind is common at fêtes in France to the present day. We remember it at St. Cloud, a few years since: it was a huge wooden machine, resembling the round-about of our fairs, with wooden horses for the players; each of whom was furnished with a foil, with which he strove to seize the greatest number of rings from off a projecting arm in the centre.]

The Duel in England.—One effect of the cessation of the ancient chivalrous combats was the rise of the *duello*, or duel; a change which introduced an entirely new system of fence. Instructors in the use of the sword now became so numerous, that a fencing-school was to be found in almost every town in England. The masters of this science were considered of such public importance, that, in the reign of Henry VIII., they were formed into a corporation by letters patent. We find, also, that titles and privileges were conferred upon them, according to their degrees of proficiency. During their novitiate, the tyros in fencing were called scholars; after they had acquired a certain amount of skill, they were raised to the rank of provosts; and when they had attained the highest step of their profession, they were called masters.—*Camden: Ascham: Pictorial History of England.*

CHARACTER OF QUEEN MARY..

We are gratified with the activity and research evinced in the *Pictorial History of England*; of which the following interesting note may be quoted as a specimen:—"Dr. Lingard's defence of Queen Mary will not stand, for a moment, the examination of an impartial eye. He would make Mary appear not only as the best of women, but as a good sovereign. Sir Frederick Madden, to whose researches we have been indebted, has collected the best proofs of Mary's possessing some amiable qualities, which none but bigots on the other side will attempt to deny; but, in removing some prejudices, he seems to contract others, and almost to fall in love with his subject. He carries most of his arguments too far, relying occasionally on the most doubtful kind of evidence; giving, at other times, an interpretation to words and things which they will scarcely bear, and now and then drawing conclusions directly contrary to what the premises would justify. We would scarcely attempt to defend the prejudices and minor inaccuracies of David Hume; but it seems

to us that sufficient account is not made of the wonderful quickness and sagacity of that great writer and most admirable of narrators, whose intuitive penetration generally made up for his indolence in examining records and original authorities. We seldom take up any work relating, in however trifling a part, to the history of our country, without finding taunts, or sneers, or louder reproaches, against this first of our good historians. Hume, knowing that Mary suffered a wretched state of health, and having other evidence to go upon, described her as being of a sour and sullen disposition. This, says Sir Frederick Madden,—who classes Hume with Buchan and Carte, as a writer of coarse invectives, (which Hume never was,)—is an inaccuracy, notorious to all those at all acquainted with the history of the period; and, to support his opinion, he mentions that Mary was once seen to laugh heartily at a tumbler at Greenwich—that she kept in her service a female jester, (every king at that time kept a fool royal,)—that she once had a kennel of hounds,—that she was fond of music, played at cards, allowed valentines to be drawn in her household, and once lost a breakfast wagered upon a game at bowls. But the accuser of Hume's inaccuracy admits, (and gives, from the plain-spoken Venetian, the broadest account of her malady,) that Mary, from the age of puberty, had suffered the most distressing of all female disorders. Ill usage and ill health were not likely to produce the best of tempers. But though Sir Frederick Madden may have known cheerful and light-hearted valetudinarians, we much question whether he ever knew a cheerful bigot. The disorders of body and of her mind must have made Mary what Hume described her to be on her accession. In the minutiae of the 'Privy Purse Expenses,' and incidental occurrences of court holidays, Sir Frederick Madden forgets Smithfield, and the fires that blazed in all parts of the kingdom during this cheerful reign."

THE THRESHER-POET.

Stephen Duck, the thrasher-poet, was bred a day-labourer; but, through royal patronage of his genius, afterwards entered the church, and was preacher at Kew Chapel. He was as diligent in making sermons and poems, and was much followed by the people; but, within four years after he was instituted to the above living at Kew, he became low-spirited, and, in a fit of insanity, drowned himself at Reading. After his best fortune, Duck's friends cautioned him against becoming vain. He said he did not well understand what was meant; and being

told it was, that he should not speak too highly in favour of his own poems, he replied, "If that was all, he was safe; that was a thing he could never do, for he could not think highly of them. Gentlemen, indeed, might like them, because they were made by a *poor fellow in a barn*; but he knew, as well as anybody, that they were not really good in themselves."

ST. COLUMB'S STONE.

In St. Columb's-lane, Londonderry, is a remarkable stone, called St. Columb's, which is popularly regarded with high veneration by the aboriginal Irish of the district. It is of an irregular form, about three feet long, and ten inches wide; the height above ground is one foot and a half, and it has two oval hollows on each side, artificially formed. Many foolish legends are current among the peasantry respecting the origin of these hollows, which, it is supposed, are the impressions made by the saint's knees, when he leaped from the wall of the city. It may, however, be worth observing, that stones of this description are found in the vicinity of most of the Irish churches, and usually bear the name of the founder, or patron-saint: they are always held sacred; and the rain-water deposited in their hollows is believed to possess a miraculous power in curing various diseases.—*Ordinance Survey of the City of Londonderry.*

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

The statue of George IV. was ordered of Sir Francis Chantrey. The Government put him to the expense of £100 for parchments, and then were two years after the time agreed upon for the first payment! At one time, Baily was £7,000 in advance for the work of the palace, which ruined him, as he raised the money of extortioners.—*British and Foreign Review.* [To this we can add, that similar mismanagement on the part of the Government nearly ruined the artist of the magnificent gates of the palace arch: their cost was 3,000 guineas, and they are the largest and most superb in Europe; not excepting the stupendous gates of the Ducal Palace at Venice, and those made by order of Buonaparte for the Louvre, at Paris. Yet, will it be credited, that the Government agents conveyed these costly gates from the manufacturer's in a "common stage wagon," when the semicircular head, or the most beautiful portion of the design, was irretrievably mutilated; and, consequently, it has not been fixed in the archway to the present day. Among other instances of jobbing in the works of Buckingham Palace, we may mention that the cost of the gilt Corinthian capitals in the hall, &c., was £30 each, whilst a con-

tract for £13 each was refused! The gorgeous folding-doors, of mahogany and plate glass, overloaded with or-molu, cost 300 guineas a pair: they are in very questionable taste, are too frequently introduced, and are better fitted for the flashy gin-palace than the abode of royalty.]

JOSEPH SPENCE.

Spence, the celebrated author of the *Poymetis*, but more popularly known for his *Anecdotes* of Pope and his contemporaries, was truly a benevolent man. Though rector of Great Horwood, Bucks, he never resided on his living; but in a pleasant house and gardens lent to him by his noble pupil, the Duke of Newcastle, at Byfleet, in Surrey; the rectory of which parish he had obtained for his friend, Stephen Duck, the poet. He, however, thought it his duty to make an annual visit to Horwood, to give away several sums of money to the distressed poor, and place out many of their children as apprentices. His death was a melancholy one: on August 20, 1768, he was found drowned in a canal in his garden at Byfleet, flat upon his face, at the edge, where the water was too shallow to cover his head, or any part of his body; he is supposed to have been seized with a fit while he was standing near the brink of the canal. Dr. Warton obtained most of his anecdotes relating to Pope from Spence, while he was "making him a visit," at Byfleet, in the year 1754.

ON SEEING CELESTE IN "THE WEPT OF WISH-TON-WISH."

I, too, last evening, joined the throng,
I, too, beheld, in rapture's trance,
Like some wild vision waked by song,
The graceful "spirit of the dance."

In guise of Indian girl she walked,
The forest-fawn less light of foot;
And while each look, each motion talked,
Her step—her voice—alike were mute!

Torn from her home—a trembling child,
Of sense and speech bereft by fear;
She comes—a wanderer from the wild,—
Nor knows that long-lost home is near.

Her sister strives, by many an art,
To bring back memory's power—in vain!
She clasps her red-boy to her heart,—
She's pining for the woods again!

"See, love, the chain you used to wear,"—
That out-stretched hand! that look of joy!
Alas! no memory wakens there,—
To her 'tis but a pleasing toy!

But, hark! a soft and soothing strain!
The song her mother used to sing!—
'Tis o'er!—she strives for it again,
As if her spirit would take wing.

Again it comes!—the trinkets fall,—
She rises with the music's swell!
Struggles for utterance—breaks the thrall!—
"Mother!" she sighed, and lifeless fell!

And now, her warrior-love is low;
Her gun is seized—raised—aimed—oh heaven!
They lift her child before the foe!
She shrieks—as if her heart were given!

"Comanchet die!"—dark Uncas said;
Her arms around his neck she threw,
And mean'd, while mournful droop'd her head,
"Then Narramattah will die too!"

In the next scene her chief is slain,—
And she, overwhelmed with woe unspoken,
Creeps to him—takes his hand—and then,
Dies silently,—her heart is broken!

She dies! the Indian girl!—but, oh!
When the dark curtain rose again,
Celeste! how radiant was the glow
Of life, o'er all thy features then!

She comes! "the spirit of the dance!"
And but for those large, eloquent eyes,
Where passion speaks in every glance,
She'd seem a wanderer from the skies!

So light—that gazing breathless there,
Lest the celestial dream should go,
You'd think the music in the air
Waved the fair vision to and fro!

Or that the melody's sweet flow
Within the radiant creature played!
And those soft wreathing arms of snow,
And white sylph feet the music made.

Now gliding slow with dreamy grace,
Her eyes beneath their lashes lost,
Now motionless, with lifted face,
And small hands on her bosom crossed.

And now—with flashing eye she springs,
Her whole bright figure raised in air!
As if her soul had spread its wings,
And poised her one wild instant there!

She spoke not—but so richly fraught
With language were her glance and smile;
That when the curtain fell, I thought
She had been talking all the while!

Yet, though so lost in rapture's trance,
Too oft beyond my reason's will,
That I forgot myself, perchance,—
Thou, dearest, wert remembered still.

In every scene of tenderness,
At every proof of noble pride,
Through all the heroine's wild distress,
I wished that thou wert by my side.

Yes! I, too, sometimes join the throng,
I smile—when smiling eyes I see;
I watch the dance—I list the song,
But everywhere I think of thee!

FRANCIS SERGEANT OSGOOD.

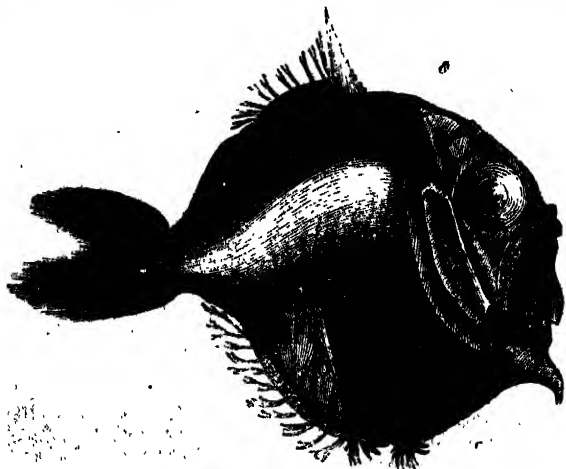
New England.

The Naturalist.

RARE FISH.

(*Sternoptia Celebes.*)

ABOUT the year 1774, Professor Hermann, of Strasburg, applied the name of *Sternoptia*, (from the apparent folds in the external covering of the breast,) to a very rare osseous fish from around the West India Islands, small in size, truncated in front, narrow and tapering behind, high-backed, very compressed, and presenting a triangular pellucid compartment of the region of the tail. From the last-mentioned character, as well as to distinguish it from another genus, from the Azores, (since described by M. Olfers, under the name of *Sternoptia Olfersii*, in which character it is wanting,) the former is known to naturalists as the *Sternoptia diaphana*, or transparent *Sternoptix*. Owing to the great rarity of this fish—it being hitherto known to no author, excepting through the means of the very incorrect representation of it afforded by Hermann, and the specimen which that naturalist has left in the museum at Strasburg—no opportunity has yet offered for rectifying the mistakes into which Hermann fell, in describing this fish as devoid of a gill-membrane and of a lateral line, and in placing it among the *Apodes* of Linnæus; thus concluding it to be destitute of ventral fins.



STERNOPTIX CELEBES. Fig. 1.

The species of *Sternoptia* here figured, however, differs from both the preceding in many even generic characters; such as the situation, character, and number of the teeth, the number of the branchial (or gill) rays, and the components of the different fins: it likewise varies in locality; for, while the two former seem to be confined to the West India Islands, and the warmer parts of the Atlantic, the latter has been hitherto observed only in the Eastern Archipelago. In the present imperfect state of our knowledge respecting this family, the species under consideration is not submitted as a new genus; although (as we have shewn) the characters peculiar to it might justify such a course.

The Cuts represent the natural size of the *Sternoptia Celebes*, from a specimen caught by Mr. Thomas Kincaid, surgeon R. N., in the Straits of Macassar, 1° S. lat. and 119° E. long., and within thirty miles of the Celebes coast, during calm and clear weather. It is uncertain whether it frequents shoal or deep water; but some fish resembling it were observed swimming about the roots of trees, which had been washed from the coast by the rains, and which trees the fish seemed to have accompanied from the coral reefs near the shore.

The length of the specimen, of which *fig. 1* is a lateral view, is, exclusive of the tail, two inches and a quarter; its height is two inches; and its greatest thickness is scarcely half an inch: it appears to have reached full maturity. Our limits will not allow us to detail the anatomical peculiarities of this extraordinary tenant of the deep; so that we must be content to notice its most striking characteristics. Thus, the caudal (or tail) region, which runs one-half the length of the body, is convex and carinate (keel-shaped) below, and the posterior and lower triangular portion of this cavity is, from the vertebral spines downward, resolved into a pellucid membrane, as clearly defined in the above figure. This membrane, which consists of two layers of tegumentary texture, is sustained in a tense and vibratory condition by slender bony processes, or spicules.

The head is remarkably obtuse, and the ridge of the principal frontal, and interparietal bone is distinctly dentated. The eyes are large, salient, and naked; they

occupy the middle third of the height of the head, and advance within a line of its anterior boundary. The mouth, which is directed upwards suddenly, descends very obliquely, so as to appear abrupt when viewed in front, (as in *fig. 2*.) and is, therefore, singularly capacious in the vertical direction; while the maxillary (or jaw) bones, (the upper of which slides over the lower,) form the superficial boundary of this opening.

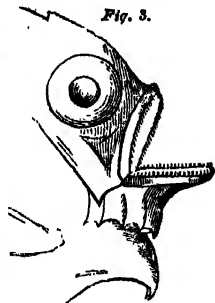
The mouth is set with maxillary and palatine teeth; the former being very numerous and minute, and arranged *en crochets*, three rows in each jaw. (See *fig. 3*.) Each tooth presents the form of two incurvated cones applied base to base, their concavities being directed towards the interior of the mouth. The palatine teeth are much larger, and the existence of them appears to be distinctive of this species. They are five in number, on each side of the mesian plane, and, being arranged *en cardes*, they, on the approximation of the jaws, close after a dovetailed manner; as shewn in *fig. 2*. The branchial arches, (see also *fig. 2*.) are four in number; on the posterior half of the first three of which are placed several slender and curved dental appendages, resembling the teeth of a garden rake; while, on the anterior half of these three arches are placed several tufts of short, straight teeth, arranged *en broches*. The branchial rays are five in number, naked, attenuated, and curved. (See *fig. 1*.) The dorsal (or back,) rays amount to (one moveable spine and) ten soft rays, each bifurcated at its extremity, the terminating points fimbriated. The anal fin is furnished with thirteen soft rays, connected by a transverse band near the root, and bifid at their extremities. The caudal fin is attached, as in the salmon, to a very fleshy root, being moved by powerful muscles: it is forked, and consists of thirty-six flattened, articulated, firm, and highly elastic rays. The pectoral fins have each ten soft rays; and the ventral fins present each seven soft rays.

For the remaining structural peculiarities of this very interesting fish, the reader is referred to the paper by Dr. Handyside, F. R. S. E., communicated to Prof. Jameson's *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*: the illustrations by M. Willington, of Saltisford, Warwick.

Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



Periodicals.

QUARTERLY REVIEW, NO. CXXVIII.

[THERE is more of the political miasma about this Number than may be healthful for the literary reader; for such influence is felt throughout four of the nine articles which form the contents. Captain Marryat's *Diary in America*—a very uneven book, by the way—is here commended, in about the inverse ratio of its abuse, in the *Edinburgh Review*: still, reviewers can scarcely be blamed in these cases; for, if authors will darken their works with political prejudices, they must expect partisan rating. The author of *Peter Simple*, we dare say, is not tender in these matters; and, when we ridiculed petticoat philosophy, he doubtless recollected the *smart*. Nevertheless, the Captain is an honest man; and, with sailor-like openness, he confesses prejudices, which experience has not overcome. By the way, the political tinge of this paper is not diluted by its also containing some notice of the Hon. Mr. Murray's *Travels in North America*, who happens to be Master of the Royal Household. But we have passed over the opening paper—a brief article "On Life Insurance;" purporting to be a review of Professor de Morgan's work on *Probabilities*, published last year: its details will be found more useful than novel. The Reports of the Mendicity Society furnish an exposition of the vice and crime of the metropolis; in which we are glad to recognise the acumen of our facetious friend, Mr. W. A. Miles; whose report of the habits of itinerant beggars is admirably graphic: to borrow or steal a common expression, it "beggars all description." We have next some literature, by way of relief, in papers on *Æschylus*, *Petrarch*, *Buccaccio*, and *Dante*. In noticing a minor work of Mr. Landor's, the reviewer somewhat relaxes in bitterness towards that intrepid writer: notwithstanding "the book has its bitterness, its insolence, and its bad jokes, the good and gentle elements very largely predominate." "And we would gladly believe that a man of such masculine abilities, who has in him such wisdom, and such humanity—such a fund of genuine tenderness of heart—will, as he advances in the vale of years, dismiss altogether the unhappy turbulences of temper that have hitherto, far more than any other circumstance, interfered with the popularity and acceptance of his writings." The last portion of this sentence is late justice, but "better late than never:" and we know, from her blindness, is the way. Mr. Landor's writings

are, unfortunately, too masculine for the multitudinous readers of the present day: they often tell unwelcome truths, and draw unsightly pictures of men and morals: his fancy is luxuriant, yet occasionally homely; and his brightness puts out the light of scores of satellites, who appear to revel in emasculating our language, and fitting words to ears and mouths, *ad captandum*. Mr. Landor's high courage disdains such pandering: he attacks the popular lion in his lair, whom none of his own species, or party, will assail; and, in becoming the *examiner* of his greatness, does a real service to the state of truth. With equal force and beauty he remarks (in a few pages of imaginary table-talk, which the *Quarterly* reviewer has extracted): "A wrong step in politics sprains a foot in poetry; eloquence is never so welcome as when it issues from a familiar voice; and praise hath no echo but from a certain distance." We should luxuriate in making a selection of "Laconics" from Mr. Landor's works, and in detaching their gems from their somewhat artificial setting; since we conceive the framework of his admirable writings to have most interfered with their popular success.

To return to the *Quarterly*. The next paper is a review of the eighteenth edition of CORMENIN'S (TIMON'S) *Etudes sur les Orateurs Parlementaires*; with which article, had the writer restricted himself to his main subject, some of the members of our own Cabinet would have better reason to be satisfied. Nevertheless, the whole paper is like Thiers's oratory—"talk, lively, brilliant, light, animated," mingled with traits and anecdotes. This article extends to fifty pages; and of the same length is its sequel upon "British Policy;" a masterly political *exposé* of the late session of Parliament. The number is wound up with a striking analysis of Mr. Rowland Hill's Penny-postage scheme, containing its "history, origin, principle, details, promised, and probable results." This is altogether a most interesting paper—unsparing of what the writer considers the fallacies of the originators of this new reform, shrewdly anticipated as "penny wise and pound foolish." The reviewer's idea is, that the envelope proposition is very popular, "particularly with the higher and middle classes, because it is the fashion, and a mark of *bon ton*, to enclose one's letter in an envelope;" "a scheme, therefore, that enables all to indulge in this little aristocratic convenience, is pretty generally acceptable." He next suggests the mode of charging letters by *weight*, (as is universal on the Continent,) instead of by

single and double; but, surely, the fractions of a penny would materially inconvenience the system of hundreds of millions. On the plan being first mooted—and much stress being laid upon the advertising facilities it would afford to certain tradesmen, who might thus address their catalogues to “probable purchasers”—our early impression was, the diminution of advertisement duty, which the adoption of this scheme must occasion; of which the *Quarterly* writer is fully sensible. From some experience in the duties of a post-office, we could, did time allow, point out many inconveniences, as well as advantages, which may result from the penny plan: but, in place of our own views, we recommend the paper before us as a fair, unprejudiced, and, as far as anticipation goes, a clever view of the whole affair. At all events, the public should be, in every respect, gainers by the change; for, at this moment, there are before Government no less than 2,000 plans for the new system—a promising response in number, if not in letter, to the anticipation of hundreds of millions' increase of *penny billets*.

We quote the following, as a literary curiosity, from the *Quarterly* paper:]

M. Piron tells us, that the idea of a post-paid envelope originated early in the reign of Louis XIV., with M. de Velayr; who, in 1653, established (with royal approbation) a private penny-post, placing boxes at the corners of the streets for the reception of letters wrapped up in envelopes, which were to be bought at offices established for that purpose. M. de Velayr had also caused to be printed certain *forms* of *billets*, or notes, applicable to the ordinary business among the inhabitants of great towns, with blanks, which were to be filled up by the pen with such special matter as might complete the writer's object. One of these *billets* has been preserved to our times by a pleasant misapplication of it. Pélisson, Mde. de Sevigné's friend, and the object of the *bon mot*, that “he abused the privilege which men have of being ugly,” was amused at this kind of skeleton correspondence; and, under the affected name of *Pisandre*, (according to the pedantic fashion of the day,) he filled up and addressed one of these forms to the celebrated Mademoiselle de Scuderi, in her pseudonyme of *Sappho*. This strange *billet-doux* has happened, from the celebrity of the parties, to be preserved, and it is still extant; one of the oldest, we presume, of penny-post letters, and a curious example of a *pre-paying* envelope, —a new proof of the adage, that “there is nothing new under the sun.” We venture to give, as a gleam of amusement in this

tedious discussion, a fac-simile of this curious note: our readers will readily distinguish the words added with the pen in the original:

M ademoiselle,
Mandez-moy si vous ne sçavez point quelque
bon remède contre l'amour ou contre
l'absence,
et si vous n'en connoissez point, faites-moy le
plaisir de vous en enquérir, et, au cas que
vous en trouverez, de l'envoyer à
Votre très humble, et très—
obéissant écrivain,
Pisandre.

Outre le billet de port payé que l'on mettra
sur cette lettre pour la faire partir, celui qui
escriira aura soing, s'il veut avoir reponse,
d'envoyer un autre billet de port payé enfermé
dans sa lettre.

	Pour Mademoiselle Sappho demeurant en la rue au Pays des Nouveaux Sansonnets A Paris. Par billet de port payé.	

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, NO. CXLII.

[This is a capital scion of the old stock of the blue and yellow; although half its contents are political, and, of consequence, mainly interesting to partisans. Nevertheless, science and literature, biography, history, (ecclesiastical and political,) philosophy, and travels, are fairly represented in the Number before us. We have a paper of sterling attraction upon the Life of Telford, the Engineer, with a running reading of his noble works; a stinging review of Captain Marryat's *Diary*, (which we suspect to be a piece of retaliation by one who has been somewhat unceremo-

niously treated by the sailor-author;) a learned paper, with analytical acumen at all points, upon Dr. Bosworth's Anglo-Saxon Dictionary; a powerful commentary upon the life and times of Richard Baxter, and his genius; and a paper ostensibly upon the completion of the Correspondence of the great Lord Chatham, but, really, a continuation of the "Public Characters" of the reign of George III., by Lord Brougham. Of the intrepid eloquence, and the mastery of mind and metaphor, displayed in this intellectual and political gallery, we have already quoted several specimens; and the following addition will shew that the fearless writer does not become enfeebled in his continuations, but, like the "locomotive" of his own times "*vires acquirit eundo.*"]

John Wilkes.

The history of Wilkes is well known, and his general character is no longer any matter of controversy. Indeed, it is only justice towards him to remark, that there was so little about him of hypocrisy—the "homage due from vice to virtue" being by him paid as reluctantly and as sparingly as any of his other debts—that, even while in the height of his popularity, hardly any doubt hung over his real habits and dispositions. About liberty, for which he cared little, and would willingly have sacrificed less, he made a loud and blustering outcry, which was only his way of driving his trade; but to purity of private life, even to its decencies, he certainly made no pretence; and, during the time of the mob's idolatry of his name, there never existed any belief in his good character as a man, however much his partisans might be deceived in their notion that he was unlikely to sell them. He had received a good education—was a fair classical scholar—possessed the agreeable manners of polished society—married an heiress half as old again as himself—obliged her, by his licentious habits and profligate society, to live apart from him—made an attempt, when in want of money, to extort from her the annuity he had allowed for her support—is recorded in the Term Reports of the Court of King's Bench,* to have been signally defeated in this nefarious scheme—continued to associate with gentlemen of fortune far above his own—passed part of his life as a militia colonel—and fell into the embarrassed circumstances which, naturally resulting from such habits, occasioned, in their turn, the violent political courses pursued by him in order to relieve his wants. Contemporaneous, however, with the commencement of his loud-toned

patriotism, and his virulent abuse of the Court, were his attempts to obtain promotion. One of these was his application to Lord Chatham for a seat at the Board of Trade. Soon after that failure, he was defeated in his designs upon the Embassy at Constantinople, which his zeal for the liberties of the English people, and his wish to promote them in the most effectual manner, induced him to desire; and a third time his attempt was frustrated, to make head against the corruptions of the British Court, by repairing as governor to the province of Canada. Lord Bute and his party had some hand in these disappointments; and to running them down his zealous efforts were now directed. With such a history, both in public and private, there was a slender chance of his figuring to any good purpose as a patriot; but he took the chance of some of those lucky hits, those windfalls, which occasionally betide that trade, in the lucrative shape of ill-judged persecution. He fared forth upon his voyage in the well-established line of *libel*, and he made a more than usually successful venture; for he was not only prosecuted and convicted in the ordinary way, but a blundering Secretary of State issued a general warrant to seize his papers—was, of course, resisted—allowed the matter to come into court—sustained an immediate defeat—and was successfully sued for damages by the victorious party. Add to this, his imprisonment for a libel, with his repeated expulsions from the House of Commons, and his finally defeating that body, and compelling them to erase the resolution from their journals; and his merits were so great, that not even the ugly concomitant of another conviction for a grossly obscene book, printed clandestinely at a private press, could countervail his political virtues. He became the prime favourite of the mob, and was even admitted by more rational patriots to have deserved well of the constitution, by the courage and the skill he had shewn in fighting two severe battles, and gaining for it two important victories. The promotion which he had in vain sought in the purlieus of Whitehall, awaited him in the city; he became Alderman; he became Lord Mayor; and, having obtained the lucrative civic office of chamberlain, which placed him for life in affluent circumstances, he retired, while in the prime of life, from a political warfare, of which he had accomplished all the purposes, by reaping its most precious fruits;—passed the rest of his days in the support of the government; never raised his voice for reform, or for peace, or to mitigate the hostility of our Court towards the country that had afforded him shelter in his ba-

* 1 Burr. 452. Easter, 31 Geo. II., Rex v. Mary Mead.

nishment; nor ever quitted the standard of Mr. Pitt when it marshalled its followers to assaults on the constitution, compared with which all he had ever even imputed and invented against Lord Bute, sank into mere insignificance.

That the folly of the Government, concurring with the excited and sulky temper of the times, enabled Wilkes to drive so gainful a trade in patriotism, with so small a provision of the capital generally deemed necessary to embark in it, there can be little doubt. In any ordinary circumstances, his speculation never could have succeeded. In most of the qualities required for it, he was exceedingly deficient. Though of good manners, and even a winning address, his personal appearance was so revolting as to be hardly human. High birth he could not boast; for his father was a respectable distiller in Clerkenwell. Of fortune he had but a moderate share, and it was all spent before he became a candidate for popular favour; and his circumstances were so notoriously desperate, that he lived for years on patriotic subscriptions. Those more sterling qualities of strict moral conduct, regular religious habits, temperate and prudent behaviour, regular industrious life—qualities which are generally required of public men, even if more superficial accomplishments should be dispensed with—he had absolutely nothing; and the most flagrant violations of decency on moral as well as religious matters were committed, were known, were believed, and were overlooked by the multitude, in the person of their favourite champion; who yet had the address to turn against one of his antagonists, a clerical gentleman, some of those feelings of the English people in behalf of decorum, all of which his life was passed in openly violating. Of the light but very important accomplishments which fill so prominent a place in the patriotic character,—great eloquence, and a strong and masculine style in writing,—he had but little. His compositions are more pointed than powerful; his wit shines far more than his passions glow; and, as a speaker, when he did speak, which was but rarely, he shewed indeed some address and much presence of mind, but no force, and produced hardly any effect. Of his readiness, an anecdote is preserved which may be worth relating: Mr. Luttrell and he were standing on the Brentford hustings, when he asked his adversary, privately, whether he thought there were more fools or rogues among the multitude of Wilkites spread out before them. "I'll tell them what you say, and put an end to you," said the Colonel: but perceiving the threat gave Wilkes no

alarm, he added, "Surely you don't mean to say you could stand here one hour after I did so?"—"Why (the answer was) you would not be alive one instant after."—"How so?"—"I should merely say it was a fabrication, and they would destroy you in the twinkling of an eye!"

(To be concluded in our next.)

New Books.

MEMOIRS OF CHARLES MATHEWS.

(Concluded from page 44.)

[We reluctantly take leave of these very entertaining volumes with a few more well-told anecdotes.]

• Mr. Mathews and the Foreigners.

My husband was exceedingly fond of the society of foreigners; and it was noticeable that they were all great admirers of him, in public and private life—they really loved him. Naldi was particularly fond of his society; and, though he understood English imperfectly, seemed always to comprehend all he said. We were very intimate with Signor Naldi, who invariably addressed my husband—"Dear Mat-hew!" Naldi liked to talk English, and was always encouraged in this liking by his friend, who never failed, by his management, to elicit something amusing from the practice. The Prince Regent had made him a present of a snuff-box, in consequence of his singing before him on some occasion. Naldi, who was a refined gentleman in his ideas, was gratified at this mode of receiving compensation, and wished Mr. Mathews to understand that he was *better* pleased with the present of the snuff-box (on the lid of which appeared the royal donor's portrait) than he should have been had the prince given him a thousand pounds! This sentiment he conveyed to my husband the next time they met, in his own peculiar way:—"See dear Mat-hew! *dee boox*, presente me from de Regent Prince! If I am a tousand pounds, I was not so proud as *dees boox*!"

Ambrogetti's love and admiration had all the character of infantine regard, and used to shew itself most amusingly. His English was even worse (or *better*) than Naldi's; for he had not mixed so much in English society as Naldi had done, neither had he been so long in this country. One night, at a supper-table, Ambrogetti was seated next my husband, who was much diverted with his ardent admirer, and the childish delight he exhibited at all Mr. Mathews said or did. My husband took pleasure in exciting his droll expressions, and was surprising him with all sorts of things. At last, Ambrogetti, wrought up to the climax of his wonder, having pre-

viciously exhausted every known word with which he could express his rapture, cried out, in a transport of delight, embracing him at the same moment, "O, Mat-hew! you are my sweetheart!"

Sor, the guitar-player, was another of my husband's devoted admirers. Meeting Mr. Mathews for the first time at an evening party, he watched, and followed him about the room with the fondest attention, listening to all he said with the greatest apparent admiration and enjoyment. At last he contrived to enter into conversation with him; and Mr. Mathews, as usual, with foreigners, led him on to talk in English.

Sor began by complimenting my husband on his extraordinary powers, professing himself his great admirer, and a constant attendant upon him in public. This was at the time Mr. Mathews acted in the drama, before his "At Homes" were contemplated. Sor mentioned the delight he had felt at the last new character he had seen him represent, and laughed over, in his recollection, the points which most amused him; but he could not remember the title of the piece which had so entertained him, although he declared it was one of his greatest favourites. Mr. Mathews suggested several. "Non, non, non," said the perplexed Spaniard, still trying to explain. After many attempts, he at last endeavoured to do this by describing each particular of the dress worn in the piece by Mr. Mathews, who would not assist his memory.

"Cott (coat) vite?" (Mr. Mathews shook his head). "Large caps?" (Capes). "De man vis de large buttons, vite?" (Still Mr. Mathews effected not to know). "Large bat vite? Nossay?" (Another shake of the head). "Long veep?" (whip). Oh, so droll at long veep!" Mr. Mathews could not but be aware that he meant the farce of "Hit or Miss." At last Sor exclaimed, "Oh, now I know, now I know; I recollect in French de nom! it is 'Frappé ou Mademoiselle!'" This translation may be worthily placed with "La dernière Chemise de L'Amour," from Cibber's play, called "Love's last Shift."

I recollect one night, at the Haymarket Theatre, after Mr. Mathews's performance of "Mr. Wiggins," a distinguished foreigner found his way behind the scenes; and seeing the performer reduced to his own "fair proportions," and dressed for another character, threw up his hands and eyes at the contrast he now presented—from the overfed figure in the first piece to the starveling *Sharp* in the "Lying Valet." The Frenchman was full of compliments; he was enchanted with "Monsieur Wiggins," and declared he must hasten

back to his box to see him again, although he professed to be almost exhausted with laughter. "I must go to my box to laugh more den I can—I never so laugh before," adding, with a low bow, "but, indeed you deserve to be laughed at by everybody."

Adventure with an escaped Felon.

One night, or rather morning, after an unusually long debate upon some very interesting subject, Mr. Mathews, without knowing the hour, left the House of Commons for the house of a friend at Milbank. His long sitting had cramped his limbs, and rendered his lameness very painful; he therefore proceeded very slowly towards his place of rest. Everything seemed dead and still as he crept along with difficulty, holding by the iron railing as he went, for he had no stick with him. All at once he heard a low tinkling sound behind him—he stopped, and the sound ceased also; again he proceeded at his slow pace, and again the sound was heard. Its metallic character annoyed him; and he was not only curious to ascertain whence it proceeded, but anxious to shape his own course so as to elude the tiresome effect. Still, however, the sound seemed regulated by his motions, as if it were a part of them; for every time he made the experiment of a stop it immediately stopped too, and as soon as he resumed his walk so soon was the clinking noise resumed. The morning was cloudy, and objects, except quite close, not easily discerned. However, as he could not but suppose that whatever caused this teasing and persevering accompaniment to his steps must have a will and power to direct it independently of him, he resolved to outstay the effect, or at least the cause of such effect, and leaned against a railing, determined to give patience reins. The noise again ceased, and a long pause of unbroken silence followed. He now began to think he should be foiled in his intention of discovering the cause, or, perhaps, that this mysterious sound had altered its course, or had ceased altogether. It was very late, and beginning to be nervous lest he had already trespassed upon his friend's kindness by outstaying him, and so keeping his servant up later than his master's pleasure required, he began once more to urge his uneven steps, when again the mysterious sounds were heard. At this he was in despair, and exerted himself to proceed at something approaching a rapid pace; the clinking became quicker in proportion, and involuntarily he placed his back against the same kind of resting-place as before, and faced suddenly about, when all was once more silent. But, in a minute or two, the metallic sounds were

to be heard for the *first time* while he was inactive, and in the next moment, out of the dusk of the atmosphere, a human figure came close up to him; rather a startling circumstance at such a time and in such a place. The figure then paused, and in mild and very harmonious tones, observed, "I'm afraid, sir, you are suffering? you seem in pain." Mr. Mathews replied, "No; I'm rather cramped by long sitting in the House of Commons, that's all."—"But you seem lame, sir!"—"Yes; I am rather," was the answer. "Allow me, sir, to offer you my aid; I, too, have come from the House of Commons, and, it seems, am going your way. It will really give me pleasure to see you safely home, and assist you with my arm." Mr. Mathews could not discern whether the person's dress was that of a gentleman or not; he could only perceive that he wore a long coat, resembling a great coat. It was hazardous to make companionship with an unknown, *unseen* person; however, the kindness of his proffer, the tone of his voice, and, perhaps, more than all this, Mr. Mathews's infirmity of limb, proved powerfully persuasive, and he accepted the offer of the stranger's arm, who kindly, and affectionately even, pressed him to lean hard, and not spare him, assuring him that he had been used to attend an invalid, and knew how to feel for one; above all, *entreated* him to walk as *slowly* as he liked, for that he himself was in no haste. Just then my husband recommenced his course; and, lo! on his first step the harassing noise was once more audible. He stopped, as if irresolute. The man mildly inquired whether his pain had returned? Mr. Mathews made an excuse and proceeded, and so did the noise. In a minute a policeman turned the corner, and, looking at the wayfarers, wished them a good night. My husband fancied that his companion started, and was agitated; and this fancy made him involuntarily pause, with an imperfect intention of asking protection of the policeman.—But from what? While this crossed him the policeman had left the spot; his companion kindly awaited his intimation of proceeding, and on they walked,—sometimes slow, then quicker,—the humane stranger talking loud, but without much method, as my husband hobbled silently by his side, speculating upon the probable termination of the adventure. Suddenly a lamplighter for a moment upon them as they passed under it; my husband's eyes were cast down upon the way his steps were taking, and, to his infinite horror, he discovered the cause of the noises that had so puzzled him—a *fetter* was fastened round the ankle of the stranger, from which hung a bit of

chain, or something that had been broken from a hold, the end of which striking against the fetter had evidently occasioned the *clinking* noise described! My poor husband was, in reality, arm-in-arm with an escaped felon! He had presence of mind, however, after the first pressure which the discovery induced his fingers to make upon the man's arm (and which drew forth an anxious inquiry from his supporter), to conceal his knowledge; but he walked a little quicker, anxious to end the adventure, and somewhat in doubt of the manner in which it might please his new friend that it should end. At last it was necessary to cross the road to the house; and the man asked, in some trepidation, "Are you, then, at home, sir?" My husband replied in the affirmative, and begged not to trouble him to cross the road with him; but the stranger's courtesy was not to be stinted—and he carefully assisted his charge to the door. Mr. Mathews was about to thank him for his services, and to offer him payment for them. Before he could speak, however, or put his hand into his pocket for the purpose of giving a trifle to the wretched man, he darted away from the door, and was invisible, and noiseless too, in a few moments.

Varieties.

Fire and Water.—If a fire breaks out in Philadelphia, the housekeepers have not the fear of being *burnt to death* before them; for the water is poured on in such torrents, that the furniture is washed out of the windows, and all that they have to look out for, is to escape from being drowned.—*Captain Marryat*. [This excellent supply of water is insured by the admirable Schuylkill works. Would that our metropolis were as well supplied!]

There's a language in that mule.—A gentleman, one Sunday morning, was attracted to watch a young country girl, on the high road from the village to the church, by observing that she looked hither and thither, this way and that upon the road, as if she had lost her thimble. The bells were *settling* for prayers, and there was no one visible on the road except the girl and the gentleman, who recognised in her the errand-maid of a neighbouring farmer. "What are you looking for, my girl?" asked the gentleman, as the dame continued to pore along the dusty road. She answered, gravely, "Sir, I am looking to see if my master be gone to church." Now, her master had a *wooden leg*.—From "My Day-Book," in the *Illustration*. [The title is a misnomer; for no day-books contain such pleasant things as we find in this paper. A day-book is a recapitulation of disagreeables—*debs*; a ledger is a climax.]

Striking Death.—Towards the middle of the seventeenth century, a man is stated to have been killed by the famous clock in the square of St. Mark, at Venice: while repairing the clock, he stooped his head in such a place, and in such a nick of time, that the quarter-day struck it with his hammer, and knocked him over the battlements.—See *Evelyn's Diary*.

John Evelyn.—It is worthy of record that Mr. D'Israeli was struck by the beauty of Evelyn's character, and the singular felicity of his life, long be-

fore the very interesting Memoirs, Diary, and Correspondence, brought them more fully before the public.—See Mr. D'Israeli's Chapter on the Domestic Life of Genius, in the Literary Character, illustrated.

Spohr, the German Composer.—His figure, which is cast in a great mould, is redeemed from clumsiness by a native dignity of bearing, wholly free from affectation or assumption. His large face, when you get near it, is really very handsome. It reminded me of one of the old gods in the Elgin marbles, and I could not help somehow connecting it with Keats's "Hyperion." Eyes small, and rather deep set; high cheek bones, with the cheeks the reverse of full; a nose perfectly well formed; and a mouth that, at the corners, reveals traces of the emotion experienced in a rather arduous professional life, give the principal character to a countenance whose expression, on the whole, is that of entire calmness and benignity. I should say that a complete suit of black, relieved on occasions of ceremony by the cross of some order hanging from the breast, together with a plain brown wig, have their effect on the already reverend exterior of Spohr. His manner is perfectly simple, frank, and affectionate.—*Frog the Monthly Chronicle.*

Plate Glass.—The manufactory of St. Gobain, near Paris, has lately cast an enormous plate of glass in a single piece, which is 195 inches, (sixteen feet three inches,) high by 138 inches, (eleven feet six inches,) broad.

Oak necessary to build One Ship.—By the Report of the Commissioners of Land Revenue, it appears that a seventy-four gun ship contains about 2,000 tons, which, at the rate of a load and a half a ton, would give 3,000 loads of timber, and would require 2,000 trees of seventy-five years' growth. It has also been calculated that, as not more than forty oaks, containing a load and a half of timber in each, can stand upon one acre, fifty acres are required to produce the oaks necessary for every seventy-four gun ship.—*Railway Magazine.*

New Life Buoy.—Captain Hervey, R. N., has invented a buoy of the simplest construction; consisting of a light wooden frame, in the shape of a horse-shoe, but sufficiently wide to admit a man's body: it is rendered buoyant by plates and discs of cork attached to it; the hinder part is open, but the front is beak-shaped, for more readily cutting the water.

Juniper, when burned, diffuses a fragrant smell, and is supposed to be the incense which was used by the ancients in their religious ceremonies, though not the same as frankincense. It is much employed by the Roman Catholics, in their churches, for similar purposes.

Savin.—The Backhairs, and people of Russia, between the Volga and the Oural, use fumigations of savin, to cure the diseases of children; they also believe it to have a great effect against witches, for which purpose they hang branches of it at the doors of their houses.

The Rye Dock and Ship Canal, at Cardiff, were opened on the 9th inst. This vast undertaking has already cost the Marquis of Bute about £300,000, besides the cost of warehouses, &c.

The Duke of Wellington.—The following anecdote exhibits, in a strong light, the indefatigable perseverance and foresight of the Duke, and especially exonerates his Grace from the charge raised against him by many writers of allowing himself to be surprised by Buonaparte while amusing himself at a ball at Brussels at the time referred to:—At a dinner, a short time since, the Duke was asked, "Has your Grace seen the pamphlet published in America by General Grouchy, in answer to General Foy's attack on him respecting the manoeuvres on the days previous to Waterloo?" "I have," answered the Duke, "and Grouchy has the best of it. He could not move without orders, and orders he

certainly did not receive: as to his manoeuvres, I know all about them; I was a witness to them." "You!" exclaimed one of the party; "every one thought your Grace was in Brussels." "I know they did, but they were wrong, for, on the evening in question, I and Gordon (who was killed at Waterloo) left Brussels, took a squadron of horse as an escort, no one knowing us, and joined the Prussian head-quarters. I passed the whole of that night in conference with Blücher, Blieders, D'York, and Kleist. In the morning I of Bulow, 'If I had an English army in the in which yours now is, I should expect to be confoundedly thrashed.' The attack of soon after commenced, and we defeated. I waited long enough to, and then thought it time to be off. Buonaparte made that movement which was the commencement of the battle of Waterloo."—*Dover Chronicle.*

Zinc.—A Company advertise "Patent Zinc Slates for Roofing."

Following and Leading.—In the *Edinburgh Review*, occurs the following very significant passage on the secret of Wilkes's mob-popularity: he "was compelled to follow that he might seem to lead, or, at least, to go two steps with his followers, that he might get them to go three with him."

Literature.—It appears from the *London Catalogue*, that 25,000 volumes of books have been published in London within the last twenty five years, not including successive editions of the same work, or editions not recognised by the trade.

A King's Speech.—George II. being informed that an impudent printer was to be punished for having published a spurious King's Speech, replied, that he hoped the punishment would be of the mildest sort, because he had read both, and, as far as he understood either of them, he liked the spurious speech better than his own.

Mr. Clarkson.—A bust of this distinguished philanthropist has been placed in the Council Chamber, Guildhall. It stands on a fluted column, and forms a good companion to the bust of Granville Sharpe, which occupies the other niche, or position, on the same side of the room. This bust of Mr. Clarkson is executed by Mr. Behnes, and is, in point of portraiture, a perfect representation of the venerable and amiable original. It is of the finest Carrara marble.

Fine Arts in the Provinces.—An exhibition of Paintings has been opened at Leamington; and the Gallery in Quiet-street, Bath, is to be opened this year with a collection of works of the old masters to be lent by noblemen and gentlemen of the place.

Character in Works.—Telford, the engineer, relates that he came to London in 1782, and got employed at the Quadrangle of Somerset-place buildings: he became known to Sir W. Chambers, and Mr. R. Adam, the two most distinguished architects of that day; the former haughty and reserved, the latter affable and communicative: and a similar distinction of character pervaded their works, Sir William's being stiff and formal, those of Mr. Adam playful and gay.

Telford, as surveyor of public works for Shropshire, superintended the erection of no fewer than forty small bridges in that county, four of which were of iron; besides the two large bridges of Montford and Build, erected over the Severn.

The greatest of all impostors are the pretenders to knowledge.

Blackfriars Bridge.—The first granite stone, (eight tons weight,) of the last pier requiring to be clothed,—has been laid.

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CONDUCTED BY JOHN TIMBS, ELEVEN YEARS EDITOR OF "THE MIRROR."

No. 32.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1839.

[Price 2d.



"JACK SHEPPARD."

(From the Portrait by SIR JAMES THORNHILL.)

"JACK SHEPPARD."

(From the Print, after Sir James Thornhill.)

As a pendant to the preceding Illustration, we do not intend to treat the reader with a critical homily upon the literary character of Mr. Ainsworth's spirited *Romance of Jack Sheppard*. Neither is it our will and pleasure to unravel his "mingled yarn" of truth and fiction; or to pick the real from the unreal of his very striking production, further than to observe that he has, in the main, followed the contemporary Narrative of the House-breaker's "Robberies, Escapes," &c.; * next, that the staple of his romance—the low life—is essentially and circumstantially true to the letter; but that the high life of the story is the garniture or relief of the author's inventive genius. To point out the respective instances in which Mr. Ainsworth has deviated from fact, and embellished with fancy, would neither be a pleasurable nor a servicable task; and we have too much respect for "the authority" of authorship, from the classic poets "descending down," to set about such a work of supererogation. Our notices of the Narrative, as it has proceeded in *Bentley's Miscellany*, must have proved to the reader that we have been alive to its high merit, *ab initio*. The staple of the story, we know, lies in Sheppard's own Narrative; but the secret of weaving these materials into a work of literary character, rests with the genius of the author. In this task, he has brought to his aid a somewhat complex plot, which the veritable Narrative never, for a moment, assumed: the story is told with admirable minuteness, and the occasional coarseness of its realities is very cleverly relieved by the *introductions*, as in the characters of Sheppard's mother; (who is altogether an *alias*;) of Winifred Wood; and of Thames Darrell, who, if we mistake not, was to have been the hero of the Romance.† Of the author's descriptive powers we have more than

* Before us is the accredited version of the hero's Adventures:—"A Narrative of all the Robberies, Escapes, &c., of John Sheppard: giving an exact description of the manner of his wonderful escape from the castle in *Newgate*, and of the methods he took afterward for his security. Written by himself during his Confinement in the Middle Stone-room, after his being re-taken in Drury Lane. To which is prefixed a True Representation of his Escape from the *Condemned Hold*, curiously engraved on a Copper Plate. The whole published at the particular request of the Prisoner. The Third Edition. London: Printed and sold by John Applebee, a little below Bridewell-bridge, in Black-Fryers. 1724. (Price Six Pence.)"—This pamphlet, somewhat rare, and for which we have paid half-a-crown, is dated

"Middle Stone Room in
Newgate, Novem. 10.
1724."

† Some time since was announced for publication "Thames Darrell, by the Author of Rookwood," &c.

once spoken with high encomium: his scenes are elaborately drawn, yet not tedious in detail; and his localities of London, a century and a quarter since, are exemplary specimens of topographical writing: * they have the vigour of reality without its dullness—a rare accomplishment in our ornate reading times. It need scarcely be added that to set off the atrocious young carpenter, he has been invested with a few good qualities, which, as in the case of Sheridan's go-between, might, in real life, have destroyed his character. But this change, together with every other deviation, has been managed with masterly skill: there is no bungling throughout the work—no lame attempts or impotent conclusions; but the whole bears evidence of considerable research for materials, and a judicious employment of them in working out a design which ranks as a curiosity of contemporary fiction. None but a master could have produced such a work out of such materials: there are, notwithstanding, persons who will not envy the author his fame; a position reminding us of Dryden's wit:—"a man may be capable, as Jack Ketch's wife said of her servant, of a plain piece of work, a bare hanging; but, to make a malefactor die sweetly, was only belonging to her husband." We have already seen *Jack Sheppard* condemned as "a bad book," and "of a class of bad books;" but, surely, it is not so bad as scores of the silver-fork school of novels which, of late years, have held up the vices of high life to the execration of the multitude who read in the present day. The carpenter's fate, at Tyburn has surely its moral, as well as the exit of the gamester in the gilded saloons of St. James's:

"Shall we not censure all the motley train,
Whether with ale irriguous or champagne."

But we are getting beyond our tether, and so halt, with observing, that Sheppard's end impresses us with two good lessons, at least—the inutility of public executions, and the great change in the minds of the people since his time: even the "respectability" of Thurtell's "gig" did not raise one-hundredth of the morbid sympathy which the carpenter excited, at "Tyburn Tree," 115 years since.

The original of the prefixed Engraving is a somewhat rare mezzotint,† after

* The author, residing in the neighbourhood of Willesden, has introduced some exquisite sketches of that delightful portion of the environs of the metropolis, and which has many picturesque features to which thousands of Londoners are strangers.

† (From the Print.)

JOHN SHEPPARD.

J. Thornhill, Engraver, delin. G. White, fecit.
Sold by T. Bowles, in St. Paul's Church-yard; J. Bowles, against Stocks Market; and Geo. White, in Hart-street, between ye Church and Bloomsbury Market. Price 1s.

Sir James Thornhill; the "painting" of which occupies one of Mr. Ainsworth's chapters. Before quoting its substance, we extract a minute portrait of Sheppard, drawn in the early part of the first volume:

"His face was that of a quick, intelligent-looking boy, with fine hazel eyes, and a clear olive complexion. His figure was uncommonly slim, even for his age, which could not be more than thirteen; and the looseness of his garb made him appear thinner than he was in reality. But if his frame was immature, his looks were not so. He seemed to possess a penetration and cunning beyond his years—to hide a man's judgment under a boy's mask. . . . The only part of his otherwise interesting countenance, to which one would decidedly object, was the mouth; a feature that, more than any other, is conceived to betray the animal propensities of the possessor. If this is true, it must be owned that the boy's mouth shewed a strong tendency, on his part, to coarse indulgence. The eyes, too, though large and bright, and shaded by long lashes, seemed to betoken, as hazel eyes generally do in men, a faithless and uncertain disposition. The cheek-bones were prominent; the nose slightly depressed, with rather wide nostrils; the chin narrow, but well-formed; the forehead broad and lofty: and he possessed such an extraordinary flexibility of muscle in that region, that he could elevate his brows at pleasure up to the very verge of his sleek and shining black hair, which, being closely cropped, to admit of his occasionally wearing a wig, gave a singular bullet-shape to his head. Taken altogether, his physiognomy resembled one of those vagabond heads which Murillo delighted to paint, and for which Guzman d'Alfarache, Lazarrillo de Tormes, or Estevanillo Gonzalez might have sat: faces that almost make one in love with roguery, they seem so full of vivacity and enjoyment. There was all the knavery, and more than all the drollery of a Spanish picafoon in the laughing eyes of the English apprentice; and, with a little more warmth and sunniness of skin on the side of the latter, the resemblance between them would have been complete."

[We next abridge the "Painting" chapter, from the third volume:]

Early in the morning of Thursday, the 15th of October, 1724, the door of the Castle was opened by Austin, who, with a look of unusual importance, announced to the prisoner that four gentlemen were shortly coming up with the governor to see him,— "four *such* gentlemen," he added, in a tone meant to impress his

auditor with a due sense of the honour intended him, "as you don't meet every day."

[Upon Sheppard inquiring who they are, Austin replies:]

"Why, first, there's Sir James Thornhill, historical painter to his Majesty, and the greatest artist of the day."

"I've heard of him," replied Jack, impatiently. "Who are the others?"

"Let me see. There's a friend of Sir James—a young man, an engraver of masquerade tickets and caricatures,—his name, I believe, is Hogarth. Then, there's Mr. Gay, the poet, who wrote the 'Captives;' which was lately acted at Drury-lane, and was so much admired by the Princess of Wales. And, lastly, there's Mr. Figg, the noted prize-fighter, from the New Amphitheatre in Marylebone Fields."

"Figg's an old friend of mine," rejoined Jack; "he was my instructor in the small sword and back sword exercise. I'm glad he's come to see me."

"You don't inquire what brings Sir James Thornhill here?" said Austin.

"Curiosity, I suppose," returned Jack, carelessly.

"No such thing," rejoined the gaoler; "he's coming on business."

"On what business, in the name of wonder?" asked Sheppard.

"To paint your portrait," answered the gaoler. •

"My portrait?" echoed Jack.

"By desire of his Majesty," said the gaoler, consequentially. "He has heard of your wonderful escapes, and wishes to see what you're like. There's a feather in your cap! No housebreaker was ever so highly honoured before."

"And have my escapes really made so much noise as to reach the ear of royalty?" mused Jack. "I have done nothing—nothing to what I *could* do—to what I *will* do!"

"You've done quite enough," rejoined Austin; "more than you'll ever do again."

"And then to be taken thus, in these disgraceful bonds!" continued Jack, "to be held up as a sight for ever!"

"Why, how else would you be taken?" exclaimed the gaoler, with a coarse laugh. "It's very well Mr. Wild allowed you to have your fine clothes again, or you might have been taken in a still more disgraceful garb. For my part, I think those shackles extremely becoming. But, here they are."

Voices being heard at the door, Austin flew to open it, and admitted Mr. Pitt, the governor, (a tall, pompous personage,) who, in his turn, ushered in four other individuals. • • •

On the appearance of his visitors, Shep-

pard arose,—his gyves clanking heavily as he made the movement,—and folding his arms, so far as his manacles would permit him, upon his breast, steadily returned the glances fixed upon him.

"This is the noted house-breaker and prison-breaker, gentlemen," said Mr. Pitt, pointing to the prisoner.

"Odd's life!" cried Gay, in astonishment; "is this slight-made stripling Jack Sheppard? Why, I expected to see a man six foot high at the least, and as broad across the shoulders as our friend Figg. This is a mere boy. Are you sure you haven't mistaken the ward, Mr. Pitt?"

"There is no mistake, sir," rejoined the prisoner, drawing himself up. "I am Jack Sheppard."

"Well, I never was more surprised in my life," said the poet,—"never!"

"He's just the man I expected to see," observed Hogarth; who, having arranged everything to Thornhill's satisfaction, had turned to look at the prisoner, and was now, with his chin upon his wrist, and his elbow supported by the other hand, bending his keen grey eyes upon him; "just the man! Look at that light, like figure,—all muscle and activity, with not an ounce of superfluous flesh upon it. In my search after strange characters, Mr. Gay, I've been in many odd quarters of our city—have visited haunts frequented only by thieves—the Old Mint, the New Mint, the worst part of St. Giles's, and other places—but I've nowhere seen any one who came up so completely to my notion of a first-rate house-breaker as the individual before us. Wherever I saw him, I should pick him out as a man designed by nature to plan and accomplish the wonderful escapes he has effected."

As he spoke, a smile crossed Sheppard's countenance.

"He understands me, you perceive," said Hogarth.

"Well, I won't dispute your judgment in such matters, Mr. Hogarth," replied Gay. "But I appeal to you, Sir James, whether it isn't extraordinary that so very slight a person should be such a desperate robber as he is represented—so young, too, for such an old offender. Why, he can scarcely be twenty."

"I am one-and-twenty," observed Jack.

"One-and-twenty, ah!" repeated Gay.

"Well, I'm not far from the mark."

"He is certainly extremely youthful-looking, and very slightly made," said Thornhill, who had been attentively studying Sheppard's countenance. "But I agree with Hogarth, that he is precisely the person to do what he has done. Like a thorough-bred racer, he would sustain twice as much fatigue as a person of heavier

mould. Can I be accommodated with a seat, Mr. Pitt?"

"Certainly, Sir James, certainly," replied the governor. "Get a chair, Austin."

Sir James Thornhill's preparations being completed, Mr. Pitt desired to know if he wanted anything further; and being answered in the negative, he excused himself on the plea that his attendance was required in the court at the Old Bailey, which was then sitting, and withdrew.

"Do me the favour to seat yourself, Jack?" said Sir James. "Gentlemen, a little further off, if you please."

Sheppard immediately complied with the painter's request; while Gay and Figg drew back on one side, and Hogarth on the other. The latter took from his pocket a small note-book and pencil.

"I'll make a sketch, too," he said. "Jack Sheppard's face is well worth preserving."

After narrowly examining the countenance of the sitter, and motioning him with his pencil into a particular attitude, Sir James Thornhill commenced operations; and, while he rapidly transferred his lineaments to the canvas, engaged him in conversation, in the course of which he artfully contrived to draw him into a recital of his adventures. The *ruse* succeeded almost beyond his expectation. During the narration Jack's features lighted up, and an expression, which would have been in vain looked for in repose, was instantly caught and depicted by the skillful artist.

"Well," observed Hogarth, "if, fettered as you are, you contrive to break out of this dungeon, you'll do what no man ever did before."

A peculiar smile illuminated Jack's features.

"There it is?" cried Sir James, eagerly. "There's the exact expression I want.

For the love of Heaven, Jack, don't move!—Don't alter a muscle, if you can help it."

And, with a few magical touches, he stamped the fleeting expression on the canvas.

"I have it too!" exclaimed Hogarth, busily plying his pencil. "Gad! it's a devilish fine face when lit up."

"As like as life, sir," observed Austin, peeping over Thornhill's shoulder at the portrait. "As like as life."

"The very face," exclaimed Gay, advancing to look at it;—"with all the escapes written in it."

"You flatter me," smiled Sir James. "But I own, I think it is like."

"What do you think of *my* sketch, Jack?" said Hogarth, handing him the drawing.

"It's like enough, I dare say," rejoined Sheppard. "But it wants something *here*." And he pointed significantly to the hand.

"I see," rejoined Hogarth, rapidly sketching a file, which he placed in the hand of the picture. "Will that do?" he added, returning it.

"It's better," observed Sheppard, meaningly. "But you've given me what I don't possess."

"Hum!" said Hogarth, looking fixedly at him. "I don't see how I can improve it."

"May I look at it, sir?" said Austin, stepping towards him.

"No," replied Hogarth, hastily effacing the sketch. "I'm never satisfied with a first attempt."

"Egad, Jack," said Gay, "you should write your adventures. They would be quite as entertaining as the histories of Ginzman D'Alfarache, Lazarillo de Tormes, Estevanillo Gonzalez, Meriton Latroon, or any of my favourite rogues,—and far more instructive."

"You had better write them for me, Mr. Gay," rejoined Jack.

"If you'll write them, I'll illustrate them," observed Hogarth.

"An idea has just occurred to me," said Gay, "which Jack's narrative has suggested. I'll write an opera, the scene of which shall be laid altogether in Newgate, and the principal character shall be a highwayman. I'll not forget your two mistresses, Jack."

"Nor Jonathan Wild, I hope," interposed Sheppard.

"Certainly not," replied Gay. "I'll gibbet the rascal. But I forget," he added, glancing at Austin; "it's high treason to speak disrespectfully of Mr. Wild in his own domain."

"I hear nothing, sir," laughed Austin.

"I was about to add," continued Gay, "that my opera shall have no music except the good old ballad tunes. And we'll see whether it won't put the Italian opera out of fashion, with Cutzoni, Senesino, and the 'divine' Farinelli at its head."

"You'll do a national service, then," said Hogarth. "The sums lavished upon those people are perfectly disgraceful, and I should be enchanted to see them hooted from the stage. But I've an idea as well as you, grounded in some measure upon Sheppard's story. I'll take two apprentices, and depict their career. One, by perseverance and industry, shall obtain fortune, credit, and the highest honours; while the other, by an opposite course, and dissolute habits, shall eventually arrive at Tyburn."

"Your's will be nearer the truth, and

have a deeper moral, Mr. Hogarth," remarked Jack, dejectedly. "But if my career were truly exhibited, it must be as one long struggle against destiny, in the shape of—"

"Jonathan Wild," interposed Gay; "I know it."

Sir James Thornhill then rose.

"I won't trouble you further, Jack," he remarked. "I've done all I can to the portrait here; I must finish it at home."

"Permit me to see it, Sir James?" requested Jack. "Ah!" he exclaimed, as the painting was turned towards him: "What would my poor mother say to it?"

[The "Painting" we suspect to be one of Mr. Ainsworth's "embellishments." Sheppard was executed on the 16th of November; so that his "Life and Adventures" were just in season for the Christmas pantomime at Drury Lane Theatre: strange fancies have the English people in wooing terror to delight them.]

ROYALTY DEDUCED FROM A POT-GIRL.

THE grandmother of two Queens of England, and that personage an Englishwoman, would, doubtless, be considered a person of eminence; hence the fable that has obtained credence relative to her origin, and which has again been recently introduced to public notice, in a work entitled "Descriptive Particulars of English Coronation Medals," by WILL. TILL, Medalist, M. N. S. In reference to Anne Hyde, daughter of Lord Chancellor Clarendon, and the wife of James Duke of York, the writer observes:—"Little did this lady's mother dream, whilst following her vocation as a pot-girl, that she was destined to be the maternal ancestress of two illustrious sovereigns, Mary and Anne. It appears she resided as a servant with a publican, who married her; and who leaving her a young and wealthy widow, Edward Hyde, a solicitor, then a young man, courted and won her. He subsequently became Earl of Clarendon and Lord High Chancellor of England; the particulars of which are too well known to require notice here. If Providence had granted a longer life and issue to William Duke of Gloucester, son of Queen Anne, the English heraldic escutcheon would have had nothing to boast of from this alliance."

The origin of the fictitious notice of the mother of Anne Hyde, Duchess of York, who died March 31st, 1671, has reference to the year 1768, and was occasioned by a paragraph in the *Public Ad-*

vertiser,* of July 30, in that year, which intimated:—"There is now living in Lady Dacre's almshouses, Westminster, one Mrs. Windimore, whose maiden name was Hyde; she was granddaughter to Dr. Hyde, Bishop of Salisbury, brother to the great Lord Chancellor Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, and lost her fortune in the South Sea year, 1720; she is upwards of 100 years of age. She is a distant cousin of their late Majesties Queen Mary and Queen Anne, whose mother was Lady Anne Hyde, Duchess of York, whose royal consort was afterwards King James II.; a lively instance of the mutability of all worldly things, that a person related to two crowned heads, should, by the strange caprice of fortune, be reduced to live in an almshouse."

The vicissitude of Mrs. Windimore's residence in an almshouse, was the impetus for the following fanciful narrative of the origin of the rise of the Chancellor's wife; which ran its course through several of the newspapers of that period:

"During the troubles in the reign of Charles I., a country-girl came to London in search of a place; but not succeeding, she applied to be allowed to carry out beer from a brewhouse. These women were then called *tub-women*.† The brewer observing her to be a very good looking girl, took her from this low situation into his house, and afterwards married her; and while yet a very young woman, died, and left her a very large fortune. She was recommended, on giving up the brewery, to Mr. Hyde, a most able lawyer, to settle her husband's affairs; he, in process of time, married the widow, and was made Earl of Clarendon. Of this marriage there was a daughter, who was afterwards wife to James II., and mother of Mary and Anne, Queens of England."

* The same paper, of Oct. 4, 1764, indulged in a similar pleasantry to this effect:—"A gentleman, a prisoner in the rules of the King's Bench, a branch of the family of the Hydes, Earls of Clarendon and Rochester, has a most remarkable coffin by him, against his interment. It was made out of a fine solid oak which grew on his estate in Kent, and hollowed out with a chisel. It is eight feet in length, about four feet in breadth, four inches thick on the sides, and seven inches and a half at the ends; the lid is three inches thick, made out of the same oak. When the corpse comes to be put in, it is to be fastened down with oaken pegs. The said gentleman often lies down and sleeps in his coffin with the greatest composure and serenity." On the 6th, another paragraph stated:—"To the account of the remarkable coffin, made from a solid oak, belonging to a gentleman, a prisoner in the rules of the King's Bench, mentioned in ours of Thursday, may be added, that it weighs 500 lbs.; and was not long since filled with punch, when it held forty-one gallons, two quarts, one pint and a half."

† There is extant a tract, entitled, "A Caution to Married Couples: or a Relation how a Man in Nightingale-lane beat and abused his Wife, and murdered a Tub-man. 1677." 4to.

This was answered by the annexed letter, published in the *London Chronicle*, Dec. 20, 1768:—

"Sir, — An extraordinary anecdote having lately appeared in the papers, relative to the Clarendon family, I beg leave, (without any comment upon the writer or his motives,) just to set those right whom he may have led astray, by informing them that Lord Clarendon married Frances, the daughter of Sir Thomas Aylesbury, Knt. and Bart., one of the Masters of Requests to King Charles I., by whom he had four sons, viz. Henry, afterwards Earl of Clarendon; Lawrence, afterwards Earl of Rochester; Edward, who died unmarried; and James, drowned on board the Gloucester frigate: also two daughters, ANNE, married to the Duke of York; and FRANCES, married to Thomas Keightley, of Hertingfordbury, in the county of Herts, Esq. I own it is pity so ingenious a story as that of the *tub-woman* should be without any foundation; and much wonder the public has never been entertained with it till just now. I am, Sir, yours, — VERACITY."

In August, 1770, the paragraph relative to Mrs. Windimore, was again current in the public papers, with this addition:—"She retains her senses in a tolerable degree; and her principal complaint is, that she has outlived all her friends, being now 106 years of age."

The mother of the Protector, Oliver Cromwell, is said to have conducted, with great ability, the affairs of her husband's brewhouse at Huntingdon. This, some republican spirit appears to have thought an indignity; so, by way of retaliation, determined on sinking the origin of the inheritors of the Crown, to the lowest possible grade of a *tub-woman*; and the Medallist, with his partiality for anecdote, has adopted the romantic part of the story! The observation that follows, as to the Duke of Gloucester, is a flourish upon fancy.

B.

ARAB PARADISE.

THE notions of Paradise, which prevail among the Algerine Arabs, are very interesting, and briefly as follow:

"When the soul of the departed reaches the other world, it is conducted before the tribunal of God, who sits under a magnificent tent, with Sidi Mohammed (i. e. Mahomet,) at his left hand. Allah casts into a pair of scales, held by the Prophet, the good and bad deeds of the departed. If the scale-bearer wishes well to the latter, he presses something upon the scale, which holds the good works, that the one which contains the bad may not

sink too much. God, by reason of his omniscience, perceives this, but acts as though he did not, and lets the Prophet have his own way. The believer, who is found worthy of being admitted into Paradise, is conducted to his tent; where he finds, once more, his horse and his weapons, and reposes on magnificent cushions; where food and drink of exquisite flavour are brought him by the heavenly Houris. The tents are as white as lilies, and are set up in luxuriant valleys, which are surrounded by beautiful mountains, and are flowing with milk and honey. The cool oases and mountains are full of all sorts of game; and, that he may pursue the pleasures of hunting, the blessed Mussulman is never in want of gunpowder. Thus does the undying believer float on in an endless stream of heavenly felicity. However, he has his hell besides his Eden; and if a Mussulman appears before the Judge's throne, whose scale, into which Allah casts the bad actions, sinks too deeply, Mohammed turns away, and leaves the transgressor to the severity of an offended God, who condemns him to the torments of hell; when he finds himself in a furnace heated with coals, in the midst of Christians and Jews. Tortured both by bad company and bodily pain, the soul unceasingly repeats the creed. At last, the servants, who keep up the fire, make their appearance, and hear, with horror, that one of the faithful is among the abandoned. Approaching him with compassion, they ask their unfortunate fellow-believer the cause of his exile from Paradise, his name, and that of his family. They then go to the members of the latter, who are in the fields of Paradise; and induce them, by touching representations of the misery of their relation, to intercede for him with the Prophet. Sidi Mohammed receives intercessions of this sort with kindness and compassion; and, touched with the misery of a Mussulman, proceeds himself as an intercessor to the tent of Allah, who, on hearing his request, answers, "I have given thee the power of binding and loosening; thou hast the keys of Paradise and of hell: go thou and release the condemned." Upon this, Sidi Mohammed sends to Tartarus an order to release the pardoned sinner; who cannot, however, as he is blackened with the smoke of the coals, enter Paradise at once. Houris are called to wash him with precious oils and ointments, and to pour healing balsam into his wounds; though, to distinguish him from the rest, a black spot is always left on each of his ears. This is a general sketch of the Arabs' notions of a hereafter, which they retain firmly in their hearts."

Letter III. from the German Renegade; translated in the *Times*, from the *Morgenblatt*.

LITERATURE OF SWEDEN.

IN 1830, were published—"one hundred and twenty-one works on theology, eleven on philosophy, twenty on philology, thirty-two on education, one hundred and thirty-four belles lettres, (including fifty-two novels,) eighty-eight historical, thirty geographical works, seventy-seven on political, twenty on physical, twenty on medical, thirty-five on economical, twenty-five on mathematical, forty-six on juridical science, four on fine arts, forty-three miscellaneous, (not including newspapers, of which the number is reckoned eighty, and nineteen of which are published in Stockholm,) besides twenty other periodicals, of which fifteen appear in Stockholm. The price of books is extremely moderate: a volume of 400 pages generally costs about a banco dollar and a half; but the paper is very bad. There are, however, some publications which would do honour to our press; as, for instance, Nelson's '*Fauna Suecica*,' with illuminated plates; the '*Scandinavian Fishes*,' by Von Wright; the '*Costumes of Sweden*,' by Forsell. The number of these works cost five banco dollars each, or about one-third of what similar works from our press would cost. There is no duty on paper, and only one gratis copy taken for libraries, viz. for the Royal Academy of Science. Of living Swedish authors—not including men of science, like Berzelius, whose celebrity is of a higher order than that of merely literary production—the only one, perhaps, who has an European name, and who may be placed by the side of the first writers in other languages, is the historian, Geyer. His first volume gives a rapid and masterly sketch of the early history of Sweden; and with the terseness and philosophic spirit in which Tacitus might have written the history of a barbarous period and people. The second and third parts give the history of Gustavus Vasa and his successors, down to the death of Gustavus Adolphus, and the reign and resignation of his daughter, Christina. The adventures, as they may be called, of the first Vasa; his exploits; his manly, sincere character; his public and domestic life; his racy speeches to the peasantry, in the quaint energetic mode of expression which appears to have belonged to the state of society and language in every country, about the time of Queen Elizabeth, are given in a spirit truly Shakspearian. This work, although unintentionally, gives a severe shock to the reigning dynasty;

for it paints, with the touch of genius, acts and exploits, sayings and doings, of great men, and striking characters of a native race of kings, in picturesque times; opens up a brilliant national history, which, before, was but dimly seen through obscure or flimsy foreign works; and brings it home to the breasts of the youth of the country, in a literary production of which the nation may be as proud as of the deeds it relates."—*Laing*.

New Books.

ARISTOCRACY IN AMERICA.

[HERE are two volumes of sketches of "American Aristocracy," which throw a new light upon the reputed *liberality* of the American character. They were written by a German nobleman, during a journey from Boston to Washington, after having sojourned a number of years in the country. The author, now residing in New York, not having sufficient courage to publish them, the translator, Mr. J. Grund, has undertaken the task, to render a service to truth; for which even the Americans should be grateful. The main effect of this work must be to set the English people right upon the reproach of equality and barbarism, which they are accustomed to make indiscriminately against the Americans. They are likewise wont to represent American society without its "aristocracy;" whereas "the Americans have, as they repeatedly assure Europeans, a great deal of aristocracy, and, in general, a very nice taste for artificial distinctions; a circumstance which, as yet, is but little known to the great bulk of the European public, who still imagine them to be a set of savages." They have, indeed, according to the shewing of the present work, an abundance of aristocracy, in the most offensive sense of the term; while they possess but little of that high feeling which so honourably characterises the aristocracy of England as a class. The contrast is, however, a ticklish one to handle; so that we had rather sketch it in the author's own telling, leaving the parallel to the reader.]

The West-end of New York.

"It (the Battery) is certainly not a very fashionable place," said I.

"How could it be?" replied he: "all the fashionable people have moved to the West-end of the town."

"Where the atmosphere is not half so pure, the breeze not a quarter so refreshing as here; and where, instead of this glorious harbour,—this ocean, the emblem of eternity,—they see nothing but sand,—a barren desert, interspersed here and there

by a block of brick buildings," added the other.

"This our people imagine to be a successful imitation of English taste," observed the first. "They forget that the West-end of London contains magnificent squares and public walks; and that it is in the immediate neighbourhood of the Parks."

"And yet," said the other, "if to-morrow the Southwark and all the boroughs east of the Thames were to get into fashion, our New York aristocracy would imitate the example, and inhabit once more this beautiful site."

"It is true," resumed I, "*this* imitation of the English is not a very happy one; and deserves the more to be ridiculed, as it refers merely to forms, and not to the substance of things. I am in the habit of taking a stroll here every evening; but have not, for the space of two months, met with a single individual known in the higher circles. Foreigners are the only persons who enjoy this spot."

"And do you know why?" interrupted one of my friends: "it is because our fashionable Americans do not wish to be seen with the people; they dread that more than the tempest: and it is for this reason all that is really beautiful in the United States is considered *vulgar*. The people follow their inclination, and occupy that which they like; while our exclusives are obliged to content themselves with what is abandoned by the crowd."

"I am not very sorry for that," said the second; "our exclusives deserve no better fate. As long as the aristocracy of a country is willing to associate with the educated classes of *bourgeoisie*, they set a premium on talent and the example of good breeding. This aristocracy here is itself nothing but a wealthy overgrown *bourgeoisie*, composed of a few families who have been more successful in trade than the rest, and on that account are now cutting their friends and relations in order to be considered fashionable."

Opinions on the Negroes.

"I find," observed a grave-looking New-Yorker, who until now had not opened his mouth, except for the purpose of admitting the julep, "that our black servants are getting worse and worse every day, ever since that bigoted scoundrel T * * * has commenced preaching abolition. Those black devils have always been a nuisance; but now 'a respectable white man' can hardly walk up and down Broadway of a Sunday afternoon without being jostled off the side-walk by one of their desperate gangs."

"And it is still worse in Philadelphia,"

observed Major * * *, "owing to the philanthropy of our quakers. One of those black beasts, not more than a week ago, actually eyed my sister through a quizzing-glass as she was walking in Chestnut-street, accompanied by her younger sister."

"Good God!" cried the New-Yorker, "has it come to this? Must our respectable females be insulted in the streets by a set of dastardly slaves!"

"I can hardly believe it," said a Virginian, who appeared to be displeased with the turn the conversation had taken. "The example must have been set him by some white person. Your Philadelphia dandies have, the whole live-long day, no other amusement but staring women out of countenance."

"Well explained!" ejaculated a young man who had just returned from Paris; "a negro is a mere ape,—he is but a link between man and monkey. *C'est en effet un singe dégénéré.*"

"Witty dog!" said the Philadelphian; "just returned from France!"

"For Heaven's sake!" cried the Virginian, "let us not talk about negroes and abolition. I am resolved never to mention the subject again to friend or foe. If any of those emancipation preachers ever comes to my plantation, I have left the strictest order with my overseer to hang him on the spot. My neighbours are resolved to do the same; and I trust to God the custom will become general throughout the country."

"Bravo!" exclaimed the Philadelphian. —"Virginia for ever!"

Specimen of Independence.

[A steerage passenger has the impudence to address a cabin passenger on board a packet:—]

The gentleman answered without looking at him, and in so abrupt a manner that the youth stole away very much like a dog that has been kicked by its master.

"These are the consequences of our glorious institutions!" exclaimed the gentleman, turning towards Lord * * *, who had taken his station at a little distance from him, and had evidently observed the reception his poor countryman had met with: "this fellow here would not have dared to speak to us while on board of the packet; and now he is scarcely in sight of the American soil before he thinks himself just as good as any body else. Did your Lordship observe the insolent manner in which he came up to speak to me?" His Lordship gave a slight nod of assent. —"These people come here with the notion that all men in America are free and equal; and that, provided they pay the same money, they are just as good as our first

people."—"Hem!"—"But they soon find out the difference. People think there is no aristocracy in this country; but they are mistaken,—there are just as many grades of society in America as in England."—"Indeed!"—"Yes, my Lord, and even more; and the distinctions between them are kept up much more rigidly than in England."—"I dare say they are."—"Yes, my Lord; you will never see a gentleman belonging to our first society mix, by any chance, with the second, or one of the second with the third, and so on."—"So!"—"And if it were not for these intruders, who come here by thousands and outvote us at the elections, our country would be just as refined as England."—"I dare say."

• *The Duke and the Hackney-coachman.*

They say that the Duke of Saxe Weimar went one evening in a hackney-coach to a party, and that the next day the coachman—or the driver, as he is here called—came for his money, asking the Duke whether he was the man he had drove the night before: and, on being answered in the affirmative, informing him that "he was the gentleman what drove him," and that he had come for his half-dollar.

American Women.

I do not speak of the great mass of our women, much less of the wives and daughters of our Western settlers, who, Heaven knows, are as busy and industrious as the best German housewives: what I have to say applies merely to our aristocracy, and still more to those who aspire to being considered candidates for that distinction. Our women in general are, as you know, not brought up to work,—the chivalrous spirit of our men spurning such a vulgar abuse of their delicate limbs; they ought, therefore, to be brought up to save, or at least to live within their income. If, for instance, one of our tavern-keepers will not allow his wife and daughters to appear before his guests,—if a shopkeeper will not exhibit his wife before his customers,—I shall certainly respect the feelings and principles of both: but, if the tavern or shopkeeper's wife insists upon living in Broadway, wearing nothing but satin and gros de Naples, and is constantly emptying her husband's purse, for the purpose of "pushing in society;" if she does not regulate her expenditure according to his means; if she takes no pains to ascertain what these means are; in short, if she be but a useless article of furniture in his parlour,—then I certainly maintain that there is something radically wrong either in her education or in the state of society of which she is a member.

Character of the Bostonians.

Out of fifty persons that commence business in Boston, forty-nine are supposed to fail within the first five years; it takes them that long to learn the trade: and we boast of doing business on a solid capital in comparison to the New-Yorkers. But they beat us all hollow in the way of credit; our most cunning brokers in State-street are nothing in comparison to a regular Wall-street shaver. But let me come to the point. Our fashionable people are prodigal of other people's money; and, in entertaining their guests, go the extent to which they are trusted. Take, for instance, the case of one of our pushing retail dealers. He is, of course, a married man, and has one or two partners, who are also married. Each of them lives in a house for which he pays not less than six hundred dollars rent, and the furniture of which costs from three to four thousand dollars. Each of them keeps one male and one or two female servants; and, in short, supports his wife as a lady. Each of them must ask people to tea, each must give dinners to his friends, and all "push to get into society." Suppose these men to do business on their own capital,—a thing which does not occur once in fifty cases; and let us suppose that their joint stock in trade is worth a hundred thousand dollars; let us take for granted that, deducting losses and bad debts, they realize a clear profit of ten per cent. on their capital; and I can prove to you that, in the ordinary course of things, they must be bankrupts in a few years. What, then, are we to expect of the generality of our young men, who commence business with a borrowed capital, on which they pay from six to eight per cent. interest?

Pray, what ruins these men, but the want of domestic economy in their own households? An English shopkeeper would be content to live in a house for which he would not pay more than from fifty to sixty pounds rent. His carpets would be Kidderminster, instead of Brussels or Turkey. His wife would require no other servant but a cook or a kitchen-girl; and would no more dream of giving parties, or vying with the splendour of merchants and bankers, than she would of bringing up her children to match the peers of the empire. This is the advantage a shopkeeper has who marries an *English* girl. He gets, at least, a wife that wears well,—a substantial housekeeper, that administers to his comfort, and assists him in laying up a penny for rainy days. If her husband dies, she is, for the most part, capable of continuing his business, and making an honest living for her children. With all the morality, virtue, and beauty

of our women, they are but helpless creatures. The wife of one of our young "merchants of respectability" requires more waiting than, in proportion to her rank, an English peeress; and, ten chances to one, does not even understand superintending her servants. Her husband, in addition to ten or twelve hours' hard labour at his counting-room, has to take care of his household, in which he is intrusted with the several important and honourable functions of steward, butler, groom, footman, and housemaid; while the education of the children is only at the extreme North and South—in New England and in the Southern States—superintended personally by the mother.

THE CHILD'S BOOK OF ZOOLOGY. BY JAMES H. FENNELL.

[THE excellent object of this little book, is to give children "correct and comprehensive notions of the habits and uses of animals;" to lead them "to contemplate and admire the beauties, the labours, and the instincts displayed by animals; to view them without unnecessary dread and affected disgust; to mark at every step the care which God has shewn for the comfort and protection of even the smallest of his creatures; and to inculcate more general feelings of sympathy and humanity towards them." The author has deviated "from the old and bad system of treating of animals under such names as mislead, or of continuing to place them among such classes as they are totally distinct from. However popular and deeply-rooted the several errors and superstitions may be which have here come under notice," he has "endeavoured to exclude or eradicate them at once from the minds of youth, instead of leaving them to be unlearned at some future day, when long and early impressions will have rendered mental correction more difficult." This principle is cleverly worked out through the volume; and, as the author is acquainted with his subject, scientifically, he has not admitted anecdotic illustrations which are at variance with the nature of animals, such as too often disfigure books on natural history, and sow the seed of early error. Prevention, we know, is better than cure; and in books, as in life, too much time is commonly lost in unlearning that which would never have been learned, had it not been indiscriminately set before us; and error is, unfortunately, more attractive than truth, however the beauty of the latter may be extolled.

We quote a few specimens of this entertaining little volume, which contains much that will be new to the general reader, and is pleasantly and neatly

told. The "Introduction" is a concise, but amusing view of the structure and habits of animals, especially shewing how beautifully the former are adapted to the latter, an *evidence of Divine wisdom* which can scarcely be impressed upon the minds of children at too early an age.]

Drink of Animals.—With respect to the drink of animals there is also much diversity. Most of them, when they drink, put their mouths into the water; but some use their tongues as a spoon, as cats and kangaroos when they are lapping. The crested porcupine laps water in summer, but in winter it eats snow instead. The camels of Pisa drink but once a day; and the llama, when domesticated, never shews any desire to drink so long as it can obtain green food. Oxen are fond of wine; apes, lemurs, and racoons, of spirits; elephants, of both wine and spirits; and the horse of the Emperor Caligula was served with wine contained in golden cups. Horses and rats are fond of ale; a large dog-faced baboon, kept in the Tower of London, was so fond of porter, that he drank it to such an excess as to die of dropsy; and a mandrill baboon, in Wombwell's travelling menagerie, was not only fond of porter, but of ginger-beer.

Sagacity of Apes.—Those which have been brought into Europe have generally shewn great patience, thoughtfulness, gentleness, gratitude, and affection. In England they have willingly consented to wear clothes, for the purpose of defending them from the ill effects of our changeable climate; they have soon learned to imitate various human actions, and to understand the looks and words of their keeper. If they happen not to understand what he means when he tells them to do some particular act, they hesitate, look attentively at his face, and place their hand, perhaps, on some object, and do just as a deaf and dumb man does when puzzled to understand another person's meaning.

Orang-outan and Tortoise.—[In this anecdote the cause is well explained.]—Orang-outans appear to be very alarmed or disgusted at the sight of a tortoise. When Jane was shewn a tortoise crawling along the floor, she stood still in the attitude of an astonished actor at a theatre, and could not be induced to pass by it. But when she had got used to seeing the tortoise, she became less alarmed at its presence. Her amazement on beholding the animal, was, probably, owing to her never having seen one before, and therefore being in doubt whether it could hurt her or not.

Sagacious Dog.—Mrs. S. C. Hall, (a popular authoress,) has a dog which refuses to take food from off the ground, or out of the left hand. If a person hold a bit of meat or bread in the left hand, and try to deceive him by crossing the hands so as to place the left on the right side, the dog will even then refuse to take it. But as soon as the food is held in the right hand he takes it immediately.

The Cuckoo.—It is generally supposed that the cuckoo entirely deserts her young; but this appears to be an error, for Mr. Gray, of the British Museum, mentions, that a cuckoo which had laid its egg in a robin's nest, was seen, day after day, helping the robin to feed it, until at length it enticed it away from the nest. Other examples of the cuckoo's affection for her young one are said to have been observed. In a book called the *Spirit of Literature*, (vol. 1. page 220.) published in 1830, it is stated, that the Rev. Mr. Stafford found a young cuckoo in a nest in Glossop Dale, Peak of Derbyshire, and, having tied a string to its leg to prevent its flying away from the nest, he very frequently, for many days, saw the old cuckoo feed her young one while he stood very near them. The young cuckoo does not change any of its feathers until it has left our country.

Snake and Mice.—Miss M. L. Beever says that, a few years ago, an old man, who was nicknamed the

Duke of York, might often be seen sitting on the steps of King's College Chapel, Cambridge, with a basket full of our common snakes, which he had caught and trained to catch mice, for which purpose he sold them to the collegians.

► *The Viper.*—It has never been seen in Ireland, and, probably, does not exist there. Superstitious people say that it is not found in that country, because St. Patrick banished it. But it is not more wonderful that the viper is not found there, than it is that the mole and nightingale are not found there.

The Toad.—The toad sheds its skin at certain intervals, the old one coming off, and leaving a new one, which has been formed underneath, in its stead. What do you suppose it does with its cast off skin, or old coat as we may call it? It does not give it away to any poorer toad to wear, neither does it sell it to the old clothes-man. Perhaps you think it leaves it on the ground, as the snake does its cast off coat-of-armour. No, it does not do either the one or the other; but it swallows it at one mouthful making a clothes-press of its stomach. Is not this a very strange fact? It is positively true, and the warty-eft, and the caterpillars of the puss-moth and of the hawk-moth, also eat their own cast-off skins.

Land Lobster.—There are several species of lobsters; but, perhaps, the most remarkable one is the scorpion-lobster, which is found in India, and generally on the land, where it destroys the new made roads by forming holes under them.

Senses of Crabs.—Their senses are very acute, especially their sight, hearing, and smell. Most of my readers have heard of, or seen, the crab's eyes, which are placed on the end of two little projecting knobs, above and on each side of the mouth; few, however, have seen the crab's ear, yet it is very easily found, and it is a little triangular bump, placed near the base of the feelers. This bump has a small membrane stretched over it, and communicates with a small hollow, which is the internal ear. The organ of smell is not so easily perceptible, though it is very evident that they possess that sense to an acute degree.

Beckoning Crab.—It has a singular habit of holding up the large claw in front of the body, as if it was beckoning to some one at a distance, wherefore it has acquired the name of the beckoning crab.

Cocoa-nut Crab.—This species is very common on all the dry land at Keeling Island, South America, and grows to a monstrous size. It has a pair of very strong and heavy pincers, with which it opens cocoa-nuts. Mr. Liesk assured Mr. Darwin, the naturalist, that he had repeatedly seen it do so. It begins by tearing the husk, fibre by fibre, and always from that end under which the three eye-holes are placed; when this is done, the crab begins hammering with its heavy claws on one of these eye-holes, till it makes an opening. Then, turning round its body, it extracts the contents of the nut by means of a pair of pincers in its hind claws.

New Nomenclature.—Modern naturalists do not call spiders, scorpions, and mites, insects, but Arachnida. This word may appear to you to be difficult to utter; but I do not know why it should be more so than the word hippopotamus or rhinoceros. It is pronounced as if it were spelt *A-rachny-dane*.

Fast Spider's Web.—The nets which some species of spiders spin are very large. Lieutenant Smyth, during a recent journey in South America, saw one which was about twenty-five feet high, and nearly fifty feet long, and was suspended to some trees; the threads were very strong, and the empty skins of thousands of insects were seen hanging to the net, which appeared to be the abode of a great number of spiders, larger than any which are ever seen in England.

Bombardier, or Artillery Beetle.—When one attempts to catch it, it makes a noise like a pop-gun, and discharges a sort of smoke. If this smoke

chance to get into the eyes, it will make them smart as if they had been bathed in brandy. Rennie says that this beetle is not always prepared, or at least in the humour, to fire its guns, and that he has several times been disappointed when he wanted it to exhibit its performance; but Stephens says he has invariably found that it is ready to fire at all times, and that Mr. Cooper told him that one which he found at Cobham, in the beginning of spring, fired thirteen times in rapid succession. Mr. Frederick Holme having thrown some of these beetles into spirits of wine, they fired off their artillery with great perseverance, as long as they were alive, the smoke escaping in bubbles from the surface. This gentleman found that the discharge may be produced when the insect is dead, if the end of its body be pressed. He discovered this accidentally in touching some specimens which had been dead eighteen hours, when one gave fifteen and another nineteen discharges; and he afterwards obtained discharges from specimens dead four days, but most of these only emitted a black grainy fluid, without smoke, along with the noise.

[The anecdotes of Insects are very amusing, from the whirligig beetle to the Brougham butterfly—the latter named from a mark on its wings resembling a profile of Lord Brougham. The volume is liberally sprinkled with pretty cuts.]

Periodicals.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, NO. CXLI.

Character of Wilkes, by Lord Brougham.

(Concluded from page 61.)

If we are to judge of his speaking by the very few samples preserved of it, we should form a very humble estimate of its merits. Constant declamation about rights, and liberties, and tyrants, and corruption, with hardly the merit of the most ordinary common-places on these hackneyed topics, seem to fill up its measure; with neither fact, nor argument, nor point, nor anything at all happy or new in the handling of the threadbare material. But what it wanted in force it probably made up in fury: and, as calling names is an easy work to do, the enraged multitude as easily is pleased with what suits their excited feelings, gratifying the craving for more stimulus which such excitement produces. That he failed, and signally failed, whenever he was called upon to address an audience which rejects such matter, is very certain. In Parliament he was seldom or never heard after his own case had ceased to occupy the public attention; and nothing can be worse than his address to the Court of Common Pleas when he was discharged. The occasion, too, on which he failed was a great one, when a victory for constitutional principle had been gained perhaps by him—certainly in his person. All the people of London were hanging on the lips of their leader; yet nothing could be worse or feeblér than his address, of which the burden was a

topic as much out of place as possible in a court of justice, where the strict letter of the law had alone prevailed; and the topic was handled with miserable inefficiency. "Liberty, my lords, liberty has been the object of my life! liberty"—and so forth. He might about as well have sung a song, or lifted his hat, and given three cheers.

In his writings,--especially his dedication to Lord Bute of "Roger Mortimer," a tragedy, his notes on Warburton, and his ironical criticism on the Speaker's reprimand to the Printers,—we trace much of that power of wit and of humour which he possessed to an extraordinary degree in private society. The last of these three pieces is by far the best, though he himself greatly preferred the first. It must be allowed, however, that neither is very original; and that they might easily enough have occurred to a diligent reader of Swift, Addison, Arbuthnot, and of Bolingbroke's dedication to Walpole, under the name of D'Anvers—a very superior production, in all respects, to the dedication of "Roger Mortimer."

Of his convivial wit no doubt can remain. Gibbon, who passed an evening with him in 1762, when both were militia officers, says, "I scarcely ever met with a better companion; he has inexhaustible spirits, infinite wit and humour, and a great deal of knowledge." He adds, "a thorough profligate in principle as in practice; his life stained with every vice, and his conversation full of blasphemy and indecency. These morals he glories in; for shame is a weakness he has long since surmounted." This, no doubt, is greatly exaggerated; and the historian, believing him really to confess his political profligacy, is perhaps in error also,—“he told us that in this time of public dissension he was resolved to make his fortune.” Possibly this was little more than a variety of his well-known saying to some one who was fawning on him with extreme doctrines—"I hope you don't take me for a Wilkite."

Of his wit and drollery some passages are preserved in society; but of these not many can with propriety be cited.

One quality remains to be added, but that a high one, and for a demagogue essential. He was a courageous man. Neither politically nor personally did he know what fear was. Into no risks for his party did he ever hesitate to rush. From no danger, individually, was he ever known to turn away. The meeting which he gave Secretary Martin, and which nearly cost him his life, was altogether unnecessary; he might easily have avoided it: and, when a wild young Scotch officer

asked satisfaction for something said against his country, he met no refusal of his absurd demand; but was ordered on a distant service before he could repair to Flanders, whither Wilkes went to fight him, after the Mareschal's Court of France had interdicted a meeting in that country.

Some of the other honourable feelings, which are usually found in company with bravery, seem generally to have belonged to him. He was a man, apparently, of his word. In his necessities, though he submitted to eleemosynary aid for pecuniary supplies, and maltreated his wife to relieve his embarrassments, he yet had virtue enough to avoid any of the many disreputable expedients which have made the condition of the needy be compared to the impossibility of keeping an empty sack upright. His worst offence, and that which brings his honesty into greatest discredit, is certainly the playing a game in political virtue, or driving a commerce of patriotism, which the reader of his story is constantly struck with; and in no instance does this appear more plainly than in such attempts at pandering to the passions of the people, as his addressing a canting letter to the Lord Mayor, when refusing, as Sheriff of London, to attend the procession to St. Paul's on the occasion of the King's accession. He grounds his refusal on the preference he gives to "the real administration of justice, and his unwillingness to celebrate the accession of a prince, under whose inauspicious reign the Constitution has been grossly and deliberately violated." That this was a measure to catch mob applause, is proved by his sending a draft of his epistle to Junius for his opinion; and in his note, inclosing the paper, he calls it a "manœuvre."—*Woodfall's Junius*, I. 324.

* In admitting the polished manners of Wilkes, and that he had lived much in good society, somewhat in the best, we do not admit that his turn of mind was not in some sort vulgar: witness his letters to Junius throughout—particularly the papers wherein he describes Junius's private communications to him as "*stirring up his spirits like a kiss from Chloe*"; and asks the "great unknown" to accept of what? Books? Valuable MSS.? Interesting information? No—but tickets to the Lord Mayor's dinner—his intolerable dinner—and the Lady Mayoress's far more intolerable ball; with a hint to bring his Junia, if there be one.—*Woodfall*, I. 325.

When, in 1817, Mr. Brougham stated his strong opinion in the House of Commons on Wilkes's character, and the shame that his popularity brought on the people of England for a time, Mr. Wilberforce expressed his thanks to him, and confirmed his statements. Mr. Canning, however, observed that Wilkes was by no means a singular instance of demagogues not being respectable; and added,

He's Knight of th' shire, and represents them all; which is an exaggerated view, certainly. Sir Philip Francis, the morning after, remonstrated strongly,

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

French Eloquence.—What "virtuous indignation, concentrated grief, and avenging justice" are embodied in the following eloquent apostrophe, that M. Cormenin, (Timon), puts into the mouth of the revolution of July:

"I had nothing to expect from those who followed fallen royalty to Ghent, and who always paraded the doctrines of the Restoration with an audacity as frank as it was unblushing. But you, the men of July,—you whom I drew from your obscurity,—you whom I took by the hand, and whom I carried, step by step, to the summit of power,—what have you made of my honour? Why am I become the laughing-stock of Europe? Why, when the indignant nations bend their looks on their oppressors, am I no more present to their hopes—nay, not even to their recollection? Why does my name no more tremble on their lips when they murmur sacred words of liberty? Have I shed my purest blood only to expiate the triumph of my principle by the bitter mockery of its consequences? Independence, liberty, country, honour, virtue, you have weighed them all in golden scales. You have infused your base cowardice into those assemblies of legislators who of old, to the sublime accents of the *Marseillaise*, poured out fourteen armies on the enemy,—among those tradesmen from whom sprang the heroes of our mighty wars,—among those ill-used operatives who will not have learned to know you till after you have ruined and undone them. You have been to the extremity of Europe to entreat a kingling to be graciously pleased to accept the money of our artisans and our labourers; and I have seen you pass the seas, tribute in hand, to beg at the knees of flouting America the pardon of General Jackson and oblivion for our victories. Continue to degrade your establishment. Muffle it round with glistening tinsel of police and stock-jobbing. Play the gentleman of the wardrobe with your petty princes. Play the Louis XIV.'s marquises, with hobnailed shoes and pothouse oaths. Play the heroes and conquerors, with the marabouts of Mahomet and the soldiers of the Pope, whilst the lance of an Austrian pandour shall strike you motionless with fright. Smile to see petty Gotha, that begetter of children (a prince is a pleasant calling), trample under his horses' feet the majesty of the sovereign people. Have everywhere, and above everything, the dread of everything. Muster your principles under the care of your beadles. Suspend over our heads the latent and gloomy terror of your confiscations and your banishments beyond sea. Violate the sanctity and the modesty of our hearths. Calculate at the cost price, on your downy sofas, what may be the worth of a suborner of charters, or of a hiring pensioner; but in mercy to the virtue of the people, in mercy parade not before it the spectacle of your apostasies and the corruption of your examples. Go! the love of liberty, which, under your impure breath, withers and sickens in its soul, must surely be reanimated when it shall be time; and, whatever you may do to stupefy this noble people, there will yet remain enough of intelligence to comprehend all the ill you have done it, and justice enough to punish you!"

The Countess of Huntingdon.—That a woman of high rank and princely fortune should have devoted herself to the task of

in company of other friends, with Mr. B., upon his saying anything in disparagement of a man run down by the Court. He regarded the offence as greatly aggravated by the praise which had been given to Lord Mansfield, against whom he inveighed bitterly. This tone, so precisely that of Junius upon both subjects, was much remarked at the time.

diffusing Christianity through the country, of establishing missions, and constructing elaborate and costly machinery, for the effectuation of her object, is not in itself a very extraordinary fact; but that she should have carried out this design with such complete success,—should have exhibited so much acute judgment and practical knowledge of human nature in its progress,—and that she should have addressed herself with such singular skill, to that part of the character of the men with whom she corresponded and treated, which, in almost all instances, proved to be the most vulnerable, is a fact, perhaps, without any parallel in the history of the Gospel. All other women who distinguished themselves in the dissemination of religious doctrines, were enthusiasts alone. Lady Huntingdon superadded to the highest enthusiasm, great purity of intention and clearness of mind: she saw not merely what was to be done, but the best way to do it; and she applied herself with such energy and discretion to the gigantic undertakings in which she engaged, that where others must have failed amidst sneers and ridicule, she succeeded amidst the wonder and admiration even of her opponents. All this was to be attributed to the mental strength of her character—to the firmness of her resolution—and, above all, to the serenity and perseverance of her temper. She was, perhaps, the only religious enthusiast of her own, or any other age, who reckoned amongst her intimate associations some of the most licentious of her contemporaries. Possibly the atheist was abashed in the presence of so much real virtue; possibly he was staggered in his dark faith; and she may have thus hoped to reclaim him by free and unsuspecting intercourse. That she, who laboured in common with Wesley and Whitefield, should also have been the friend of Bolingbroke, is an evidence alike of her moral supremacy and her good sense; yet it is not to be denied that there are strange things in her life—things which worldly people will be disposed to treat with scepticism, and into the spirit of which nobody can enter except those who are “re-born,” like the Countess herself. One character that stands out prominently from the canvas is exceedingly beautiful; but some of the accessories are grotesque, and full of painful distortions. The little anecdotes of the grace that fell in certain quarters; the odd mixture of the earth and the heavens that now and then comes in, where one is least prepared for such curious unions of the social and the spiritual; the strange instances of punishment and conversion; the agonies of sin, and the hyperbolic bliss of godli-

ness; and the language of the conventicle which is scattered prodigally and, perhaps, ostentatiously, through the volumes,—have the effect of taking away something from the quiet power of the principal figure. But it must be borne in mind that these were the elements upon which, and through which, the Countess of Huntingdon worked; that her life, without these embellishments, would be the vase without the flowers; and that, whatever effect such passionate and flighty images may have upon the reader who is unaccustomed to this species of inspired diction, Lady Huntingdon could not have dispensed with them, and have achieved her ends.

Scientific Facts.

ARTESIAN WELL AT PARIS.

M. MULOT, who has the contract for boring the Artesian well, at Grenelle, and has now arrived at a depth of 505 metres, (1,645 English feet,) has just made a new agreement, by which he undertakes to bore to the depth of 600 metres, if the water should not previously make its appearance. At this moment, the boring instrument is traversing a bed of greenish clay, filled with iron pyrites. It is the opinion of Messrs. Arago, Constant Prevost, Elie de Beaumont, and of M. Mulot himself, that the water will soon appear, perhaps in a few days, as the boring indicates the proximity of the sand, in which the water is known to lie. The thermometrical observations, made from time to time, shew that the temperature continues to increase with the depth. At a depth of 2,000 feet, Paris would possess a permanent thermal spring.—*Galignani's Times.*

DEAFNESS.

Obstruction of the Eustachian tube is a cause of deafness, though not a very frequent one.^a “It may arise,” says Mr. Curtis, in the Report of the Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear, “from a variety of circumstances—from ulceration, adhesion, stricture, induration, and polypus. In some of such cases the obstruction, when slight, may be removed by a gargle of cayenne pepper and port wine, and in other instances by injecting air into the tubes; for which purpose, as long ago as 1820, I had an instrument constructed by Mr. Thompson, of Great Windmill-street, Piccadilly. But in other cases, such as where the passage is not merely obstructed, but obliterated, it is manifest no such remedy can be applied, and the disease must be considered incurable. A few years since, when I was in Paris, M. Dupleau was kind enough to shew me his mode of employing the catheter, and other instru-

ments, for removing obstructions of the Eustachian tube; and I procured a set of instruments for the same purpose from Charrière, and have had recourse to them, occasionally, for the last four years, in slight cases of obstruction. The use of the catheter and air-pump is, however, in my opinion, by no means so simple and harmless in its effects as some of its less experienced advocates would have us believe. Operations of this kind are exceedingly doubtful in their results; and certain recent cases, where death occurred either during or immediately after the employment of this mode of treatment, shew, in the most decisive manner, that it may often be productive of disastrous results; in fact, the general sense of the public appears to be growing more and more adverse to operations of any kind, except as aids to, not substitutes for, constitutional treatment. Puncturing the membrana tympani, for example, was formerly an operation in great vogue; but it is now almost universally condemned. Dr. John Tustin Berger, physician to the King of Denmark, also attempted to cure his own deafness by perforating the mastoid cells, but the operation terminated his existence; thus affording a striking warning to all who might afterwards be tempted to follow so rash an example, either upon themselves or upon others."

Varieties.

Lace Gloves, of silk and cotton, are principally made at Quorndon and Melbourne, upon the Premier's estates. These lace gloves are a Lyonnese invention; in which city the flowers are made, by the application of the revolving card round the square cylinder, by the apparatus, termed, from the name of the inventor, the Jacquard. But the Quorndon and Melbourne lace gloves are made by numerous "slides" being brought to act successively upon the guides in producing the ornament. They are inferior, in that respect, to the Lyonnese gloves; but they are infinitely cheaper, and stronger. The Jacquard is now employed by the English patentees, Messrs. Draper, in the making of silk lace gloves; whose articles far exceed the French gloves, both in workmanship and pattern: the French gloves, from the inferiority of the warp-hands, having many wide stitches in the flower, which spoils the appearance; the English are sound and perfect. It appears, that the fabricating of flowered lace gloves was first attempted at Melbourne in 1822, to be made upon the principle of the barrel-organ acting upon the guides; but was completed in Lyons, in 1830, by Timolon first applying the Jacquard to the warp-frame improved by Altairé. The lateral slides operating upon the guides in imitation of the Jacquard, were applied in Quorndon, Leicestershire, in 1834-5.—*Nottingham Journal*.

Advantages of Ignorance.—There is no nation whose madness is so rare as in Turkey, where the people of all others think the least.—*Dr. Madden*.—In France, Germany, and England—countries most distinguished for their intellectual activity—the number of suicides is greater than in any other countries.

The Sea.—There is something in being near the sea like the confines of eternity. It is a new element, a pure abstraction. The mind loves to hover on that which is endless, and for ever the same. People wonder at a steam-boat, the invention of man, managed by man, that makes its limpid path like an iron railway through the sea. I wonder at the sea itself, that vast leviathan, smiling in its sleep, waked into fury, fathomless, boundless, a huge world of water drops. Whence is it—whither goes it? Is it of eternity, or of nothing. Strange, ponderous riddle, that we can neither penetrate nor grasp in our comprehension; ebbing and flowing like human life, and swallowing it up in thy remorseless womb—what art thou? What is there in common between thy life and ours, who gaze at thee? Blind, deaf, and old, thou seest not, hearest not, understandest not; neither do we understand, who behold and listen to thee! Great as thou art, unconscious of thy greatness, unwieldy, enormous, preposterous twin-birth of matter! rest in thy dark, unfathomed cave of mystery, mocking human pride and weakness. Still is it given to the mind of man to wonder at thee, to confess its ignorance, and to stand in awe of thy stupendous might and majesty, and of its own being, that can question thee!—*Hazlitt*.

Agricultural Chemistry.—The great French Chemist, Lavoisier, took a quantity of land into his own cultivation, and having analyzed the soil, and applied such substances to improve its quality as his chemical knowledge suggested, he succeeded in doubling its produce in a short time.

Comparison of Speed.—A French scientific Journal states that the ordinary rate is, per second:

	feet.
Of a man walking	4
Of a good horse in harness.....	12
Of a reindeer, in a sledge on the ice	26
Of an English race-horse	43
Of a hare	58
Of a good sailing ship	14
Of the wind.....	82
Of sound	1,035
Of a twenty-four-pounder cannon-ball.....	1,300
Of the air, which so divided, returns into space.....	1,300
	Times.

Degrees of Temperance.—The sketches of individual conversion with which the British and Foreign Temperance Society's Report abounds, remind us too much of the successive doses of No. 1 and 2 of a well-known quack medicine, to be received as philosophical evidence.—*British Critic*. [Little as we admire the fanatic zeal of the Temperance conversionists, we are disposed to allow that their aqueous furor has done some indirect good—though it has done "the State" no service. As Mr. Curtis observes, in his clever little volume on Health, "by powerfully calling attention to the tremendous evils of intemperance, Temperance Societies have, doubtless, led many thousands of persons, who have not enrolled themselves under their banners, to see the real state of the case, and to abandon habits so fatally destructive of physical, moral, and intellectual excellence."]

Longevity of Quakers.—"Friends" appear to luxuriate in the sleepy little town of Chesterfield, in Derbyshire, noted for its zig-zag church-spire. The united ages of one hundred successive burials of friends in Chesterfield monthly meeting, ending November 27, 1834, was 4,790 years seven months; which gives an average of forty-seven years ten months: nineteen reached the age of eighty and upwards, and thirty reached the age of seventy and upwards.

English Sundays.—The French ridicule our indoor propensities, by saying that our principal amusement, especially on Sundays, consists in staying at home, and looking out of the windows.—*Curtis*.

Mountain Meal, consisting of silicified animalcules, is extensively used in Germany, to adulterate flour. "They are not wholly destitute of nutritive matter, the gelatinous substance of the animal, in some few specimens, not being greatly changed; but a very large proportion thus introduced into German bread is pure silica, which is something worse than so much finely-powdered glass."—*Curtis*.

London.—In winter, London is warm; in spring it is gay; in summer it is shady; and in autumn it is quiet.—*Ibid*.

"**Colds**," comparatively, seldom arise from mere exposure to wet; the cause to which, in this country, they are almost universally referred. If such exposure does produce this consequence, it is because there was some predisposing cause in the system of the individual attacked. The French, in consequence of being much in the open air, rarely catch colds; and frequently manifest surprise when they hear Englishmen express their fear of cold, and inquire what this dreaded calamity is—so little acquaintance have they with it.—*Ibid*.

French Bread.—Those who have admired the fine white bread of Paris, should be told that the French bakers commonly adulterate their flour with gypsum, or plaster of Paris.

Penny Postage.—To produce the same gross revenue as at present—£2,339,738, say, £2,400,000—would require, at a penny rate, 576 millions of letters—576 millions!—*Quarterly Review*.

Railways for Invalids.—To thousands, and tens of thousands in this overgrown Babylon, the run to Boxmoor, or Tring, and back, twice or thrice a week, will prove a means of preserving health and prolonging life more powerful than all the drugs in Apothecaries' Hall.—*Dr. James Johnson*.—[The ratio of danger in the Hall and on the Railway, we take to be even.]

Smoke of London.—The atmosphere of the metropolis might be much improved, if all factories, gas-works, breweries, &c. were compelled to consume the smoke generated in them.—*Curtis*. [Many persons regard the tall chimneys in and about London as humane contrivances for the public health, by carrying the smoke to a great height; whereas these chimneys, by their altitude, increase draught through furnaces.]

Fortune Bachelors.—That the marriage-state is favourable to mental as well as to bodily health, is shewn by the fact noticed in a lecture by M. Andral,—that in France, two-thirds of the suicides are committed by bachelors; and he adds, that the same remark has been made in England.

Intermarriage.—It appears to be a law of nature, that frequent intermarriages among a particular family, class, or nation, have a tendency to produce mental and bodily degeneracy; and the more limited the circle to which they are confined, the greater is the degeneracy. This accounts for the fact, that the children of cousins, or other near relations, are so often weak in intellect—sometimes even idiotic. It is well known, that idiocy is by no means rare in some of the royal and noble families of Spain and Portugal, among which the practice of marrying nieces and cousins prevails.

The British Beggar, by profession, has had his portrait-painters in almost all ages. Under Henry VIII. the mendicants, driven to desperation, by the suppression of the monasteries, had recourse to such excesses, that we find 72,000 of them hanged for thieving in that reign.—*Quarterly Review*.

Fielding.—How refreshing it is to return to the vigorous, healthy air of his style, after being perfumed and pastilled to death by the tawdry trash of the day. There is more strength in half a page of Fielding or Smollett than in a whole ship-load of the diluted, maudlin, sickly sentimentality with which the so-called fashionable novelists, male, female, and epicene, drench their patients.—*Ibid*.

Mechanical Triumphs.—Contributing as they do to our most immediate and pressing wants—appealing to the eye by their magnitude, and often by their grandeur, and associated, in many cases, with the warmer impulses of humanity and personal safety—the labours of the mechanist and engineer acquire a contemporary celebrity, which is not vouchsafed to the results of scientific research, or to the productions of literature and the fine arts. The gigantic steam-vessel, which expedites and facilitates the intercourse of nations—the canal, which unites two distant seas—the bridge and the aqueduct, which span an impassable valley—the harbour and the breakwater, which shelter our vessels of peace and of war—the railway, which hurries us along on the wings of mechanism—and the light beacon, which throws its directing beams over the deep—address themselves to the secular interests of every individual; and obtain for the engineer, who invented or who planned them, a high and a well-merited popular reputation.—*Edinburgh Review*.

Exercise.—The late Sir Walter Farquhar, when precluded by age from going abroad, used to walk five miles a-day in his own house.—*Curtis*.

Standard of Value.—It is evident that the Bank of England approve of the foundation on which our Monetary System is based, viz. that gold should be the standard of value, £3 17s. 10½d. per oz.; and that all paper should be payable in that metal, when demanded. I grant that they are by no means singular in this opinion, for they have the majority of the nation with them; but it should not be forgotten that the arguments adduced in its favour have not been such as to convince foreigners of the correctness of the measure; for, with the exception of the United States of America, (where gold has been made a joint standard with silver,) no country, save our own, has fixed gold as its standard.—From a well-timed and clever pamphlet, entitled *Metallic Currency, the Cause of the Money Crisis in England and America*.

Lord North and Fox.—Lord North, when contemptuously alluded to by Fox, as "that thing termed a minister," replied,—"the honourable gentleman calls me a thing, and (patting his ample stomach,) an unsightly thing I am; but when he adds that thing termed a minister, he calls me that which he himself is most anxious to become, and, therefore, I take it as a compliment."—*Quarterly Review*.

Death of the Duke of Bedford.—We regret to announce the death of the Duke of Bedford, at his seat in Scotland, on the 20th ult. His Grace was in his 74th year: he was a Knight of the Garter, a Privy-Councillor, Recorder of Bedford, a Director of the British Institution, and Patron of the Russell Institution, a Doctor of Laws, F.S.A. His Grace was also a Fellow of the Linnean Society, and was a skilful botanist: he was the author of a treatise upon the Pine-tree, entitled *Pinetum Woburnense*—quoted in the *Literary World*, vol. 1, p. 144; and was an occasional Contributor to the *Gardener's Magazine*.—The late Duke was a kind and benevolent man. "At Woburn, (which was not the whole, or largest, field of his benevolence,) soup was given to the poor weekly. Wine was given to them, on application, in sickness. Fuel was sold to them, at reduced prices, during the winter. The privilege of once a week picking up and carrying home the collected 'fallen wood' in the noble park of 3,500 acres, abounding in trees, was much greater than a stranger would suppose. Every Christmas, the sum of 100 guineas was sent to the clergyman of the parish, to be distributed in meat, fuel, and clothing."—*Morning Newspaper*.

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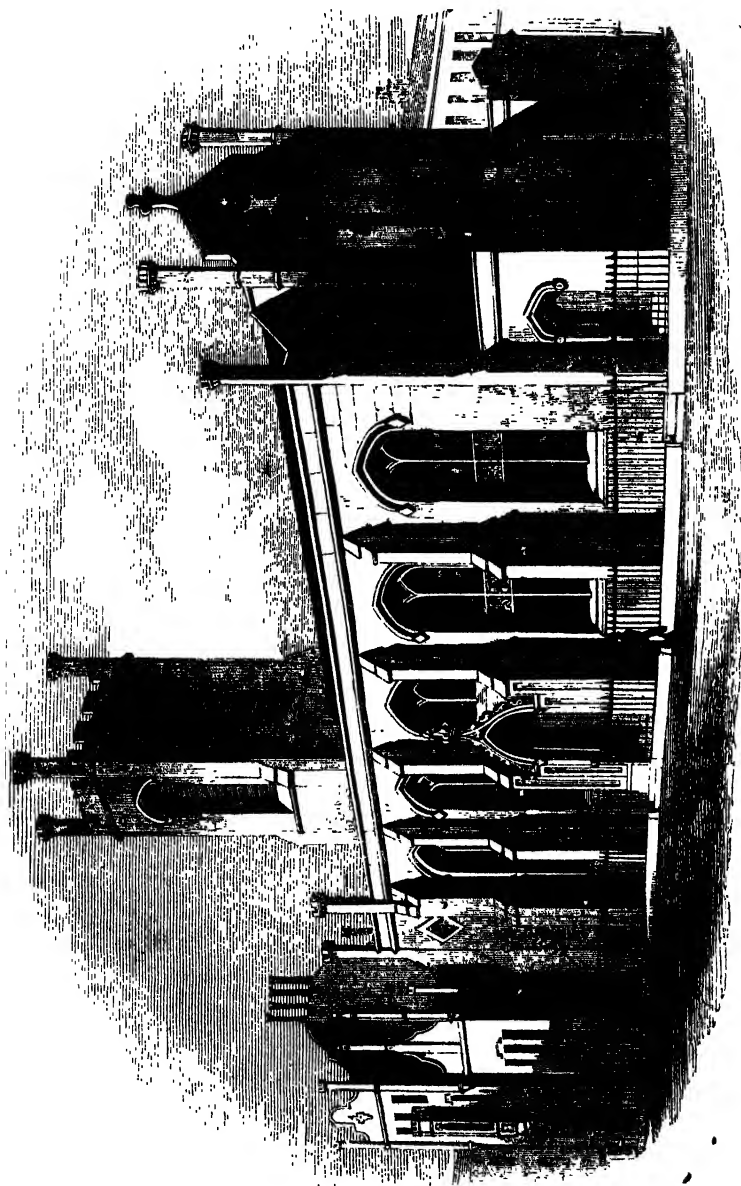
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NEW CHURCH OF ST. PETER, AND GRAMMAR-SCHOOL, SOUTHWARK.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, AND GRAMMAR-SCHOOL, SOUTHWARK.

Few of the altered portions of the metropolis exhibit such evidence of real improvement as the important suburb of Southwark, occupying an area very nearly equal to that of the city of London itself.* Our recollections of this locality extend through upwards of thirty years; in which period much of its antique character has disappeared, and many a picturesque feature have we unwillingly lost sight of; though, fortunately, there is yet preserved to us, in this district, one of the most magnificent monuments of the piety of past ages, which the metropolis, or even the nation, possesses. Well do we remember the old High-street, with its pointed gables, and "half-timbered," over-hanging stories, with florid plaster-work, and diamond casements, such as characterised the street architecture of ancient London. These have long since given way to the unbroken parapet, and monotonous brick front; and these again have been replaced by buildings altogether of another age and style.† Such mutations of art are, however, but constantly reminding us that change is the characteristic of nature; and that we shall at last "be changed."

Reverting to the very manifest improvements of Southwark, within the period just specified, we find, among them, the erection of one of the most extensive and commodious market-places in the metropolis; and the restoration and repair of the beautiful church of Saint Saviour. The alterations consequent upon a new means of communication with the opposite bank of the Thames, bring us nearer to the locality of the subject of the Engraving upon the annexed page. Previous to the construction of the superb iron "Southwark Bridge," in 1814, Bankside, from London to Blackfriars bridges, presented a comparatively uninteresting succession of wharfs and warehouses, and irregularly-built dwelling-houses; but, upon the formation of the viaduct to the new bridge,

extensive improvements were planned on each side: the most important of which was the erection of a mansion-like pile westward, by the Messrs. Pott, upon a tract of ground which has, for nearly two centuries, been occupied as vinegar-works;‡ and which originally formed a portion of the park of the ancient palace of the Bishops of Winchester, stated to have been built by Bishop Gifford, about the year 1107: The property is held of the see of Winchester for lives, by Messrs. Pott; who, conjointly with the Bishop of Winchester, have generously given the northern extremity of the grounds for the site of the new Church and Grammar-school; being situate in the parish of Saint Saviour.†

THE CHURCH.

It is gratifying to find, that, in this neighbourhood of furnaces and factories, steam-engine chimneys, wharfs and warehouses, and amidst the smoke and din of busy art, the spiritual wants of the community have not been overlooked. Not only is the restoration of the church of Saint Saviour hastening to completion, by the re-edification of the nave; but another church has just been erected within the same parish, on the north side of a street, recently formed, from the Southwark-bridge-road to Park-street. The new Church is a neat building, in the pointed style; and is of fine light brick, with stone dressings. At the western end rises an embattled tower, eighty-four feet in height, with square turrets at the angles: the eastern gable is surmounted with an enriched cross, turrets, &c.: the principal entrances are at the west end, and at the south side, under an enriched stone headway, beneath the central window. The internal area is eighty feet long, and forty-six feet wide, with galleries; and is capable of holding 1,200 persons; one-third being appropriated to free sittings, and about the same proportion to pew seats, at very low rents. The cost of the building, £4,671, has been contributed by the Trustees of "Hyndman's Bounty;" being a portion of the munificent donation of £100,000, devoted, in fulfilment of the wish of the late Miss Hyndman, to the erection of churches

Area in Acres. Houses. Population.		
* City of London.....	600.....	17,315.....122,395
Southwark.....	590.....	22,482.....134,117

Census of 1831.

† We allude to the Grecian and Italianized facade, of the western side of the present High-street, leading to the superb new London-kydge, also of Grecian character; though in strange contrast with the recollection of the picturesque old English structure, for which it has been substituted. The character of the contrast is maintained in the new buildings of St. Thomas's Hospital, rising according to the piecemeal removal of the old foundation. The taste of the new Grammar-school of St. Olave is, however, more in accordance with the date of the foundation; it being "in the very latest Tudor or Elizabethan style, but in far better taste than the latter epithet generally implies;" the details are clever, and the whole effect is picturesque.

* These premises were occupied as vinegar-works by a Mr. Rush, so long ago as 1641, and continued in his family till 1790; when they came into the possession of the present proprietors, whose family had carried on a manufactory of the same kind for seventy years, in Mansel-street, White-chapel.

† The parish of Saint Saviour extends from the site of old London bridge, east, to Gravel-lane, west, and is divided into two liberties; that of the Borough, and that of the Clink. The property above described is a portion of the Clink, which extends from the Thames to Suffolk-street, and from Winchester-street, east, to Gravel-lane, south.

in populous districts. A further sum of, about £1,700 has been raised by subscription, among the parishioners, for the enclosure, decoration, and furniture of the edifice.

THE SCHOOL.

Religion and education should ever go hand in hand—though this position be of somewhat difficult maintenance in these changeable times. Accordingly, a new School beside a new Church must be a subject of congratulation. Nearly adjoining

the west end of St. Peter's Church, has been erected a School-house and appurtenances, in the Elizabethan domestic style, of brick, with stone dressings; corresponding with the former edifice. The School is forty-seven feet long by twenty-one feet wide; attached to which are an English School, thirty-five feet long by eighteen feet wide; and a commodious residence for the head-master; the cost of the whole being about £3,000. The event is thus briefly recorded upon the foundation-stone:

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE OF THE FREE GRAMMAR-SCHOOL
OF THE PARISHIONERS OF THE PARISH OF ST. SAVIOUR, IN SOUTHWARK,
FOUNDED IN THE 4TH YEAR OF THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH,
HAVING FALLEN INTO DECAY,

THE FIRST STONE OF THESE SCHOOLS

WAS LAID BY THE TREASURER,
IN THE PRESENCE OF THE OTHER GOVERNORS, THE MASTERS, AND SCHOLARS,
ON THE 9TH DAY OF MAY, A.D. 1839,
AND IN THE SECOND YEAR OF THE REIGN OF OUR SOVEREIGN LADY
QUEEN VICTORIA.

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE, SITUATED ON THE SOUTH SIDE
OF THE PARISH CHURCH OF ST. SAVIOUR,
WAS DISPOSED OF UNDER THE POWERS OF

AN ACT OF PARLIAMENT PASSED IN THE LAST SESSION,
AND THE SITE OF THESE NEW BUILDINGS WAS THE GIFT OF THE
RIGHT REV. CHARLES RICHARD SUMNER, D.D.

LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER;

AND OF CHARLES POTT, ARTHUR POTT, AND WILLIAM POTT, ESQUIRES,
HIS LORDSHIP'S LESSEES.

THE EXPENSE OF THE STRUCTURE
BEING DEFRAYED FROM THE FUNDS OF THE SCHOOL.
GOVERNORS,

JOHN CLUTTON, (TREASURER,) }
FREDERICK PERKINS, } ESQUIRES.
HENRY PERKINS, }

CHARLES POTT, }
WILLIAM POTT, } ESQUIRES.
THOS. BULLOCK BURBIDGE, }

THE REV. LANCELOT SHARPE, M.A., HEAD MASTER.

J. J. RAMSEY, B.A., SECOND MASTER.

G. SPILLER, WRITING MASTER.

CHRISTOPHER EDMONDS, ESQ., ARCHITECT.

The first stone of the Church was laid by the Bishop of Winchester, in the autumn of 1838; and the first stone of the Grammar-school, by John Clutton, Esq., as above stated. Both buildings have been erected from designs, and under the superintendence of Mr. Christopher Edmonds, resident in the parish. The Church, we understand, was consecrated on the 7th of November: and the School will be opened by the annual examination, on November the 18th, in commemoration of the birthday of Queen Elizabeth, which is on November the 17th, but falls, this year, on a Sunday. We are happy to learn, that, in the new School, the benefits of a moral and religious education, according to the tenets of the Established Church, will be extended to a larger number of scholars than the old School-house could accommodate.

The original School-house, on the south side of St. Saviour's churchyard, was burned in 1676; but was immediately rebuilt. It is of brick, two stories in height; and had, until lately, a scroll canopy over the doorway. Adjoining is a Free English School, founded by Mrs. Dorothy Appleby, about

1681, for thirty poor boys of the parish, to be instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic. These two establishments are provided for in the new buildings; and, upon their removal thither, the old School-houses will be taken down, and their site appropriated to the enlargement of the Borough Market; an improvement which will also open to view the south side of the renovated church of Saint Saviour.

Altogether, we regard this twofold "improvement" as highly honourable to the taste, and munificence of its originators; whilst its beneficial influence upon the religious and educational advancement of the neighbourhood can scarcely be too highly rated.

The Free Grammar-school of Saint Saviour's was incorporated by a charter of Queen Elizabeth, dated the 4th day of June, in the 4th year of the said Queen. The School-house had been erected by certain of the inhabitants, "for the instruction of youth, as well poor as rich, in grammatical learning." By the charter, the original endowment amounted to £40 per annum; six governors were appointed,

who were to be advised in the appointment and government of the master and usher by the Bishop of Winchester, "or any other good and learned man." Immediately after the charter, the governors ordered that the school-master's wages should be £20 yearly; that children of the parish should be taught free, paying 2s. 6d. entrance; and 8d. per annum towards brooms and rods. The whole number of scholars was not to exceed 100; the head-master taking forty for his own advantage: in 1614, he was allowed a dwelling-house in the parish, rent-free; and the governors had the discretion of increasing his stipend, and taking children of other parishes and places. In the above year, also, John Bingham, Esq., one of the governors of the School, founded an endowment for two poor scholars at Cambridge or Oxford—"none but poor and such as were forward in learning, and might be fit for the University." According to the Parliamentary Report, in 1818, the annual income of this school amounted to £387 15s. 1d. The items of expenditure were:—head-master, £100; usher, £70; writing-master, £40; clerk, £10; examiner, £2 2s; gift to the poor, £2; Bingham's exhibition, £20; cleaning school-room, £5; sundries, (including 'books for presents on the anniversary: an excellent item,) £11 9s.—Total, £260 11s.; being £127 4s. 1d. less than the receipts. From this balance was paid, for repairs, about £70; and the anniversary dinner, (another good item), and other small expenses, at £20 more; leaving an ultimate balance of £37 to be invested. When the head-master, (Rev. W. L. Fancourt, M.A.) came into office, (in 1793), there were but twenty-three scholars on the foundation; but the School greatly improved in his time: he was a superior scholar, and a person of high character. In 1818, there were sixty-eight boys upon the foundation: each paid £1 entrance, and 5s. a quarter to the writing-school, and the like to the classical school. The above Report states: "with the exception of writing and arithmetic, the education given at the School is, according to the provisions of the charter, entirely classical. It appears that this has operated to deter poor persons who might be entitled to send their children there from so doing; but, we are assured, that no poor child, whose parents have applied for his admission, has been refused." Mr. Fancourt stated, "that the parents had declined to continue their children in a very few instances, on learning that the School was merely classical: they were disappointed, in finding that it gave a better education than they expected:" the plan

was that pursued at Eton: the examiner was the head-master of Merchant Tailors' School. There was a small funded property, given by different persons, chiefly intended for the masters; to which the celebrated Dr. Heberden bequeathed £400.*

SWEDEN.

It is a singular and embarrassing fact, that the Swedish nation, insulated from the mass of the European people, and almost entirely agricultural, or pastoral, having in about 3,000,000 of individuals only 14,925 employed in manufactures, and these not congregated in one or two places, but scattered among 2,037 factories; having no great standing army or navy; no extended commerce; no afflux of strangers; no considerable city but one; and having schools and universities in a fair proportion, and a powerful and complete church establishment undisturbed in its labours by sect or schism; is, notwithstanding, in a more demoralized state than any nation in Europe—more demoralized even than any equal portion of the dense manufacturing population of Great Britain. This is a very curious fact in moral statistics. It is so directly opposed to all received opinions and long-established theories of the superior moral condition, greater innocence, purity of manners, and exemption from vice or crime of the pastoral and agricultural state of society, compared to the commercial and manufacturing, that, if it rested merely upon the traveller's own impressions, observations, or experiences, it would not be entitled to any credit.—Laing's *Tour in Sweden*; wherein the above appalling statement is supported by authentic returns.

A LEGEND OF WINDSOR FOREST.

"Have me excused if I speke amiss,
My wille is gode, and lo, my tale is this."
The Squire's Prologue.

ONCE upon a time,—for we are writing an old English story, and must begin in the old English style.—once upon a time, then, there resided three brothers in an ancient but withal goodlie mansion, that was built in the midst of one of the greenest knolls of trees in Windsor Forest. The exact date of their existence is not known, for the chronicles we write from have not been over particular on that point; but we are certain that it was a long time ago, for there were then many, many miles of leafy and uninterrupted verdure in the forest,

* The substance of the above has been abridged from the First Report of the Commissioners on the Education of the Poor² and Appendix. Printed 1819.

and long deep glades of oaks and beeches, that met overhead, and scarcely permitted the sun to throw his rays through their Gothic arches upon the smooth turf below, except in gay and dancing beams, when the wind played with their green branches and moved them gently on one side. A fair and goodly expanse of noble trees, and a broad track of thick underwood was the merry forest at that time. Those hamlets that were in being upon its confines were not, as they are now, surrounded by large pastures and level roads, but they lay quite embosomed in the foliage; and it was pleasant to see their little church spires peeping out above the trees, as they glittered in the warm and bright sunlight of a summer afternoon. All was quiet and repose; and if the solitude of the greenwood was ever disturbed, it could be only by the jovial train of hunters in Lincoln Green, who sometimes hurried along its avenues, making the glades ring again with the sounds of their horns and merriment.

But, amongst all the jolly green-coated men who rode whooping, and blowing, and clung, through the covert, none had lighter hearts or surer aims than our three brothers. They had been left their own masters at an early age; and with little to think of, and less to care about, a fine life they led. Every morning they would saddle their horses, and turn out to hunt all day long; and, when they returned home at night, they would bring with them their companions of the chase, and keep up such orgies at their house, that the mavis had generally begun to warble in the thickets, in honour of the rising sun, long before they thought of parting. But this was not all. Sometimes in the summer, they would lock up their doors, and, taking their spears and dogs with them, would go and pass whole days together in the forest, in company with the same roysters, returning only to procure fresh flagons of wine for the evening banquet. A merry time that was which they spent in the green woods. They killed their game, and cooked it themselves over a fire kindled on the ground; and after that they drank, and sang, and frolicked about upon the grass around the embers, until the very fairies, who existed at that period, and who, from time immemorial, have been connected with trees, turf, and toadstools, took fright at their uproarious mirth, and ran and tumbled one over the other down the glen to some more quiet spot, well knowing they could have no influence over such careless and independent mortals; for it is only virtuous woodcutters, and the like class of uninteresting personages, that the fairies appeared formerly to delight in

patronizing. Sometimes, to be sure, out of spite, when the brothers and their friends had tipped too much sack, the little spirits would venture to approach, creeping under the moss, and hiding from one harebell to another; and then they would play them such pranks, that the very trees appeared to increase in number, and turn round before them; which circumstance the brothers always attributed to the fact of their having eaten too much venison, and so overloaded their stomachs. Even at the remote period we are writing of, men sought to attribute the eccentric imaginary whizzlegig, which spun before their eyes as they closed them to go to sleep, rather to what they had eaten than to what they had drunk.

If any difference existed in the characters of the three brothers, it certainly was that the youngest was more sentimental and refined in his feelings than the others. He, doubtless, partook of the disposition of all youngest brothers in old legends and fairy tales, who are generally the heroes of the story, and get through all their scrapes with the best possible reflections on their own characters. Not that he hung back from joining in the amusements of the others, for his wine-cup was always the best filled, and his laugh the loudest of the forest circle; but he would sometimes fall into sad fits of abstraction during their bauquets, or wander quite away by himself to some secluded part of the greenwood, where his companions would find him, sitting in deep thought under some old tree, engaged in listlessly cutting his arrows to pieces, or some equally profitable and industrious amusement. Had the other brothers ever thought that there was such a thing as love in the world, beyond the reasonable affection a man may be supposed to possess for his horse, or merlin, or dogs, or sisters, or other members of his family, they would probably have divined the cause; but, as it was, they never dreamt of such a thing; and Mark himself, for so was the youngest called, although he was continually dreaming of a pair of brighter eyes he had encountered one day in the forest, was not quite sure he had got his own consent, leaving alone the lady's. Marriage and the future were very well for older heads to think about, but what were they to him? He was young, and handsome, and brave—the world smiled on him with its eyes of sunshine; and all was gay and cloudless around him. Alas! that the bright and happy thoughts with which youth clothes its imagination, endure not through our life! What a beautiful paradise would our beautiful earth otherwise become!

Things were in this state, when, one

fine evening in autumn, our three brothers met under their accustomed tree, and commenced the old story of cooking, eating, and drinking, over again. They had fallen in with good luck that day in the chase, and, in consequence, their spirits were running in a most happy vein, to which jollity potent draughts of old wine, no doubt, added. But we cannot eat and drink *à perpétuité*, as the French tombstones have it; and, accordingly, the two eldest gradually composed themselves to slumber away the fumes of their cups, while Mark, finding he could not go to sleep so soon, (according to the established law of lovers, who ought always to lie awake all night,) was indulging in his usual train of thought, and indolently poking about the embers of the fire with his spear, for want of better amusement. Suddenly he thought he perceived some motion in an old oak that confronted him; and, as he watched closer, to his great wonder, the tree gradually resolved itself into the outlines of a human form. The large excrescence at the top of the trunk, took some sort of resemblance to regular features: the two lower branches dropped down in the form of arms, and the gnarled and knotty roots, at least as much of them as appeared above ground, formed themselves into two club feet.

"Glad to see you," said the strange figure to Mark, in a tone of the utmost familiarity, at the same time winking one of his knots.

Mark's first impulse upon being so oddly addressed, after having opened his eyes very widely indeed, was to attempt to arouse his brothers; which feat he was about to perform by the summary process of throwing his spear at them, when the figure continued:—

"Don't wake your brothers; my business is with you, and you alone, and therefore they may sleep on for that;" and there was something so excessively good-tempered in the old tree's face, that Mark paused, and took courage to inquire "whom he had the pleasure of addressing."

"You may well ask," said the figure. "I am the guardian spirit of Windsor Forest, and every living thing that grows upon it is under my protection, from the oaks to the daisies."

"You must have a great charge then," said Mark, gaining courage as he spoke—"a very great charge."

"Ah!" returned the spirit, in a tone of weariness, "you may say that. The old oaks are quiet and still enough for such tough weather-beaten fellows; but the young saplings and beeches are sad wild dogs, and I have very little power over the ferns—they run everywhere. Will you

oblige me by moving that smoky mouldering log of wood a little farther off? it irritates my throat:" and hereupon the gnome fell into such a fit of coughing, that he got quite red in the bark; and the very birds that were roosting in the branches of his wig, flew whirring off with such a noise, you would have thought an hundred flags, each as big as the one on the Round Tower, were fluttering around him. Mark pushed the offending ember to a distance with his heel, and then waited for what next the spirit had to say.

"Your companions are jovial fellows," continued the oak; "very jovial fellows indeed, but their merriment must come to an end some day. These things cannot last for ever; for were all my acorns turned into wine-casks, you would drain them dry at last. You, yourself, Mark, are getting on in years, and cannot expect to lead this life always."

"But why have you pitched upon me, above all others, to give this advice to?" inquired Mark, half inclined to be angry.

"Because," returned the gnome, "you are the most reasonable of the party. You are gayest also, it is true; but the day will come when you will be sleeping quietly beneath the turf, unwept and forgotten; and yet the old forest trees around you will flourish the same as ever."

"But we are leading a very pleasant life in the merry greenwood," replied Mark.

"Ay, but it is a useless one. You are sent on earth for other ends beyond your own amusement, and long and joyous as your life appears in anticipation, it is but an atom in the world of eternity—an acorn in a vast and mighty forest. Are you versed in history?" asked the oak, pushing back some mistletoe from his eyes, and assuming a scholastic air.

Mark returned no answer: his whole library was comprised in an old illuminated missal, which he could not read; for at the period we are writing about, (i. e. 'once upon a time,') education was not in a very flourishing state, nor had it been attempted to make reading uneasy, by pushing everybody up the ladder of learning against their will. ALBERT.

(To be concluded in our next.)

PERILS OF FLOATING ICE.

THE bark *Statesman*, of Liverpool, Captain Quiller, has lately arrived, having been, on her voyage from Sydney, New South Wales, beset during thirty-six hours by ice. The following is an abstract of the particulars, as detailed in the log. About noon, on the 8th of August last, in lat. 58 S., long. 60 W., with fresh breeze

and hazy weather, several icebergs were seen; one of which, being upon the weather-bow, they passed about half a mile to the westward. Upon its side, climbing towards the summit, they saw two objects, very like men. They immediately wore round and made sail, with the intention, if possible, of ascertaining what these two creatures might be. They sailed close past the island, and distinctly saw about one hundred animals, of some description, some black and some white, apparently about seven feet high. Those on board came to the conclusion that they were either seals or sea elephants. At five o'clock, they lost sight of the iceberg, and, about seven, they tacked close to what appeared to be another. Shortly after this, they began to discover that the sea was covered with masses of floating ice, which increased till between nine and ten o'clock, when a large piece struck the bow of the vessel, and caused her to let in water. Between this time and the following morning, they were continually getting in and out of the loose ice, and passing in the vicinity of icebergs. At one moment, they were flattered that they were clear of all further risk, by finding themselves in clear water; and the next, they found themselves again entangled amongst the masses of ice, which struck the ship with great violence, shaking her fearfully. At daylight, they found she had sustained considerable damage, the entrance having, where it joined the water, been utterly destroyed to the stem. The first plank, below the main walls, on the luff of the bow, was stove in so as to admit great quantities of water; and the copper, on both sides, at the bends, was completely rubbed away. It now became necessary to have the pumps regularly attended, and to use the utmost vigilance and skill, in hope of rescuing the ship from the dangers by which she was beset. When the day had completely broke, the packed ice was visible in all directions, as far as the eye could see from the mast-head. Sail was made in every direction which offered a prospect of getting into clear water, and many were the mortifications which followed. They were surrounded by floating-islands; frequently, for a moment, they were clear of the ice, and in an instant were again beset. During the whole of the afternoon, their spirits were wearied by this continued succession of alternate hopes and disappointments. The day closed around them, and still, so far as the vision could penetrate, they were surrounded by, as the captain expresses it, "a hopeless and dense mass of ice." Their fears were increased throughout the evening by the

ship striking hard, and grinding against the solid ribs of ice. At length, a black streak of water was seen extending from west to north-west, right a-head of them. They made efforts to reach it; and, though the ship did not appear to move through the water, yet, in about an hour's time, (about half-past nine o'clock, p.m.,) they got into clear water, and were but little troubled with ice during the remainder of the night. In the morning, at daylight, they got entirely clear; but it was evident that they were not far from the scene of their danger, as they saw about twenty icebergs, some very high, almost on every side of them. The captain states, that, at nine o'clock on the Friday evening, only half an hour before they got into clear water, he thought their fate was sealed, as he did not see the least prospect of getting out of their dangerous predicament. The black line of water, then in sight, only appeared like another of those small open spaces of clear water which had so frequently tantalized them. The ship had, for some time, been striking and grinding so fearfully, that it was deemed that nothing less than a miracle could keep her afloat till morning. We may add to the above interesting particulars of the *Statesman*, that she sailed from Sydney on the 19th of June last, and has brought to Liverpool the largest cargo of wool ever imported from New South Wales. It consists of no less than 1,188 bags, weighing 336,767 lb.—*Liverpool Albion*.

THE OLDEST TREE IN THE WORLD.

MR. LOUDON, in his truly valuable *Arboretum et Fruticetum Britannicum*, has engraved the remarkable Cypress of Soma, or Somma, in Lombardy; which he considers "perhaps the oldest tree of which there is any record in the world." Of this venerated tree, we are enabled, by courtesy of Mr. Loudon, (who has lent us the wood-cut,) to present our readers with the annexed portrait; which, by the way, is a fair specimen of the clever engravings scattered in the *Arboretum*, "thick as leaves in Vallombrosa." This illustration has been executed from an original drawing, kindly sent to Mr. Loudon by Signor Manetti, of Monzona. The tree is generally supposed to have been planted in the year of the birth of Jesus Christ, and, on this account, is treated with great reverence by the inhabitants of that part of Lombardy where it grows; but the Abbé Belèze informs us, that there is an ancient chronicle extant at Milan, which proves that it was a tree in the time of Julius Cæsar, B. C. 42. When measured for Mr.

Loudon, by direction of Signor Manetti, this tree was found to be 121 feet high, and twenty-three feet in circumference at one foot from the ground. Besides its great age, (observes Mr. Loudon,) the Cypress of Soma is remarkable for having been wounded by Francis I., who is said to

have struck his sword into it, in his despair at losing the battle of Pavia; and for having been respected by Napoleon, who, when laying down the plan for his great road over the Simplon, diverged from the straight line to avoid injuring this tree.

Upon such evidence as the above, we



THE CELEBRATED CYPRESS OF SOMA, LOMBARDY.

inclined to consider this Cypress as *the oldest tree in the world*, notwithstanding such distinction has hitherto been awarded to the enormous Dragon-tree, in the Island of Teneriffe, upon the authority of Humboldt, the philosophical traveller. Still, only the growth of one thousand years has been *claimed* for the Dragon-tree; and that upon authority less circumstantial than the record which gives to the Cypress of Somma the age of 1881 years. Amongst other remarkable Cypresses mentioned by Mr. London, is the Cypress of Hafiz, near Shiraz, said by some to have been planted by the poet himself; and by others, to have grown over his grave.

TOM'S AND BUTTON'S COFFEE-HOUSES, COVENT-GARDEN.

[WE extract the following from the Preface to a very entertaining volume of "Descriptive Particulars of English Coronation Medals. By Wm. Till, Medallist, M. N. S." Information of places hallowed by genius, such as is contained in the subsequent passage, will be peculiarly acceptable to "the Literary World."]

Particular localities not unfrequently interest most persons, and, under that idea, I cannot let slip the present opportunity in mentioning that the house in which I reside, (17, Great Russell-street, Covent-garden,) was the famous Tom's Coffee-house, memorable in the reign of Queen Anne; and for more than half a century afterwards; the room in which I conduct my business, as a coin dealer, is that which, in 1764, by a guinea subscription among nearly seven hundred of the nobility, foreign ministers, gentry, and geniuses of the age—became the card-room, and place of meeting for many of the now illustrious dead, till 1768; when a voluntary subscription among its members induced Mr. Haines, the then proprietor, (and the father of the present occupier of the house,) to take in the next room westward, as a coffee-room; and the whole floor *en suite* was constructed into card and conversation rooms. Here assembled Dr. Johnson, Garrick, Murphy, Dr. Dodd, Dr. Goldsmith, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Foote, Moody, Beard, Count Bruhl, Dr. McNamara, Sir Philip Francis (the supposed author of Junius), George Colman the elder, the Dukes of Northumberland and Montague, the Marquises of Granby and Monthermer, Admiral Lord Rodney, Henry Brougham, Esq., (the father of the present Lord Brougham,) Dr. Kennedy, (a distinguished Numismatist,) George Steevens, Warner, and other Shakespearean commentators, with a bevy and host of talent, of great

and distinguished names, the representatives of foreign courts to England, and many others; all of whom, on inspection of the record, have long since passed to that bourne from which no traveller returns. I may add—the tables on which I exhibit my coins, are those which were used "by the exalted characters, whose names are extracted from books of the club, still in possession of the proprietress of the house.

"Button's Coffee-house, over against Tom's, in Covent-garden," is spoken of by Addison in the seventy-first paper of the *Guardian*, dated June 2nd, 1713; and here, in the following month, (as appears by the 114th paper) a lion's head—"a proper emblem of knowledge and action, being all head and paws"—was set up, in imitation of the celebrated lion at Venice, to receive all such letters and papers, as were to be conveyed to the *Guardian*, by his correspondents.

Addison evidently derived the idea of this lion-headed letter-box, from the use of the lion erected near the Doge's palace; in the wide-gaping mouth of which, public and private accusations were conveyed by anonymous informers. The lion's head at Venice has long since disappeared, but the aperture in the wall remains to mark the place. Addison's lion's head, "reckoned the best head in England," after having become a receptacle of papers, and a spy for the *Guardian*, was moved to the Shakespeare's-head Tavern, under the Piazza in Covent-garden, kept by a person named Tomkyns; and, in 1751, was, for a short time, placed in the Bedford Coffee-house, immediately adjoining the Shakespeare Tavern; and there employed as a medium of literary communication, by Dr. John Hill, author of the *Inspector*. In 1769, Tomkyns was succeeded by his waiter, named Campbell, as proprietor of the tavern and the lion's head, and by him retained till 1804, when it was purchased by the late Charles Richardson: after whose death, in 1727, it devolved to his son; and has since become the property of his Grace the Duke of Bedford.

At the time the lion's head was first erected, in 1713, Daniel Button was only a waiter at the house: it was then the custom to designate a popular tavern, not by the name of the sign, but by the head waiter;—hence, Dick's, Tom's, Will's, &c.; some of which houses so called remain to this hour. Button had been servant to Lady Warwick, whom Addison married; and by him had been recommended to this situation as chief waiter. Subsequently he became master of the concern; and yet—notwithstanding it is known from various authorities that the wits of the age, Addi-

son, Pope, Steel, Swift, Arbuthnot, Count Viviani, Savage, Martin Folkes, Colonel Brett, and many others, were wont to assemble at Button's Coffee-house—Button's name, a few years afterwards, appears in the parish-books, as receiving parochial allowance.

BEET-ROOT SUGAR.

THE manufacture of sugar from beet-root is flourishing in France. The works are stated actually to number 600, employing 175,000 agricultural and manufacturing labourers. "Assuming for their families an equal number with these labourers, then the total number of persons directly interested in the beet-root sugar industry in France would be 350,000 individuals, which is a number almost equal to the whole population of the colonies, where the proportion concerned in and dependant on sugar cultivation alone is so much inferior." The yearly produce of beet-root sugar is already 50,000,000 kilogrammes; the cultivation is established in thirty-seven departments; in forty-seven it may take root; in three only it is refused. It contributes to the prosperity of agriculture, and is eminently favourable to the moral habits and the social improvement of all engaged in it. But, "the beet-root sugar industry, it is averred, is in such a situation that either it must be totally ruined, or permitted to spread without further discouragement. The return on capital invested in it is said to be now no more than four or five per cent.; but, through the gradual perfection to which the refining process is reaching, it is considered that, very shortly, one per cent. more will be obtained in crystallized sugar; when it will no longer stand in need of protection, may be placed on the same level with the colonial sugar, and will alone be able to furnish the whole quantity required for consumption, now divided with the colonies."—*Abridged from the Times City Letter*, Oct. 30.

Scientific Facts.

THE SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.

THE Shakspeare Tunnel, (*i. e.* the tunnel through Shakspeare's Cliff, at Dover,) with its lofty Gothic arches of thirty feet high, is nearly completed. Passing through it, we come upon a vast platform, which forms the termination of the Shakspeare Tunnel, and the commencement of that of Abbot's Cliff. The shafts, driftways, and galleries of this tunnel are complete. Beyond this is a wall, formed from a concrete of the grey chalk, of Hauling lime

and the beach of the sea-shore. Its base is about thirty feet thick, decreasing upwards; the top will be about twenty feet above high-water mark. From this wall, a gallery leads to Little Switzerland, or the Warren; and through the latter the railway is conducted to Martello Tower, No. 1. The earth cuttings in this part are proceeding very rapidly, there being nearly 400 men employed within a very short space. At Tower, No. 1, the road tunnels, and continues to Beachborough Hill, in a straight line, passing over the junction of the Dover and Canterbury roads by a bridge, which is commenced.—*Abridged from the Dover Chronicle*.

PARIS GARDENS.

According to a statistical account drawn up by M. Hericart de Thury, the ground in the environs of Paris cultivated as market-gardens, produces 30,000,000 fr. annually, and affords employment for 50,000 persons. The cultivation of flowers and fruit also returns several millions of francs. About 200 florists of Paris and the neighbourhood supply the markets. The sale of flowers on the eve of great fêtes is incredible. On the 14th of August last, the eve of the Assumption, flowers were sold in Paris to the amount of 50,000 fr.; and M. Thury calculates that during the full winter season these sales vary from 5,000 fr. to 20,000 fr. a-day.—*Times*.

FOSSIL ELEPHANT.

Some geologists at Chalons-sur-Saone have recently discovered a fossil elephant in a quarry at Pretez, near Tournus, in the Saone-et-Loire. The two tusks were nearly entire, of large size, and white, but brittle. One of them has been uncovered to the extent of three or four feet; but on the least exertion being used to raise it from its bed, it breaks into pieces. These are not the first bones of this species of animal found at or near the same spot. In digging a well have been found two large teeth, one of an elephant, and the other of a mastodon. The site of this commune, the calcareous strata of which runs under the left bank of the Saone, was formerly, according to the opinions of geologists, an island in a great lake, which covered the plains of La Bresse.—*Galig-nani's Messenger: Times*.

New Books.

ALCIPHRON. A POEM. BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

["THE Epicurean," we are delighted to find, has been translated into most of the languages of Europe: among the transla-

tions which have reached the highly-gifted author, are, two in French, one in Italian, one in German, and one in Dutch. Such is the homage which the Continent has paid to our illustrious lyric poet—"the muse of Moore." Who will then say that ours is an unpoetic age of iron; an era of utility obscuring with its labours the brilliant imaginings—the bright world—of Poetry, and beclouding the sunlight of man's existence? We derive these distinctions as homage paid to the genius of Poetry; although "the Epicurean" be, in form and semblance, a prosaic tale, its spirit is essentially and purely poetic. Of this elaborate production, the poem of Alciphron was the germ; the Poet's original plan being to write the Epicurean all in verse, and in the form of letters; but difficulties ensued in the composition, and the author commenced the tale anew in its present shape; and the poem above named is now appended to a new edition of the Epicurean, illustrated by the magic pencil of Turner, the British artist best qualified to embody the unearthly scenes of romantic story. "In the Letters of Alciphron, (observes Mr. Moore,) will be found,—heightened only by a freer use of poetic colouring,—nearly the same details of events, feelings, and scenery, which occupy the earlier part of the prose narrative;" and, to shew how exquisitely the Poet commenced his design, we detach a few of its "rich and rare" gems, and beautiful thoughts and images.

Alciphron, writing at Alexandria, thus characterises the delights of Athens:]

Well may you wonder at my flight
From those fair gardens, in whose bowers
Lingers whate'er of wise and bright,
Of Beauty's smile or Wisdom's light,
Is left to grace this world of ours.
Well may my comrades, as they roam,
On evenings sweet as this, inquire
Why I have left that happy home
Where all is found that all desire,
And Time hath wings that never tire;
Where bliss, in all the countless shapes
That Fancy's self to bliss hath given,
Comes clustering round, like road-side grapes
That woo the traveller's lip, at even.

[Here is an exquisite picture of Melancholy:]

Though through my life's short, sunny dream,
I've floated without pain or care,
Like a light leaf, down pleasure's stream,
Caught in each sparkling eddy there;
Though never mirth awakened a strain
That my heart echoed not again;
Yet have I felt, when ev'n most gay,
Sad thoughts—I knew not whence or why—
Suddenly o'er my spirit fly,
Like clouds, that, ere we've time to say
"How bright the sky is!" shade the sky.
Sometimes so vague, so undefined,
Were these strange darkenings of my mind—
While nought but joy around me beam'd—
So causelessly they've come and flown,
That not of life or earth they seem'd,
But shadows from some world unknown.

More oft, however, 'twas the thought
How soon that scene, with all its play
Of life and gladness must decay,—
Those lips I prest, the hands I caught—
Myself,—the crowd that mirth had brought
Around me,—swept like weeds away!

This thought it was that came to shed
O'er rapture's hour its worst alloys;
And, close as shade with sunshine, wed
Its sadness with my happiest joys.
Oh, but for this disheart'ning voice
Stealing amid our mirth to say
That all, in which we most rejoice,
Ere night may be the earth-worm's prey—
But for this bitter—only this—

Full as the world is brimm'd with bliss,
And capable as feels my soul
Of draining to its dregs the whole,
I should turn earth to heav'n, and be,
If bliss made gods, a Deity!

[Of Midnight Contemplation:]

Still I linger'd, lost in thought,
Gazing upon the stars of night,
Sad and intent, as if I sought
Some mournful secret in their light;
And ask'd them, mid that silence, why
Man, glorious man, alone must die,
While they, less wonderful than he,
Shine on through all eternity.

That night—thou haply may'st forget
Its loveliness—but 'twas a night
To make earth's meanest slave regret
Leaving a world so soft and bright.
On one side, in the dark blue sky,
Lonely and radiant, was the eye
Of Jove himself, while, on the other,
'Mong stars that came out, one by one,
The young moon—like the Roman mother
Among her living jewels—shone.
"Oh! that from yonder orbs," I thought,
"Pure and eternal as they are,
There could to earth some power be brought,
Some charm, with their own essence fraught,
To make man deathless as a star,
And open to his vast desires
A course, as boundless and sublime
As lies before those comet-fires,
That roam and burn throughout all time!"

And who can tell, as we're combin'd
Of various atoms,—some refined,
Like those that scintillate and play
In the fix'd stars,—some, gross as they
That frown in clouds or sleep in clay,—
Who can be sure, but 'tis the best
And brightest atoms of our frame,
Those most akin to stellar flame,
That shine out thus, when we're at rest;—
Ev'n as their kindred stars, whose light
Comes out but in the silent night.
Or is it that there lurks, indeed,
Some truth in Man's prevailing creed,
And that our Guardians, from on high,
Come, in that pause from toil and sin,
To put the senses' curtain by,
And on the wakeful soul look in!

Vain thought!—but yet, how'er it be,
Dreams, more than once, have prov'd to me
Oracles, truer far than Oak,
Or Dove, or Tripod, ever spoke.

[Of Lingering Life:]

And, if his life must wane away,
Like other lives, at least the day,
The hour it lasts shall, like a fire
With incense fed, in sweets expire.

[Of Egypt and its "unnumbered witcheries," here is a glimpse:]

And where—oh! where's the heart that could
withstand
Th' unnumbered witcheries of this sun-born land,

Where first young Pleasure's banner was unfur'd,
 And Love hath temples ancient as the world!
 Where mystery, like the veil by Beauty worn,
 Hides but to heighten, shades but to adorn;
 And that luxurious melancholy, born
 Of passion and of genius, sheds a gloom
 Making joy holy;—where the hower and tomb
 Stand side by side, and Pleasure learns from Death
 The instant value of each moment's breath.
 Couldst thou but see how like a poet's dream
 This lovely land now looks!—the glorious stream,
 That late, between its banks, was seen to glide
 'Mong shrines and marble cities, on each side
 Glittering like jewels strung along a chain,
 Hath now sent forth its waters, and o'er plain
 And valley, like a giant from his bed
 Rising with out-stretch'd limbs, hath grandly spread.
 While far as sight can reach, beneath as clear
 And blue a heav'n as ever bless'd our sphere,
 Gardens, and pillar'd streets, and porphyry domes,
 And high-built temples, fit to be the homes
 Of mighty gods, and pyramids, whose hour
 Outlasts all time, above the waters' tower!

Then, too, the scenes of pomp and joy, that make
 One theatre of this vast peopled lake,
 Where all that love, religion, commerce gives
 Of life and motion, ever moves and lives.
 Here, up the steps of temples from the wave
 Ascending, in procession slow and grave,
 Priests in white garments go, with sacred wands
 And silver cymbals gleaming in their hands;
 While there, rich barks—fresh from those sunny
 tracts

Far off, beyond the sounding cataracts—
 Glide, with their precious lading to the sea,
 Plumes of bright birds, rhinoceros' ivory,
 Gems from the isle of Meroc, and those grains
 Of gold, wash'd down by Abyssinian rains.
 Here, where the waters wind into a bay
 Shadowy and cool, some pilgrims, on their way
 To Sals or Bubastus, among beds
 Of lotus flowers, that close above their heads,
 Push their light barks, and there, as in a bower,
 Sing, talk, or sleep away the sultry hour—
 Oft dipping in the Nile, when, faint with heat,
 That leaf, from which its waters drink most sweet.
 While haply, not far off, beneath a bank
 Of blossoming acacias, many a prank
 Is played in the cool current by a train
 Of laughing nymphs, lovely as she,* whose chain,
 Around two conquerors of the world was cast
 But, for a third too feeble, broke at last.

[Of the Pyramids:]

The eternal pyramids of Memphis burst
 Awfully on my sight—standing sublime
 'Twixt earth and heav'n, the watch-towers of Time,
 From whose lone summit, when his reign hath past
 From earth for ever, he will look his last!

Already the sun bids
 His evening farewell to the Pyramids,
 As he hath done, age after age, till they
 Alone on earth seem ancient as his ray:
 While their great shadows, stretching from the light,
 Look like the first colossal steps of night,
 Stretching across the valley, to invade
 The distant hills of porphyry with their shade.

[Dreams:]

Thus did I dream—wild, wandering dreams, I own,
 But such as haunt me ever, if alone,
 Or in that pause 'twixt joy and joy I be,
 Like a ship hush'd between two waves at sea.

[Necropolis:]

There is a lake, that to the north
 Of Memphis stretches grandly forth,
 Upon whose silent shore the Dead
 Have a proud City of their own,†

* Cleopatra.

† Necropolis, or the City of the Dead, to the south of Memphis.

'With shrines and pyramids o'erspread,—
 Where many an ancient kingly head
 Slumbers, immortal'd in stone;
 And where, through marble grotts beneath,
 The lifeless, rang'd like sacred things,
 Nor wanting aught of life but breath,
 Lie in their painted coverings,
 And on each new successive race,
 That visit their dim haunts below,
 Look with the same unwithering face,
 They were three thousand years ago.
 There, Silence, thoughtful god, who loves
 The neighbourhood of death, in groves
 Of asphodel lies hid, and weaves
 His lushing spell among the leaves,—
 Nor ever noise disturbs the air,
 Save the low, humming, mournful sound
 Of priests, within their shrines, at prayer
 For the fresh dead entomb'd around.

[An exquisite image of Silence:]

It seem'd as echo's self were dead
 In this dark place, so mute my tread.

[Symbols of Immortality:]

The walls were richly sculptur'd o'er,
 And character'd with that dark lore
 Of times before the Flood, whose key
 Was lost in th' "Universal Sea."
 While on the roof was pictured bright
 The Theban beetle, as he shines,
 When the Nile's mighty flow declines,
 And forth the creature springs to light,
 With life regenerate in his wings.—
 Emblem of vain imaginings!
 Of a new world, when this is gone,
 In which the spirit still lives on!

[The Cross:]

There was a cross of silver lying—
 Another type of that blest home,
 Which hope, and pride, and fear of dying,
 Build for us in a world to come.

[Devotion:]

Upward she turn'd her brow serene,
 As if, intent on heaven, those eyes
 Saw then nor roof nor cloud between
 Their own pure orbits and the skies;
 And, though her lips no motion made,
 And that fix'd look was all her speech
 I saw that rapt spirit prayed
 Deeper within than words could reach.

[Innocence:]

Strange pow'r of Innocence, to turn
 To its own hue what'er comes near;
 And make even vagrant Passion burn
 With pure warmth within its sphere!

[A delightful picture of Morning:]

The sun had freshly ris'n, and down
 The marble hills of Araby,
 Scatter'd, as from a conqueror's crown,
 His beams into that living sea.
 There seem'd a glory in his light,
 Newly put on—as if for pride
 Of the high homage paid this night
 To his own Isis, his young bride,
 Now fading feminine away
 In her proud Lord's superior ray.

[Pursuit of Eternity:]

Eager I stoop'd, this path to tread,
 When, suddenly, the wall o'er-head
 Grew with a fitful lustre bright,
 Which, settling gradual on the sight
 Into clear characters of light,
 These words on its dark ground I read:—

"You, who would try
 This terrible track,
 To live, or to die,
 But ne'er to look back."

" You, who aspire
To be purified there
By the terrors of fire
And water and air ;
" If danger and pain
And death you despise—
On—for again
Into light you may rise,—
" Rise into light
With that secret divine
Now shrouded from sight
By the veils of the shrine !
" But if ————"

The words here dimm'd away,
Till, lost in darkness, vague and dread,
Their very silence seem'd to say
Awfuler things than words e'er said.

[A terrific scene:]

I saw my pathway led
Between two hedges of live flame,—
Trees all on fire, whose branches shed
A glow that, without noise or smoke,
Yet strong as from a furnace, broke ;
While o'er the glaring ground between,
Where my sole, onward path was seen,
Hot iron bars, red as with ire,
Transversely lay—such as, they tell,
Compose that trellis-work of fire,
Through which the doom'd look out in hell.

[The last Hope:]

But short that hope—for, as I flew
Breathlessly up, the stairway grew
Tremulous under me, while each
Frat step, ere scarce my foot could reach
The frailer yet I next must trust,
Crumbled behind me into dust ;
Leaving me, as it crush'd beneath,
Like shipwreck'd wretch who, in dismay,
Sees but one plank 'twixt him and death,
And shuddering feels that one give way !

[The wheel of Ixion:]

So ceaselessly I thus was whirled,—
To think my limbs were chained upon
That wheel of the infernal world,
To turn which, day and night, are blowing
Hot, withering winds that never slumber ;
And whose sad rounds, still going, going,
Eternity alone can number !

Periodicals.

ANALYSIS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

THE English language consists of about thirty-eight thousand words. This includes, of course, not only radical words, but all derivatives, except the preterites and participles of verbs ; to which must be added some few terms which, though set down in the dictionaries, are either obsolete or have never ceased to be considered foreign. Of these, about twenty-three thousand, or nearly five-eighths, are of Anglo-Saxon origin. The majority of the rest, in what proportions we cannot say, are Latin and Greek : Latin, however, has the larger share.

Assuming that this calculation is accurate, for which we will not vouch, or that it approximates to accuracy, which we are quite ready to affirm, it will be seen that

the Anglo-Saxon, even if we look at the mere number of words it has contributed, is our principal source of strength. Nay, were we to found our calculations upon the passages which Sharon Turner has adduced from a series of our most popular writers, and in which he has discriminated, by italics, the words of Anglo-Saxon from those of foreign origin, we should infer a much greater preponderance of the Anglo-Saxon element. Mr. Turner has not set down in figures the numbers of the two classes of words contained in any of these passages. Sir James Mackintosh analysed three or four of them. We shall now give an analysis of the whole. The passages in question are from the Bible, Shakspeare, Milton, Cowley, Thomson, Addison, Spenser, Locke, Pope, Young, Swift, Robertson, Hume, Gibbon, and Johnson. In five verses out of Genesis, containing one hundred and thirty words, there are only five not Saxon. In as many verses out of the Gospel of St. John, containing seventy-four words, there are only two not Saxon. Of the remaining passages, that from Shakspeare contains eighty-one words ; of these, the words not Saxon, are thirteen : that from Milton, ninety ; not Saxon, sixteen : that from Cowley, seventy-six ; not Saxon, ten : that from Thomson, seventy-eight ; not Saxon, fourteen : that from Addison seventy-nine ; not Saxon, fifteen : that from Spenser, seventy-two ; not Saxon, fourteen : that from Locke, ninety-four ; not Saxon, twenty : that from Pope, eighty-four ; not Saxon, twenty-eight : that from Young, ninety-six ; not Saxon, twenty-one : that from Swift, eighty-seven ; in which nine only are not Saxon : that from Robertson, one hundred and fourteen ; not Saxon, thirty-four : that from Hume, one hundred and one ; not Saxon, thirty-eight : that from Gibbon, eighty ; not Saxon, thirty-one : that from Johnson, eighty-seven ; not Saxon, twenty-one. In none of these passages is the number of foreign words greater than one-third ; in many of them less than one-tenth. In all, there are fourteen hundred and ninety-two words, of which only two hundred and ninety-six are not Saxon. If we were to take this as a criterion, the Saxon would constitute about four-fifths of the language, instead of five-eighths—or about thirty-two fortieths, instead of twenty-five fortieths. But if we are considering the mere number of words derived from the Anglo-Saxon, as compared with those derived from other sources, without any reference whatever to the relative value of the words, the criterion is by no means a fair one. For there are, of course, many words—such as the articles, pronouns, prepositions, con-

junctions, &c.—which must necessarily occur much oftener than others; and are, therefore, met with three or four times over in the same passage. It is true, indeed, that if, dismissing the question of numbers, we consider simply the position these words occupy in the language, and that if they are repeated frequently, it is only because we cannot help it; then, though their being counted over two or three times, gives us an exaggerated estimate of the number of Anglo-Saxon words, that very exaggeration is far from adequately expressing the extent to which that portion of the language prevails.

Upon the whole, the English language, in copiousness and variety, as well as in most other qualities, will vie with almost any language, ancient or modern. The words of old Camden are still more applicable to it now than when they were originally written:—"Whereas our tongue is mixed, it is no disgrace. The Italian is pleasant, but without sinews, as a still, fleeting water. The French delicate, but even nice as a woman, scarce daring to open her lip for fear of marring her countenance. The Spanish majesticall, but fulsome, running too much on the o, and terrible like the divell in a play. The Dutch manlike, but withall very harsh, as one ready, at every word, to picke a quarrell. Now we, in borrowing from them, give the strength of consonants to the Italian; the full sound of words to the French; the variety of terminations to the Spanish; and the mollifying of more vowels to the Dutch: and so, like bees, we gather the honey of their good properties, and leave the dregs to themselves. And thus, when substantialnesse combineth with delightfulness, fulnesse with finenesse, seemliness with portliness, and currentnesse with staydnesse, how can the language which consisteth of all these, sound other than full of all sweetnesse?"

—*Edinburgh Review.*

OLD ENGLISH SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

SOUTHWARK LITERARY SOCIETY.

THE Lecture-room of this Institution was opened for the winter course on the 30th ult., when the introductory discourse was given by Albert Smith, Esq., M.R.C.S., "On the Ancient Sports and Pastimes of the People of England." After a brief address, explanatory of the Norman and Saxon eras; the origin of military games in Britain; and the rise, progress, and decline of chivalry; Mr. Smith proceeded to consider his lecture under two heads,

• • Camden's "Remains."

viz.—1. "Sports adapted for the open air, and usually exercised in towns and cities, or places adjoining them;" and 2. "Domestic amusements of various kinds, and pastimes appropriated to particular seasons." The exploits of the English archers with the bow and arbalest; the glories of the tournament; the quintain, and the ring; were severally explained, as well as the origin of the English drama. The plays were first called "miracles," because they represented the miracles performed by holy men, and described in the Bible; after that, they were termed "mysteries," because the most mysterious subjects of Scripture were chosen for their foundation; and, finally, they assumed the title of "moralities," being chiefly of a moral tendency, in praise of virtue and condemnation of vice. These subjects were certainly well chosen, as the church was the usual theatre of their performance, and the parish clerks and minor ecclesiastics officiated as the actors. A "vice," or fool, was always introduced, "to tumble the characters one over the other, for the sake of disport," who bore a perfect analogy to the clown of the modern pantomime. Neither were the gleemen, nor troubadours forgotten. A concise history of the minstrels, the joculators, and "hoppeteres," followed; and their propensity for trained animals, as the Van Amburghs and Carters of former days, was evident in the docility of their trained oxen, "that rode on horses blowing trumpets;" their steeds, that "daunced on y^e rope;" and the birds that walked on stilts. Old May-day, and its games, likewise formed a prominent feature of the lecture; and we had the entire history of the May-pole. We were told how the early reformers waged war against May-games, and the hobby-horse, the dragon, and Friar Tuck; how the May-poles got up as zeal grew cool, and got down as it grew furious; how they were restored by Charles II., after many ups and downs, at his restoration; how evil May-day occurred, and what it led to; how the milkmaids of the last century trimmed their garland of plate; and how, and why, in our own times, the sweeps appear to support the rustie pageantry. These and many more stirring recollections of the olden time were brought before our notice. The setting of the city watch, with its bright armour, and blazing cressets, upon St. John's Eve; Bartholomew Fair two centuries ago, with its early shows of wonder—its "hares that beat the tabor;" and its "motion-makers," or puppet-shews—all were noticed; as well as the origin of chess, cards, tables, &c. The whole lecture was illustrated by a

large and glittering collection of illuminated diagrams, representing the style of our ancestors' revels, from the "bringing in of the Yule log" at "olde Christemass," to the brilliant tournament of the *moyen age*, chiefly copied and enlarged from MSS. in the Bodleian and Harleian Libraries, &c. Mr. Smith observed, in conclusion: "The majority of the sports and pastimes we have endeavoured this evening to describe, have long since faded away; their recollection is only freshened by the illumination of aged missals on dust-covered and undisturbed shelves. The joyous and homely amusements that procured for our own fair country the honest appellation of 'merrie Englande,' live but in the old manuscripts; the armour that gleamed in the sun-light of the glittering lists, has become rusted and destroyed by age; the humble quiltain has been felled to supply the fire of the stately manor-house; and with it the rustic May-pole has shared the same fate! The smooth pastures and open lands of Finsburie, Moorefields, and the Field of the Forty Footsteps, have become covered with modern and unromantic habitations; and the simple, but withal kindly feelings, that warmed the breasts of our forefathers, have vanished as the anxieties of life have been rendered keener by our increased education and refinement." We are happy to add that the room was filled with a numerous and highly respectable audience, who testified their approbation of Mr. Albert Smith's efforts by warm and frequent applause.

Varieties.

Eccentricity.—A rich Hollander has collected the play-bills of all the theatres in the world for the last twenty years, which he has bound up with notes, &c. By these documents it appears that *Der Frieschults*, by Weber, *Tancredi*, by Rossini, and *Robert the Devil* by Meyerbeer, have been the pieces most often represented during that period. Up to this time *Robert the Devil* has, as it appears by the archives of this Dutch amateur, been performed at one hundred and forty-four theatres.—[We have heard of three or four weak persons in England who are afflicted with this play-bill mania.]

Literary Trade.—Authors, as members of society, partake of its characteristics, and reflect them. They not only cease to be imaginative, because the public makes no demand for the result, but because the sources of imagination are dried up in themselves, as in other men, by the circumstances of society. The power of producing without capital, peculiar to authorship, has, in the overworked state of the markets for all other modes of industry, made literature a trade. The object of all trade is to produce much and fast; while the demand for books having descended to the masses, has rendered an inferior literature not merely tolerable, but acceptable.—[From a searching paper in the *Athenæum*, in which are some new positions worthy of consideration. Did it occur to the writer that, during the quiescence of imagination, to which he alludes, an extraordinary demand has arisen for what is, among publishers, denominated standard

literature; else, why so many reprints of sterling works, which have been tried in the furnace of time? The taste of the day is not to produce but to reproduce, and the present generation, we take it, will lose little by "the retrogradation."]

Electric Centipede and Beetle.—My friend Mr. Thomas Scandrett, tells me that, one evening in the autumn of 1838, a little girl called his attention to seven or eight patches of brilliant light on the floor of an out-house, on Mr. Savery's farm, Gould's Green, Hillingdon. On examination, a beetle was found, with an electric centipede in its jaws, and, wherever it dragged the latter, luminous traces followed. Both creatures were caught and put into a tumbler, and in the course of an hour the beetle devoured its prey, and completely extinguished the light.—*Fennell's Child's Book of Zoology.*

Death's-head Moth.—Its large size, the grim portrait on its shoulders, its shining eyes, together with the power it possesses of producing a pitiful cry, like the squeak of a mouse, render it an object of alarm to the ignorant and superstitious in England, Scotland, France, Poland, and almost everywhere that it appears, especially when it flies into the room in the evening and blows out the candle. Then Mr. Death's-head squeaks, and his eyes glare; and when he is caught, and observed to have a figure of a human skull on his shoulders, the sudden visit and rude behaviour of so strange a creature, make the inmates turn pale, gaze earnestly at each other, and wonder which of them is to die. The sick-bed, tears of repentance, the coffin, and the grave, immediately occur to their minds. How silly of people, endowed with reason, to let themselves be alarmed by the visit of a moth!—*Ibid.*

Lesson for the People.—A better service cannot be rendered to the people, than to shew them how they may most safely as well as beneficially avail themselves of the advice of great statesmen, namely, by looking to them, and taking counsel with them; but also by thinking and resolving for themselves, so as to prevent their counsellors from becoming their masters, and administering the state affairs not for the country's benefit but their own.—*Edinburgh Review.*

Brindley the Engineer.—Though one of the most successful engineers of his age, he was so truly illiterate that he is said to have been scarcely able to read or to write. By his unrivalled powers of abstraction and of memory, he often executed his plans without committing them to paper; and when he was engaged in any difficult or complex undertaking, he was in the habit of retiring to bed, where he often remained for two or three days, till he had thoroughly completed his design. So singular, indeed, was the structure of his mind, that the spectacle of a play, in London, disturbed to such a degree the balance of its mechanism, that he could not, for some time, resume his usual pursuits.—*Ibid.*

Richard Le Noir, the Arkwright of France, the first cotton-manufacturer of the country, who, after having, at one time, from the station of a labourer, raised himself to a fortune of nearly a million sterling, died lately in Paris, a poor man; having been ruined, at the Restoration, by the competition which English goods brought into the markets of the Continent. As prosperity had never raised him, so adversity did not affect him; and he died as he lived, a model of industry and simplicity. He was followed to the grave by about eight hundred of his former workmen.—[We copy this announcement from the newspapers; and being, at the same moment, analysing Arago's brilliant *Eloge* on James Watt, the question—How comes it "that Le Noir was not ennobled?" is forced upon us by Arago's cutting taunt of our neglect of Watt—"the second Archimedes, the benefactor of his race—whose memory future generations will for ever bless." "What," continues Arago, "I inquire, was done for him during his lifetime? The peerage is in England the first of dig-

nitia, the highest of rewards; and you will naturally suppose that West was created a Peer. So far was this from being the case, that it was never even thought of. When I inquired into the cause of this neglect, what think you was the reply? "It is not the system," it was said, (and I quote the very phrase), "to grant these honours to scientific and literary men, to artists or engineers!"

The Royal George.—A huge breast-hook, large fragments of timbers, much plank, both interior and exterior, rudders, knees, and various other items, have been daily fished up, and now form a high pile in the Portsmouth dock-yard. A few human bones have been found; and near them a silk handkerchief of a rusty black colour, and not rotten, but still strong enough to bear being washed!—*Times*.

Lord Glenelg.—Amongst the different bequests in the will of the late Major-General Sir W. Blackburne, is one, of £1,000, to Lord Glenelg, which is in the following words: "I bequeath to Lord Glenelg, late Secretary of the Colonies, £1,000, as a mark of my high respect for his public conduct in the East India Colonial Department."—*Observer*.

People should be guarded against temptation to unlawful pleasures, by furnishing the means of innocent ones. In every community there must be pleasures, relaxations, and means of agreeable excitement; and if innocent are not furnished, resort will be had to criminal. Man was made to enjoy as well as to labour, and the state of society should be adapted to this principle of human nature. Men drink to excess very often to shake off depression, or to satisfy the restless thirst for agreeable excitement, and these motives are excluded in a cheerful community.—*Dr. Channing*.

Spenser's Poetry.—Edmund Spenser possessed the abstract faculty of poetry in a higher degree than any other poet in England. He occupies, in common with three other illustrious men, the first rank of poetical fame in his country; but in the truest sense of the term poetry he stands before all, unapproachable alone. When we wish to be removed altogether from the actual world, to take up our residence in the exclusive poetical region, to be laid in the bosom of a more quiet and a more lovely nature than that of earth, we must resort to the works of Spenser. Himself a man of action, his poetry is the expression of perfect luxuriousness and relaxation—of a fair-land of voluptuous sentiment and fancy, where the pathos that is there does not act with tears, and the passion and strength, that are there also, influence us through a medium of visionary sublimity, and by associations of preternatural power. The controlling presence of the poetry of Spenser is a love of beauty, and a sensuous pleasure. We have them equally in his description of a lonely solitude, or of a scene of more than eastern magnificence; in his picture of a withered old man in his cave, or of the wanton beauties of an enchanted lake. Spenser's imagination is inexhaustible, and his command of language the most copious and most various. And though his genius is, as we have said, steeped in pleasure, all it sends forth may rank in the very first order of refinement and moral truth. If a fault could be charged, indeed, against his great poem, it would be, perhaps, that its moral design is even obtrusive.—*The Book of Gems*.—[It augurs well of the taste of the reading public, (by whom we mean the educated masses), to find Spenserian poetry becoming more popular year after year; which taste may have been fostered by the cheap reprints of the works of this truly illustrious poet.]

Richard Cœur-de-Lion.—A design for a tomb to receive the heart and statue of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, in the style of the twelfth century, has been prepared by M. Deville, conservator of monuments in the cathedral of Rouen. It is proposed to place it in the chapel of the Virgin in the cathedral, near the tomb of Cardinal d'Amboise.

Antiquities.—The King of Naples has just renewed a decree of 1822, against the removal of ob-

jects of art and historical monuments from any public edifices, or private chapels, and prohibiting the demolition of any antiquities, such as temples, mausoleums, aqueducts, &c., even when they are the property of private individuals.—*Times*.

Silly People.—No association is more common than pride and stinginess. We take from nature, from real pleasures, nay, from the stock of necessities, what we lavish upon opinion. One man adorns his palace at the expense of his kitchen; another prefers a fine service of plate to a good dinner; a third makes a sumptuous entertainment, and starves himself the rest of the year. When I see a sideboard richly decorated, I expect the wine to be very indifferent. How often in the country, when we breathe the fresh morning air, are we not tempted by the prospect of a fine garden! We rise early, and by walking gain a keen appetite, which makes us wish for breakfast. Perhaps the domestic is out of the way, or provisions are wanting, or the lady has not given her orders, and you are tired to death with waiting. Sometimes people prevent your desires, and make you a very pompous offer of everything, upon condition that you accept of nothing. You must fast till 3 o'clock, or breakfast with the tulips. I remember to have walked in a very beautiful park, which belonged to a lady, who, though extremely fond of coffee, never drank any but when at a very low price; yet she liberally allowed her gardener a salary of 1,000 crowns. For my part I should choose to have tulips less finely variegated, and to drink coffee whenever my appetite called for it.—*Rousseau*.

Musk.—Of all odours the most intolerable to those who do not use it is musk. Many persons are inconvenienced by it to such a degree that they could not stay for five minutes in a room containing the minutest quantity of it. It is also the odour which adheres the longest. A coat upon which musk has been thrown will smell of it at the end of two years, though it have been during the whole time exposed to the open air; but in apartments it will endure almost for ever. The late Empress Josephine was very fond of musk, and, above all, of musk. Her dressing-room at Malmaison was filled with it, in spite of Napoleon's frequent remonstrances. Twenty-five years have elapsed since her death, and the present owner of Malmaison, M. Hagerman, has had the walls of that dressing-room repeatedly washed and painted; but neither scrubbing, aqua-fortis, nor paint, has been able to remove the smell of the good Empress' musk, which continues as strong as if the bottle which contained it had been but yesterday removed.—*Morning Post*.

Emigration.—We see advertised a pamphlet, entitled *How to get to South Australia*; but are of opinion that *Plain Instructions How to Return* would be a more servicable publication.

A Disproof.—In the *Quarterly Review*, just published, an assertion is hazarded, that there is only one man in England whose loss, at this moment, would create "a sensation"—and that individual is "*the Duke*." The recent interest upon the reported death of Lord Brougham must be considered as somewhat "untoward" for the Reviewer's prophecy.

Blowing up the Royal George.—At Woolwich Academy, on the 24th of June, 1789, the contrivance of one Sergeant Bell, for blowing up the *Royal George*, was tried upon a vessel built by his directions upon a scale of one inch to fifty of the *Royal George's* size. The vessel was sunk in the river Thames, and with 50lb. of powder, afterwards conducted into her magazine, was blown to pieces. The experiment took place at high water, and answered every expectation of the inventor of it.—*Gentlemen's Magazine*, 1789, p. 753.

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NEW SOUTH WALES.



CAPTAIN COOK'S TABLET, CAPE SOLANDER, BOTANY BAY.

CAPTAIN COOK'S TABLET.

The interesting memorial upon the preceding page, has been engraved from a sketch taken on the spot* by Dr. J. Lhotsky, on his recent visit to Australia. It represents Cape Solander, Botany Bay, New South Wales, the spot whereon Captain Cook first landed; and where a brass tablet, commemorating this historical event, was erected by Sir Thomas Brisbane, G.C.B., when Governor of New South Wales.

It will be recollected that Cook was selected as a fit person to conduct the voyage undertaken into the South Pacific Ocean, for astronomical and geographical purposes, which sailed from Plymouth Sound, August 26, 1768. He was accompanied by Mr. (afterwards Sir Joseph) Banks and Dr. Solander, who were appointed naturalists to the Expedition. Having visited Otaheite, and there satisfactorily observed the transit of the planet Venus over the disc of the sun, Cook resumed his voyage, July 13, 1769; and, after cruising for a month among the other Society Islands, sailed southwards in quest of the unknown continent *Terra Australis Incognita*, which was formerly supposed to exist somewhere as a counterpoise to the great mass of land in the northern hemisphere. Lofty mountains were seen October 6, and it was imagined that the object of their search was found. The land, however, proved to be New Zealand, which had not been visited by Europeans since it was discovered by Tasman, in 1642. Cook spent six months in sailing round it; and found it to consist of two large islands, divided by a narrow channel; but the warlike and savage temper of the natives hindered him from doing much to explore the interior. We now approach the locality of the prefixed Engraving, Cape Solander, named after one of the naturalists to the Expedition. The following details are extracted from an excellent *precis* of Cook's voyage, in a popular work:†

"Having now completely circumnavigated New Zealand, and being resolved to return home, Cook considered it proper to take the opinion of his officers on the route to be pursued. His own wish was to go back by Cape Horn, and thus determine the question of a southern continent; but, to effect this, it would have been necessary to keep in a high southern latitude in the

very depth of winter,—an undertaking for which the vessel was insufficient. The same objection was urged against proceeding directly to the Cape of Good Hope; and "it was therefore resolved," says our navigator, "that we should return by the East Indies, and that with this view we should, upon leaving the coast, steer westward till we should fall in with the east coast of New Holland, and then follow the direction of that coast to the northward till we should arrive at its northern extremity; but if that should be found impracticable, it was further resolved that we should endeavour to fall in with the land or islands said to have been discovered by Quiros."‡

"With this view, at dawn of the 31st of March, Cook put to sea with a fresh gale, and took his departure from a point which he named Cape Farewell. His course, which lay almost due west, between the latitudes of 38° and 40°, was nearly coincident with that of Tasman from Van Diemen's Land to New Zealand. On the 15th of April, the voyagers observed an egg-bird and a gannet, and on the next day a small land-bird alighted on the rigging, but no bottom was found with 120 fathoms. A pintado-bird and two Port Egmont hens were seen on the succeeding morning, and were considered certain signs of the vicinity of land, which, indeed, was discovered on the following day, the 19th, stretching from north-east to west.

"The most southerly point, which received the name of Lieutenant Hicks, who first descried it, was estimated to lie in latitude 38° S., and longitude 211° 7' W.; but Cook could not determine whether it joined Van Diemen's Land. He instantly made sail to the northward, and on the 28th was in latitude 34° S., when he discovered a bay, in which he remained eight days. The coast, so far as yet visited, was of a pleasing aspect, diversified by hills, valleys, and lawns, and almost everywhere clothed with lofty trees. Smoke arose from the woods in several places, and some inhabitants, four of whom carried a small canoe upon their shoulders, were observed walking briskly along the shore; but, owing to the surf which broke on every part of the beach, it was impossible to approach them. On entering the bay, a few huts and several natives were seen; four small canoes were likewise discerned, with one man in each, so busily occupied in striking fish with a long spear that they scarcely turned their eyes towards the ship, which passed them within a quarter of a mile. The anchor being cast in front of a village, preparation was made for hoisting out a boat; during which

* Lithographed by G. F. Madeley, and published by Dr. Lhotsky, 5, Old Compton-street, Soho, 18th September, 1839; and by whose permission the prefixed Engraving has been executed. The historical interest of the locality which it represents must render Dr. Lhotsky's Lithograph a desirable addition to the portfolio of the progress of civilization.

† Circumnavigation of the Globe. Edinburgh Cabinet Library.

‡ Hawkesworth's Coll. vol. iii. p. 29.

an aged female, followed by three children, issued from a wood. They were loaded with boughs, and, on approaching a hut, three younger infants advanced to meet them; but, though they often looked at the ship, they expressed neither fear nor wonder. The same want of interest was shewn by the four fishermen, who hauled up their canoes, and began to dress their food at the fire which the old woman had kindled. A party were sent out to effect a landing; but no sooner had they approached some rocks, than two of the men, armed with lances about ten feet long, and short sticks which, it was supposed, they employed in throwing their spears, came down and called aloud in harsh language, quite unknown to Tupia, (the Otaheitan,) brandishing their weapons, in evidence of their determination to defend the coast. The rest ran off, abandoning their countrymen to an odds of forty to two. Having ordered his boat to lie on her oars, Cook made signs of friendship, and offered presents of nails and other trifles, with which the savages seemed to be pleased; but, on the first symptom of a nearer approach to the shore, they again assumed a hostile bearing. A musket was fired between them, the report of which caused the younger to drop a bundle of lances, which he again snatched up, and a stone was thrown at the English. Cook now directed small shot to be used; when the elder, being struck on the leg, ran to a hut, from which, however, he instantly returned, bearing a sort of shield; when he and his comrade threw each a lance, but without inflicting injury. The fire of a third musket was followed by the discharge of another spear; after which the savages ran off. It was found that the children had hid themselves in one of the huts; and, without disturbing them, Cook, having left some beads and other articles, retired with all the lances he could find. Next morning, not one of the trinkets had been moved, nor was a single native to be seen near the spot.

"Small parties were met with at other places during the excursions in search of water, provisions, and natural curiosities. The people were perfectly naked, very dark coloured, but not black; their hair was bushy, and some very old men were observed, with long beards, while the aged females had their locks cropped short. They subsisted chiefly on fish, dressed at fires both on shore and in their canoes. The country was stocked with wood, of which, however, only two kinds were thought worthy the appellation of timber; shrubs, palms, mangroves, and a variety of plants—many unknown to the naturalists—were plentiful; birds, some of great

beauty, abounded; and there were several strange quadrupeds. Such, to its first European visitors, appeared the characteristics of BOTANY BAY, so called from the profusion of plants with which, through the industry of Messrs. Banks and Solander, that department of natural history was enriched. To a harbour, about three miles farther north, "in which there appeared to be good anchorage," Cook gave the title of Port Jackson,—a name which has since become familiar in every quarter of the world. On the banks of this noble inlet have risen the towns of Sidney and Paramatta, and its waters, on which 1,000 ships of the line might ride in safety, are whitened by the sails of almost every people of Europe."

• *Appropos*, of Captain Cook:—"On the 1st inst., died, at his residence, Claremont Place, Islington, Mr. William Griffin, formerly of Watford, in his 85th year; supposed to be the last survivor of those who accompanied Captain Cook in his third or last voyage of discovery."—*Times*, Nov. 4, 1839.

CHARACTERISTICS.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

Appearances.—One of the most difficult lessons to impress on the minds of women, is, the defencelessness of fame unless prudence guards the outposts; and, alas! this lesson is often only acquired by the loss of that which prudence alone can preserve; and she who has not violated the laws of virtue finds herself condemned as a criminal for having been only remiss in appearances, and has to weep over a blighted name, while the heart is still untainted.

The one Care.—This was the only alloy to their happiness, the only drop of bitterness in their cup. But so it is ever, even with the happiest—some care or fear will always arise to throw a cloud over what otherwise might be too bright for our imperfect natures.

British Statesmen.—From St. Stephen's to Westminster Abbey the distance is short, but the road is difficult; and those who have traced it gloriously, led on by genius, and supported by principle, sleep calmly the sleep of death, unmoved by all that could once animate their glowing souls, within a few paces of the scene of their past triumphs. What a contrast between the scene of turmoil and worldly cares before us—the passion-stirring harangues and the angry rejoinders,—and the awful silence of the house of God, where repose all that was earthly of those deathless souls!

A LEGEND OF WINDSOR FOREST.

(Concluded from page 86.)

"SCENES have occurred," continued the spirit, "of greater import than any you have ever been engaged in, and on the confines of this forest too: but they will be forgotten in time, as your names also will pass away. Have you any wish to see the past?"

"I have more to see the future," returned Mark.

"As mortals generally have," replied the oak. "And yet the misery which anticipated grief would occasion, would be but poorly recompensed by the foreseen joy."

"Indeed," said Mark, "I never balanced those chances before; but I begin to think that you are right."

"And I know I am," returned his visitor. "But you shall see all—the past, present, and to come. Mount my branches, and do not bruise me too much in climbing up, for I cannot afford to lose sap as I used to do."

At any other time, Mark would have hesitated, but conversation had established a sort of intimacy between him and his quaint companion; so he carefully mounted the trunk, and seated himself among the first branches. He had no sooner done so, than the oak gradually shot up far above the level of the other forest trees; and then a dense mist rose all around him, breaking through the leafy foliage, like the smoke creeping through the top bundle of wood upon first lighting a fire. By degrees it cleared off again, and the space formed by its opening became lighter and lighter, until it was as bright as if a thousand Bude lights had been shining on it; only, in those days, there was no New House of Commons, nor Polytechnic Institution—each equally celebrated for its natural magic and droll illusions.

"Attend!" said the oak, whose odd head had kept close to Mark all the time. "We are about to shew you scenes that have long since been acted, and that will be in future times. Do not let a single picture escape you."

As he spoke, the mist entirely rolled away, and discovered the forest and its surrounding country, as one would imagine it seen from a considerable elevation, under the cheering influence of a bright summer morning. In the centre stood the fair Castle, and the silvery Thames was creeping along the meadows in the vicinity, washing the then circumscribed walls with its pure and gentle wave. The Gothic spires of Burnham Abbey were just visible above the surrounding foliage; and the

sound of the old Saxon bells chiming to matins, floated gently on the wind, over the green and fresh plains, encompassing the few cottages which, in after times, formed the village of Dorney. Further out in the goodly panorama, Runymede stretched its verdant expanse along the banks of the river, with the little town of Egham rising above the brow of the hill that overlooked it; and beyond this the proud monastery of Chertsey appeared in the distance, rearing its princely towers over the few rustic buildings that surrounded it. A long array of tall and goodly trees were gently waving their leafy branches over the rich pastures which they shadowed; and the whole space was dotted by numerous little villages, unassuming hostleries, and stately mansions, that have long since mouldered to decay—the ploughshare alone serving to uncover their remains, and give evidence that such buildings ever were.

As Mark gazed with admiration upon the pleasant scene which lay extended at his feet, the outlines gradually became less distinct, and then blended themselves with each other into new forms; but by a change perfectly imperceptible. The distant objects faded away entirely, and the Castle extended and enlarged its walls, which, still increasing, appeared to close around him like the wondrous images of magic. He seemed to be standing in the court-yard, and the Round Tower, then but slightly elevated above the surrounding turrets, was before him, glowing in the rich and mellow tint of an autumnal sunset. A fair and gentle girl was wandering in the *parterre* of the little verdant enclosure at the foot of the mount; she was so delicately formed, and withal so beautiful, as to seem some lovely spirit, under whose care the exquisite and varied offsprings of the teeming earth were placed—herself the fairest. She held a letter in her hand, which, in the absence of other means, she had secured with a slight tress of her long silky hair; and she was anxiously gazing at a latticed window of the tower, as if in expectation of some appointed signal. Shortly, the casement opened, and a young cavalier presented himself, over whose pale, yet handsome features, a bright gleam of joy radiated, as he saw his heart's fair idol in the garden beneath. He hastily let down a silken line, to which the lady attached the letter, and, drawing it up again with the same rapidity, he kissed his hand and withdrew, as the measured tramp of the men-at-arms upon the ramparts warned him of their approach. We have observed Mark's knowledge of history was rather limited:—had it not been so, he might have known that the

unfortunate James I. of Scotland was somtyme a prisoner in the keep of Windsor Castle, and that from his lone apartment he wooed and won the Lady Jane Beaufort.

The neighing of the heavily-caparisoned war-horse, the hoarse bray of the clarion, the clanging of richly-embossed armour, and a long glittering array of battle troops, fluttering pennons, and waving plumes, succeeded to the scene of love and captivity that had, but e'en now, attracted Mark's attention. Surrounded by a natural amphitheatre of wooded hills, and supported by the branches of a huge oak, whose gnarled and misshapen roots grew towards a majestic river flowing beneath it, a gorgeous and emblazoned tent was shading a warlike party from the sun's rays. At a table, in the centre of the group, stood a man of high and noble bearing, encased in complete armour—the crown upon his helmet alone serving to shew that he was a King of England. But there was little respect shewn to his royalty; for warriors of stern and haughty demeanour had surrounded him, and appeared to be compelling him to sign a document that was lying on the table. He would willingly have refused; yet, as he gazed upon the broad plain before him, covered with thousands of stalwart men, and saw their long-continued lines still shining amidst the more distant foliage of the hill and the country far beyond, he became too well aware of the powerful force opposed against him, and he knew that the exasperated barons, who were standing firm and resolute around his *dais*, would not be again thwarted. With an ill-suppressed emotion of powerless rage he signed the parchment; and the loud and prolonged shout, which rang far and wide, echoing over hill and plain, until the forest groves caught up the sound, starting the deer from its covert, proclaimed that the charter of England's liberty had received its monarch's signature on Runymede.

The bright sunlight, under whose influence Mark had viewed the preceding vision, now disappeared, and the approaching twilight appeared to be gradually stealing over the narrow and darkening streets of a small town. Numbers of the inhabitants had collected together in the open space, some pacing to and fro in a restless anxiety, and others debating, in little groups, with much apparent energy of discourse, while the solemn voice of a monastery bell was sweeping over the adjacent country, with mournful and protracted tollings. Presently, a long train of monks

were visible at the distant end of the street, bearing lighted torches in their hands, and the tread, as of a large company, became audible. On they came—soldiers, monks, and choristers—preceding a gorgeous bier, which now wound its course along a causeway, towards the monastery gate, and then entered that edifice, followed by a numerous train of people, who pressed eagerly after it. Ere long, the corpse was placed on tressels before the altar, and the "De profundis" began to peal through the lofty aisles. It was an imposing sight, that beautiful abbey, and the torches cast a lurid and fitful gleam upon the polished armour and silken scarfs suspended round its walls, whose owners had long slept beneath the hollow pavement. But the hymn soon stopped; and then the abbot, an austere and holy man, arose, and called the attention of the multitude to the corpse before them. Its features were distorted, and the dim blue eyes were open, with an expression that shewed the parting struggle to have been severe. A small clot of blood had oozed through the cere-cloth, in which the body was swathed, and trickled slowly on the bier; a drooping crimson rose lay on its marble brow, and a diadem was bound, as if in mockery, upon the lifeless forehead. The people listened to the address of the abbot with respectful quietude; but a sound far different to prayer arose, when he told them that the body now brought to Chertsey monastery for interment, was that of their mild and gentle, but ill-fated, monarch, Henry of Lancaster.

The scene again changed; but this time it was the musical and joyous sound of woman's laughter that fell upon Mark's ear, instead of the angry excitement he had just witnessed. The locality was again at the river's side, and on a smooth green plain, encompassed by a belt of fine old trees:—those of our own time would not have recognised Datchet Mead in the field before them. A couple of stout serving-men, clad in blue hose and buff jerkin, were toiling with a buck-basket towards the bank of the river, and the occasional distrustful visage of a fat and jolly reveller, appeared, above the heap of linen that enveloped him, too plainly apprehensive of his immersion in the water, which presently took place. In the distance, two fair dames were watching their trusty servitors with ill-suppressed glee, and their eyes were sparkling with mischief-loving wickedness. Still further on stood a man regarding the group, whose high, intellectual forehead, piercing eye, and wonderfully expressive countenance, betokened him to be of no ordinary mind. He ever

and anon penned some lines upon his tablets, as if to describe the mirth-provoking scene. The deer-stalker of Stratford-upon-Avon had become the Queen's favourite, and he was collecting subjects for her amusement.

As the last tableau faded away, a drowsiness stole over Mark's spirit; and when he next came to himself the sun had not risen, but day was about to break, and the solitary carol of the earliest bird of the greenwood, alone echoed through the still forest. Mark rubbed his eyes, and endeavoured to collect the incidents of the night. His brothers were still sleeping around him, and opposite to him was the old tree, with which he had held such strange converse during the night: the empty drinking-horns were strewn upon the ground, as they had been left the evening before; his hunting-spear was still at his side; in fact, everything was as it ought to have been. Nevertheless, his visions had left a strange impression on his mind, that he could not well shake off; and when his brothers awoke and went to join the chase again, Mark excused himself on the ground of indisposition; yet, as soon as they had departed, he bent his way towards a totally different part of the forest.

Time passed on, and two years after these events, Mark was reclining one evening under the old tree, once more at the trysting-place of other days and former revels; but now he was not alone. A female, radiant with all the fascinations of those potent philtres—youth and loveliness—was seated by his side, playing with the long chestnut hair, which now fell smoothly and gracefully over his shoulders; and, upon the turf before them, a little cherub-faced infant was toying with the daisies that peeped above the grass to kiss the sunbeams. The old oak's advice had not been without effect, for Mark was married; and his brothers themselves were also in a much fairer way of having their names handed down to posterity, than any of their wild freaks or dare-devil fancies would ever have done. The old mansion was put in order, and the number of dogs and horses diminished, as its other occupants increased. The noisy gentlemen in yellow boots, who had been accustomed to come whenever they liked, and whoop, and shout, and sing, and drink the brothers' wine, were compelled to find some other quarters; and in a little time their tumultuous orgies were supplanted by the tiny prattle of infancy, repeating the homely old English distich, from the illuminated manuscript, which, handed from one generation to another, may be at pre-

sent (at least for aught we know) quietly reposing in musty indolence on the venerable shelves of the library of Eton College.

Courteous reader, (or kind reader, or gentle reader, or wearied reader, or any other epithet you like to apply to yourself, in consonance with your present disposition,) all fairy tales should have a "ryght pleasant and moral ende;" and so, in the name of all the young ladies in our neighbourhood, which same locality is visible from the Round Tower, we beg to tell our uproarious merry-making bachelor friends, that there still exist as many fair faces and sancy laughing eyes, to be found about Windsor Forest, as there were "once upon a time," who may possibly instruct them as to the best plan (in the words of the real Great Unknown—the celebrated anonymous author of "Mother Bunch and the White Cat") "of living happy all the rest of their days until they die."

ALBERT.

MAGAZINE LITERATURE.

BY SIR RICHARD PHILLIPS.

SIR JOHN HAWKINS, in his interesting *Memoirs of Johnson*, ascribes the decline of literature to the ascendancy of frivolous Magazines, between the years 1740 and 1760. He says that they render snatterers conceited, and confer the superficial glitter of knowledge instead of its substance. For my own part, I know that in 1790, and for many years previously, there were sold of the traffic called *The Town and Country Magazine*, full 15,000 copies per month; and of another, *The Ladies' Magazine*, from 16,000 to 22,000: such circumstances were, therefore, calculated to draw forth the observations of Hawkins. *The Gentleman's Magazine*, in its days of popular extracts, never rose above 10,000; and, after it became more decidedly antiquarian, it fell in sale, and continued for many years at 3,000. There was also a lighter work, called *The European Magazine*, and once, better selected, called *The Universal Magazine*; both of which sold also to the latter extent. These were the periodicals with which I had to contend when I began *The Monthly Magazine*, in 1795; but till 1824, when I sold that work, the average regular sale never exceeded 3,500, or 3,750; and the two last fell in sale, from various causes, till discontinued.

The veriest trifles, and only such, move the mass of minds which compose the public. The sale of *The Town and Country* was created by a fictitious article, called *Bon Ton*, in which were given the pretended amours of two personages, imagined to be real, with two sham portraits.

The idea was conceived, and, for above twenty years, was executed, by Count Carraccioli; but, on his death, about 1792, the article lost its spirit, and within seven years the Magazine was obliged to be discontinued. The *Ladies' Magazine* was, in like manner, sustained by love tales, and its low price of sixpence; which, till after 1790, was the general price of Magazines.

After 1795, the varieties expanded; and they have, at this time (1828)—weekly, monthly, and quarterly—increased to the number of 130 several works: about half of which pay their current expenses, and a quarter may be attended by profits. Those of the largest sale are the theological; and two or three of these, at sixpence, sell to the extent of 20,000. Those which aspire to the higher walks of literature, do not rise above 3,000; and some, who swagger about their numbers, are happy to count 1000. The scientific journals rise from 500 to 1000. The affectation of possessing, not of reading, what none can read but literary post-horses, occasions a demand for the *Edinburgh Review*, of, perhaps, 4,000, though it was 12,000; and for the *Quarterly Review*, of about double that number, though it used to boast of 13,000.

Periodical literature, like everything else, is in a course of constant change. Nothing can be more transitory than the popularity of Magazines, but they serve to disseminate knowledge.

LONDON LIFE IN 1714.

[In Defoe's *Journey through England*, we find the following spirited sketch of the Town a century and a quarter since. It is truly graphic, and as characteristic as might be expected from the author; who was accustomed to treat his subject from "such hints as he had caught up in society, not one of which seems to have been lost upon him:"]

I am lodged in the street called Pall-mall, the ordinary residence of all strangers, because of its vicinity to the Queen's palace, the park, the Parliament-house, the theatres, and the chocolate and coffee-houses, where the best company frequent. If you would know our manner of living, 'tis thus; we rise by nine, and those that frequent great men's levees find entertainment at them till eleven, or, as in Holland, go to tea-tables; about twelve, the *beau-monde* assembles in several coffee or chocolate-houses: the best of which are, the Cocoa-tree and White's chocolate-houses, St. James's, the Smyrna, Mrs. Rochford's, and the British coffee-houses; and all these so near one another, that in less than an hour you

see the company of them all. We are carried to these places in chairs, (or sedans,) which are here very cheap, a guinea a-week, or a shilling per hour; and your chairmen serve you for porters to run on errands as your gondoliers do at Venice.

If it be fine weather, we take a turn into the park till two, when we go to dinner; and if it be dirty, you are entertained at piquet or basset at White's, or you may talk politics at the Smyrna and St. James's. I must not forget to tell you, that the parties have their different places, where, however, a stranger is always well received; but a whig will no more go to the Cocoa-tree, or Osinda's, than a tory will be seen at the coffee-house at St. James's.

The Scots go generally to the British, and a mixture of all sorts to the Smyrna. There are other little coffee-houses much frequented in this neighbourhood,—Young Man's for officers, Old Man's for stock-jobbers, pay-masters, and courtiers, and Little Man's for sharpers. I never was so confounded in my life as when I entered into this last: I saw two or three tables full at faro, heard the box and dice rattling in the room above stairs, and was surrounded by a set of sharp faces, that I was afraid would have devoured me with their eyes. I was glad to drop two or three half-crowns at faro to get off with a clear skin, and was overjoyed I so got rid of them.

At two, we generally go to dinner: ordinaries are not so common here as abroad, yet the French have set up two or three pretty good ones for the convenience of foreigners, in Suffolk-street, where one is tolerably well served; but the general way here is, to make a party at the coffee-house to go to dine at the tavern, where we sit till six, when we go to the play; except you are invited to the table of some great man, which strangers are always courted to, and nobly entertained.

I know abundance of French, that, by keeping a pocket-list of tables, live so almost all the year round, and yet never appear at the same place above once in a fortnight. By looking into their pocket-book in the morning, they fix their place of dining, as on Monday with my Lord —, and so for two weeks, fourteen lords, foreign ministers, or men of quality; and so they run their round all the year long, without notice being taken of them.

There are two very noble theatres here, and a third for comedy, which is rebuilding. That for operas, at the end of the Pall-mall, or Haymarket, is the finest I ever saw, and where we are entertained in Italian music generally twice a-week that for history, tragedy, and comedy, is

in Covent Garden, (a piazza I shall describe to you in the sequel of this letter); and the other, that's re-building, is by Lincoln's-Inn-fields, at a small distance from the other.

LONDON STREET ARCHITECTURE.

THE PHOENIX FIRE-OFFICE.

THIS edifice, which must attract notice rather by its solidity of construction and gigantic proportions, than by the showiness of its design, is now in course of completion for the Phoenix Fire Office, on the site of the old offices of that Company, namely, the north-eastern angle of Abchurch-lane, on the south side of Lombard-street. The design is by an architect, who died during the early stage of the building; the works having been since superintended by Mr. Shaw, of Christ's Hospital, who, it should be added, had no concern in it till after the contract for its erection was in progress. The edifice consists of a granite basement; the superstructure of warm-tinted stone, and presenting four pilasters supporting a

well-proportioned pediment. The front elevation, as we have intimated, is characterized by massiveness, to which must be added chasteness and beauty of detail continued throughout the building, which is of considerable depth in Abchurch-lane. Altogether, this is one of the most important specimens of "street architecture" which it has been our good fortune to present to the reader. It has been excellently built by the Messrs. Cubitt.

The Rainbow.

[UNDER this head, we propose to introduce to the reader, from time to time, a few of the most brilliant results of what is passing in the world of science, natural and experimental; which, to paraphrase a passage from Swift, may have the same use with burning-glasses, to collect the diffused rays of research in philosophers, and make them point with warmth and quickness upon the reader's understanding. The name under which we shall assemble these readings, may be considered rather to denote their variety, than their exclusive nature. Although the facts will relate principally to the progress of high branches of knowledge, they will be popular in manner, and as devoid of technicality as may be consistent with perspicuity.]

BINOCULAR VISION.

Why is "the Diorama" so perfect an illusion?

Because, when an object is viewed at so great a distance that the optic axes of both eyes are sensibly parallel when directed towards it, the perspective projections of it, seen by each eye separately, are similar, and the appearance to the two eyes is precisely the same as when the object is seen by one eye only. There is, in such case, no difference between the visual appearance of an object in relief, and its perspective projection on a plane surface; and hence pictorial representations of distant objects, when those circumstances which would prevent or disturb the illusion are carefully excluded, may be rendered such perfect resemblances of the objects they are intended to represent, as to be mistaken for them: the Diorama is an instance of this.—*Prof. Wheatstone: Philos. Trans.* 1838.

Why is it impossible for an artist to give a faithful representation of any near solid object; that is, to produce a painting, which shall not be distinguished in the mind from the object itself?

Because, the painting and the object being seen with both eyes, in the case of the painting, two similar pictures are projected on the retina; in the case of the solid objects, the pictures are dissimilar: there is, therefore, an essential difference between the impressions on the organs of sensation in the two cases, and, consequently, between the perceptions formed in the mind; wherefore the painting cannot be confounded with the solid object.—*Ibid.*



THE PHOENIX FIRE-OFFICE, LOMBARD STREET.

INVERSION OF RELIEF.

Look at a skeleton cube with one eye, and the following singular results may be observed:—So long as you perceive the cube, however the figure be turned about, its various appearances will be but different representations of the same object, and the same primitive form will be suggested to the mind by all of them: but it is not so if the converse figure fixes the attention; the series of successive projections cannot be referred to any figure to which they are all common, and the skeleton figure will appear to be continually undergoing a change of shape.

GEOMETRY OF SHELLS.

There is a mechanical uniformity observable in the description of shells of the same species, which at once suggests the probability that the generating figure of each increases, and that the spiral chamber of each expands itself, according to some simple geometrical law common to all. To the determination of this law, if any such exist, the operculum lends itself, in certain classes of shells, with remarkable facility. Continually enlarged by the animal, as the construction of its shell advances, so as to fill up its mouth, the operculum measures the progressive widening of the spiral chamber, by the progressive stages of its growth.

The animal, as he advances in the construction of his shell, increases continually his operculum, so as to adjust it to his mouth.

He increases it, however, not by additions made at the same time all round its margin, but by additions made only on one side of it at once. One edge of the operculum thus remains unaltered as it is advanced into each new position, and placed in a newly-formed section of the chamber similar to the last, but greater than it.

That the same edge which fitted a portion of the first less section should be capable of adjustment, so as to fit a portion of the next similar but greater section, supposes a geometrical provision in the curved form of the chamber, of great apparent complication and difficulty. But God hath bestowed upon this humble architect the practical skill of the learned geometrician, and he makes this provision with admirable precision in that curvature of the logarithmic spiral which he gives to the section of the shell. This curvature obtaining, he has only to turn his operculum slightly round in its own place as he advances it into each newly-formed portion of his chamber, to adopt one margin of it to a new and larger surface, and a

different curvature, leaving the space to be filled up by increasing the operculum wholly on the outer margin.

Why the Mollusks who inhabit turbinated and discoid shells should, in the progressive increase of their spiral dwellings, affect the peculiar law of the logarithmic spiral, is easily to be understood. Providence has subjected the instinct which shapes out each, to a rigid uniformity of operation.—*Profs. Moseley: Phil. Trans. Pt. II., pp. 351, 353, 359.*

LAND AND AQUATIC SHELLS.

Certain physiological facts having reference to the growth of the Mollusk, are deducible from the geometrical description of its shell. If it be a *land* shell, its capacity may be supposed, (reasoning from that principal of economy which is an observable law in Nature,) to be precisely sufficient for the animal who built it. If it be an *aquatic* shell, it serves the animal at once as a habitation and as a float; enabling it to vary its buoyancy according as it leaves a greater or less portion of the narrow extremity of its chamber unoccupied, and thus to ascend or descend in the water, at will. Now, that its buoyancy, and, therefore, the facility of thus varying its position, may remain the same at every period of its growth, it is necessary that the increment of the capacity of its float should bear a constant ratio to the corresponding increment of its body; a ratio which always assigns a greater amount to the increment of the capacity of the shell than to the corresponding increments of the animal's bulk. Thus, the chamber of the *aquatic* shell is increased, not only, as is the *land* shell, so that it may contain the greater bulk of Mollusk, but so that more and more of it may be left unoccupied. Now, the capacity of the shell, and the dimensions of the animal began together, and they increase thus in a constant ratio; the whole bulk of the animal bears, therefore, a constant ratio, of greater inequality, to the whole capacity of the shell, in *aquatic* shells: in *land* shells, it is, probably, equal to it.—*Ibid.*

HYDRAULIC THEORY OF SHELLS.

How beautifully is the wisdom of God developed in shaping out and moulding shells; and especially in "the particular value of the constant angle which the spiral of each species of shell affects,—a value connected by a necessary relation with the economy of the material of each, and with its stability, and the conditions of its buoyancy.

"As illustrative of this remark," continues Prof. Moseley, "it may here be men-

tioned that the shell of the *Nautilus Pompius* has, hydrostatically, an A-statical surface. If placed with any portion of its surface upon the water, it will immediately turn over towards its smaller end, and rest only on its mouth. Those conversant with the theory of floating bodies will recognise in this an interesting property."

—*Ibid.*

DAQUERREOTYPE PORTRAITS.

Mr. Towson explains, (in the *Philosophical Magazine* for the present month,) an important fact which has hitherto escaped observation. It appears that M. Daguerre does not use an achromatic lens; and that the focus he uses is obtained by advancing or withdrawing the frame of the obscured glass until he obtains the outlines of the subject with the greatest neatness. This method would be most correct, if the chemical rays were identical with the luminous rays. If such were the case, the effect produced on his plate would be precisely that which had appeared on his obscured glass. But, it is a well-known fact, that the chemical rays are more susceptible of refraction than the luminous rays; it is, therefore, necessary, in order to obtain the neatest effect, that the camera should be adjusted to the focus of the chemical rays. The author then details his improved method, by which the time of exposing the plates in the camera may be reduced from three to five minutes to ten or twelve seconds. The use of larger lenses, which the correction of the focus enables him to adopt, would, he considers, render the Daguerreotype applicable to taking portraits from life; allowed to be a great desideratum, in the discussion at the Institute, after M. Arago had announced Daguerre's process.

SENSITIVE PAPER.

Tuskulanum, a small town in Lombardy, possesses several paper-mills. In one of them, a fine paper is manufactured, upon which the writing, with the common black ink, turns a bright red within twenty-four hours after use, and cannot be erased. The paper is of a very strong and durable character.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

THE GYMNOTUS AND ITS PREY.

A remarkable result of the relation of the Gymnotus and its prey to the medium around them, is, that the larger the fish to be killed, or stunned, the greater will be the shock to which it is subject, though the Gymnotus may exert only an equal power; for the large fish has passing through its body those currents of electricity, which, in the case of a smaller one, would have been conveyed harmless by the water at its sides.—*Prof. Faraday.*

SHOOTING STARS.

Mr. E. Cooper, in some Observations of Shooting Stars, made at Birmingham, on the night of August 10th last, considers the general result to have fully established the fact, that the nights of the 10th or 11th of August furnish a most remarkable exhibition of these interesting celestial travellers: and he thinks that experience fully justifies the prediction that these, and the nights 13th and 14th November, will, in future, be their established gala. The only circumstance particularly worthy of notice this year, is the fact that several of the shooting stars appeared to move upwards, whereas no instance of this was remarked last year at Geneva.

New Books.

LOVE: A PLAY. BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

[THIS sterling drama is recommended by simplicity of plot, intense interest of subject, and very peculiar force and felicity of diction; in which latter respect Mr. Knowles takes long precedence of the dramatists of his day. Although no imitator, he drinks deeply of the wells of "pure and undefiled" of the best age of our dramatic literature; and his plays partake of "the refined sentiment, lofty and sweet poetry, excellent sense, humour, and pathos," which are the best characteristics of our olden dramatists: he revels in their quaint conceits, but eschews their pruricy, and all his points have a healthful moral purpose; whilst his portraiture of the affections is alike distinguished by its sweetness and truth to nature, and mastery of mind. There is no thought, word, or action, throughout Knowles's dramas, to which the most puritanical can object as injurious to morality; whilst the high tone which they occasionally take, is as grateful and refreshing as it is beneficial and exemplary. His frequent play upon words, his pursuit of images, almost to threadbare reality, are eccentricities of genius, and not the common-places of imitation; for our author has too much of the pure ore of language and poetry to become exhausted in aiming at what may be termed the curiosities of diction. In the construction of his scenes, and the management of his incidents, he shows great power and knowledge of dramatic effect; and his plays have the somewhat rare merit of being alike adapted for the stage and the closet: hence the breadth of his field of popularity, since few good acting plays, produced in our time, last beyond their hour upon the stage: the manager, and actor, and the million, are com-

monly too much studied, nay, even fitted—for the more serene enjoyment of the reader, who is content in the fruition of the dramatist's conceptions by his own fireside. Leaving the plot of this play to those whose duty it is to speak of its acting merits, we shall proceed to a selection of its most brilliant passages—its literary beauties—in preference to entire scenes, which are not so well adapted for quotation. In the opening scene occur some prose conceits:]

Curiosity is a steed that runs away with a man, without his knowing it, until it has thrown him. The danger is never found out until the mischief is done. Besides, it is a woman's palfrey, which it befits not a man to ride.

Ultra-vigilance.—Let not your watchfulness interfere with your sleep, else, besides your sleep, it may peril your bed and board. . . . Duty, that becomes a busy-body, ever turns itself at last out of doors.

Marriage for Money.—Shall I be won, Because I'm valued as a money-bag, For that I bring to him who winneth me? No!—sooner matins in a cloister than Marriage like that in open church! 'Tis hard To find men out; they are such simple things! Heaven help you! they are mostly bird catchers, That hold aloof until you're in their nets, And then they are down upon you and you're caged, Nor more your wings your own.

Spirit.—There's a little airy, fairy thing, Call'd spirit; equalizes statures, thews, Ay, between dwarfs and giants.

Love's Growth.—No telling how love thrives, to what it comes!

Whence grows! 'Tis e'en of as mysterious root, As the pine that makes its lodging of the rock, Yet there it lives, a huge tree, flourishing, Where you would think a blade of grass would die! What is love's poison, if it be not hate? Yet in that poison, oft is found love's food. Frowns that are clouds to us, are sun to him! He finds a music in a scornful tongue, That melts him more than softest melody— Passion perverting all things to its mood, And, spite of Nature, matching opposites! But, come, we must attire us for the field.

The Noble Self.—Descent, You'll grant, is not alone nobility; Will you not? Never yet was line so long, But it beginning had: and that was found In rarity of nature, giving one Advantage over many, a aptitude For arms, for counsel, so superlative As baffled all competitors, and made The many glad to follow him as guide, Or safeguard; and with title to endow him, For his high honour, or to gain some end Supposed propitious to the general weal, On those who should descend from him entail'd. Not in descent alone, then, lies degree, Which from descent to Nature may be trace I, Its proper fount! And that, which Nature did, You'll grant she may be like to do again; And in a very peasant, yea, a slave, Enlodge the worth that roots the noble tree.

True Love.—Wedlock joins nothing, if it join not hearts.

Marriage was never meant for coats-of-arms. Heraldry flourishes on metal, silk, Or wood. Examine as you will the blood, No painting on't is there!—as red, as warm, The peasant's as the noble's!

Rank and Riches.—Rank that excels its wearer, doth degrade.

Riches impoverish, that divide respect:

Hawk and Bells.—They (bells) are no portion of his excellence;

It is his own! 'Tis not by them he makes His ample wheel; mounts up, and up, and up, In spiny rings, piercing the firmament, Till he o'erlops his prey; then gives his stoop More fleet and sure than ever arrow sped! How Nature fashion'd him for his bold trade! Gave him his stars of eyes to range abroad, His wings of glorious spread to mow the air, And breast of might to use them! I delight To fly my hawk. The hawk's a glorious bird; Obedient—yet a daring, dauntless bird!

Poverty.—Whose garments wither shall meet faded smiles,

Even from the worthy, so example sways, So the plague poverty is loath'd, and shunn'd! The luckless wight who wears her fatal spot! What look! but look full; else you may chance to starve, Unless you'll stoop to beg.

Beauty.—They say that beauty needs not ornament:

But sooth she fares the better having it, Although she keeps it in her drawer. For I have known Bracelets and rings do miracles, where Nature Play'd niggard, and did nothing, or next to it; Beat lotions in improving of the skin, And mend a curve the surgeon had given up As hopeless.

Irony.—Irony is but a laughing truth Told of a worthless thing.

Woman or man is known by fits and starts, More than by habits, which may be put on; For those so take the judgment off its guard, That inmost thoughts are shown.

First Passion.—You must not play With a first passion, once it has taken root. For it strikes deep—to the foundations even Of the heart—entwining with the fibres, there, Of life itself, that, pluck the other up, These haply come along.

Slavery.—O, what is death, compared to slavery!

Brutes may bear bondage—they were made for it, When Ileana set man above them; but no mark, Definite and indelible, it put Upon one man to mark him from another, That he should live his slave. O, heavy curse! To have thought, reason, judgment, feelings, tastes, Passions, and conscience, like another man, And not have equal liberty to use them, But call his mood their master! Why was I born With passion to be free—with faculties To use enlargement—with desires that cleave To high achievements—and with sympathies Attracting me to objects fair and noble,— And yet with power over myself as little As any beast of burden? Why should I live? There are of brutes themselves that will not tame, So high in them is nature;—whom the spur And lash, instead of curbing, only chafe Into prouder metal;—that will let you kill them, Ere they will suffer you to master them.

Deeds.—The paper is but air, the ink but water, Without fulfilling of the written deed.

Love in Masque.—I said it was a wilful, wayward thing,

And so it is—fantastic and perverse! Which makes its sport of persons and of seasons, Takes its own way, no matter right or wrong. It is the bee that finds the honey out, Where least you'd dream 'twould seek the nectarous store.

And 'tis an arrant masquer—this same love— That most outlandish freakish faces wears To hide its own! Looks a proud Spaniard now Now a grave Turk; hot Ebbin plan next; And then phlegmatic Englishman; and then Gay Frenchman; by-and-by, Italian, at All things a song; and in another skip, Gruff Dutchman; still is love behind the masque! It is a hypocrite!—looks every way

But that where lie its thoughts!—will openly
Frown at the thing it smiles in secret on;
Shews most like hate, e'en when it most is love;
Would fain convince you it is very rock
When it is water! Ice when it is fire!
Is oft its own dupe, like a thorough cheat;
Persuades itself 'tis not the thing it is;
Holds up its head, purses its brows, and looks
Askant, with scornful lip, hugging itself
That 'tis its high disdain—till suddenly
It falls on its knees, making most piteous suit.
With hail of tears and hurricane of sighs,
Calling on heaven and earth for witnesses
That it is love, true love, nothing but love!

Man a Plant.—Man, sir, is but a plant,
Although he holds no rank in botany;
And as with change of climate plants will change,
Thrive more or less, or take no root at all,
So man discovers strange diversity
Transferred to sun and soil not native to him.

Heart Wounds.—The wounded body heals,
The pain is over, all is sound again,
A scar reminds you of it—nothing more!
Not so the heart, you lacerate it once!
Habit may dull, pursuit engross—divert—
But never are you ransom'd from the throes.
Live your meridian out it comes again,
Fresh as at first, to make you writhe anew.

Intense Love.—I did love thee to oblivion
Of myself.

I loved thee once!
Oh, tell me, when was it I loved thee not?
Was't in my childhood, boyhood, manhood? Oh!
In all of them I loved thee! And were I now
To live the span of my first life, twice told,
And then to wither, thou surviving me,
And yet I lived in thy sweet memory,
Then might'st thou say of me, "He loved me once;
But that was all his life!"

Thy life was all one oath of love to me!
Sworn to me daily, hourly, by thine eyes,
Which, when they saw me, lighted up as though
An angel's presence did enhance their sense,
That I have seen their very colour change,
Subliming into lines past earthliness.
Talk of the adoration of the tongue—
Compare love's name, a sound which any life
May pipe: a breath! with holy love itself!
Thou'rt not forsworn, because thou took'st no oath!
What were thy accents then? thy accents, Huon?
O! they did turn thy lightest words to oaths,
Vouching the burden of a love-fraught soul!
Telling a tale which my young nature caught
With interest so deep, was connd' by heart
Before I knew the fatal argument.

Subservience.—Must we coin terms for those
that are above us,
To make offences gracious to their ears,
When they commit them—which, by us enacted,
Would blast with damning names!

Adversity.—Welcome, adversity! Shake hands
with me,
Thou tester of true hearts! whose homely fare
No flatterer sits down to—hollow friend,
Foe, masking thoughts of scorn with smiling face—
But truth and honesty! affection staunch!
That grasps the hand before it seizes the sleeve,
And greets the lowly portal with a grace
More winning far than his, who thanks the gate
That spreads with pride to let a monarch in.

True Greatness.—Thou, chief in station, first to
give desert,
Despite its lowliness, its lofty due!
O, thou hast taught a lesson to all greatness,
Whether of rank or wealth, that 'tis the roof
Stately and broad was never meant to house
Equality alone—whose porch is ne'er
So proud, as when it welcomes in desert,
That comes in its own fair simplicity.

Periodicals.

TEE-TOTALISM.

CONCERNING the derivation of this classical
term there have been sundry controversies,
on which we think it sufficient to remark,
that the word is an Americanism; a fact
which, in our opinion, supersedes all philo-
logical inquiry. If it has the misfortune to
want an assignable parentage, it makes
up for the defect of birth by its personal
merits, being so happily expressive of the
thing it represents, that, if it cannot be
traced to other origin, we should be dis-
posed to conjecture that it was born directly
from that thing itself, without any interme-
diate steps. The tee-totalist abhors "the
intoxicating agent," alcohol, in every shape
—nay, the rigorous professor asks whether
pudding, or jelly, or custard, has any wine
in it; and is even debarred from preserves
by the present sinful practice of covering
them in the jar with a piece of paper
steeped in brandy, in order to prevent
them from moulding. Nay, there are some
whom the direst necessity will not tempt
to touch the forbidden liquids. A gentle-
man saved his wife, when she was appa-
rently in the last struggles of death, by
pouring brandy down her throat: "Ah!"
interrupted a lady of this creed, when she
heard the story, could he not have given
her lavender?"—which, however, as well
as eau de Cologne, and other elegant res-
toratives, share with vulgar gin and beer
the sin of alcohol. But it will not surprise
those who are conversant with the weak
points of human nature, to be informed,
that casuistry has been found to invade
even this awful, illimitable pledge. Some
tee-totalers are liberal enough to reflect,
that, while they have eschewed alcohol as
a substance, they are not the slaves of
words, and need not stickle at mere nomi-
nal qualities. So, while they abominate
cherry-brandy, they acquiesce in those
simple productions of nature, brandy-cher-
ries. It is almost too shocking to be told,
in the midst of these follies, that even the
Holy Eucharist has been reformed on total
abstinence principles. Mr. Beardsell, of
Manchester, could, last year, number
twenty-five "Christian churches" which
had "banished from the Lord's table that
beverage which inebriates," and which he
was supplying with something which he
had devised, and called, emphatically, "the
fruit of the vine." Truly "all things are
new in the temperance dispensation." We
cannot, however, pass over one glaring in-
consistency in these zealous renouncers
and denouncers of intoxicating agents.
They eat ordinary bread, one universal
ingredient of which, in England, is yeast,

the product of fermentation. They thus partake of the sin of small beer, and feed on the vices of those whom they pretend themselves anxious to convert. We think, therefore, it was but a fair revenge and proper piece of discipline which the brewers of a certain town wished to exact, when they sent the crier round with notice that no tee-totalist baker should have any barm from them.—*British Critic*.

TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

There are some precedents for Temperance Societies; but some of them do not apply, and others should not be followed. The Jewish law contained several such precepts "Touch not, taste not, handle not;" but they have been abrogated, and their spirit declared inconsistent with the law of liberty. Jonadab, the son of Rechab, founded his way of life by virtue of his patriarchal authority over his descendants—a right in those times universally acknowledged, and divinely authorized; which right, moreover, he would probably not have had to that extent, if he had not been a member of the Jewish dispensation, or of any way of life divinely authorized. The Mosaic and the Christian polity limits, or rather defines, many natural rights; such as the very great power of the father over the son, which we often see in profane history. The Essenes are another seeming precedent; but they are certainly not sanctioned, perhaps are censured, in the New Testament. Mahommedanism is the nearest case in point; and has certainly had great success in propagating the doctrine of "total abstinence;" but it is not an example for Christians to follow, whether we look to the origin, the character, or the moral results of the system. It has purchased one virtue, with many vices. Spite, however, of the previous improbability that any who called themselves Christians should borrow aught from the Arabian antichrist, we cannot forbear throwing out a hint of the possibility of the temperance doctrine having been filtered through Socinianism from the Koran. Is it an attempt at comprehension? There has always been, in certain quarters, a sympathetic yearning towards Mahommedan Deism. We have read of a negotiation made by Socinians, in the reign of Charles II., with an ambassador of the Emperor of Morocco, with a view to a regular communion between the two creeds. In a kind of Unitarian Utopia*, printed about fifty years ago, one of the laws is, "Once in every three months let some part of the Alkoran of Mahomet be read, and let the minister make such commentaries thereon as he thinks proper." And

a living authoress has kindly published, for the benefit of our Indian fellow-subjects, a sort of Harmony of the Unitarian, Mahommedan, and Hindoo creeds. Dr. Channing, in his *Address on Temperance*, says, "A new bond must unite all the scattered portions of men," and that there must be "a new comprehension of the brotherhood of the human race;" and, though he says that Christianity is the mighty power which is to do all this, it is clear he only designs to use that power as an instrument—a source of mental stimulus, to be resorted to when the work flags—and does not intend to be bound to its antiquated ways and means. We are not aware that the tee-totalers adduce the several rules of the monastic orders; and we conclude them to be rather shy of that branch of the family of abstinence, therefore we need not here express our judgment on them. We say, then, on this review of all the assignable precedents for tee-totalism, that a new rule of living, excluding one of Nature's chief gifts, is as contrary to precedent as it is to Christianity, and to common sense. It has neither reason nor authority to impose a new burden. We will also take the liberty of questioning whether it be consistent with the spirit of our political constitution, or that of any other nation, to permit the public administration of sacramental vows without authority granted from the State.—From a very clever paper in the *British Critic*.

THE EGLINTON TOURNAMENT.

A remarkable feature of the Eglinton Tournament, and one which would have warmed the very heart of Sir Walter Scott, or any other such antiquary, was the circumstance that, not only was all the armour of the most exquisite workmanship and of genuine antiquity—some of it being as old as the time of Richard II.—but there was hardly one suit of it that had not some interesting history attached to it. Why is Sir Walter not alive to be the chronicler of the Eglinton Tournament? How eloquently would he have revelled in all the historical recollections which every fragment of the armour used at it would have conjured up in his mind! That, for instance, of Lord Craven was particularly remarkable. It was of the purest blue-burnished Milan steel, decorated with gold studs, or rivets, and curiously inlaid with the same metal, in an exquisitely-wrought arabesque pattern. It came from the Manorial Hall of Hylton Castle, and it was the armour worn by the Baron Hylton, at the battle of Cressy. The casque, or helmet, weighed nearly forty pounds. Yet, may we remark, touching the weight

of the helmets, that we learned from some of the knights themselves, that the casque was the only part of the armour which they felt at all oppressive, if worn for any length of time. But as it was never worn in former days, except when the knight was actually in action, either in battle or in the lists, the weight was of less consequence. As for the rest of the pieces of the armour, it is a curious fact that there was hardly a piece of any suit at the Eglinton Tournament, which was not found to be too small for the man that was destined to wear it.

Thus terminated the Eglinton Tournament, for our enjoyment in which, we, as invited guests, are deeply grateful to the nobleman who gave it. We hold that it was a spectacle which all who had any taste or feeling for the more ancient history of Europe, must have considered as by far the most animating, interesting, and instructive, that has ever been exhibited in Great Britain in modern times; and which is destined, if we mistake not, to furnish a spirited theme for the poet, and subject for the painter, for many a day to come. For our parts, we cannot hope to behold anything like it again, unless the most noble the Marquis of Waterford, the bold Knight of the Dragon, or some other such *man of metal*, by which we mean *vulgar cum* as well as chivalresque spirit, shall be disposed to renew the sight at some future time, and at some other place. Whensoever and wheresoever it may be, our earnest position is, that we may be spared to behold it; and, if health and strength be permitted us, it shall not be the rains of a second deluge, (yea, even like that of the Moray Floods,) that shall prevent us from being present.

Tait's Magazine.

THE EARL OF SHELburnE.

THAN Lord Shelburne, few political characters in any age brought a larger share of information, or a more statesmanlike cast of mind, to the task of administering state affairs. Though bred to arms, and having illustrated his early years by serving at Minden and other fields, he had none of the indolent mental habits in which soldiers are apt to indulge; as if the courage of their profession would cover all defects of education, or of exertion. In a rank and fortune generally found so unfavourable to habits of study, he cultivated science, and relaxed his mind in literary pursuits like a man of humbler station. Far superior to the frivolous tastes of the giddy throng whom wealth and rank intoxicate, still further removed from the contempt which they often affect for men of learning, Lord Shelburne preferred habitually the society of the latter

to that of the little great who look down upon them; and he made his palaces the abode of the chemists, and the resort of the mathematicians and the lawyers, who were magnanimously extending the bounds of human knowledge by their discoveries, or usefully imparting to the zealous student those lights which others had struck out. * * His coolness, as well as, perhaps, his pride, were shewn when a gentleman, then extremely little known, and who much overrated his own importance, desired a hostile meeting; and, finding his request very readily granted, came out with his friend. "Which of these is the gentleman I am come to meet?" asked his Lordship, with a civil smile. Being seriously wounded by Colonel Fullerton, he amused himself with a good-humoured jest on the nature and possible results of the injury he had received.—*Monthly Chronicle.*

Spirit of Discovery.

FRENCH EXPEDITION TO THE NORTH SEAS.

THE return of the *Recherche* corvette, Captain Fabvre, which sailed from Havre last June, on an exploring expedition to the North Seas, is announced by the *Journal du Havre*, with the following details of her voyage: "On leaving Havre, she steered to the Ferøe Islands, the geographical position of which was ascertained with great precision; geological observations made, and notes taken on the commerce, industry, manners, and habits of the inhabitants. On July 1, the *Recherche* left Thorshaven, arrived on the 12th at Hammerfest, and, after staying a few days, proceeded towards Spitzbergen. She found Cherry Island surrounded by ice, to the extent of ten leagues from every part of its coast, and unapproachable. Capt. Levaux then made for one of the ports north of Spitzbergen, but, being opposed by contrary winds, attended with snow and fogs, he could not get beyond 80° N. lat.; and, on July 31, came to harbour in Magdalen Bay. During his stay in this latitude, while the ship was completely surrounded with icebergs, her boats visited Samereimberg, and Halcuitts Point, the northern extremity of Spitzbergen. Notwithstanding the snow, the hydrographers made charts of Magdalen and Hamburg bays, and magnetic and meteorologic observations were taken on shore. Not a single ship was in the bay. On August 13, the *Recherche* left Spitzbergen, on her return, surveying, in her way, the western coast of the island. On August 29, the members of the scientific commission, who were on board, left the ship, to return to Lapland. In her passage homeward, the *Recherche* visited Bergen, Maudahl, and Christiania.

Her reception at these ports, she being the first French ship of war that ever entered them, was most cordial."—*Times*.

Varieties.

Temperance Preachers.—One sore scandal early impeded the Moderation Societies. Their professional advocates were, of course, exposed to all the peculiar temptations incident to their wandering mode of life, and were alternately goaded and puffed up by their one restriction. The result was, that some of them demonstrated their zeal against ardent spirits by a liberal use of fermented liquor. One of them was interrupted in the midst of his public harangue by a zealous tee-totaler; who exclaimed, "I think the meeting ought to be informed, that the gentleman who is now speaking, has, to my certain knowledge, had sixteen glasses of ale this very morning."—*British Critic*.

Temperance Societies.—The last report of the British and Foreign Temperance Society, which advocates temperance only, states that, within a short time, there has been a diminution of ninety-nine public-houses, and twenty-three beer-shops in the metropolis—which is the stronghold of that society; while in Manchester, Birmingham, and Leeds (the great rendezvous of the tee-totalers) they have increased. On the other hand, the report before us is full of accounts of "Moderation Societies" which have died natural deaths, or languished very low.—*British Critic*.

Gross Superstition.—Astrology lingers in the West; for the newspapers report a cunning fellow, "formerly connected with the press" of Exeter, to have lately placarded the walls of that city with the following advertisement: "Raphael! Astrologer and Herbal Doctor." "Nativities accurately cast. All strictly legal honorary questions answered." Among the fortune-teller's dupes are two servant-girls, one of whom had her "nativity" cast by Raphael: it is neatly written, and stamped with the astrologer's name; and it pretends to tell all the events that will happen to the girl during her life. Amongst the precious evidence was likewise found "a charm against broken legs," which the girl wore in her bosom. The cunning knave has been very properly sent to prison, as "a rogue and a vagabond;" the committing magistrate would do well to inquire what the Local Committee of the Useful Knowledge Society is about in Exeter. Such credulity as the above in the provinces may be less surprising than it would be in the metropolis, but, it is, doubtless, fostered by the astrological almanacs which are yearly issued with the "London" imprint; and which in books, as on cutlery, is a wonderful warranty for imposture.

Embalment.—The *Univers* gives the following account of the mode of embalming the body of Cardinal Duke d'Issoard. The viscera were taken from their cavities, and plunged into alcohol saturated with corrosive sublimate; and the carotid, axillary, and femoral arteries were injected with the same liquid. The viscera were then replaced, and the body, wrapped in glutinous bands, was dressed in the robes, and with all the insignia of a cardinal, and placed in a coffin, with various aromatic powders. This first coffin was wadded internally, and covered with red satin; over this is a coffin of lead, and over this a third of oak, also covered with red satin. Under the pillow, upon which the head rests, is a small leaden chest, containing a medal with the effigies of the Pope, from whom the Duke received the dignity of Cardinal, and of the reigning Pope; and another medal with the date of the Duke's decease, his dignities, &c.—*Times*.

London Theatres.—The cost of building the present English Opera House was £35,000: that of St. James's Theatre, £26,000.—Mr. Beazley the architect.

The Attorney at Eglintown: a Sonnet.

Smilt with romance I left my palling home,
Madly asgape for scenes of olden time
To be display'd anew in Scotia's clime:
What joy methought 'mid knighthood's haunts to roam!
There lords and ladies, affable and grand,
Seemed but to wait my coming—while the sun
In eys hid his face. What glorious fun
In pomp's own circle thus to take one's stand!—
Then came "the sports;"—but—such a wash of rain!

Poor chivalry, half-drowned, lost all its beams.
Chilled, sad, I urged my wet way back again,
For Clement's-inn, renouncing splendour's
dreams;
And cried (like one who speaks as though to mourn
he meant,)

I, an attorney, am not for a *tourneymant*.
New Monthly Magazine.

Cartouche, (the French highwayman,) in company with two other "gentlemen," robbed the *coche*, or packet-boat, from Melun, where they took a good quantity of booty—making the passengers lie down on the decks, and rifling them at leisure. "This money will be but very little among three," whispered Cartouche to his neighbour, as the three conquerors were making merry over their gains: "if you were to pull the trigger of your pistol in the neighbourhood of your comrade's ear, perhaps it might go off; and then there would be but two of us to share." Strangely enough, as Cartouche said, the pistol *did* go off, and No. 3 perished. "Give him another ball," said Cartouche; and another was fired into him. But, no sooner had Cartouche's comrade discharged both his pistols, than Cartouche himself, seized with a furious indignation, drew his: "Learn, monster," cried he, "not to be so greedy of gold; and perish, the victim of thy diabolicalty and avarice!" So Cartouche slew the second robber: and there is no man in Europe who can say that the latter did not merit well the punishment.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

Don Carlos is now a French prisoner at Bourges, where Louis XI., the Nero of France, was born four centuries ago; and where Bourdaloue, the celebrated preacher, just two centuries since, was astounding France by his eloquence and piety. It was here that Louis XII., in early life, was three years a prisoner in the castle, for rebellion against Charles VIII.; and was confined, during the night, in an iron cage, from which he was released by the solicitations of his wife, the Princess Jane, sister of Charles VIII.—*Ibid*.

Richard Cœur de Lion.—Mr. James is engaged in writing a life of Richard Cœur de Lion, and has revisited Germany for the purpose of clearing up some doubts in regard to general matters connected with the imprisonment of that monarch. We rejoice to find so national a subject in such excellent hands.—*Literary Gazette*.

Benjamin Constant had such a command of language, that when he chanced to displease his audience by an expression, he would go on substituting synonyms till he suited them. For example: "I am anxious to spare the Crown"—a murmur; "the Monarch"—the murmurs continue; "the Constitutional King"—the murmurs are hushed.—*Quarterly Review*.

Servants.—A servant, who was leaving her place, put several knives and forks into a large bag full of salt, no doubt for the purpose of injuring the hands of her successor when a further supply of salt was required. Fortunately the trick was discovered by one of the forks or knives protruding a little from the bag, otherwise the consequence must have been serious. Thus it often happens that the real character or disposition of servants is not found out until they have left their places.—*Edinburgh paper*.

Artillery.—Prince Louis Napoleon, who has lately returned to London, is engaged in experiments connected with a discovery he has lately made in artillery. He is, we are informed, preparing a memorial on the subject.—*Messenger*.

—Benjamin Constant and

dots a-piece—lucky without effect.

French and English Talent.—Before judging of English science and literature by even parliamentary representatives, in common fairness, make due allowance for the facts—in common charity, bear constantly in mind, that neither Wordsworth nor Herschel, nor Hallam, wear coronets: that no mitre has fallen either on Sydney Smith, or Sedgwick, Milman or Whewell, Keble or Buckland: that Babbage is the rejected, not the elected, of Flusbury: that a round dozen of fashionable novelists or melo-dramatists would be a poor set-off for Lamartine, Guizot, or Chateaubriand: that Messrs. Longman have not quite made up their minds to offer Lord John Russell £20,000 for a continuation of his *History*, with the view of putting him on a par with M. Thiers.—*Quarterly Review*.

Oratory of M. Thiers.—The kind of speaking which has made the fortune of M. Thiers is thus described by *Times*:—"It is not oratory, it is talk, but talk, lively, brilliant, light, mingled with historical traits, anecdotes, and refined reflexions; and all this is said, broken off, cut short, tied, untied, sewn together again, with a dexterity of language absolutely incomparable. Thought springs up so quick in that head of his, so quick, that one would say it was born before it had been conceived. The vast lungs of a giant would not suffice to expectorate the words of that spiritual dwarf. Nature, ever watchful, and considerate in her compensations, seems to have aimed at concentrating in him all the powers of virility in the frail organs of the larynx."

South Sea Schemes.—Of the more than 200 projects, four only have survived; and these still exist in full vigour, because founded on good sense and honest principles—the Royal Exchange Assurance Company, the London Assurance Company, the York Buildings Company, and the English Copper Company.—*Quarterly Review*.

How to get on.—The presumptuous are not always ignorant of their own demerits. Men set up sometimes with the best success, as charlatans, with a full knowledge of their incapacity, and relying on the strength of gullability. As far as ignorance of mere matters of fact goes, this may be something like the truth: the College of Health is very well aware that it is not the College of Physicians; and the advertising oculist knowing how many of his patients would be glad to see him, has some misgiving as to his proficiency in the science he professes. Beyond this, the charlatan, for the most part, has a liberal conceit of his own superiority; and fancies himself more cunning (that is, in his apprehension, wiser) than the rest of the world. At all events, none succeed in their impostures who are not themselves more than half persuaded of their own excellence. In this case, it is truly *possunt quia posse videntur*; and where the conviction is wanting, the boldest adventurer is apt to break down, when caught unawares. But the truly self-satisfied, are not to be taken at a disadvantage—they alone are wrapped in armour of proof: and the consequence is, that while conscious demerit is, for the most part, almost as badly off in the world as humble merit, inapprehensive stupidity is conspicuous in the highest stations, presiding over learned societies, setting the fashions, riding in Lord Mayor's coaches, commanding fleets and armies, dispensing justice, and, what is better still, clothed in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day.—From a smart paper in the *New Monthly Magazine*.

Courage.—The Count de St. Leu, (Louis Bonaparte, former King of Holland,) has forwarded to the Mayor of Valence a sum of 300 francs, as a subscription towards the execution of the statue, by his native city, to the memory of General Championnet. That illustrious and valiant captain, although very young, conquered Naples at the head of a handful of soldiers, and, with them, routed an army of more than 80,000 men.—*Times*.

Epitaph at White Parish, Hanls.

This world is full of crooked streets;
Death is a place where all men meet:
If life were sold that men could buy,
The rich would live, the poor must die.

The Harvest Moon has not been so beneficial for the harvest since the year 1820 as she has been this year, nor will she be so again till the year 1857.

Ireland.—There is scarcely such a thing as a fine water-fall in all Ireland, even with its abundance of streams: the traveller is rarely compensated for his trouble in going to see them. He may as soon expect to find suicide as frequent in this country as it is in England and France; whereas, it is a comparatively rare event for people to kill themselves in Ireland. In the teeth of their exquisite poverty, and destitution, and hopelessness, it is a thing almost unknown. How rarely in the public papers is a suicide observable! This is a singular circumstance, whether it be owing to their buoyancy of spirits, the love of life, (where to our eye there is so little to make it lovable,) or to their gay, careless temperament: yet the French are gay, and are fond, *par excellence*, of making away with themselves.—*Carné's Letters on Ireland: New Monthly Magazine*.

The French Language.—When some one was expatiating on the merits of the French language to Mr. Canning, he exclaimed: "Why, what on earth, sir, can be expected of a language which has but one word for *liking* and *loving*, and puts a fine woman and a leg of mutton on a par—*J'aime Julie; j'aime un gigot*?"—*Quarterly Review*. [We once heard a Parisian *traiteur* apply the term *magnifique* to a half-consumed "*gigot*," an epithet almost invariably attached to Louis Quatorze: only think of Versailles and a leg of mutton!]

Voltaire and Ferney.—More than 10,000 strangers visit annually the country-house of Voltaire at Ferney, near Geneva. It may be, therefore, supposed that the post of cicero is productive to its owner. A Genevese, an excellent calculator, as are all his countrymen, has valued as follows the yearly profits that functionary derives from his situation:

8,000 busts of Voltaire, made with earth	£.
of Ferney, at a franc a-piece	8,000
1,200 autograph letters, at 20 francs	24,000
500 walking canes of Voltaire, at 50 francs each	25,000
300 veritable wigs of Voltaire, at 100 francs	30,000

In all

87,000

Le Siècle: Times.

Scientific Congress.—It was the young Prince Musignano, Charles Louis Buonaparte, who gave the idea of convoking the Scientific Congress now sitting at Pisa. About 400 savans, 274 of whom belonged to Tuscany, assembled in that city on the 1st ult. The Grand Duke attended the meeting of the 5th, and on the 10th he offered a splendid banquet to all the members of the Congress, in the ducal palace. A restaurateur of Florence established himself at Pisa during the meeting of the Congress, and received from the Grand Duke a compensation of 10,000 francs, to enable him to accommodate his guests on the most moderate terms.—*Capitole*. [This is what we term substantial patronage, and strangely contrasts with our half-guinea Birmingham (Brammagem) ordinary for the British Association.]

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TRAVELLING POST-OFFICE, ON THE LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM RAILWAY.



INTERIOR OF THE POST-OFFICE.

TRAVELLING POST-OFFICE, ON THE LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM RAILWAY.

HERE is a specimen of that exhaustless ingenuity which bids fair to "annihilate time and space." That "time and tide tarry for no man," the dials have long since told us: but the improvement above illustrated, enables us to work double tides,

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to duplicate time, and to travel and work at the same instant.

The Cuts shew the exterior and interior of the Travelling Post-office, in which the mails are conveyed along the London and Birmingham Railway. This carriage is fitted internally with nests of "pigeon holes," drawers, desks, and pegs; and is attended by one or more clerks and a guard; the former to sort and arrange the

letters, during the journey, and the latter to tie up and exchange the mail bags. For taking and delivering the bags, during the passage of the train, to obviate stoppages for this purpose, attached to the rear side of the office is an iron frame, with a piece of net, which is expanded to receive a bag from the arm of a standard at the side of the road. At the same moment that a bag is delivered into the net, another is let down from the office by the machine, and thus an exchange of bags is instantly effected. This ingenious contrivance is the invention of Mr. J. Ramsay. The Post-office is 15 ft. 3 in. in clear length; 7 ft. 7 in. in width; and 6 ft. 10 in. in height: its cost, £600.

The speed of the mail trains, on the above Railway, is as follows: the day mail leaves the Euston Grove Station at half-past nine in the morning, and arrives at Birmingham in five hours. A stoppage of eight minutes is allowed at Tring, ten minutes at Wolverton, three minutes at Weedon, and nine minutes at Coventry; making a total of twenty-five minutes occupied by the stoppages, and only four hours, thirty-five minutes in performing the journey of 112 miles 4 furlongs. The day mail train from Birmingham, accomplishes the journey in the same time. The night mail train leaves Euston Square at half-past eight, and completes the distance in five hours and a half.

According to the Parliamentary Report, the price for conveying the mails on the London and Birmingham Railway, is settled by arbitration: namely, from May 1st, at £24: 4s. 4d. per day, or £10,340 per year, for a day mail up and down, and a night mail up and down. For this the Contractors provide the Post-office carriages, and carry a guard and two clerks. The time is for three years; the weight carried, "nine tons and a fraction."

TURKISH WOMEN.

M. FONTANIER, a late French traveller, in Turkey, gives a description of Turkish wives which but little accords with the vulgar notions of their servitude and subjection. He was requested by a Turk of Amassia, who considered M. Fontanier to be a physician, to visit his wife, a woman of extraordinary beauty, who pretended to be ill. "Prior to entering the harem, the host desired me to remain in the court till everything was arranged for my introduction. The lady did not put herself out of the way either for her husband or for me. It would be difficult to find a more beautiful creature: her bracelets and necklace were set with emeralds; she wore a velvet robe embroidered with gold; her pipe was ornamented with diamonds; the

clasp of her girdle and her rings were of precious stones. As soon as I was seated, she ordered her negroes to bring me a pipe and coffee, and then detailed to me her complaints, which appeared rather imaginary than real. I advised exercise and change of air. 'There it is,' said she; 'I am the daughter of a Kurd; I can climb mountains and tame coursers; formerly I roved at will about the country, without a veil to cover me; for of what use can that be to a virtuous woman? Then I lived, I breathed; now I must shut myself up, or move with sober pace, accompanied by a troop of slaves, to visit a parcel of dull Turkish women. Yes; air and, above all, liberty would be of service to me.' The husband did not listen to my advice with near so much satisfaction as his wife; she perceived this, and desired him, very unceremoniously, to go and order more coffee, and to return when he was called. He went, leaving us *tête-à-tête*. The lady then began:—'You see that old wretch? It is he who is the cause of my malady, which is nothing but the *ennui* which the sight of him inspires. He is unfortunate; and what pleasure can there be with a man without power or authority, and who is, moreover, destitute of money. Is there no means, my dear soul, of getting rid of the sight of him? You are the prince of physicians, the cream of doctors; is there no medicament which, by the help of God, may deliver me from him? Oh, then I should return into the country, where I enjoyed such health, and would quit this city, which I pray God to overthrow!'" —*Asiatic Register*.

THE TRAVELLER BENIGHTED.

[THE following truly graphic scene is from Sir Richard Phillips's *Personal Tour*. It is a capital piece of circumstantial writing, such as few persons excel in; for, as Horace sings,

"Difficile est propriè communia dicere."

Our home tourist, having taken tea at Mansfield, (celebrated for Dodsley and "the Miller,") proceeded, in his chaise, in a very dark night, fifteen miles, for Chesterfield:—]

I had not been apprised that it is one of the most hilly stages in England, and through a country consisting chiefly of naked moors. My lights burnt out, and when midway, I was in the dark among mountains and deep dells, while the thinly scattered cottages were closed in silence and darkness. To avoid risks, I found it necessary to walk by the side of my chaise; and, from that and other

causes, I lost so much time that the clock struck twelve as I entered Chesterfield.

I proceeded along the main road and street, and expected to meet some stray inhabitant to direct me to the inn, or to find some watchman, or to see lights in some house where I might make inquiry. The line of street, however, conducted me through the town, and I had seen no inn; nor, on listening, could I hear the voice or footsteps of any human being. I now turned through some other streets, but the stillness of death hung over the whole town. I was, at length, in despair; and, standing up in my chaise, in the centre of three streets, I shouted *holloa*, as loud as I could, for full ten minutes. The echoes reverberated even from the neighbouring hills; but I seemed to be in Palmyra, or Balbec. I now drove to another central station, and adopted the same expedient, but in vain; and then to a third and a fourth station—one of which I found, the next day, was exactly opposite the house of the mayor. One solitary cat crossed the street; and this was the only living thing which, from twelve o'clock till one, I saw in Chesterfield. What an honest, confiding, sleeping people must compose its ten thousand inhabitants!

The church clock struck *one*, and I began to despair. I was unwilling to arouse any particular family by knocking at a door; but, in changing my station a fifth time, I beheld a light in a mean house, and, placing my chaise opposite to it, presently aroused the inmates, who directed me in the course of the inn. I proceeded, but without tracing it; when, in a few minutes, an honest fellow hailed me, half dressed, and said that, having heard his neighbour give me a blind direction, he had come out to advise me. I was now conducted the back-way into an inn-yard; and finding some stables, proceeded on foot to the house. I was glad to see lights stirring in the upper rooms; but, after knocking some time, was told by a very pert waiter, that the house was closed, and I could not come in; that the hostler was gone home, and that I and my horse could not be received. In a few minutes two maid servants directed a candle towards me, and began laughing at my anxiety; and on my observing that they had a light, and were not in bed, they blew it out, and I was then mocked both by the waiter and them. I now renewed my knocking, and presently the mistress answered me with violent reproaches for not coming *sooner*; and then telling me that I could have no bed there, she closed her window.

My civil guide was more indigent than

I was, but he undertook to introduce me at some one of three other inns. I therefore left my horse standing in the yard, and accompanied him to the best of them, and he knocked at the back-door, while I assailed the front one. Neither of us permitted for a quarter of an hour, and we made use of various devices to increase the clamour, but in vain; for the soundest sleep seemed to be characteristic of *sleepy Chesterfield*. Wearied by our labour, both with hands and feet, we now proceeded to a third inn, and there repeated the same clamorous operations; but with no better success. At length we proceeded to a fourth, of smaller size; and he assailed the back part, while I attacked the front. In ten minutes we got an answer from the upper story, that they had no bed and no stable, and the window was shut upon us without further parley.

My loyal assistant, who, I found, was an exciseman, was as much astonished as I was provoked; and we now proceeded back to the first inn, where I had left my horse and chaise. I found that sympathy for a wearied horse had induced the hostler to get up, and provide for him; and, presuming on this symptom of success, we renewed our attacks on the back part of the inn, and presently the sancy waiter opened the kitchen-door, and told me I might lie on the bench before the fire, for I could have no bed; and he gave me another lecture for not coming *sooner*, telling me, among other things, that they never trusted such late comers, and that the hostler was to sit up with me in the kitchen. I now gave this fellow my card for his mistress, and he pretended to go to her with it; but instantly returned, and falsely asserted that she would not look at it.

At the moment I forgot Dr. Stokes, and some other old correspondents in Chesterfield; and, in truth, I had been so used to find that time had swept away my old correspondents, that I seldom relied on their continued existence. At this instant, however, I recollected that the printer of the paper kept the post office, which is a nocturnal duty here; but, on going there, found that he had a sick family, and no spare bed. Being now near the second-best inn, where we had made our first abortive trial, I went there again. The clock had now gone three; and I resolved rather to knock till daylight than sit up in the kitchen of the other house. Despair increased my efforts; and after kicking the door, and knocking it with a large stone for twenty minutes, a voice of alarm was raised in the upper story. Presently the landlord and landlady made their appearance, at another

window; and I answered various interrogatories, which, as my conveyance was at the other inn, I was not a little puzzled to explain how I got into Chesterfield. I, however, was let in; was civilly received by two well-behaved girls, and got a tolerable bed.

I did not rise till twelve—a circumstance to which the bar of the house attached some suspicion. On going into a parlour, I ordered breakfast; but, in a minute, the landlady entered, with arms akimbo, and asked me, very saucily, whether I had any luggage; a question which I answered with a hearty laugh. She now told me that she did not understand travellers who came without luggage at that time of night; and that the noise I had made at their door had alarmed all the neighbours. I quietly remarked on the want of a bell at such a house; expressed my sorrow, &c. This, however, did not appease her; and I felt myself obliged to order my bill, and leave the house. I now sought the *Mayor*, and made a formal complaint against both houses, especially the first. He referred me to the Town-clerk for a summons; and, on my way, passing a bookseller's shop, I learned that the worthy and eminent botanist, Dr. Stokes, was alive, and at hand. I hastened, therefore, to his hospitable mansion; was received as I expected, and, after agreeing to accept bed and board with him during my stay in those parts, he and a friend of his accompanied me to the inns, and we jointly gave them such a lecture, as is likely to correct their practice to travellers for the future.

INTERESTING PERSIAN ANTIQUITIES.

RUINS OF SÚS: THE BLACK STONE: TOMB OF DANIEL.

MAJOR RAWLINSON, in his very attractive Notes on a March from Zoháb to Khúzistán, in the *Journal of the Geographical Society*, records:

March 9th.—After remaining five days at Dizful, I rode over to examine the ruins of Sús.* The road for ten miles runs along the right bank of the Dizful river, which here makes a remarkable bend to the westward: the Abi-Balad-rúd falls into it at the seventh mile. This part of the plain is covered with villages, and is well cultivated; being watered by canals, derived both from the river of Dizful and the Kerkhah: the great canal which conveys water from the latter is named Nahri-Hormasin,† and is said to be derived from

a point about four farsakhs above Sús; and the remains of other water-courses, now unused, are to be seen intersecting the plain in all directions. At the tenth mile from Dizful, the river makes an abrupt turn to the S. E., and the road then leaves it, and stretches across the plain to the great mound of Sús, which is, from this point, distinctly visible on the horizon. As I approached the ruins, I was particularly struck with the extraordinary height of this mound, which is, indeed, so great as to overpower all the other ruins in the vicinity. It forms the north-western extremity of a large irregular platform of mounds, which appear to have constituted the fort of the city, while the great tumulus represents the site of the inner citadel: by a rough calculation with the sextant, I found the height of the lower platform to be between eighty and ninety feet, and that of the great mound to be about 165 feet: the platform, which is square, I estimated to measure two miles and a half: the mound, which I paced, measured 1,100 yards round the base, and 850 round the summit. The slope is very steep,—so steep, indeed, as only to admit of ascent by two pathways. Upon the slope of the western face of the mound is a slab, with a cuneiform inscription of thirty-three lines in length engraved on it, and in the complicated character of the third column of the Persepolitan tablets: this is stated to have been a part of an obelisk, which existed, not many years ago, erect upon the summit of the mound, and the broken fragments of the other parts of it are seen in the plain below. I saw three of the Babylonian sepulchral urns, imbedded firmly in the soil, at a point where a ravine had been recently formed by the rain, in the face of the mound: in another place was exposed to view a flooring of brick-work, a few feet below the surface, and the summit of the mound was thickly strewn with broken pottery, glazed tiles, and kiln-dried bricks. Beyond the elevated platform extend the ruins of the city, probably six or seven miles in circumference: they present the same appearance of irregular mounds, covered with bricks and broken pottery; and here and there the fragment of a shaft is seen projecting through the soil.

I had been very anxious, on visiting Sús, to obtain a correct copy of the famous bilingual inscription upon the black stone,* which was said to be preserved at the tomb of Daniel, and which had always appeared to me of the greatest importance, to verify the recent discoveries regarding the cuneiform character: I was extremely disappointed, therefore, to find that this

* In the country the name is now pronounced Shús, but in the Geographers it is always written Sús.

† For Hormakzein, s. e. the two Hormuzes? F. S.

* See Ouseley's Travels, vol. i. p. 420.

most precious relic no longer existed. It is well known that the inhabitants of Susiana attached the most profound reverence to this extraordinary stone, and fiercely resented any attempt to rob them of it, believing that the prosperity of the province depended upon its remaining in their hands. After the failure of Sir Robert Gordon to obtain possession of it, in 1812, it remained buried for some years, to secure it from observation; but, having been disinterred by the guardians of the tomb, it appears that, in 1832, it was wantonly destroyed by a stranger Sayyid,* in the hope of discovering within it some hidden treasure. The whole story is very curious: the fragments (for it was blown to pieces with powder) were carefully collected, and reinterred within the precincts of the tomb; but immediately afterwards the province was almost depopulated by the plague: the bridge of Shuster suddenly broke, and the famous dam at Hawizah was carried away; all which disasters were, of course, ascribed to the destruction of the talisman: and as this Sayyid, also, was generally believed to have been a Firingi in disguise, I found the rancour against Europeans, in connexion with the black stone, bitter and extensive. The tomb of Daniel has been often described: it is a modern building, on the banks of the Shápúr river, (or Sháwer, as it is generally called,) immediately below the great mound: several bricks, stamped with arrow-headed characters, which have been brought from the ruins, are built into it; in the court is preserved a capital of white marble, also brought from the great mound; and outside, on the banks of the stream, are found two blocks, one covered with a mutilated cuneiform inscription, and the other sculptured with the figures of a man and two lions, which have been described by Sir W. Ouseley, from Capt. Monteith's relation.† To the N. of the ruins there are mounds and tapahs, in all directions, among which are the Tali-Sulcimán, Duwási, and Gubá, and to the S. the plain is covered in the same manner, seven remarkable tumuli, near each other, being called Haft Chágán, and another very lofty mound Buláhiyah.

Near the tomb of Daniel is a ruined Imám Zadal,‡ two of the corners of which are based upon broken capitals, like that preserved in the court of the shrine; and under a Konar-tree,§ in the neighbourhood, I perceived another of the same sort. I have thus noticed, I believe, all the relics of antiquity that are to be found at Sús; they are certainly less than might have

been looked for, but they afford very satisfactory evidence of the site of an ancient capital of great extent. The river of Shápúr, to which I have alluded, rises about ten miles N. of Sús: it flows in a deep narrow bed, by the tomb of Daniel, and laves the western face of the great mound. At this point are the remains of a bridge, of no very ancient structure, and immediately below the bridge is a ford, by which alone, I was assured, from near its source to the point where it falls into the Kuran,* in the neighbourhood of Weis, can the A'bi-Shápúr be crossed. The water is considered by the Persians to be particularly heavy and unwholesome, and in this respect to bear a striking contrast to the Kerkhah, which flows at some distance to the W., and is believed to be little inferior to the Kuran in the lightness and excellence of its water. We are informed by the Orientals,† that when Abú Músa Ash'ari took possession of Sús, in the seventeenth year of the Hijrah, he dug a canal from this stream, and deposited in a grave, at the bottom of it, the coffin which was said to contain the bones of the prophet Daniel, and which was there held in great veneration, and afterwards letting the water into the artificial bed, effectually secured the grave from profanation. All authors, indeed, agree that the grave was in the bed of the stream; yet Benjamin, of Tudela, pretends that, in his day, the coffin was kept suspended over the river, to pacify the Jews, upon either side, who were contending for the holy relic: but I have no space here to detail the numerous stories relative to this shrine. The A'bi-Shápúr is certainly not only navigable from Sús to the point of its junction with the Kuran, but from the facility which its deep and narrow bed, nearly level with the surface of the plain, affords for draught, is particularly suited to navigation. The river Kerkhah is distant one mile and a half from the great mound of Sús, and I could discover no trace of building in the interval between the rivers.

SKETCHES OF BRIGHTON.—II.

To the stranger entering at the north, the first view of the modern town of Brighton is, indeed, a striking scene. Sup-

* The name of this river has been hitherto always written Karoon: the true pronunciation which corresponds with the orthography is Kuran. [Kárun in Jehánumá, p. 454. F. S.]

† See Ashkáu-i-'Álam (maps of the world) Arab MS. written by Abú-l Kásim, Ibn Ahmed, El Jaihání, in about A.D. 400, and translated into Persian by Ali-ibn-Abdu-l-Salam. This is the work, I believe, translated into English by Sir W. Ouseley, under the title of Ibn Haukal's Geography. [That work is entitled "Suwaru-l-Buldán," a phrase synonymous with Ashkáu-l-'Álam. Ouseley's Travels, vol. iii. p. 554.] F. S.]

* A descendant of Móhammed.

† Ouseley's Travels, vol. i. p. 423.

‡ Sepulchral chapel in honour of a saint. F. S.

§ Rhamnus Jujuba, or Lotus. F. S.

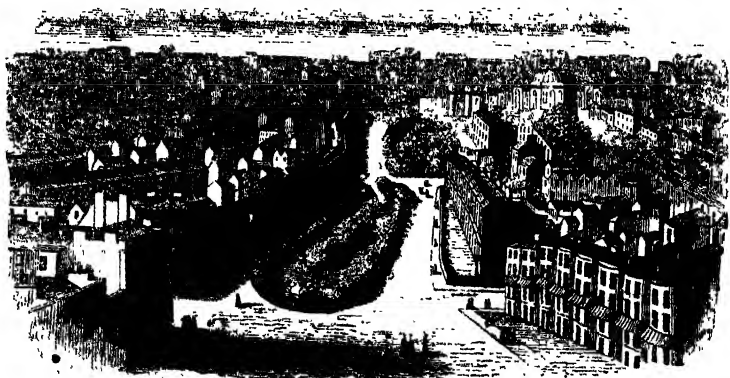
posing him to approach by the London road, his eye will, probably, be weary of the barrenness of the scenery for the last ten miles of his journey; relieved, it is true, by the neat villages of Patcham, at three miles, and Preston, at one mile, from Brighton; the latter especially, with its fine road-side trees, old mansions, farm-like abodes, and church, of early-pointed or "pure Gothic" architecture, forming a cheerful relief to the sterility of the previous road, and of the coast whereon lies Brighton, embosomed, or reposing in the lap of luxury. As you enter the town, or, rather, the suburbs, the houses are of that description which characterize the environs of our own overgrown London: and Brighton itself may not inappropriately be named the metropolis of the southern coast.

The first striking object is the terminus of the London and Brighton Railway, to the left; where rapid progress has been made with the line; upon the whole of which upwards of 5,000 men and 50 horses have been, if they are at not this moment, employed. The twin road to that along which we are advancing, branches from the town, northward, to the old town of Lewes, rich in antiquarian attractions, which contrast forcibly with the modern splendour of Brighton. Between these roads, about two miles northward from Brighton, is Hollingbury Hill, crested with a bold circumvallation, nearly circular, and about 700 yards in extent; the rampart having formerly been very strong and high. Immediately at the bifurcation of the above roads is the handsome church of St. Peter, erected about twelve years since, in the best pointed style, by Mr. C. Barry, the architect of the new

Houses of Parliament. From this site commences the view shewn in the Engraving; described as "on an eminence which gently declines towards the south east, and from thence rising, with a handsome ascent to the eastward, along the cliff to a considerable distance. It is protected from the north and south-easterly winds by an amphitheatrical range of hills."

The view from this point is very attractive; although, in splendour, it is eclipsed by the three miles of architectural magnificence which forms the sea-front of Brighton. The main features of the scene are two noble turfed enclosures; both are thickly planted, and laid out in the style of our metropolitan squares, and to them access is to be obtained by keys. This site was formerly unenclosed save by a single rail, and within it were exercised the regiment stationed in the town; whence it was called "the Parade." The further section is "the Old Steyne," and is intersected by a road. In the northern section is a bronze statue of George IV. by Chantrey; erected, in 1828, at a cost of £3,000, collected among the inhabitants and visitors. The building, to the west, which rises with domes and minarets, and is fretted with greater variety than taste, is the Pavilion, or Palace, of our gracious Queen, erected for George IV. Adjoining are the Royal Stables, the main architectural feature of which is a vast glazed dome, lighting a circle of about 250 feet; the cost of these sumptuous stables exceeded £70,000.

Beyond this outspread scene of luxurious art—such as Brighton presents from the above point—is the swelling sea, an object of such grandeur as, in its ever changeful expanse, to throw into insig-



BRIGHTON, FROM THE NORTH.

nificance the richness with which art has fringed its rocky cliffs and shingled shores.

Many a time and oft have these been our reflections, in pacing the promenade of this superb resort. Sixty years since, there were only ten houses upon the western side of the Steyne, which resembled a common field enclosed with a rude wooden rail; the only buildings on the eastern verge being a shed-like erection, known as "the Library," and, at a short distance, a dovecote of an orchestra, wherein music was played in fine weather. These details we gather from a print of the date 1778, which hangs in the ante-room of Brill's (late Lamprell's) Baths, at the southern extremity of the Steyne.

New Books.

THE FORGET ME NOT FOR 1840, EDITED
BY FREDERIC SHORERL.

[How many years have elapsed, since the *Forget me Not* first appeared

"To gentle feelings and affections,
Kept, by the magic of its name,
Within the heart, like gold;"—L. E. L.

we do not chance to remember; but, well do we recollect the first volume in its ever-green exotic case issuing from Mr. Ackermann's dark shop in the Strand. It proved, notwithstanding, a flourishing plant—a scion which has produced goodly fruit; and, to shift metaphor, the progenitor of a long race, royal, noble, and gentle, arrayed in velvet, silk, and gold. The *Forget me Not* is, indeed, the parent of its class of art and literature; and its progeny fully bears out the observation that, if we are not the greatest inventors, we are certainly the most successful improvers, in Europe. Now, before us stands the patriarch for 1840, in a green old age, full of years and honours. But where are his family? Alack! how have they been let down the tide of public favour: the *Iris* has waned away; the *Souvenir* is forgotten; the *Annulet* is scentless; the *Wreath*, faded; the *Comic Offering* is not to be had; the *Anniversary* does not come round; the *Squib* has turned out nothing but a *feu de joie* to its publishers; and a tribe of others are but recalled by name. It is true that the guinea-folks flourish, (let not the Anti-Slavery advocates be alarmed;) the aristocracy of the *Annals* keep their ground, and some have doubled their size and price, if not their merit: the titled authors, however, have fled, if we except two or three bright lights—Junio, Venus, and Co., who still shine in our literary firmament. Empty pride, like spirit, will evaporate; genius, like water, will find its level. But this is a bundle of antitheses, and something seems to say, "Forget me Not."

The volume before us is, as have been its predecessors, full of kindly nature, "gentle feelings, and affections;" its subjects enlist our best sympathies; and, though they occasionally take the sombre side of life, they must tend to humanize the heart, and enlarge the mind of every reader: morality is as well taught in story as in sage precept, and an influence is not a whit the less powerful from its stealing into the breast. How strangely do we woo sorrow. Some ten or eleven years since, we published a volume of essays, penned at leisure, which had their origin in the death of one nearest and dearest to our heart: then we observed, "they (the sketches) have been a sweet solace during many hours of trial and endurance; and, as a proof of their fidelity, the labour of recording them has often revived the pangs of gloom and suffering. This is what has been eloquently called the joy of grief; a pleasure which men of rough natures may ridicule, because they are too ignorant of mankind to allow themselves to be susceptible of such influence." Feelings akin to these have, doubtless, prompted the following touching lines, commemorating the sons and daughters of genius, who have, from time to time, illumined the pages of the *Forget me Not*, but now are numbered with the dead. This is, however, but a scene of every-day life—the condition interwoven with the thread of our existence: but, in hours of gloom and grief, from friends falling fast around us, and when nought is before us but the blank stare of death, what welcome balm do such inspirations pour into the wounded spirit:]

A Vision of Tombs.

Addressed to the "*Forget me Not*."

Forget them not! oh, still forget them not!
The Bards whose spirit hath inspired this page;
Be not the memory of the dead forgot,
Whose genius is thy proudest heritage!
Alas, for life! what bosom might prestige
The shadow of the grave was with each name?
Some, erey and lonely at the door of age!
Some in the golden morning of their fame—
Yet on the path of death all stricken down the same!

¶ A vision of far tombs oppressed my sight:
I saw Kilmeny wandering down the glen
To seek her SHAKESPEARE by the hill's lone height,
Her ERICK BARD, she ne'er might find again!
And SCOTT—that Ocean mid the stream of men!
That ALP, amidst all mental greatness reared!
He, too, bowed down to Death's recording pen!
And NEZLE, GALT, INGLIS, MALCOLM—names
endeared—

Passed pale, as one by one their visioned tombs
appeared!

The voice of Spring is breathing! where art thou,
Daughter of Genius, whose exalted mind
From Nature's noblest and sublimest brow
Snatched Inspiration! thou, whose heart com-
bined

Passions most pure, affections most refined;
Whose Muse with silver clarion wakes the land,
Thrilling the finer feelings of mankind!
Thine is the song to arm a patriot band,
Or start a thousand spears midst Freedom's mountain band!

Thine is the song to fill the Mother's heart,
Whose children bless thee—HERMANS—round
her knee!

Thine is the gifted page that can impart
A beauty born of immortality!
The temple—shrine—and trophied urn—to thee
Were themes enduring! where'er Grief had
trod,

Or Hope fled tired from human misery,
Thou stood'st with Song uplifted to thy God,
Thou soothed'st the mourner's tears e'en by the
burial sod!

The beauteous spirit of the minstrel dead
Comes with the harmonies and hues of morn;
Sits with my sorrowing heart when day hath fled,
And folds her glorious wings—Elysian born!
A broken rose and violet dim adorn
With their expressive grace her silent lyre.
But, oh! the wreath by that immortal worn!
The inspiration and the seraph fire
Which light those pleading eyes that unto heaven
aspire!

Still mourns Erinna—ever by that coast,
Whose dismal winds shriek to each weeping
cloud,
Whose waves sweep solemn as a funeral host,
Still mourns she Love's own Minstrel, in her
shroud;

The Suppho of that isle, in genius proud,
The Improvisatrice of our land,
The daughter of our soil—our fame-endowed!
For *her* Erinna seeks the fatal strand,
And lifts to distant shores her woe-prophetic hand!

The blighted one! the breast, whose sister tear
Sprang to each touch of feeling—heaves no more!
Our Landon, silent on her funeral bier,
Far from our heart, sleeps on a foreign shore;
The voice of her—the song-inspired—is o'er,
Oh! she who wept for others found no tone
To soothe the many pining griefs she bore;
None had a tear for that sweet spirit lone—
All sorrows found a balm save that far Minstrel's
own!

Thou, who received'st her rose-encircled head,
Our Minstrel in the bloom of her young fame,
Give back our lost and loved! Restore our dead!
Return once more her first and dearest name!
We claim her ashes! 'tis a Nation's claim!
Her—in her wealth of mind—to thee we gave;
Yet—*pled* we for the dust of that dear frame;
Oh! hear our world-lamented o'er the wave!
Let England hold at last—'tis all she asks—her
Grace!

CHARLES SWAIN.

[We shall not be expected to enumerate
the contents; but, among them, we must
particularize a well-spun yarn by the Old
Sailor; a metrical Tale of the Tower, by
Jerrold; a tale and poem, by Mary Howitt;
and the two contributions, which we quote.]

The Polish Lovers. By Miss Louisa
H. Sheridan.

Among the primitive inhabitants of the
remote parts of Poland, the great point of
emulation with the young men is to be the
best marksmen of the district: for other
seats of skill or activity in their simple
lives, there is little struggle to obtain pre-

eminence: but to attain dexterity with
their guns, a vast deal of time, temper,
and powder, are annually wasted in every
insignificant haunt. Most nations who
possess this characteristic are impatient
of restraint, but low in the scale of civili-
zation and science.

Soon after the commencement of win-
ter, it is customary, in the provincial towns
of Poland, to hold an assemblage of those
youths from the surrounding districts who
have been noted for their skill in the
smaller communities, to make trial to-
gether in difficult mark-shooting—for
which prizes are distributed by the for-
eclad ladies of "the authorities."

One of these annual meetings, some
years since, was attended by Hermann Sa-
linski, a youth of about twenty, the only
son of an extensive land-proprietor, and
who was admitted, by even his nearest
rivals, to be the best shot in his native
village.

The winter had set in early, with un-
usual severity; and Hermann, who had
several leagues to travel in his sledge,
surrounded himself with various defences
of fur, which he more than shared with a
large rough hound at his feet—an animal
of such uncouth form that none but a
lover's eye could have traced attraction
therein, or have seen the necessity of
guarding it by a sable pelisse! But Er-
mann was a lover; the sagacious attached
Slanth was a love-gift from Minna Zabin-
ski, the coquettish love of Hermann; and
thus there is no more to be said respecting
deviations from "plain common sense."

On arriving at the town, he proceeded
to the square where the assemblage was
generally held: and here he found every-
thing in animated confusion. It had just
been proclaimed that, instead of the usual
mark-shooting, there was to be a wolf-
hunt in the forest at some distance; the
early severity of the winter had forced the
wolves to approach the town, and they
had committed great devastation on the
surrounding farms, escaping, ere morning,
to the forest: the prizes, therefore, would
be awarded to those most skillful in des-
troying the depredators.

This exchange from mechanical to ani-
mated sport excited the spirits of the young
men, who set forth in a gallant band;
and they did not return from their fatiguing
chase until the red glow of sunset lighted
up the savage trophies of their success,
which they bore in triumph to the square,
where the prizes were to be awarded.

This had been no ordinary day for the
young Hermann: during the morning he
had conversed some time with Minna,
and she had made one of her capricious
decisions, as to visiting his mother's house

for a week, dependant on Ermann bearing away the third prize. The prospect of success was not very flattering, as he had to contend against so many more practised marksmen than himself. But almost every one has, at some time in his life, a brief inspiration through powerful feeling, which makes men "surpass themselves;" and to which they afterwards look back, with calm wonder, at the sudden power they momentarily commanded! Ermann felt that the time of his marriage would be decided if the coquettish Minna were once under his mother's roof; and, with this inspiration, he did wonders in the field and forest. Heedless of danger, he and the rough dog were ever pressing foremost; and, after each volley fired at the retreating pack of wolves, Ermann's gun was loaded again with magic promptitude, and one of the savages generally brought down.

When the band returned to the square, and the trophies were examined, Ermann's success exceeded Minna's stipulation, for the second prize was his reward; and he drove away in his sledge amidst the cordial and prolonged cheers of his companions.

The evening was grey and chill: Ermann, now that the excitement was over, felt the exhaustion consequent on his over-exertion: the poor dog had not escaped unharmed from the dying throes of the wolves, and he lay stiff and weary at his master's feet: even the gaily-comparisoued horse shewed indications of fatigue from the additional distance he had been driven to the forest: so the trio pursued their weary way very differently from the spirit of the morning.

About two leagues from the town, Ermann heard the merry tinkling of sledge-bells coming after him in the solitary forest-road which led towards his home: the new arrival drew up beside him, and he was greeted by the gay voice of Stanislaus Zabinski, the brother of Minna.

"Hilloo, Ermann! stop that runaway steed of yours; though, poor tired wretch, if you stop him, perhaps he will never be able to move again: what a stupid-looking trio, man, horse, and dog! Had you good sport?"

Ermann held up his prize, asking why Stanislaus had not attended the hunt.

"Oh! the old cause—a woman;—those women make me a slave, a victim!" laughed the handsome Pole. "Here's my great aunt, Froshkin, (now asleep beside me, and she's also deaf as these pine-trees,) she wanted to see the assembly, and the shooting, and afterwards to visit her old friend, your mother; and she has detained me, driving her all day."

"I have heard my mother speak of her, and I shall be delighted to have her society," returned the lover, speaking of the deaf old lady, but thinking of the grand-niece, who was doubtless to follow under her chaperonage.

"Then your 'delight' shall begin from this moment!" said the gay Stanislaus; "you shall drive her the rest of the leagues to your house, for I promised to be home to-night, and even now it is rather late to be out alone, though I hope your shooting has scared the wolves back to their summer abodes!"

So saying, he jumped from the sledge, (before Ermann could plead for his tired horse,) and, rousing the slumbering old lady, with a shout which would have wakened the Seven Sleepers, he lifted her shapeless, fur-wrapped form into Ermann's sledge; then, bounding into his own, he drove off at full speed, making the woods echo with his merry song.

Ermann, in spite of his fatigue, felt true love's prejudice in favour of any one connected with the beloved object: therefore he sedulously endeavoured to accommodate his companion; but his courteous actions and remarks were unnoticed by the taciturn lady, who did not even answer the caresses of the poor Slanthe, although he seemed to forget his fatigues in welcoming her.

The weary sportsman soon relinquished the ungracious task, and became absorbed in a love-reverie, from which he was only roused by the branch of a tree having fallen so low across the narrow road that he could not drive under it without danger. In hastily removing it, the fur hood of his companion was caught by a bough, thrown back, and thus displayed the youthful complexion and glossy hair of Minna Zabinski.

"Always plotting against me, Minna!" said the delighted youth: "why might I not have known who was my companion?"

"So you should, had you only gained the third prize, as I desired you," replied she, laughing: "but you were too vain of your superior success for me to give you further grounds for vanity. But see, Ermann, we have reached the foot of the hill; help me from the sledge, and we will walk up, in order to relieve the poor tired horse: and Slanthe! dear Slanthe, too, shall stretch his limbs beside the mistress who, he had discernment enough to know, was not her grand-aunt!"

The youthful lovers, arm-in-arm, ascended the long acclivity slowly, but unmindful of the flight of time, which seemed to them to have been but a moment and yet a whole existence. The cold moonlight

threw their well-defined shadows on the snow as they re-entered the sledge, with still two leagues of their journey to perform. Ermann, having assiduously enveloped Minna from the piercing air on the height, prepared to proceed homewards, when he missed Slanth from his customary position in the sledge. He turned sharply to call his lagging favourite, and perceived him, with bristling hair and gleaming eyes, which indicated too surely the approach of an enemy, glaring down the steep they had recently ascended. The youthful lover anxiously followed the gaze; and, in their late path, distinctly shewn by the clear moonlight, he saw three large wolves, quickly tracking the fresh footsteps!

Ermann felt that, with the precious charge beside him, he must not risk an encounter against such fearful odds. His sole chance was in flight, although, when he thought of the distance to the village, and saw the exhausted condition of the horse, his heart grew faint. However, he stooped eagerly for the excited Slanth, lashed the horse to his utmost speed, and soon seemed to distance all pursuit.

Thus they continued to descend the hill with great rapidity; but, on reaching level ground, again the panting horse shewed symptoms of distress. Minna, who did not comprehend Ermann's strange proceeding, after vainly remonstrating with him, had placed her hand on the reins, — when the wolves, having reached the brow of the hill, caught sight of the objects which they had tracked, and their discordant howl soon enlightened the hapless girl as to the cause of her lover's haste.

The fainishing animals, scared from their late haunts, redoubled their ardour of pursuit on seeing the sledge: their galloping feet resounded on the hard road, closer and closer. Ermann felt that flight was no longer security: he seized the rifle which had done such good service in the morning, with the faint hope that, if he should dispatch one savage, the others might forego the pursuit in order to prey on him. The rifle proved unloaded; and then the dreadful recollection flashed on Ermann, that he had exhausted the very last charge of his ammunition in the day's sport.

One of the wolves had now reached the carriage, which he passed, and evidently meant to spring on the horse. This would expose the travellers to instant death; and the frantic Ermann, seeing another monster gaining the side where Minna sat, seized, as his only resource, the faithful bound, and cast him forth to encounter the terrible foes, of whom, in a minute, he must become the victim!

The sagacious horse, now tremblingly aware of the dangers which beset him, strained his punting frame for a fresh effort—without guidance from his master, who remained powerless, as though overwhelmed by his own deed in sacrificing the attached companion who had so often defended him. Minna was also motionless, through fear and horror.

The pursuit of the wolves was checked; the weary horse once more relaxed his speed; and Ermann uttered aloud a pious thanksgiving for their safety. Short was their respite: the recruited savages soon renewed their chase with redoubled vigour, and again their galloping feet sounded close to the sledge. A shriek from Minna made the startled Ermann turn his averted gaze—to behold her in the grasp of one of the monsters.

Maddened by the sight, the youth sprang at its throat with so fierce a grasp that it was forced to relinquish its hold on Minna. The eye-balls rolled with green light; the hot breath came with difficulty over the protruding tongue; and Ermann had almost conquered the brute which he pressed against the back of the sledge: but he had two other foes, who sprang on him, and, with a deadly seizure, pulled him from the vehicle. Minna saw no more.

The servants belonging to Ermann's father were surprised by the sound of sledge-bells at night in the court before the house; for their young master had expressed an intention of remaining in the town until the following morning. They went forth cheerfully to welcome the unexpected arrival, and there beheld a wretched exhausted horse, fallen in the harness of an apparently empty sledge. On removing the sable pelisse in the latter, they discovered the motionless form of Minna Zabinski. During the day she recovered from the heavy swoon; but all remembrance was gone; nor was it until night came, and the cold beams of moonlight brought back the late scene of horror which she had witnessed by its beams, that the agonizing recollections returned with fearful clearness: and ere the morning she had expired.

A SMALL BATCH OF BOOKS.

HALF-A-DOZEN books, of useful and meritorious character, though of unpretending size and price, "lie upon the table." They are educational, entertaining, and teeming with novelty. They are free from what the Edinburgh reviewer, borrowing a bit of Saxon, calls *bac-craft*; "the latter half of which word, in its

modern acception, would well designate the spirit which too often presides over the mystery of bookmaking.*

1. To "begin with the beginning"—the Nursery—we have two little books of excellent precept: the first—*Presence of Mind, and Pride*;[†] two slight tales; the former illustrated by incidents, shewing "how necessary to our own usefulness in this world, and how valuable to others, will be the acquisition of presence of mind." Upon the narration of one of these incidents, a fond father takes the opportunity of endeavouring to impress still deeper on his daughter's mind, the necessity of self-control, as one means of insuring presence of mind. "Accustom yourself, my child," said Mr. Barclay, "in any emergency, to ask yourself instantly, Is there anything, and what is the best thing, I can do? and remember, that, in some cases, where presence of mind is called for, it is best exhibited by not doing anything for a time;" and the precept is then illustrated by the common error of persons rushing to the door of a building in case of an alarm of fire, &c. "Pride" is a tale of two boys at school, (where, alas! pride is most precociously developed,) of opposite dispositions; one of whom, "from his youth upwards," teaches the other, "what a foolish, simple, unchristian thing is pride." The warning is given in boyhood, but not fully felt till the adversity of manhood; as is the case in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases. Altogether, this is a pleasing little work, with a wholesome moral throughout.

2. *Memoirs of My Dog*.[‡]—The object and aim of this little work are, "to cherish, in the youthful mind, kindly feelings towards the brute creation." This is a design which it becomes every teacher of youth to further, as a valuable feature of early education; since children, untrammelled in petty cruelties to inoffensive animals, rarely become amiable adults; and uncorrected error, we know, amounts to the encouragement of evil. Unthinking parents not unfrequently commend as *spirit* in their children an inclination to cruelties, though such it becomes their earliest duty to censure as an incentive to disobedience—else the error will be sure to recoil on themselves. The author has prefixed to these *Memoirs* a well-timed address to parents and teachers, in which this propensity to tease the brute creation is very properly anathematized; and, in proof of the frequency of this disposition,

he refers to the every-day proverb of "he treated me like a dog." Passing from precept to example, the subject of these *Memoirs*, "My Dog," was an animal of singular sagacity and good temper, and, therefore, an excellent subject to effect the design of this little book. The author adds:—"He was my friend and companion for fourteen years, and we found no difficulty to understand each other on almost any subject on which it was possible for man or beast to converse. A word, or a motion of the hand, in general, easily conveyed to him my meaning, and he readily obeyed. I envy not the insensibility of any one who can smile at the writer, when he adds, that he deeply regrets his loss." We have only space to observe, that the *Memoirs* are interspersed with pleasant and judicious anecdote: the dog, it appears, was a French poodle. The volume is embellished with tasteful wood-cuts, is very neatly printed, and ornamentally bound; and is one of the prettiest presents of the season.

3. *Tales of Many Lands*,* are addressed by the writer to two favourite boys; and prefixed to each story is a letter to the little readers upon its main incidents, reflected in, or associated with, certain occurrences in the lives of the boys themselves: indeed, this letter is a sort of talk upon the story, and is a very reasonable mode of enforcing its precept, as well as of enlarging its enjoyment; whilst, in some instances, the heroes and heroines are impersonations of some of the little readers' acquaintance. The several tales are from Italian, English, French, Spanish, and Scottish life: they form a substantial volume of nearly 500 pages, and are adapted for boys till they reach their teens. The last in the series extends upwards of 100 pages, introducing the fatal campaign of General Wolfe. Each tale is embellished with a wood-cut, the design of which is superior to the engraving.

4. *A New Derivative Spelling-Book*[†] is a successful attempt to give the origin of each word from the Greek, Latin, Saxon, German, Teutonic, Dutch, French, Spanish, &c.; their present acception, philological distinction, accentuation, and pronunciation. It is altogether a spelling-book of a very superior order, yet not too erudite for a child, though it goes far beyond the usual mark of first books. The definitions are cleverly given, especially the terms of art and science; and, as the book

* *Presence of Mind, and Pride. Two Tales, by Phoebe Blyth.*

† *Memoirs of My Dog: Interspersed with Original Anecdotes of Animals. By Ingram Cobbin M. A.*

* *Tales of Many Lands. By the Author of "Tales of the Great and Brave."*

† *A New Derivative Spelling-Book, &c. By J. Rowbotham, F.R.A.S., author of a New Derivative Dictionary, &c.*

has originated in the author's own experience of its being wanted in the tuition of youth, we cordially recommend it.

5. *An Improved Method of performing Commercial Calculations** having stood the test of a sale of 6,000 copies, scarcely needs our word of praise. It is a sort of royal road to Arithmetic: the advantages of the new method being shewn by comparison with the old plan, thus:—

Usual Method.	Method taught in this book.
What is the value of 1476 lb. at 8d. per lb.?	Page 73.
1476	117,6
8	£49 : 4
12)11808	
2,098,4	
£49 : 4	

This "short cut" is taken by first ascertaining 8d. to be the thirtieth of £1, the divisor in the above instance. Among other useful matter this book contains the Theory of Proportion, and the German Chain, the most valuable rule in Arithmetic.

6. *Economical Cookery for Young Housekeepers*,† is another successful little work, in its fourth edition. To speak confidently of its merits, from experience, can only be done on this day twelvemonth, and would involve a course of good living to which critics are barely accustomed. We may, however, assert that the instructions are given very intelligibly; and we perfectly agree with the writer, that "gentility can be rendered compatible with economy, and prudence is by no means synonymous with meanness." Her work is a sort of Mrs. Rundell of middle life.

Periodicals.

TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR.

The following extract is from a tale, entitled "Ten Thousand a Year," which commenced in *Blackwood's Magazine* of last month, and is continued in the number for the present month. The hero of the tale is "Tittlebat Titmouse," who makes his first appearance as an assistant in a linendraper's shop in Oxford-street, "Messrs. Dowlas, Tag-rag, Bobbin and Co.'s," where his daily labours are rewarded with a salary of £35 a year, and his food. Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse is heartily tired of his occupation, and, from

envying the apparent happiness of his superiors, is led to imagine "that if somebody would leave him lots of cash—many thousands a year, or something in that line—would not he go it along with the best of them?" After spending his Sunday in admiring the fashionables in Hyde-park, he calls at a friend's lodgings; and, on perusing a Sunday paper, is struck with the following advertisement:—

"NEXT OF KIN.—Important.—The next of kin, if any such there be, of Gabriel Tittlebat Titmouse, formerly of Whitehaven, cordwainer, and who died somewhere about the year 1793, in London, may hear of something of the greatest possible importance to himself, or herself, or themselves, by immediately communicating with Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, solicitors, Saffron-hill. No time is to be lost. 9th July, 183—." The third advertisement."

He is subsequently introduced to "Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap." The interview is not calculated to make a favourable impression on either party. Mr. Quirk declares that "ere long he will be put in possession of about £10,000 per annum." Titmouse cannot control his impatience at the prospect of possessing such a fortune, and nearly quarrels with "Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap," because they will not disclose how or where he is to obtain possession of the property. They find it necessary to put him down; and when he calls again, he receives the following letter:—

"Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, present their compliments to Mr. Titmouse, and are anxious to save him the trouble of his intended visit this evening.

"They exceedingly regret that obstacles (which it is to be hoped, however, may not prove ultimately insurmountable) exist in the way of their prosecuting their intended inquiries on behalf of Mr. Titmouse.

"Since their last night's interview with him, circumstances, which they could not have foreseen, and over which they have no control, have occurred, which render it unnecessary for Mr. T. to give himself any more anxiety in the affair—at least not until he shall have heard from Messrs. Q, G., and S.

"If anything of importance should hereafter transpire, it is not improbable that Mr. T. may hear from them.

"They were favoured this afternoon with a visit from Mr. T.'s friend, Mr. Hucklebottom.

"Saffron-hill, Wednesday evening,
12th July, 183—."

The accident, for such it was, by which Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, became possessed of the important information

* An Improved Method of performing Commercial Calculations: representing the Science of Arithmetic in a New Light. By J. Felton, formerly of Eton College.

† Economical Cookery for Young Housekeepers; or, the Art of providing Good and Palatable Dishes for a Family, without Extravagance. By a Lady.

which put them into motion, as we have seen, to find out, by advertisement, one yet unknown to them, it will not be necessary, for some time, for me to explain. Theirs was a keen house, truly; and they would not, one may be sure, have lightly committed themselves to their present extent, namely, in inserting such an advertisement in the newspapers, and, above all, going so far in their disclosures to Titmouse. Their prudence in the latter step, however, was very questionable to themselves, even; and they immediately afterwards deplored together the precipitation with which Mr. Quirk had communicated to Titmouse the nature and extent of his possible good fortune. It was Mr. Quirk's own doing, however, and after as much expostulation as the cautious Gammon could venture to use. He, however, had his motive, as well as Mr. Gammon. I say, they had not lightly taken up the affair—they had not "acted unadvisedly;" they were fortified, first, by the opinions of Mr. Mortmain, an able and experienced conveyancer, who thus wound up an abstrusely learned opinion on the voluminous "case" which had been submitted to him:—

"* * * Under all these circumstances, I am decidedly of opinion that the well-established rule of law above adverted to, *viz.*, &c., is clearly applicable to the present case; from which it follows that the title to the estates in question is at this moment not in their present possessor, but, in 1789, passed through Dame Dorothy Dreddlington into the female line, and, ultimately vested in Gabriel Tittlebat Titmouse—who, however, seems not to have been at all aware of the existence of his rights, or he could hardly have been concerned in the pecuniary arrangements sanctioned at folio 33 of the case—and his heirs. Probably something may be heard of them by making careful inquiry in the neighbourhood where he was last heard of, and issuing advertisements for his heir-at-law; care, of course, being taken not to be so specific in the terms of such advertisements as to attract the notice of A. B., (the party, I presume, now in possession.) If such person should, by the means above suggested, be discovered, I advise proceedings to be commenced forthwith, under the advice of some gentleman of experience at the common law bar.

"MOULDY MORTMAIN.

"*Lincolns Inn, January 19, 182—.*"

This was sufficiently gratifying to the "house;" but, to make assurance doubly sure, before embarking in so harassing and expensive an enterprise, the same case (of course without Mr. Mortmain's opinion) was laid before a younger conveyancer; who, having much less business than Mr.

Mortmain, would, it was thought, "look into the case fully," though receiving only one-third of the fee which had been paid to Mr. Mortmain. And Mr. Fussy Frankpledge—that was his name—did "look into the case fully," and in doing so turned over two-thirds of his little library, and by-note, and verbally, gleaned the opinions upon the subject of some dozen or so of his "learned friends;" to say nothing of the magnificent air with which he indoctrinated his eager and confiding pupils upon the subject. At length his imp of a clerk bore the precious result of his master's labours to Saffron-hill, in the shape of an "opinion," three times as long as, and indescribably more difficult to understand, than the opinion of Mr. Mortmain; and which, if it demonstrated anything beyond the prodigious crain which had been undergone by its writer for the purpose of producing it, demonstrated this,—namely, that neither the party indicated by Mr. Mortmain, nor the one then actually in possession, had any more right to the estate than the aforesaid Mr. Frankpledge; but that the happy individual so entitled was some third person. Messrs. Quirk and Gammon hummed and hawed a good deal on perusing these contradictory opinions of counsel learned in the law; and the proper result followed, *i. e.*, a "consultation," which was to solder up all the differences between Mr. Mortmain and Mr. Frankpledge, or, at all events, strike out some light which might guide their clients on their adventurous way.

Now, Mr. Mortmain had been Mr. Quirk's conveyancer for about three years; and Quirk was ready to suffer death in defence of any opinion of Mr. Mortmain. Mr. Gammon swore by Frankpledge, who was his brother-in-law, and, of course, a "rising man." Mortmain belonged to the old school—Frankpledge steered by the new lights. The former could point to hundreds of cases in the law reports which had been ruled according to his opinion, and some fifty which had been overruled thereby; the latter, although he had been only five years in practice, had written an opinion which had led to a suit which had ended in a difference of opinion between the Court of King's Bench and the Common Pleas, the credit of having done which was really not a bit tarnished by the decision of a court of error, without hearing the other side against the opinion of Mr. Frankpledge. But—

Mr. Frankpledge quoted so many cases, and went to the bottom of everything—and was so civil.

Well, the consultation came off, at

length, at Mr. Mortmain's chambers, at eight o'clock in the evening. A few minutes before that hour, Messrs. Quirk and Gammon were to be seen in the clerk's room, in civil conversation with that prin functionary, who explained to them that he did all Mr. Mortmain's drafting; pupils were so idle that Mr. Mortmain did not score out much of what he (the aforesaid clerk) had drawn; that he noted up Mr. Mortmain's new cases for him in the reports, Mr. M. having so little time; and that the other day the Vice-chancellor called on Mr. Mortmain, with several other matters of that sort, calculated to enhance the importance of Mr. Mortmain, who, as the clerk was asking Mr. Gammon in a good-natured way how long Mr. Frankpledge had been in practice, and where his chambers were, made his appearance, with a cheerful look and a bustling gait, having just walked down from his house in Queen's-square, (somewhere in the wilds of Bedford-square, as Mrs. Gore delights to call them, in her West-end pleasantry,) with a comfortable bottle of old port on board. Shortly afterwards Mr. Frankpledge arrived, followed by his little clerk, bending beneath two bags of books, (unconscious bearer of as much law as had well nigh split thousands of heads, broken tens of thousands of hearts, in the making of, being destined to have a similar but far greater effect in the applying of,) and the consultation began.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE TRYSTING TREE,

BY THOMAS MILLER,

Author of "Roxton Gover," "Fair Rosamond."

On, Mary! I was thinking, now,
What time has past away, since we
First owned our love beneath the bough
Of that wide-spreading old oak-tree.
Come, fill my glass; why should we grieve,
Let care, my dear, float on the wind;
The memory of that happy eve
Alone hath often soothed my mind.

Remember you the rushing Weir,
That threw its foam-bells at our feet?
Making a holy murmur there—
A mournful sound—yet, oh! how sweet!—
Your hand, dear Mary, was in mine—
We saw the water-lilies move;
And when our fingers dared to twine,
We felt the thrill of ardent love.

Have you forgot the village-chime
That sounded through the listening wood,
Ringing o'er beds of fragrant thyme,
Which rose, like incense, where we stood;
And saw the bending wild-flowers close
Their sleepy-eyes beneath the dew,
Sinking, unflushed, in soft repose
Under a sky of cloudless blue?

Remember you, how twilight grey
Stole o'er us ere we were aware?
You hearkening to that blackbird's lay,
While I stood watching your long hair,

With which the wanton night-breeze played,
Baring your neck's tress-hidden snow,
And waving wide both curl and braid,
Like silken banners to and fro?

Have you forgot how deep you sighed?—
Mary! that night I marked you well—
Within my breast my own head died,
Like sighs heaved in some soundless cell.
I wished them not to reach your ear,
But, when your own white bosom raised,
Mine swelled above the rushing Weir,
And then—upon your face I gazed.

Your deep-blue eyes, my girl, met mine,
A moment they but deemed to rest,
Then turned to where the stars did shine,
Then sank abashed upon your breast.
Our hands closed of their own accord,
The waters sang along the shore,
We stood, but neither spake a word;
We ne'er were mute so long before.

I threw my arm around your waist—
Mary! 'twas starlight when you blushed—
But still that arm was not displaced,
And then the very air seemed hushed;
Our fluttering hearts alone were heard,
Moving like gently-lifted leaves
Before the plumage of a bird,
Just as its throbbing bosom heaves.

Although I long confessed thy charms,
I had not pressed those lips of thine;
But when I clasped thee in my arms,
And knew that thou wert only mine,
And felt thee on my bosom lean,
And saw thy cheeks with love-tears wet,
And we alone in that still scene,
No wonder, love, our lips then met.

And then, my dear, we smiled for joy,
The waters singing all the while;
I was but then a wayward boy,
But never, Mary, hath thy smile
Made brighter sunshine round my heart,
Than when we stood amid those flowers,
And felt as though we could not part,
Too happy then to think of hours.

Your mother, at the garden-gate,
Stood, wondering why we staid so long;
She murmured not, although 'twas late,
But left us there, and steeped among
The windings of the blue-shade—
Suspicion never made her hearken;
She knew we loved, nor felt afraid—
We saw her chamber-window darken.

We heard the clock at midnight sound—
We stood amid the moonlight pale,
For then our tongues a theme had found;
We gazed upon the outstretch'd vale.
Our fancies built a cottage there,
The spot I yet remember well,
'Twas in a glen beside the Weir,
And we had call'd it "Primrose Dell."

But, Mary! it hath not proved so!
Fate mark'd me for the child of song,
And she hath toss'd us to and fro,
Like flowers, which wild streams rush among.
I little deemed that night, my love,
Standing beneath the old oak-tree,
While the bright stars streamed out above,
That I should sing to aught but thee.

How different now! the world's my bride;
A tickle spouse is she, I deem;
But I must all her censure hide—
How different now! to when that stream
Murmured between my untaught lays;
We seated on a cowslip bed;
When thou didst give me love and praise
For all I sung and all I said.

We two have borne the burthen, love,
And want and woe again may come,
Like sudden thunder from above,
And desolate our only home.
But, fill my glass; why should we grieve;
Let care, my dear, float on the wind;
The memory of that happy eve
Alone hath often soothed my mind.
North Wales Standard.

Varieties.

A LADY had a Dow Buckinghamish sort of beard. A gentleman said, "It would be indelicate to mention it, though somebody ought to tell her of it. I think I'll send her an anonymous razor." The same lady was rather gunny about the ankles. The man observed, "She has patent heels, to keep the dust out of her shoes."—*Mathews's Memoirs.*

Hint to the Eccies.—A drunken fellow, taken home by his friend, was challenged by another: "Who is that?" "Where are you going?" &c. "Why, I think your friend has had too much." "Why, I think he had better have divided it fairly, half to-day and half to-morrow." A watchman came up. "How much has he drunk?" said a by-stander. "Two gallons at least." "Then I take him into custody for carrying off two gallons of liquor without a permit!"

Physicians and Apothecaries.—In 1795, the number of physicians in London was ninety-four; and of apothecaries only, not including surgeons, 4,000!

Hair Powder was introduced into Europe in 1614. In England, at the accession of George I., only two ladies wore powder; at the coronation of George II. there were but two hair dressers in London; in England, in 1795, there were 50,000!

Fire and Water.—An Irishman, at the house of a friend, the author of "The Spy" and "The Pioneers," discovered a part of the wood-work of a chimney-piece on fire, that endangered the whole house. He rushed up to his master and announced the alarming intelligence. Down he rushed with him; a large kettle of boiling water was on the fire. "Well, why don't you put out the fire?" "I can't surr." "Why, you fool! pour the water upon it." "Sure, it's hot water, surr." "Fact."—*Mathews's Memoirs.*

Gigantic Nettle.—The nettle grows, in Australia, to the surprising height of one hundred feet, and has leaves at least eight-by-seven inches; as proved by a section of a specimen discovered by Mr. Cunningham, at Morton Bay, north of Sydney, and forwarded to this country.

Cutting Joke.—On the health of the "Master and Wardens of the Cutler's Company" being drunk, a wag whispered to the band, who had played appropriate tunes to the other toasts, to play "Terry, heigho, the Grinder!" which was done.

A Brute.—Henrietta Maria, after the death of Charles I., clandestinely married Lord St. Albans, who treated her very ill; and while she wanted a fagot and the common necessities of life, he had a good fire and a sumptuous table. He never gave the queen a kind word; and when she spoke to him, he used to say, "Que me veut cette femme?"—*Madame de Bouvère.*

Royal George.—Twelve tin packets of preserved French beans, in a wooden box, have been brought up from the *Royal George*, stumped "Conserve Artichena de Catron, Marseilles." Neither vinegar nor pickle had been used: they had been boiled, and placed in air-tight vessels, and were as fresh and fit for use as when first inclosed. They have been fifty-seven years under water.—*Kentish Observer.*

Health.—According to Strype's edition of Stow, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, was formerly esteemed by physicians, "the most healthful place of any in London."

Mathews made an angry reply to a beggar-woman one day: "I have no money." "Good luck to you, leave us a lock of your hair."

Literature.—The catalogue of this autumn's book-fair at Leipzig, (which may be regarded as a good index of the literary and scientific activity during the last six months,) announces 4,071 new works, published by 518 booksellers. The number published in the summer half-year of 1829, was about 3,000, and that of the corresponding period, in 1819, only 1,300.—*Times.*

Lord Brougham, during his indefatigable canvass of Yorkshire, in the course of which he often addressed ten or a dozen meetings in a day, thought fit to harangue the electors of Leeds immediately on his arrival, after travelling all night, and without waiting to perform his customary ablutions. "These hands are clean," cried he, at the conclusion of a diatribe against corruption; but they happened to be very dirty; and this practical contradiction raised a hearty laugh.—*Quarterly Review.*

Victor Hugo.—When Victor Hugo was an aspirant for the honours of the Academy, and called on Mr. Royer Collard to ask his vote, the sturdy veteran professed an entire ignorance of his name. "I am the author of *Nôtre Dame de Paris*; *Les Derniers Jours d'un Condamné*; *Bug-Jargal*; *Maison Desormeaux*, &c." "I never heard of any of them." "Will you do me the honour of accepting a copy of my works?" "I never read new books." *Éziz Hugo*!—*Ibid.*

Suspension of Sense, i. e. Nonsense.—Whoever has been at the pains of examining the construction of Lord Brougham's periods, will agree with us, that, even in English, the sense may be suspended too long. We may instance a well-known occasion when he contrived to interpose so much matter between the nominative and the verb, that all perceptible connexion was at an end; and, (the verb being unluckily *idem sonans* with another word,) the sense probably remains suspended to the majority of the audience to this hour: "My honourable friends—who said so and so—who saw so and so—who heard so and so—who said so and so, &c., &c., (each successive parenthesis forming a long sentence,) know. Whether the concluding word was *know* or *no*, was the doubt."—*Quarterly Review.*—[A wag once observed, that parentheses often have the effect of making orators drunk.]

Disadvantageous Correction.—Lord North had little reason to congratulate himself when he ventured on an interruption with Burke. In a debate, on some economical question, Burke was guilty of a false quantity—*Magnum vectigal est parsimonia*. "Vectigal!" said the minister, in an audible undertone. "I thank the noble lord for his correction," resumed the orator, "since it gives me an opportunity of repeating the inestimable adage: '*Magnum vectigal est parsimonia*.'"—*Ibid.*

Fine Nonsense.—A provincial newspaper designates a whirlwind an *airy rioter*!

Wilkes.—Like the hypocrite, his whole public life was a lie. The tribute which his unruly appetites kept him from paying to private morals, his dread of the mob, or his desire to use them for selfish purposes, made him yield to public virtue; and he never appeared before the world without the mark of patriotic enthusiasm or democratic fury:—he who in the recesses of Medenham Abbey, and before many witnesses, gave the Eucharist to an ape, or prostituted the printing-presses to multiply copies of a production that would dye with blushes the cheek of an impure. * * * When he spoke a speech in Parliament, of which no one heard a word, and said aside to a friend, who urged the fruitlessness of the attempt at making the House listen—"Speak it I must, for it has been printed in the newspapers (this half-hour); he confessed that he was acting a false part in one place to compass a real object in another.—*Edinburgh Review.*

American Weights and Measures.—The variations and irregularities in the weights and measures in use in the United States having long been very considerable, they have been reformed altogether. In some instances, it is stated, "the bushel was found to differ quite six quarts, and the twenty-eight pounds weight, between two and three ounces;" and the yard stick was "usually too long." The following is the standard scale of proportions for the new weights and measures:—the avoirdupois pound to be derived from the troy pound of the Mint, by the legal proportions of 5,760 grains, which constitute the troy pound, to 7,000 grains troy, which constitute the avoirdupois pound. The liquid measure to be the wine gallon of 231 cubic inches, and the dry measure the Winchester bushel of 2150.42 cubic inches, according to the standard of thirty-six inches adopted as the English yard. The standards are of the finest brass, prepared from American zinc ore, and the purest copper have been obtained. The adjustment of the standards has been so scrupulous, that "the scale to test the weights can be turned by a hair, and the thinnest silk paper can be detected on the end of a yard."—*City Letter to Times.*

The Royal Plate at Windsor Castle, is kept in one tolerably-sized room and an adjoining closet, and valued at 1,750,000*l.* sterling! There is one gold service, formed by George IV., to dine 130 guests; some pieces were taken from the Spanish Armada; some brought from India, Burnah, China, &c. One vessel belonged to Charles XII. of Sweden, and another to the King of Ava; a peacock of precious stones, valued at 30,000*l.*; and a tiger's head, (Tippee's footstool,) with a solid ingot of gold for his tongue, and chrystal teeth; numerous and splendidly ornamented gold shields, one made from snuff-boxes, value 8,000 guineas; and thirty dozen of plates, which cost 26 guineas each plate. The magnificent silver wine-cooler, made by Rundell and Bridge, for George IV., is enclosed with plate-glass; its superb chasing, and other ornamental work, occupied two years, and two full-grown persons may sit in it without inconvenience. [This paragraph has been copied into the majority of the London newspapers, from our little work, entitled *Hints for the Table*, but without the customary acknowledgment. The information which it contains has been obtained with some pains-taking to ensure accuracy. We, however, do not impute blame to the Editors of all the newspapers in which this extract has appeared; but to the Editor who first transplanted it into his bed.]

Combustion of a Wax Candle.—Moralists have compared the life of man to a "brief candle;" but a contemporary philosopher, (Dr. Ure,) has investigated this comparison with scientific minuteness. Thus: wax contains 81.75 parts of carbon in every 100 parts, and the combustion of these 100 parts produces thirty-six parts of carbonic acid; consequently, a wax candle will generate, per hour, about 375 grains of carbonic acid, or 800 cubic inches of gas. Now, an average-sized man develops and exhales from his lungs 1,632 cubic inches of gas per hour; thus, the combustion of two ordinary wax lights deteriorates the air to about the same extent as the breathing of one man.

Meadow Leather.—An interesting vegetable production, having a deceptive resemblance to white dressed glove-leather, has lately been found on a meadow above the wire-factory at Schwarzenberg, in the Erzgebirge. A green slimy substance grew on the surface of the stagnant waters in the meadow, which, the water being slowly let off, deposited itself on the grass, dried, became quite colourless, and might then be removed in large pieces. The outside of this natural production resembles soft, dressed glove-leather, or fine paper; is shining, smooth to the touch, and of the toughness of common painting (unsized) paper. On the inner side, which was in contact with the water, it has a lively green colour, and we can still distinguish green leaves, which have formed the leather-like pellicle.

Dr. Ehrenberg has submitted this meadow-leather to a microscopic examination, and has found it to consist most distinctly of *Conferva capillaris*, *Conferva punctata*, and *Oscillatoria limosa*, forming together a compact felt, bleached by the sun on the upper surface, and including some fallen tree leaves and some blades of grass. Among these *Confervae* lie scattered a number of siliceous infusoria, chiefly *Fragilarie* and *Meridion vernalis*, including sixteen different sorts, belonging to six genera; besides three sorts of infusoria, with membranous shields, and dried specimens of *Anguillula fluviatilis*.—*Philosophical Magazine.*

Jonathan Wild.—Advertisement, from the *Flying Post*, March, 1718:—

"WHEREAS on Tuesday Night the 10th instant, the House of Thomas Fludyer, at the sign of the Green Dragon and Red Cross, in Lendenhall-street, was broke open and rob'd of about Thirty Pounds in Money, the Hilt of a Sword, two pair of Buckles, a Snuff Box, a Tooth-pick Case, two Seals, all of Silver, two Gold Rings, and other things of Value: If any Person concern'd in the said Robbery, will discover his Accomplices, so that they may be brought to Justice, and give Notice thereof at the House above-mentioned, or to Jonathan Wyld in the Old Bailey, he shall receive Ten Pounds Reward and his Pardon, as by Act of Parliament."

Noise in Shells.—On placing a sea-shell to the ear, a curious resonance is heard from within, which resembles the noise of the distant ocean. This is caused by the hollow form of the shell, and its polished surface, enabling it to receive and return the beatings of all sounds that chance to be trembling in the air around the shell.

Vibrations of a Violin.—Draw a bow across the strings of a violin, and the wood of the upper face will be in a state of regular vibration, which will be communicated to the back through a peg set in the inside of the violin, and through its sides, called the soul of the violin, or its sounding-post. Consequently, if the upper surface be strewn with sand, it will assume a regular figure, when the bow is drawn. This experiment can hardly be made with a common violin, on account of the convexity of its surface, on which sand will not rest: but, if a violin be constructed with flat boards, or if, abandoning the violin, a string be stretched on a strong frame over a bridge, which is made to rest on the centre of a regularly-formed plate, or circle of metal or wood, strewn with sand, the surface, thus set in vibration by the string, will be seen to divide itself into beautifully regular figures.

A Room never empty.—If a room present to our view only its naked walls, it is not literally empty, it is full of air, just as a boat sunk in a river is full of water; and, if the room were perfectly air-tight, even an orange could not be thrust into it additionally, without the force of half a hundred weight.

Respiration of Great Britain.—From observations and experiments by Mr. Cothupne and others, the following details may be relied on:—"460,800 cubic inches, or 266.66 cubic feet of air, pass through the lungs of a healthy adult of ordinary stature in twenty-four hours, of which, 10,666 cubic feet will be converted into carbonic acid gas.—2386.27 grains, or 5.45 ounces (avoirdupois) of carbon. This gives 99.6 grains of carbon per hour, produced by the respiration of one human adult, or 124,328 pounds annually; and if we multiply this by twenty-six millions and a half, (being the calculated population of Great Britain and Ireland for the year 1830,) we have 147,070 tons of carbon as the annual product of the respiration of human beings at present existing within the circumscribed boundaries of Great Britain and Ireland.—*Philosophical Magazine.*

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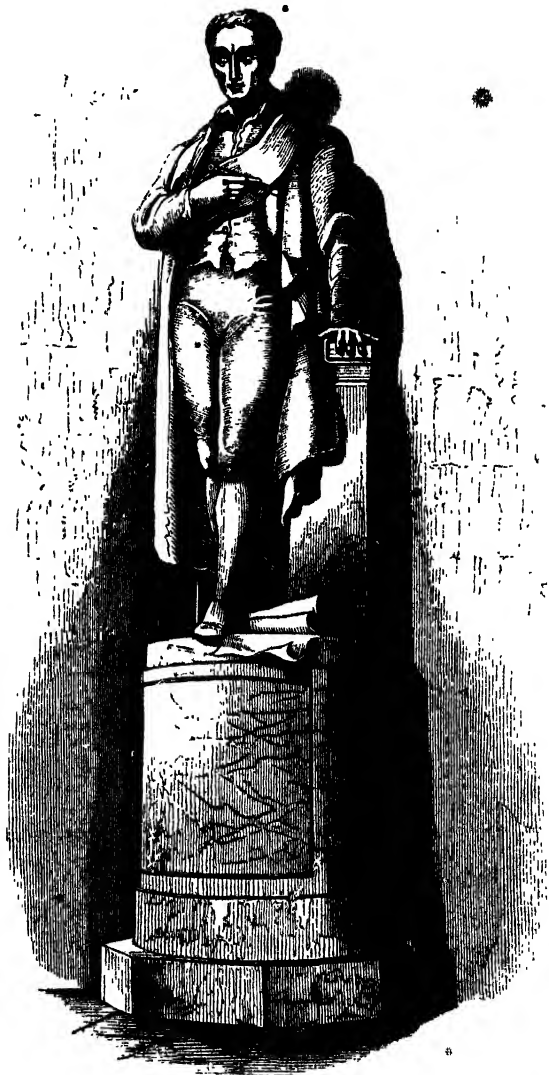
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STATUE OF THOMAS TELFORD, IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

(BY BAILY.)

STATUE OF THOMAS TELFORD.

UPON the preceding page, is engraved a colossal monumental effigy of Telford, the great civil engineer, who built the suspension-bridge across the Menai. The statue is from the chisel of Baily, who received for the work but £1,000, a third of the sum usually charged by those who consider themselves superior to him. Interesting as this memorial must be to all who appreciate the scientific advancement of their country—whether regarded as a tribute to high merit, or as a work of art—we regret to find it placed in a disadvantageous position in Westminster Abbey, where lies

"A world of pomp and state
Buried in dust."

Telford ranks with Brindley, Watt, and Rennie, as a civil engineer, unequalled in this, or, probably, in any other country, for the number and importance of his public works. Of these, it may be sufficient to mention the Ellesmere Canal, commenced in 1790; the Caledonian Canal, 1804; the Glasgow and Carlisle Road, with twenty-three bridges; the Holyhead Road, from London to Dublin, with the Menai and Conway bridges; and St. Katherine's Docks, London. Mr. Telford was a fellow of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh; and President of the Institution of Civil Engineers; the Council of which Society, in their tribute to his memory, truly state that "his various works are conspicuous ornaments to the country, and speak for themselves, as the most durable monument of a well-earned fame: in number, magnitude, and usefulness, they are too intimately connected with the prosperity of the British people to be overlooked or forgotten in future times: and the name of Telford must remain permanently associated with that remarkable progress of public improvement which has distinguished the age in which he lived." It is a singular and fortunate circumstance, that Mr. Telford, two or three days before his death, caused to be completed, under his direction, the corrected MS. of a detailed account of the principal undertakings which he had planned, or lived to see executed. This work has been edited by Mr. John Rickman, one of Mr. Telford's executors, and was published in the course of last year.

Telford was born in the year 1757; and closed his honourable life in 1835. He had intended that the parish church of St. Margaret, Westminster, should be his final resting-place; but the Institution of Civil Engineers urged upon his executors the propriety of "interring him in Westminster Abbey. This last act of duty to the memory of their friend, whose services

to his country well merited so appropriate a tribute, was cheerfully paid; and his funeral was attended by his friend, Sir Henry Parnell, and by Mr. Walker, his successor in the presidency of the Institution of Civil Engineers.

"The great services of Mr. Telford have been appreciated by the public—but by the public alone. He received the honour of knighthood from the King of Sweden;—but no mark of distinction from the King of England—no memorial from a country whose scientific eminence he illustrated, and whose commercial power he enlarged."*

THE SOANEAN MUSEUM.

THE following Stanzas are the conclusion of a book descriptive of Sir John Soane's Museum; of which only a few copies were printed, and presented to the Royal family and the Universities of Europe and America:

Farewell to thee, "my pleasant task"—farewell!
If I have wrong'd thee by erratic flight,
Or phantasies, which oft with woman dwell,
Or ignorance, that wraps her soul in night,
When most she wanders in "excess of light;"
Pardon I crave, from palace, mansion, cell,
From all who feel the lofty theme aright,
For that too bold a toil hath been assign'd,
To a worn heart—perchance a failing mind.

But sooth to say, a spell was on the place,
A kind magician waved his potent wand,
And countless forms of beauty, strength, and grace,
Forms of all ages and of every land,
He call'd, and bade them here for ever stand;
That future times their glories might retrace,
And hail them mingled here a sacred band,
Glad on the Queen of Islands to bestow,
The wreath that glitter'd erst on fair *Ausonia's* brow.

Here, too, he placed Egypt's costly shrine,
Big with the honours of unnumber'd years,
And many a marble tomb whose sculptures fine,
Were dew'd with Roman beauty's tend'rest tears—
Here Dian smiles, and great Apollo wears
The stamp that proves him peerless and divine,
And many an ancient capital appears
Its lofty head, and scorning envious time,
Enjoys its final doom and makes its site sublime.

Pictures he gave with awful morals dight,
While some the lovely lore of Greece display;
Here Venice in her glory looketh bright;
As when she made wide Ocean own her sway;
And many a gorgeous scene you may survey,
Palace, and senate-house, and temple light,
Meet for the mightiest in their proudest day;
To these, his goodliest skill did he impart,
For much his spirit lov'd this offspring of his Art.

Volumes unnumber'd in all tongues hath he,
With costly missals wondrous to behold,
Enrich'd with arabesque's fair tracery,
And decorate'd with 'broidery of gold;
Next, folios huge, which who so shall unfold—
The domes gigantic of old Thebes may see,
And pyramids, whose date is still untold—
One book 'bove all the rest will poets prize,
'Twas writ by Tasso's hand—embalm'd by Tasso's sighs.

Jewels he hath—yes! gems of most rare worth,
Of cunning workmanship and ancient date,
Nor lacks he stores of whatsoever earth,
May give the wealthy to adorn their state;
But most he values what is truly great,
That which high intellect had brought to birth,
Ere Tyre was crush'd and Persia desolate,
When Athens flourish'd, and the world saw rise
Palmyra's column'd fæces, 'neath Syria's glowing
skies.

Of things like these 'twas not for me to tell,
Yet haply dazzled by the lustrous rays,
That o'er the gleaming marbles frequent fell,
I fondly ween'd such boons 'twere sweet to praise;
But better 'tis the powerless eye should dwell,
In silent ecstacy—therefore, farewell!
And, oh! be health, peace, pleasure, length of days,
To him who to his native land hath given,
This guide of Genius and Art's earthly heaven.

B. H.

CHARACTERISTICS OF LOUIS LABLACHE.

(From *La France Musicale*.)

LABLACHE! Here is a name to which the greatest artists do homage, as subjects do to royalty. Since Lablache's appearance, the fame of all preceding bassi has been eclipsed, and none have arisen to contest his supremacy.

Lablache is, like Rubini, still of an age to derive pleasure and glory from the agitations of a professional life. He was born at Naples, in 1794, of an Irish mother and French father, whom the terrors of our revolution had driven from Marseilles, and whose death was hastened by the breaking out of another (1799) in the country he had adopted. Joseph Napoleon granted his protection to the unfortunate family, and placed young Louis in the Conservatorio della Pietà de Turchini, now called San Sebastiano.

Lablache studied vocal and instrumental music at the same time. A contrabassist happened to be wanting one day in the orchestra of Santa Onofrio; Marcello Perrino, his master, said to him, "You understand the violoncello perfectly, you will easily be able to play the double bass." Lablache had a sort of repugnance to this instrument; notwithstanding which, he procured the bass gamut on a Tuesday, and, on the Friday following, played his part with perfect exactness. This has drawn from M. Castil Blaze the remark, that Lablache, even without his magnificent voice, would still have been a first-rate virtuoso; he would have equalled Bohrer on the violoncello, or Tulou on the flute; all instruments, from the organ to the Jew's harp, were within the limits of his domain.

Lablache appears to have been stage-struck at an early age; five times did he desert the Conservatorio to make his essay on the boards. At length he obtained an engagement at Salerno, for fifteen ducats

a month (1*s*. 8*d*. per diem). He received a month's pay in advance, remained two days at Naples, and emptied his purse. Not, however, wishing to present himself at Salerno without moveable effects, or the appearance of such, he takes with him a trunk crammed full of sand. Two days after, the vice-rector of the Conservatorio arrives at Naples in quest of him, discovers, and gives him in charge to some officers in attendance. The Impresario, on the other hand, had been to the Diligence-office, and seized upon the trunk of the fugitive virtuoso as an indemnity for his advanced cash. Officers are summoned to take an inventory of the effects, which are soon disclosed, in all their splendour, to the admiring by-standers.

These freaks of Lablache were eventually profitable to his comrades, and the art in general; for a theatre was shortly afterwards constructed in the Conservatorio, and thenceforth he was enabled to gratify his passion for the stage. Lablache thought no more of flight, but continued his studies, which he brought to a close at the age of seventeen.

We shall not follow Lablache to the different theatres where he appeared previous to his reaching the Italian Opera, in Paris. Suffice it to say, that wherever he played his talents excited admiration; the actor was continually *fêted*, the singer applauded, and the individual loaded with testimonies of affection.

In November, 1830, Lablache made his *début* on the Italian boards at Paris, in the part of Geronimo in the *Matrimonio Segreto*. His *entrée* was a perfect triumph; he enacted his part with an immense superiority of talent, and was immediately recognised as the first *basso cantante* of our era.

To form an idea of the power which this actor possesses over a select and intelligent auditory, he should be seen on the Italian stage in a part of some importance. His entrance is attended by a general sensation, similar to that produced by a stream of electricity. Figure to yourself an assembly of cold, silent, and abstracted spectators; in an instant every head is raised, every countenance animated, every mouth smiling—Lablache is before them. Survey those fine and noble features, those eyes beaming with genius and frank expression, that stature so colossal, yet so dignified! Physically, as well as vocally, Lablache is the perfect type of the true *basso cantante*. He is at home in every character, serious or comic, tragic or sentimental; he seduces and captivates your imagination, and holds you in breathless suspense. He is an absolute Proteus; as Marino Faliero or Dulcamara, as the

father of Desdemona, or Don Magnifico, he makes you weep, laugh, or shudder at pleasure, and frequently by a mere look, a gesture, or a simple movement of his body:

The compass of Lablache's voice is from G in the bass to E natural, embracing but thirteen notes; but the *timbre*, power, and vibration of his tones are prodigious, taken, as they are, with unerring precision. Hear him in grand concerted pieces, with all the surrounding voices in full development, and the orchestra putting forth its powers—Lablache surmounts the whole, overpowers both chorus and instruments; and the *éclat* of his bass phrases, streaking the general mass of sound, is never confounded with unisonous accompaniment. It is impossible to describe the effect of his magnificent organ in *morceaux d'ensemble*; it is as cannon amid a rolling fire of musketry—as thunder amid the tempest. Nevertheless, he has a perfect control over this immense volume of tone, subduing it at pleasure, and endowing it with grace, delicacy, and, occasionally, even a spice of coquetry. Such are the triumphs of art! Cultivation has perfected nature, without trespassing on her primitive beauty.

In lighter pieces he has been known to perform wonderful feats of execution. One evening, during a representation of *La Prova*, Madame Malibran took a fancy to disconcert her colleague, by introducing ornaments and caprices of extreme difficulty, which it was the business of Lablache to imitate. But the trap laid for this vocal Hercules availed only to cause a display of his agility: note after note, trait after trait, shade after shade, did Lablache reproduce in falsetto, the floriture which Malibran had taken such pains to mature. On meeting behind the scenes, Malibran could not help expressing to Lablache her astonishment at the ease with which he had surmounted such difficult passages; and the latter, with his usual *bonhomie*, replied that he had not been aware of the difficulty.

Lablache is not a singer in the ordinary sense of the word. Look not to him, on every occasion, for rapid execution, a profusion of graces, chromatic ascents and descents. He aims not at effect by such trivialities. He attains it by dramatic truth—by accents of real melody—by the intensity of his feelings. Ever awake to a sense of the beautiful, he is as capable of interpreting the *chefs d'œuvre* of older masters, as the most finished productions of contemporary art.

These fine qualities are the result of studies which few of our musicians undertake. He never appears in public without

much patient and extensive inquiry as to traditional costume and appearance of the individual to be represented. It may be remembered that, on his first appearance in London as Henry VIII., in *Anna Bolena*, his resemblance to the historical personage struck the spectators with horror, as though the tyrant himself were before them.

Lablache's great triumph is the Opera Buffa. No actor has ever been so natural in his by-play, or more comic and diverting in his text illustrations. Few things are more amusing than to see this Rhodian Colossus caper and flit about the stage with the elasticity of a sylph; we expect every moment to see him prostrate; but, at the instant that a lapse seems inevitable, he is off again like a butterfly—"Mi Vedrai farfallone amoroso."

Thus, great alike in tragedy and comedy, unrivalled in the most opposite characters, a theorist of unexampled intelligence, Lablache combines the qualities of a perfect artist. To these we must add extensive literary knowledge, a keen wit, and an elevation of character that instres the esteem and love of all who know him.—*Translated in the Times.*

CHARADE.

To linger near her lonely bower,
As daylight's splendour faded;
To see his gift a gentle flower,
With her fair tresses braided;
To hear her voice, to clasp her hand,
To watch her dark eyes glancing
A language he could understand
So soothing, so entrancing!
Was it not bliss? and yet it seems
Without my *Ast* his joyous dreams
And bright anticipations,
Had surely never furnish'd themes
For poet's meditations.

The vow pronounced—the bridal o'er,
They leave at once Old England's shore;
(For people always bolt away,
Like culprits, on their wedding-day.)

The steamer's paddles work.
I know not how the craft is call'd,
The *Harlequin* or *Emerald*,
The *Batajer* or *Grand Turk*.
And they have started for the Rhine,
And there their honeymoon will shine;
Yet ere they cross the Channel
The passengers are half in bed,
The bridegroom ill—the bride half dead,
And every other person's head
Is swathed in silk or bannel;
And wash-hand basins fly about,
Each strives to keep one handy,
And steward's boys run in and out,
With biscuits, mops, and brandy.
I think it surely must be reckoned
That every body is *my second*.

Now for *my whole*—are you so f say;
And if you are, without delay,
Go buy a rope, and take a swing,
Or marry—which is the same thing;
And let the worst come to the worst,
You'll be *my second* of *my first*.

ALBERT.

Spirit of Discovery.

DAVIS'S STRAITS FISHERY.

THE intelligent Esquimaux whom Captain Penny, of the *Neptune*, has brought from Davis' Straits this season, has disclosed some geographical information, which promises to exercise a most important influence on the future prospects of the Davis' Straits whale-fishery. Under present circumstances the fishery may be said to be at an end; but no one who is in the smallest degree acquainted with its past history, and can in any way appreciate its vast advantage, will hesitate for a moment to aid in the carrying out of any measures which will seem calculated to restore it, if not to its original importance, at least to a degree of prosperity which would be of immense benefit to the nation.

Captain Penny states that, when he got as far west as Cape Serle, the whales, though plentiful, became exceedingly wild, and darted up Cumberland Straits with a uniformity of direction which led him to think that there must be some place of common resort in that quarter. When lying at Durban harbour, by Cape Serle, in lat. 67 deg. 1 min., long. 62 deg. 20 min., he discovered that the Esquimaux he has now on board possessed very extensive knowledge of the geography of the country, and, from the willingness he shewed to communicate whatever information was asked, the following facts were elicited:—

1. That there is a bay which opens from the east side of Cumberland Straits, about sixty miles round Cape Easterly, in lat. 64 deg. 55 min., and extends to the N.E. for about 140 miles, opening up to a breadth, in some places of sixty miles, and terminating in a point on the N.W. side. This frith is bounded on the N. by an extensive range of mountains, on the S.W. by a flat level country, and on the N.E. by bold and jutting headlands. An arm of the bay penetrates a long way into the land from the N.E. extremity, and is separated from Kangrana, an arm of the ocean on the other side, near Cape Serle, by an isthmus of about thirty miles in length. This isthmus contains several lakes, in which are abundance of excellent salmon. There is a good deal of floating ice in the bay, but the tides are easy, and in June and July the ice breaks up and goes out to sea. The bay contains abundance of whales of all kinds; and, on the west side, there are four bights, or inlets, measuring about fifteen miles into the mainland, by five or six miles broad. These are full of whales; one of them mostly of white whales.

2. Thousands of Esquimaux are located on the S.W. side, in separate tribes, whose chief subsistence is on whales. They are particularly fond of young whales, and generally manage to secure as many in the breeding season as possible. They kill, or rather catch, the whales during June, July, and August; and generally provide themselves with a good supply for the winter months. They are exceedingly agreeable with each other, and not at all of a quarrelsome disposition.

3. The climate appears to be more mild than it is in any other district on the west side, and no danger is ever apprehended from floods occasioned by the melting of the snow on the mountains in the warm season.

4. During all the time this Esquimaux, or "Bobbie," as he is familiarly called, resided among these tribes, he never saw a vessel in the bay, and is decidedly of opinion that there never were any British or foreign fishing vessels in that quarter. Some of the tribes go down the Cumberland Straits, and traffic with the Hudson's Bay Company; but it does not appear that any of the agents of that company have ever traced out the bay in question. Several tribes have now found the way across, by the isthmus already noticed, to Cape Serle. In this way Bobbie came over, in 1837, and fell in with several of the Straits vessels.

From these facts, then, it is plain that a British settlement might be advantageously established at Davis' Straits; and we think enough has already been elicited from this Esquimaux, to render his education a matter of great importance. Captain Penny has sketched out a chart of the new fishing-ground; and it is impossible to observe the Esquimaux going over it along with the captain, and not feel convinced that his acquaintance with the country is most extensive and minute, and that his information may be strictly relied on.—*Aberdeen Herald*.

Scientific Facts.

BLOWING UP THE WRECK OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

COLONEL PASLEY has addressed a letter to the editor of the *Times*, correcting several misstatements of the details of the operations and their results, and other interesting particulars. The Colonel has received a number of letters from several parts of England and France, offering or recommending to him various lights to be used under water, one of which is said to have the novel property of burning in a vacuum; but the Colonel has never

thought that such a light would be of the smallest use.

The Colonel states that he has recovered, without the aid of any light, twelve guns, five gun-carriages, 100 beams and riders, or large fragments of them, exclusive of other timbers, planks and coppers; besides the cooking-places and boilers complete, the stern, and great part of the bows on each side of it, the two capstans, part of the main-mast, and all that remained of the fore-mast of the *Royal George*; which were to be seen at Portsmouth very lately. The parts of the wreck are far too large to require a lamp to look after them; and if they did, the Colonel would send it down in a diving-bell. One of the divers employed, always used Bethell's patent diving-helmet, fitted with a moveable lantern, which was found to be useless, and immediately taken off; and, even had it been tried, the diver and his lamp could not both have been supplied with sufficient air, without a much more powerful pump and larger air-pipe than that belonging to Mr. Bethell's apparatus. The idea of sending down a detached light is no novelty to Colonel Pasley; it having been proposed by a Mr. Rowe, in 1753, whose diving-machine, as he terms it, is described in the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*; but not his light, which the Colonel has only seen described in a manuscript copy of his pamphlet, and which he proposed to supply with a draught of air by a couple of pipes led into the lamp from a boat at the surface of the water. In short, Colonel Pasley does not see the possibility of lights at the bottom illuminating more than an insulated point of the wreck: if they could diffuse a general light over the whole mass, they would be of the greatest benefit, but not otherwise. The divers have informed the Colonel, that on going down to the bottom, outside of the wreck, on a calm day, when the sun shines, they can just distinguish the outline of it as a dark mass, but nothing more.

Colonel Pasley states that the story of preserved French beans being recovered from the wreck, has not a word of truth in it. It has also been reported, in some of the newspapers, that part of the wood-work of the *Royal George* had floated along the coast, and was found covered with barnacles; and that the main-mast, which had drifted away from the wreck, was picked up by a boat belonging to the consul for the Netherlands. These reports are quite incorrect. No part of the *Royal George* ever rose to the surface, after the explosions, except some large fragments of the main-mast, which were immediately recovered by the boats on duty, and carried into the dock-yard; no barnacles

were found on any part of the wreck, but a number of oysters and astinias, or sea-anemonies, were attached to it. The barnacle story, we may add, appears to have been a common hoax; for early in September, whilst walking on the cliff opposite Kemp Town, at Brighton, we were importuned by a fisherman to purchase "a piece of the wreck of the *Royal George*," to which a number of fine barnacles were attached.

It has also been erroneously stated that one Ingram, residing near Berkeley, on the road-side from Gloucester to Bristol, is the only survivor of the wreck of the *Royal George*; for, there still exist two of the officers of that ill-fated ship, namely, Sir Philip Durham, and Captain John Crispo. The former was returning from a-shore, and was a boat's length from the *Royal George* when she went down, and was nearly drawn into the vortex. Crispo, who is a Captain of 1810, was a midshipman of the quarter-deck watch at the moment of the accident, and escaped by swimming. He was but nine years old at the time of the accident, and so small in stature, as, at the court-martial held upon the event, to be lifted by a member with one hand on the table. Speaking of the exertions of Colonel Pasley lately, Captain Crispo said, with some earnestness: "I wish he may fish up my chest, for there are twenty-two guineas and two half-guineas in it."

A Correspondent of the *Bath Journal* also states there to be two survivors, in addition to Sir Philip Durham and Mr. Webb, residing at Morden College, Blackheath. These are James Ingram, and Abel Hibbs; the former kept a small inn, the Fox, at Woodford, on the Bristol and Gloucester road: the latter resided near Bristol.

MANUFACTURE OF SODA.

Prof. Graham observes that, in the history of the useful application of chemical science to the arts, the last year will be memorable for various improvements and inventions connected with the soda process. Sulphuric acid, which is the key to so many important chemical products, had been chiefly prepared from the sulphur of Sicily; the supply of which was suddenly much reduced by some fiscal regulations of the Sicilian government. This led to the invention of several new processes for soda, which, whatever they may prove as manufacturing processes, were certainly possessed of considerable merit as chemical discoveries. One of these new processes of peculiar interest, is that of Mr. Gosage, in the neighbourhood of Birmingham, for the re-

covery of the sulphur from soda-waste, which promised not only a great saving of material, but a benefit of another kind, in abating, or entirely removing, the nuisance from the escape of muriatic acid into the atmosphere, in the ordinary soda process.

Periodicals.

THE COMIC ALMANACK FOR 1840.

[Our faceto friends, Rigdum Funnidoo and George Cruikshank, are again in the field of Time's telescope; and with letter-press, a dozen steel plates, as many head pieces, a hieroglyphic, and a shower of silhouettes,—a clever, lively, and entertaining budget they here present, of the popular fooleries of the day, holding "the mirror up to Nature," and giving it many a smart rub, and hint to look to its metal. Many a pleasant fellow outlives his gay humour, and sinks prematurely into brown old age: not so Rigdum Funnidoo; for he is as ready at pun, patter, and pleasantry, as in his first year. The illustrated narrative of next year's volume relates the uprisings, mishaps, misfortunes, and downfallings of "Barber Cox, and the Cutting of his Comb." In January, 1838, he is cursed by having a fortune left him, and thenceforth begin his "woes of wealth." In February, his First Ront turns out a failure: in March are related his crosses with the Surrey Hounds: in April, our Barber receives "the finishing touch" at billiards, proving, for him, a stroke too much: in May, he visits the Opera: in June, we see the aristocracy at school: in July, the Barber is "down at Beulah:" in August, to shoot the last folly, he gets up a Tournament, of which he has "no great reason to brag:" in September, he is "overboarded and underlodged" in the *Grand Turk* steamer, for Boulogne: in October, he has notice to quit: in November, he has to answer for his ejection, in taking possession of his ill-fated wealth: and, in December, tired of wealth and its woes, with his comb cut, and his hair and fingers burnt, the poor Barber returns to his "lovely shop, in the neighbourhood of Oxford Market," and the solitude of roll pomatum, stray wash-balls, (to which Swift compared poor men, "always in decay,") rusty wigs, and faded wax, such as usually make up the "head and front" of a barber's shop. Alack! "sweet to the sweets," not farewell, but welcome Barber Cox, with thine additional 'e,' (Coxe), an epenthesis which costs many a rich fool thousands; whereas the classic writers of old revelled in it gratis, to enable them to cut a figure. Hear the epilogue to the Barber's adventures, and ponder well ye

who forget that wealth leads to want, and that the rich man, with ungratified wishes, is the poorest creature in the universe:]

"And here we are, back again. And I write this from the old back shop, where we are all waiting to see the new year in. Orlando sits yonder, plaiting a wig for my Lord Chief Justice, as happy as may be; and Jemimarann and her mother have been as busy as you can imagine, all day long, and are just now giving the finishing touches to the bridal dresses; for the wedding is to take place the day after to-morrow. I've cut seventeen heads off (as, I say) this very day; and as for Jemmy, I no more mind her than I do the Emperor of China and all his Tambarins. Last night we had a merry meeting of our friends and neighbours, to celebrate our re-appearance among them; and very merry we all were. We had a capital fiddler, and we kept it up till a pretty tidy hour this morning. We begun with quadrills, but I never could do 'em well; and, after that, to please Mr. Crump and his intended, we tried a gallopard, which I found anything but easy; for since I am come back to a life of peace and comfort, its astonishing how stout I'm getting; so we turned at once to what Jemmy and me excels in—a country dance; which is rather surprising, as we was both brought up to a town life. As for young Tug, he shewed off in a sailor's hornpipe; which Mrs. Coxe says is very proper for him to learn, now he is intended for the sea. But stop! here comes in the punchbowl; and if we are not happy, who is? I say I am like the Swiss people, for I can't flourish out of my native hair."

[And here we halt; but, to keep pace with time, must return, in our next number, to the *Comic* for 1840.]

TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR.

(Concluded from p. 126.)

As Frankpledge entered, he could not help casting a sheep's eye towards a table that glistened with such an array of "papers," (a tasteful arrangement of Mr. Mortmain's clerk before every consultation; and down sate the two conveyancers and the two attorneys. I devoutly wish I had time to describe the scene at length; but greater events are pressing upon me. The two conveyancers fenced with one another for some time very guardedly and good-humouredly; pleasant was it to observe the conscious condescension of Mortmain, the anxious energy and volubility of Frankpledge. When Mr. Mortmain said anything that seemed weighty or pointed, Quirk looked with an elated

air, a quick, triumphant glance, at Gammon; who, in his turn, whenever Mr. Frankpledge quoted an "old case" from Bendloe, Godsbolt, or the Year Books, (which, having always piqued himself on his almost exclusive acquaintance with the modern cases, he made a point of doing,) gazed at Quirk with a smile of placid superiority. Mr. Frankpledge talked almost the whole time; Mr. Mortmain, immovable in the view of the case which he had taken in his "opinion," listened, with an attentive, good-natured air, ruminating pleasantly the while upon the quality of the port he had been drinking, (the first of the bin which he had tasted,) and the decision which the Chancellor might come to on a case brought into court on his advice, and which had been argued that afternoon. At last Frankpledge unwittingly fell foul of a favourite crotchet of Mortmain's—and at it they went, hammer and tongs, for nearly twenty minutes (it had nothing whatever to do with the case they were commenting upon.) In the end, Mortmain, of course, adhered to his points, and Frankpledge intrenched himself in his books; each slightly yielded to the views of the other on immaterial points, (or what could have appeared the use of the consultation?) but did that which both had resolved upon doing from the first, *i. e.*, sticking to his original opinion. Both had talked an amazing deal of deep law, which had, at least, one effect, *viz.*, it fairly drowned both Quirk and Gammon, who, as they went home, with not (it must be owned) the clearest perceptions in the world of what had been going on, (though, before going to the consultation, each had really known a good deal about the case,) stood each stoutly by his conveyancer's opinion, each protesting that he had never been once misled—Quirk by Mortmain, or Gammon by Frankpledge—and each resolved to give his man more of the business of the house than he had before. I grieve to add that they parted that night with a trifle less of cordiality than had been their wont. In the morning, however, this little irritation and competition had passed away; and they agreed, before giving up the case, to take the final opinion of Mr. Tresayle—the great Mr. Tresayle! He was, indeed, a wonderful conveyancer—a perfect miracle of real-property-law-learning. He had had such an enormous practice for forty-five years, that for the last ten he had never put his nose out of chambers for pursuit of time, and at last of inclination, and had been so conversant with Norman French and law Latin, in the old English letters, that he had almost entirely forgotten how to write the modern English

character. His opinions made their appearance in three different kinds of handwriting. First, one that none but he and his old clerk could make out; secondly, one that none but he himself could read; and, thirdly, one that neither he nor his clerk, nor any one on earth could decipher. The use of any one of these styles depended on—the difficulty of the case to be answered. If it were an easy one, the answer was very judiciously put into No. 1; if rather difficult, it, of course, went into No. 2; and if exceedingly difficult (and also important), it was very properly thrown into No. 3; being a question that really ought not to have been asked, and did not deserve an answer. The fruit within these uncouth shells, however, was precious. Mr. Tresayle's law was supreme over everybody's else. It was currently reported that Lord Eldon even (who was himself slightly acquainted with such subjects) reverently deferred to the authority of Mr. Tresayle; and would lie winking and knitting his shaggy eyebrows half the night, if he thought that Mr. Tresayle's opinion on a case and his own differed. This was the great authority to whom, as in the last resort, Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, resolved to appeal. To his chambers they, within a day or two after their consultation at Mr. Mortmain's, despatched their case, with a highly respectable fee, and a special compliment to his clerk, hoping to hear from that awful quarter within two months—which was the earliest average period within which Mr. Tresayle's opinions found their way to his patient but anxious clients. It came, at length, with a note from Mr. Faithful, his clerk, intimating that they would find him at chambers the next morning, prepared to explain the opinion to them; having just had it read over to him by Mr. Tresayle, for it proved to be in No. 2. The opinion occupied about two pages; and the handwriting bore a strong resemblance to Chinese, or Arabic, with a quaint intermixture of the Uncial Greek character—it was impossible to contemplate it without a certain feeling of awe! In vain did old Quirk squint at it, from all corners, for nearly a couple of hours, (having first called in the assistance of a friend of his, an old attorney, of upwards of fifty years' standing;) nay, even Mr. Gammon, foiled at length, could not, for the life of him, refrain from a soft curse or two. Neither of them could make anything of it—(as for Snap, they never shewed it to him; it was not within his province—*i. e.*, the Insolvent Debtors' Court, the Old Bailey, the Clerkenwell Sessions, the inferior business of the common law courts, and the worrying of the

clerks of the office—a department in which he was perfection itself.)

To their great delight, Mr. Tresayle's opinion completely corroborated that of Mr. Mortmain (neither whose nor Mr. Frankpledge's had been laid before him.) Nothing could be more terse, perspicuous, and conclusive than the great man's opinion. Mr. Quirk was in raptures, and immediately sent out for an engraving of Mr. Tresayle, which had lately come out, for which he paid 5s., and ordered it to be framed and hung up in his own room, where already grinned a quaint resemblance, in black profile, of Mr. Mortmain. In special good-humour he assured Mr. Gammon (who was plainly somewhat crestfallen about Mr. Frankpledge) that everybody must have a beginning; and he (Quirk) had been once only a beginner.

Once fairly on the scent, Messrs. Quirk and Gammon soon began, secretly but energetically, to push their inquiries in all directions. They discovered that Gabriel Tittlebat Titmouse, having spent the chief portion of his blissful days as a cobbler at Whitehaven, had died in London, somewhere about the year 1792 or 1793. At this point they stood for a long while, in spite of two advertisements, to which they had been driven with the greatest reluctance, for fear of attracting the attention of those most interested in thwarting them. Even that part of the affair had been managed somewhat skilfully. It was a stroke of Gammon's to advertise, not for "heir-at-law," but "next of kin," as the reader has seen. The former might have challenged a notice of unfriendly curiosity, which the latter was hardly calculated to attract. At length—at the "third time of asking"—up turned Tittlebat Titmouse, in the way which we have seen. His relationship with Mr. Gabriel Tittlebat Titmouse was indisputable; in fact, he was that "deceased person's" heir-at-law.

of the first-floor windows are bold reliefs of the heads of oxen.



NOS. 73 AND 74, HIGH STREET, ALDGATE.

The next house but one, No. 76, has a front altogether in a different style of decoration from the façade just described; the several stories being embellished with florid, armorial and other reliefs, such as characterized Elizabethan London.

LONDON STREET ARCHITECTURE.

NOS. 73 AND 74, HIGH STREET, ALDGATE.

The new façade of the above houses, situate on the south side of the street, and nearly opposite the church of St. Botolph, presents a neat contrast with the other house-fronts in the same line. The ground-floor, occupied as butchers' shops, has projecting shambles, with glazed lights in the roof. The first and second stories have six pilasters supporting an entablature, strengthened with bold consoles, or trusses; the upper story is decorated with arcades, the effect of which is strangely marred by the square-headed windows beneath them; and the parapet is ornamented with a line of small trusses. In the semicircular tops

New Books.

MEMOIRS OF HARRIOT, DUCHESS OF ST. ALBANS. BY MRS. C. BARON-WILSON.

WITH perfect disposition to render justice to this work, and to the reader, we are bound to state our opinion, that the authoress has entirely failed in her amiable object—to vindicate the character of the late Duchess of St. Albans. Indeed, we are disposed to think that time had done more to efface the calumny of the wicked, before the appearance of this work, than will ever be effected by its publication. The cause of this failure, be it remembered, lies not in want of interesting adventure in the life of the Duchess, but in the weakness of execution; the un-

attractiveness, and general inanity, which more or less characterise nearly every page of these volumes. It is painful to speak thus of the writings of a lady, whose works have hitherto been recommended by taste and graceful feeling, lively fancy, and harmonious thought, which can scarcely be recognised in these Memoirs. They present a bad specimen of a bad style; and the anecdotes, of which they mainly consist, are neither amusingly nor instructively told, and strangely lack that precision which is the main charm of personal history, or memoir. It would have been to ourselves a much more pleasant, as well as more profitable, task to have enlivened our columns with the staple of this work; but the narrative has too much wire-drawn airiness for our columns; and, unfortunately, they come too late in the day of theatrical biography to present many gleams of novelty respecting the Duchess' contemporaries.

We have said that time has done much in defence of the Duchess of St. Albans; and we are almost of opinion that she outlived calumny. Of Harriot Mellon's early days, the pleasantest record is the beautiful mezzotint portrait, which has been feebly re-engraved as a frontispiece to Mrs. Baron-Wilson's work. Well do we remember the exquisite archness and rich sunlight of her brilliant features—now, alas! extinguished in the dark tomb. Of her being true and just in all her dealings, long before she was lifted into affluence, we could relate many instances; for her punctuality and precision in money matters were remarkable. Her affability and condescension to tradespeople were even proverbial; and in all her transactions with them she shewed a high sense of generosity and justice—an union of good qualities too rarely witnessed for the welfare of society. The Duchess' liberality to those who strove to please her, scarcely knew bounds; yet, she was so lively and intelligent as to be occasionally severe upon incompetence, neglect, and failure. This is a common case with quick minds, who are prone to estimate mankind by their own calibre or speed. Upon the Duchess succeeding to boundless wealth, a new affliction overcame her: whilst walking in the retired grounds of the villa of a distinguished relative by marriage, at Petersham, this poor lady frequently expressed the mortification of her position, in heartfelt bitterness: she was rich in the world's goods, but poor in its social delights, without which life is but a poor, dull scene of mischance. Her vast wealth excited the envy of the titled, the poor, and the proud; and thus proved the earliest worm of her middle age. Many

of the "sweet small courtesies of life" were meanly withheld from her; whilst those who had partaken of her hospitalities were not unfrequently the first to villify her taste, and refer to ostentation that which was, in truth, excessive good-nature: many a person has risen from her table but to calumniate her abroad, with her claret "reeking from their rascally lips." We have heard idle stories of the Duchess' ill-treatment of her servants; the best reply to which will be found in her legacies to her housekeeper, house-steward, coachman, and others.

It has not, however, yet been stated, as we intended, in what respect the Duchess of St. Albans vindicated herself, or, rather, established her own fame. To this desirable end we have ever considered her to have contributed by her excellent conduct *after she had risen to the highest point of her ambition*: the unthinking world expected vulgar display and bad taste, ill-assorted finery and misused wealth; but how were they disappointed! for she seemed at once to fall into the *régime* of the rank she had reached, and to adopt that quiet style which is the unmistakable attribute of high breeding. Her assumption of ducal dignity led to no alteration in its externals: the St. Alban's equipages were not a whit more dashing from her infusion of new wealth into the fortunes of the family. These may be trifles to the ear and eye; but they bespoke the good taste of the Duchess. An incident occurred to her Grace, at the coronation of William IV., in 1831, that we do not remember to have seen noticed in print; it was simply this, as we witnessed it from the gallery in the north transept of Westminster Abbey:—The Duchess occupied, with other peeresses of the same rank, the foremost seat upon the floor of the above transept; when, immediately before the anointing of the Queen, a sealed packet was presented to her Grace of St. Albans: the three Duchesses to her left, and the Duchess upon her right, then rose to hold the pall, or canopy, over her Majesty, leaving the Duchess of St. Albans seated and passed over.

Returning to Mrs. Baron-Wilson's book; it would not be difficult to select from its pages several excellent traits of the Duchess. We are happy to see quoted Sir Walter Scott's amiable rebuke of those who "practised on her the delicate manoeuvre, called *tipping the cold shoulder*," at Abbotsford; and some notices of her Grace, from Sir Walter's diary, in Mr. Lockhart's *Life* of his honoured father-in-law. In the latter it is recorded that, on her visit to Abbotsford, in 1825, the Duke of St. Alban's suit threw but coldly: Sir

Walter believed himself "her confidant in sincerity." She had refused the Duke twice, and decidedly; he was merely on the footing of friendship: Sir Walter urged it was akin to love; she allowed she might marry the Duke, only she had then not the least "inclination that way. Sir Walter notes: "It is the fashion to attend Mrs. Coutts's parties, and to abuse her. I have always found her a kind, friendly woman, without either affectation or insolence in the display of her wealth; most willing to do good if the means be shewn to her. . . . So much wealth can hardly be enjoyed without the appearance of ostentation. If the Duke marries her, he insures an immense fortune; if she marries him, she has the first rank. If he marries a woman older than himself by twenty years, she marries a man younger in wit by twenty degrees. I do not think he will dilapidate her fortune; he seems good and gentle. I do not think she will abuse his softness of disposition—shall I say, or of head?" On this occasion, Mrs. Coutts travelled with seven carriages, four of which she left at Edinburgh; but the other three, each drawn by four horses, were rather trying to poor Lady Scott. By a subsequent entry, we find that Mrs. Coutts obtained for Sir Walter a cadetship, in which he was interested. Scott was not the only genius who honoured Mrs. Coutts with marked attention. Southey and Wordsworth paid their respects to her at the hotel, Ambleside, Westmoreland. Rogers was an old friend; as were others among our best authors.

Among the more attractive portions of the work, is a chapter of reminiscences, entitled, "the Duchess at Brighton," communicated, if we mistake not, by one of the authors of *The Rejected Addresses*. It terminates with some touching stanzas, written after a party given at St. Alban's House, subsequent to the death of the Duchess, and concluding thus:—

"Then, oh! forgive me if I bear
In this gay scene a sudden'd heart;
Forgive me if the smile I wear
Conceals the tear that longs to start."

The Duchess was so superstitious, as, in her widowed condition, to be fearful of ghosts, and constantly to have a servant with her to keep watch by night. She cherished from her youth a belief, common in the west of England, that the dead revisit the living as birds. On her death-bed, she received Lady Guilford placidly, saying, "I am so happy to-day, because your father's spirit is breathing upon me, as he promised; and also he has taken the shape of a little bird, singing at my window; just as he said he would come back if he could." Hoping that such a

belief would be realized, she often threw food to birds, and opened the windows of her boudoir, that they might enter.

Among the records of her benevolence, it is related that, in 1836, when the Spital-fields weavers were severely distressed, she not only subscribed for their relief the same amount as the Queen, but "gave to an upholsterer a private order for a snite of damask curtains for the whole of the sitting-rooms in Stratton-street, 500 yards of material at one guinea per yard, which the party employed was to give as his own order to the committee."

In the summary of character, Mrs. Baron-Wilson does justice to the Duchess' "chivalric regard to (or?) integrity, and her quick perception and appreciation of it in others. Whatever her errors may have been, they were outshone by her virtues, and more than palliated by the strangeness of her position in society."

THE FORGET-ME-NOT FOR 1840.

(Concluded from page 123.)

[WE return to this attractive volume for the sake of a poetic gem.]

The Wild Pink of Malmesbury Abbey.

By James Montgomery.

Part of the ancient and magnificent Abbey at Malmesbury, in Wiltshire, is used as the parish church. On one of the mouldering walls of the ruins contiguous, (near the great archway,) a solitary plant, not elsewhere found in the neighbourhood, was pointed out to the writer of the following stanzas, as growing at a height "not to be come at by the willing hand."

The Hand that gives the angels wings,
And plants the forest by its power,
O'er mountain, vale, and champaign, flings
The seed of every herb and flower;
Nor forests stand, nor angels fly,
More at God's will, more in his eye,
Than the green blade strikes down its root,
Expands its bloom, and yields its fruit.

Beautiful daughter of a line
Of unrecorded ancestry!
What herald's scroll might vie with thine,
Where monarchs trace their pedigree?
Thy first progenitor had birth,
While man was yet unquicken'd earth;
And thy posterity may wave
Their flag o'er man's last-open'd grave.

Down from the day of Eden lost,
(A generation in a year,)
Unscathed by heat, unnipt by frost,
True to the sovereign sun, appear
The units of thy transient race—
Each in its turn, each in its place,
To make the world a little while,
Lovelier and sweeter with its smile.

How camest thou hither? from what soil,
Where those that went before thee grew,
Exempt from suffering, care, or toil,
Array'd by sunbeams, fed with dew?
Tell me, on what strange spot of ground
Thy Alpine kindred yet are found,
And I the carrier-dove will be
To bring them wondrous news of thee:

* The *Dianthus caryophyllus*, occasionally found on old and decayed buildings, as well as on sparry rocks.

Hew here, by wren or redbreast dropt,
Thy parent-germ was left behind;
Or, in its pathless voyage stopt,
While sailing on the autumnal wind;
Not rudely wreckt, but haply thrown
On yonder ledge of quarried stone,
Where the blithe swallow builds and sings,
And the pert sparrow pecks his wings.

Then, by some glance of moonshine sped,
Queen Mab, methinks, alighting there,
A span-long, hand-breadth terrace spread,
A fairy-garden hung in air,
Of lichens, moss, and earthy mould,
To rival Babylon's of old,
In which that single seed she nurst,
Till forth its embryo-wildling burst.

Now, like that solitary star,
Last in the morn's resplendent crown,
Or first emerging, faint and far,
When evening-glooms the air embrown,
Thy beauty shines, without defence,
Yet safe from gentle violence,
While infant hands and maiden-eyes
Covet in vain the tempting prize.

Yon arch, beneath whose giant-span
Thousands of passing feet have trod
Upon the dust that once was man,
Gather'd around this house of God—
That arch, which seems to mock decay,
Fix'd as the firmament to-day,
Is fading, like the rainbow's form,
Beneath the stress of Time's long storm.

But thou shalt boast perennial prime:
The blade, the stem, the bud, the flower,
Not ruin'd, but renew'd by time,
Beyond the great destroyer's power,
Like day and night, like spring and fall,
Alternate, on the Abbey-wall,
Shall come and go, from year to year,
And vanish but to re-appear.

Nay, when in utter wreck are strown
Arch, buttress, all this mighty mass;
Crumbled, and crush'd, and overgrown
With thorns and thistles, reeds and grass;
While Nature thus the waste repairs
Thine offspring, Nature's endless heirs,
Earth's "stony ground" shall re-possess,
And people the new wilderness.

So be it!—but the sun is set,
My song must end, and I depart;
Yet thee I never will forget,
But plant thee in my inmost heart,
Where this shall thy memorial be—
If God so cares for thine and thee,
How can I doubt that love divine,
Which watches over me and mine?

[The Plates, eleven in number, are of well-chosen design and execution: the frontispiece, a whole length portrait of the Queen, is an extremely interesting print.]

GRUND'S ARISTOCRACY, IN AMERICA. (Concluded from page 74.)

[HAVING found these volumes full of lively and pleasant anecdotes and characteristics, we shall draw still further upon their resources. Indeed, the work is so clever and attractive, that we reluctantly part with it.]

Girls of the Independent Press.

They are employed as compositors and pressmen, in the Bostonian printing-offices,

reducing the wages of our journeymen printers, and preparing themselves for housekeeping by composing the works of our best authors. I know two of them who became expert cooks by composing "The Frugal Housewife," by Mrs. Child; and a third prepared herself for her approaching marriage by setting up "The Mother's Book." These girls, you must know, are distinguished by a highly aristocratic feeling; and would no more condescend to speak to one of our waiting-women, than the wife of a president of an insurance-office would deign to leave a card for the poor consort of a professor in one of our colleges. *They dress and act as ladies*; and, if you do not believe their claims to "gentility," they will shew them to you in print.

It is not more than a month ago, that, while in Washington, I had occasion to call at the office of one of my friends who is an editor of a daily paper. Not finding him there, I entered the press-room, where, much to my surprise, I found three pretty girls, dressed as if they had been measured by *Madame l'ictorine*, and in *bonnets* corresponding to the last fashion of the *Rue l'ivienne*, busily engaged in multiplying the speeches of our orators and statesmen. This, however, was done in the most dignified manner; for when I asked for the master of the establishment, where I could find him, when he would be in, &c., one of them, in lieu of an answer, merely pointed to a large placard stuck to one of the columns which supported the ceiling, on which there was the following peremptory request, printed in gigantic letters:—

"Gentlemen are requested not to stand and look about,—because the ladies don't like it."

"And did you then immediately leave the room?" inquired the doctor.

"I had no other alternative," replied the Bostonian: "if I had remained one minute longer, there would have been an article against me in next morning's paper. This is a sort of trades' aristocracy, formed by the female part of our population; for such seems to be the disgust of our girls for domestic occupation, that they will rather become tailresses, printers, bookbinders, or work at a manufactory, than degrade themselves by 'living out.'* And yet I am bound to say they maintain their aristocratic dignity better than many a stockholder's wife and daughters; and I have never known a single instance in which they did not completely succeed in keeping their fellow-workmen in subjection, and at a proper distance."

* The usual American appellation for living at service.

Fashionable Education.

"And pray, madam, what boarding-school is it your daughter went to?" demanded I.

"It's the *first* in the country, sir—kept by the Misses * * *, at T * * *, three miles from A * * *."

"And what branches are taught in that school?" demanded I, with an ill-suppressed feeling of curiosity.

"I don't remember all the hard names, sir," replied the old lady, somewhat embarrassed. "Susan, my child, tell the gentleman all you have learnt at the Misses * * *."

"We had reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, grammar, geography, history, maps, the globe, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, astronomy, natural philosophy, chemistry, botany, physiology, mineralogy, geology, and zoology, in the morning; and dancing, drawing, painting, French, Italian, Spanish, and German, in the afternoon. Greek, and the higher branches of mathematics, were only studied by the tall girls."

"And how many masters were there for teaching all that?" demanded I, astonished with the volubility of the young lady's tongue.

"The Misses * * * teach *everything*," replied the girl. "They wouldn't allow a gentleman to enter the house."

Philadelphia Cooks.

The Philadelphians have the *best cooks* in the United States. There is nothing more aristocratic than the keeping of an excellent cook; nothing so vulgar as not to care what one is eating or drinking. "*Dis-moi ce que tu manges, et je te dirai qui tu es*," said the celebrated author of "*La Physiologie du Goût*;" and, certes, no Philadelphian will, in this respect, be found wanting in the scale. There is a nice little house in Third-street, kept by a man, or, as I should say, "a gentleman," who spent upwards of a hundred thousand dollars in Europe in learning how to eat and drink, and who is now teaching the same science to a select circle of his countrymen; charging them for his trouble a little less than some of the quack professors of the culinary art in New York and Boston, who think a dinner excellent when it consists of joints, and shew their barbarism by putting ice in their claret.

Mr. H—d, of the Mansion-house in Philadelphia, has been long enough in Europe to know the difference between gravy and melted butter; and if every American that goes to Europe to improve himself would *only learn as much*, there would be no harm, and much substantial benefit, arising from it to the country. I

have, at his house, eaten fricassees that would have done credit to old Vêry;—his son inherited the money, not the taste of his father;—and sauces with which, as Prince Puckler Muskau has it, "a man could have eaten his own grandfather!" In short, one is more comfortable at the neat little house in Third-street, than anywhere else in the United States. An Englishman himself could live there without missing any of the luxuries of his own country, if the bar-keeper were not a stupid old negro, and Mr. H—d, jun., more of a gentleman than a landlord.

Washington Routs—the Epicure House.

The routs in Washington, in spite of the small rooms, and the economy of refreshments, are delightful, lasting, generally, from nine in the evening until two in the morning; after which the *élégants*, wholly exhausted from the uncommon exertion of being agreeable four or five hours in succession, repair to some cellar or beef-shop, not quite so well furnished as the common resorts of cabmen and omnibus drivers in London, but which the aristocratic taste of the young men elevates into "refectories."

It is in these cellars that a stranger may become acquainted with "real life in Washington." In the best part of the season, when speeches are plenty and cash flush, the idlers' "refectories" keep open the whole night; the regular eating and drinking, and, as I was informed, also the gambling, never commencing until twelve o'clock.

One of these establishments,—the best of the kind I believe in the metropolis,—the Epicure House," as it is termed, was recommended to me as doing canvas-back ducks in the neatest style, and being always the resort of the most fashionable company. This recommendation, joined to the fact that nothing can be obtained at an inn after the hour of eleven,—a practice which adds much to the convenience of the *innkeepers*,—induced me to try the skill of a coloured cook, and to have a peep at the young men that were called "the first" in the law-giving city.

In less than fifteen minutes one of the best specimens of that inestimable bird, the canvas-back duck, for which the Americans might justly be envied by European princes, was placed before me, "with the usual trimmings," consisting of jelly, butter, beets, and pickles, together with a small bottle of the Napoleon brand champagne. The whole was served in good order; and I could not but wonder that in a place of so mean and unfashionable an appearance a person should find such excellent accommodations. What

would Mr. Stuart have said if his good fortune had led him to the Epicure House in Washington? I can assure him that in no other place in the United States could he have eaten canvas-back ducks more deserving of praise and comment.

What gave a peculiar character to this little pandemonium was, the continual apparition and vanishing of the black, brown, and yellow waiters; all shining with perspiration, and leaving, as they passed, something not altogether unlike the odour of brimstone behind them. These exhalations, the steam of the viands, the smell of rum, brandy, and tobacco, independent of the corrupt, sultry air produced by the presence of a large number of persons in a small room, soon obliged me to quit the scene of merriment; and, in half an hour later, I found myself safely in bed at Gadsby's.

The Lady and the Ambassador.

In what light ambassadors are held by the ladies will appear from the following anecdote:—At a dinner party to which most of the representatives of the greater powers and some of the smaller ones were invited, one of them, a jolly old bachelor of the English school, attempted a song, which so much gratified the ladies, that it was proposed every gentleman present should, in turn, follow the example. Russia and some other great powers immediately obeyed the summons; but when the turn came to the representative of a new court, he indignantly exclaimed, "*Mon roi ne m'a pas envoyé ici pour chanter.*"—"Well," answered a lady, "if you will not sing, we shall ask your gallant king to send us somebody else who will."

Seeking a Place.

One morning, scarcely a fortnight after General Jackson's arrival at the White House, a shabby-genteel looking man presented himself at his parlour, and, after the usual salutation and shaking of hands, expressed his joy at seeing the venerable old gentleman at last hold the situation of chief magistrate of the country, to which his bravery, his talents, and his unimpeachable rectitude fully entitled him. "We have had a hard time of it," said he, "in our little place; but our exertions were unremitting: I myself went round to stimulate my neighbours, and at last the victory was ours. We beat them by a majority of ten votes; and I now behold the result of that glorious triumph!" The General thanked him in terms of studied politeness, assuring him that he would resign his office in an instant if he did not think his election gave satisfaction to a

vast majority of the people; and, at last, regretted his admirer's zeal for the public weal should have been so severely taxed on his account. "Oh, no matter for that, sir!" said he; "I did it with pleasure,—I did it for myself and for my country" (the General bowed); "and I now come to congratulate you on your success" (the General bowed again). "I thought, sir," continued he, "that, as you are now President of the United States, I might perhaps be useful to you in some official capacity." (The General looked somewhat embarrassed.) "Pray, sir, have you already made a choice of your cabinet ministers?"—"I have," was the reply of the General.—"Well, no matter for that; I shall be satisfied with an embassy to Europe."—"I am sorry to say there is no vacancy."—"Then you will, perhaps, require a head-clerk in the department of State?"—"These are generally appointed by the respective secretaries."—"I am very sorry for that; then I must be satisfied with some inferior appointment."—"I never interfere with these: you must address yourself to the heads of departments."—"But could I not be postmaster in Washington? Only think, General, how I worked for you!"—"I am much obliged to you for the good opinion you entertain of me, and for your kind offices at the last election; but the postmaster for the city of Washington is already appointed."—"Well, I don't particularly care for that; I should be satisfied with being his clerk."—"This is a subject you must mention to the postmaster."—"Why, then, General," exclaimed the disappointed candidate for office, "haven't you got an old black coat?" You may well imagine that the General gave him one.

Fine Arts.

MR. LESLIE'S CORONATION PICTURE.

(From the Times.)

SEVERAL coronation pictures have been painted, and are now being painted, by artists of the highest talent, and they have all of them their respective excellencies, and some of them very great excellence. Nevertheless, without going into a detail of comparison, we cannot help saying, that in our judgment, this is the most pleasing, the most highly-finished, and the most excellent. It is, we believe, the only picture of this class which is the property of Her Majesty, painted expressly for her, and containing portraits of those of the nobility whom she particularly wished to be prominent in the coronation groups. The portion of the ceremony chosen by the artist is the administration by the Archbishop of Canterbury of the holy sa-

crament to the Queen. Her Majesty is represented kneeling at the steps of the altar, divested of her crown, jewels, and decorations, and having nothing by which her rank is marked, but the Dalnatic robe. The bust is totally without ornaments, and this circumstance has afforded the artist the best opportunity possible of painting a correct likeness, and a likeness that at the first glance convinces the spectator of its truth. In most of the portraits of the Queen, she is represented with her crown, or with a jewelled coronet, by which her features and the character of her countenance are completely altered from their usual appearance, and the truth of the portrayed resemblance obliterated or removed. In this picture, the likeness is remarkably correct; it is also a pleasing likeness; the expression is very happy; there is a subdued tone of feeling, consonant with the solemnity of the act she is performing, and in harmony with the sanctity of the subject. The portrait of the venerable prelate is equally good. The painter has given the very expression and character of the Archbishop. The portrait of the Duke of Wellington, who is one of the most conspicuous persons on the left side of the picture, is very accurate; the attitude, as well as the features, is correctly given. The artist had four sittings from his Grace, at Apsley House. His Grace called, with much good nature, on the artist, and having told him he came by command of Her Majesty to sit for his portrait, assured him he would afford him every facility in his power. The result has been a likeness worthy both the Duke and Mr. Leslie. The portraits of the Duke of Norfolk, Lord High Marshal, and of Lord Melbourne, are good. That of the Bishop of London is characteristic, and the black robe and lawn sleeves of his lordship's dress relieve the eye from the necessary brilliancy of the colours of the costumes of those who are near him. The Duke of Sutherland's portrait is good, that of his duchess is better; her Grace is a very prominent personage in the picture, and forms the leader of a group of very agreeable portraits of the female nobility:—*viz.*, Ladies Barham, Caroline Lennox, Adelaide Paget, Fanny Cowper, W. Stanhope, and Mary Grimston, the ladies in waiting. There are also portraits of the Princess Augusta, Princess Augusta of Cambridge, Princess Hohenlohe, and the Duchess of Kent, all admirable likenesses, and all grouped with great attention to composition. Behind the Duchess of Kent is the portrait of the ill-fated Lady Flora Hastings, who sat to Mr Leslie but a few days before the occurrence of those unfortunate events which

terminated in her death. The Marquis of Stafford and Lord Mountcharles are depicted as pages, and help to diversify the masses. The portrait of the Duke of Cambridge, and that of the Duke of Sussex, are remarkable for their close resemblance to the originals. Prince Ernest of Hesse Philippsthal is close to them; and on the extreme right of the picture is the late Duke of Argyll, remarkable as being the last portrait ever painted of his Grace. Besides these, and some others, there are the Ladies Caroline Campbell, and Caroline Legge, the Hon. Miss Kerr, and Lady Mary Pelham; Lord Villiers, Lord in Waiting; Lord Morpeth, Lord in Waiting on the Duchess of Kent; the Duke de Nemours, the Duke of Saxe Cobourg, and Prince George of Cambridge, &c. The great beauty of this picture is the mode of its general treatment, the excellent tone of the colouring, the correctness of the portraits, and the elaborate finishing of every part. There is no slovenly nor hurried execution; it is not a picture got up for exhibition at a short notice, but is a very exquisite and valuable historical record of the most important part of an important ceremony; there is something to please all classes; the religious public will contemplate the kneeling at the altar of the highest personage in the realm with feelings of devout satisfaction; the admirers of magnificence will be gratified at the gorgeousness of the trappings of royalty, and the admirers of female beauty will find full scope for their admiration in the number of charming forms and faces amongst the females. The picture is to be engraved by Mr. Samuel Cousins.

Varieties.

Bramah's Locks.—The security of Bramah's locks depends on the doctrine of combinations, or multiplication of numbers into each other, which is known to increase in the most rapid proportion. Thus, a lock of five slides admits of 5,000 variations, while one of eight will have no less than 1,935,360 changes; or, in other words, that number of attempts at making a key, or at picking it, may be made, before it can be opened.

"Now an Animal, now a Plant."—The *confervus mutabilis* is a plant-like body, which, according to Messrs. Mörtes and Gaillon, is sometimes an animal, sometimes a plant. The former says that he has frequently seen it undergo its transformation, particularly in August, 1822. On the 3rd of that month, he shewed it to a great number of persons in a state of plant; on the 5th, it had disarticulated into points, distinctly moving in water, which, on the 6th, began again to unite, and on the 10th became restored to their original state of *confervus*.

Advertisement Extraordinary.—£100 Reward.—The Entomological Society having granted their medal to the Rev. Dr. Hawtrey, of Eton, for his ingenious application of the high-pressure steam-engine to the destruction of the small fire-fly, the glow-worm, and common house-fly, the Society are authorized by Dr. Hawtrey to offer the above reward

for the best plan of applying the more simple and elegant old block machinery and thrashing machine to the same useful purpose. *N. B.* The above reward is offered in consequence of the Doctor having severely injured himself by the use of his own discovery.—Nov. 6, 1839.—*Times*. [This Frankenstein schooling reminds one of sawing blocks with a razor.]

Education.—Mr. John Neilson, of Nether-compton, Paisley, has left, for the establishment of a seminary for education in that town, the sum of £18,000.—*Glasgow Chronicle*.

Magic Silencing.—Make a solution of nitrate of silver in water, and put into it a small coil of copper wire; after a short time, the silver will be precipitated upon the wire.

The Royal Plate.—The *Times*, with equal promptitude and justice, has acknowledged the paragraph respecting the plate in Windsor Castle, (on the 16th), to have been "taken from an amusing little book, called *Hints for the Table*," notwithstanding the extract was not first copied into the above journal.

Penny Postage.—It will be seen by the recent order in Council respecting this scheme, that "my Lords" are already impressed with the prospective difficulties of charging letter by weight only, as suggested at page 59 of the present volume.

New South Wales.—The *King William* steamer has proceeded seventy-five miles upon an exploring voyage up the Big River.—The country generally was very fine, and in some parts luxuriant; kangaroos and birds were in abundance. The new settlement, at Port Essington, was slowly progressing, and the natives were peaceable with the settlers. It was also healthy. The heat, however, was great, standing at 90 in the shade.

The Schoolmaster Wanted.—From a recent inquiry, it appears that out of every hundred offenders in the penal prisons of Belgium, sixty-one could neither read nor write, fifteen had received partial instruction, and twenty-four could read and write fairly. Such facts speak more than volumes of arguments for sending the schoolmaster abroad, with all speed, through the Belgic provinces.

Chatterton Monument.—The foundation-stone of Chatterton's monument was laid on Wednesday morning, nearly under the clock of Redcliffe Church, in the angle formed by the tower and the monument-room. It will be completed about Christmas.—*Bristol Journal*.

Landship in the Isle of Wight.—Above eight acres have slipped, at the base of Headdon Hill, parallel with Alum Bay, and in the immediate vicinity of the Needles rocks.

Parkhurst Prison. built by Government, in the Isle of Wight, for the reformation of juvenile offenders, was opened at the close of last year: it contains workshops for different trades, and outside the walls are eighty acres of land, for employing the prisoners in agricultural labour.—*The Educational Magazine*, a sensible work, devoted to a very laudable and important purpose.

New Distinction.—Hitherto, the title of "citizen of the first class," could not be held by Jews in Russia. The Emperor has just issued an order to the minister of the interior, by which this title may be held by any Jew who renders himself worthy of it by personal merit, or by any eminent service rendered to the State either in art, science, manufacture, trade, or otherwise.—*Foreign Quar. Review*.

Novel Embellishments.—Prince John, Duke of Saxony, has just published an edition of "Dante, Alighieri's, göttliche komikie," illustrated with "a map, and two plans of Hell."

English Music.—What is the patronage to be expected by the cultivated English musician, be he singer, composer, or performer? Royalty affords none. The nobility and gentry, (with the exception

of Earl Grosvenor, and one or two other families of distinction,) none. The mania is for everything foreign. Although we have the works of Purcell, Arne, Shield, Percy, Abdin, Bishop, Calcott, Barnett, &c., long the boast of musicians as men who adorned by their works the country of their birth,—where, last season, were any of them heard?—Echo answers, where!—*For. Quarterly Review*.

Large Apple.—An apple, weighing nearly a pound, and measuring, in circumference, across the stalk, upwards of twelve inches, was lately exhibited in Liverpool; from the garden of Mr. Nicklinson, near Melbourne, Leicestershire.

The Shoreham Branch of the London and Brighton Railway is now advanced within three-quarters of a mile of Shoreham, and the work is proceeding with great despatch. At the Brighton end, the permanent rails are laid down to the entrance of the tunnel; the tunnel itself is completed, and the engine made her first journey through it on the 25th.—*Brighton Gazette*.

Russian Literature.—During the year 1838, 893 works were printed in Russia: 777 in total, and 116 translations. The number of volumes imported was 400,000.

Wallachia.—A company of young ladies at Jassy have commenced translating the best classical works on foreign languages into Moldavian. Some of them are already published. Prince Stourdza, the Hospodar, who has widely patronized literature, has awarded gold and silver medals to some of the literate.

Wealth.—Miss Angela Burdett Coutts's fortune is said to amount to the sum of £1,800,000. The weight of this vast sum in gold is 13 tons, 7 cwt., 3 grs., 12 lb., and would require 107 men to carry it, supposing that each of them carried 289 lb., equivalent to the weight of a sack of flour.—*Morning Herald*.

John Lander.—Died, on the 16th inst., in his thirty-third year. Mr. John Lander, an officer in Her Majesty's Customs. This enterprising young man was the brother of Richard Lander, the faithful servant and attendant of Captain Clapperton in his African expedition. The British Government having determined, in the year 1829, to send out an expedition to explore the course and termination of the Niger, Richard Lander volunteered the undertaking, accompanied by his brother John. The narrative of the expedition was published on their return in 1832, when their perilous adventures excited the deepest interest. The brothers soon afterwards entered upon another expedition to the same quarter, the termination of which the elder brother, Richard, did not long survive. John is now no more, having fallen a victim to a pulmonary complaint engendered by his labours in the promotion of science. He has left a widow and three very young children, under seven years of age, with nothing more than such temporary provision as the father's prudence may have secured out of his salary as a junior clerk in the Custom-house. This appointment was kindly given to him by the Earl of Ripon, then Viscount Goderich, as a reward for the successful termination of the African expedition; in which expedition that generous nobleman took, as usual, a most patriotic interest. Though possessed of considerable literary talent, John Lander was unpretending and inoffensive in demeanour, performing all the moral and social duties in every respect worthy of a true and pious Christian.—*Standard*.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1839.

[Price 2d.

WATERFALLS OF NORTH WALES.



CEUNANT MAWR :

OR, THE WATERFALL OF THE GREAT CHURN.



RHAIADR Y WENNOL :

OR, THE WATERFALL OF THE SWALLOW.

WATERFALLS OF NORTH WALES.

"With woods o'erhung, and shagg'd with mossy rocks,
Whence on each hand the gushing waters play,
Or down the rough cascade white dashing fall."
Thomson.

* THE two Falls engraved upon the preceding page rank among the most attractive characteristics of the scenery of North Wales. It is true that in height they are subordinate to several curiosities of the same class in this kingdom; but, what they lack in altitude, they gain in picturesqueness and romantic beauty. Both are situate within the poetical region of *Snowdonia*, described at page 23 of the present volume; and both views have the attraction of originality, being engraved from sketches made a few months since, by an artist whose labours with the pencil and graver are specimens of twofold and tasteful excellence.

Ceunant Mawr, the *Waterfall of the Great Chasm*, (in Caernarvonshire,) lies at the extremity of a deep glen, about half a mile south of the castle of Dolbadarn, engraved in the present volume. This cataract is upwards of sixty feet in height, and is formed by the mountain torrent from Cwm Brwynog. It rushes through a cleft in the rock above, and, after coming in a direct line, suddenly takes a turn with the broad stratum of the rock, and then descends aslant, with the noise of thunder, into the deep black pool below.

Rhaiadr y Wenol, or the *Waterfall of the Swallow*, (also in Caernarvonshire,) lies among that pile of mountains which form the base of Snowdon, and is formed by the little river Lugwy: "the water at the top is in one body, but soon becomes broken into many streams, dashing impetuously over large masses of rock, down a rugged chasm of sixty feet wide, at the broadest part." The high banks of the ravine are wooded, the trees hang gracefully over the torrent, and the ground is richly carpeted with mosses and wild flowers. From the upper part of the wood, near the head of the Fall, there is a good view of the descending flood; a path from the high road leads to the Fall, and a small wicket-gate has been placed in the wall on the roadside, for the convenience of visitors. On a mountain-top, directly over the Cascade, has also been lately built a summer-house; but for which, so embosomed is the Fall in wood, that the tourist would be liable to pass it unheeded, notwithstanding its contiguity to the London and Holyhead Road, at about three miles from Capel Curig; whence the lovers of the sublime and picturesque are wont to start for the wonders of *Snowdonia*.

MARGUERITE DE BOURGOGNE.

A TRADITION OF ANCIENT PARIS.

[THE writer can claim little credit beyond that of having adapted the incidents of the following Tale from the celebrated drama, "*La tour de Nesle*," by Alexandre Dumas, and Frédéric Gailardet. For fearful interest and situation, the piece is unequalled; and, although seven years have elapsed since its first production, a vast audience crowds to the *Théâtre* whenever its representation takes place.—ALBERT.]

I.—THE TAVERN.

The great bell of *Nôtre-Dame* was booming heavily across the Seine, and calling the devout portion of the inhabitants of Paris to their vespers, on a fine autumnal evening, at the commencement of the fourteenth century, as a young traveller slowly entered the city by the *Porte St. Honoré*.* It was a fête day, and as, in more modern times, crowds of *bourgeois*, grisettes, artisans, students, and, indeed, representatives of every class of society, were thronging outside the barriers to enjoy their wine, and luxuriate on their bread and melons, free of the *octroi*, which the entrance of these commodities into the city rendered necessary. But the appearance of the traveller contrasted strangely with the holiday-clad pleasure-seekers around him. His dress was soiled and untidy, and partook more of the costume of a soldier from the Low Countries than a courtier of France; although his carefully arranged hair, which clustered in long fair curls over his high forehead, shewed he had not forgotten to add to his general handsome mien and figure by a shade of *coquetterie*; and more than one damsel that he met, thought he would have made a better partner at the *guinguette* than a combatant on the field of battle. Of the glances that were aimed at him, none fell home; and he continued steadily on, casting his eyes, occasionally, on either side the way, as if in search of an inn; till, at last, he stopped before a house of public entertainment, that bore the following inscription as a sign—"Au rendezvous des bons enfans. Michel Orsini donne à boire et à manger. On loge à pied et à cheval." "So," thought he, "this should be my lodging, although I doubt for to night;" and again viewing the exterior, and reading the announcement set forth on it, he gave his horse to the *garçon d'écurie*, and entered the public room, wherein some dozen of workmen were grouped round a table: they stared at him, for an instant, as he seated himself quietly at the end of the room, and ordered a measure of wine;

* "L'ancienne *Porte St. Honoré*, située vers l'endroit, où la rue de ce nom rejoint celle de Richelieu, fut démolie en 1631."—*Dulaure*.

and then they continued their conversation.

"Ho! Master Orsini," exclaimed one of them, a great burly figure of six feet high, with an arm like a blacksmith's, "taverner to the devil! double empoisoner! Must we give you all your titles before you answer?"

The person addressed, who was neither more nor less than the host himself, surlily growled out, "What would you have?—more wine?"

"Nay," returned another, "we have enough; it was Richard the *savetier* who called you; he wished to know how many souls your patron, Satan, has received this morning." "Or, to speak plainer," added the first, "how many bodies have been found this morning below the Tour?"

"Three," surlily returned the host "Three—at least, I have heard so."

"As usual," rejoined the *savetier*, "and, as usual, also, I presume, all three young, noble, and handsome. Were they strangers in the good city of Paris?"

"Not one had numbered eight days here," answered Orsini.

"Thank you, taverner," said Richard; "that is all we wanted, unless in your character of Italian and sorcerer, which are your attributes in Paris, you can tell us who this vampire is that requires so much young and warm blood to prevent his own from coagulating with age."

"I know not," replied Orsini, in the same dogged tone.

"No matter; you know nothing," returned the other; "well, well, leave us alone, and attend to this young master, who does you the honour to call you."

"Master Taverner," said the stranger, speaking for the first time, "can any of your acquaintances carry this *billet* for me to the Louvre for a few *sous*?" "I can find one, *messire*," answered the host, and beckoning one of his hangers-on, he told him to do as the gentleman required. "Listen, then," said the stranger. "You will take this to the Louvre, and, having asked for the captain (Gauthier Daulnay, you will give it to him;)" and the messenger, receiving the commission and its payment, departed.

"Jehan de Montlheric," said the *savetier* to a *manant* at his side, "hast seen the *cortège* of Queen Marguerite to-day, and her two sisters, the princesses Blanche and Jeanne?"

"That have I," answered Jehan, "and we need not ask now where the tax is gone which was levied by our king Philippe-le-Bel of glorious memory. I saw my thirty *sous* upon the back of the Queen's favourite. Did you mark Gauthier Daulnay?"

The stranger started as he heard the last name pronounced, and then fixed his eyes attentively on the speaker.

"Holy Virgin! have I seen him?" exclaimed Richard. "His demon of a horse caracolled so freely amongst the crowd, that he placed his hoof on my foot, and, as I cried mercy, his master, to quiet me, gave me——"

"A crown of gold?" interrupted Jehan.

"Marry, no—a stroke on the head with the pommel of his sword."

"And you did nothing to the horse and said nothing to the master?" asked another.

"As for the horse," answered the *savetier*, "I valiantly buried two inches of this knife into his haunches, and he went his way bleeding; as for the master, I called him bastard, and he went his way, swearing."

"Who says that Gauthier Daulnay is a bastard?" exclaimed the stranger, suddenly rising from his seat, and gazing with kindling ire on the group of talkers.

"I say so," coolly returned the *savetier*, passing the flagon of wine.

"Then you lie in your throat, cur!" said the stranger, hurling a heavy drinking-cup at the face of the last speaker.

"Ha! struck! *Mort au mignon! Mort au gentilhomme!*" shouted the infuriated artisans, drawing their knives, and rising from the table. The stranger retreated a few steps, and, throwing down a lench before him, drew his sword, exclaiming "Hollog! my masters; mind you, that my sword is longer, and of better steel, than your knives."

"But we have ten knives against your one sword," cried the others, closing round him. "*A mort! à mort!*"

The enraged artisans formed a semi-circle about the traveller, who, rapidly thrusting with his sword, was parrying, as well as he was able, the quick succession of strokes aimed at him on all sides by their knives. The contest, however, was too unequal; the odds were too strong against him, and he would, probably, have been overcome, when a fresh arrival turned the fortune of the contest. The new comer, on entering the room, had quietly deposed his cloak upon a table, thinking the noise arose but from a drunken brawl; though, as soon as he beheld a stranger, and that stranger, to all appearance, respectable, amongst the group of infuriated artisans, he drew his sword and charged upon them, exclaiming, "Ten against one! Ten hirelings against one gentleman—it is five too many. Back, hounds, as you value your dogs' lives!"

Whether some former meeting, or the determined appearance of the new assailant, produced so sudden an effect, we

know not; but the crowd of noisy antagonists fell back immediately before him, and retired cowering to their own table.

"By my holy patron!" said the young soldier, as soon as he recovered sufficient breath to speak, "you have come at the right moment; and I will serve you a like turn when you find occasion. Your hand."

"Willingly," said the other, returning the hearty grasp he received. "Ho! Master Orsini, bring us two stoups of wine—we must be better acquaintances. I think it is the first time, sir soldier, I have seen you in this ancient tavern. Are you but newly arrived at Paris?"

"But two hours. I am awaiting the arrival from Navarre, of our King Louis the Tenth; and I have profited by his accession to return from Flanders where I was serving."

"And I from Italy; it seems, then, the same cause draws us both here."

"I seek my fortune," said the young soldier.

"And I, also:—and your hopes of success?"

"My brother is high in the Queen's favour—his name is Gauthier Daulnay."

"You will succeed, *mon cavalier*," said the other; "for the Queen will refuse him nothing."

"I have but written to him this minute, to announce my arrival, and request he would join me here; so it is as well that I see all these vagabond assailers have dispersed. May I demand your name?"

"My name! say, rather, my names, for I have two: a name of birth which is my own, but which I do not bear, and a *nom de guerre* which is not mine, but by which I call myself." "And which will you tell me?" "My *nom de guerre*, Buridan;—and yours is——"

"Philippe Daulnay," returned his companion; and then, suddenly turning the discourse, he inquired, "Have you any friend at court—any resources?"

"They are here," said Buridan, striking his forehead; "and in my heart."

"You reckon, then, on your address, and on love?"

"I count yet upon other things. I am of the same age—of the same country—as the Queen. I was a page of Duke Robert the Second, her father, who was assassinated. The Queen and I had not, between us both, at that time, the age which each of us bears at present." "And what may your age be?" asked Daulnay.

"Thirty-five," freely answered the other. "Well, since that epoch when we were young together, there has been a secret between Marguerite and myself—a secret that will kill me, *mon ami*, or will make my fortune."

"I will drink your good fortune, then," said Daulnay, touching his companion's glass with his own. "And may God give it to you also, my comrade!" added Buridan. "Mine has not commenced badly," said Daulnay, smiling. "Already!" exclaimed Buridan, "and in what manner?"

"As I returned to-day from seeing the Queen's *cortège*, I found I was followed by a woman. I drew in my pace, and she redoubled hers; in a minute she was close to me. 'My young *seigneur*,' said she, 'there is a lady loves you—are you as brave as handsome? Are you as trustworthy as brave?'—'If your lady,' said I, 'would have a heart that will brave any danger, without shrinking, to arrive at a rendezvous, I am your man, provided always that she is young and pretty; if not, let her commend herself to St. Catherine, and enter a convent.'—'She is young and beautiful.'—'So much the better.'—'She will expect you this night.'—'Where?'—'Be at the corner of the Rue Froid-Mantel, at the hour of curfew; a man will approach you, and say 'your hand'; you will shew him this ring, and follow him. Adieu, my soldier! truth and courage.' She then placed this ring on my finger and disappeared;" and, in proof of the truth of his story, Daulnay stretched his hand towards his companion, and shewed the costly jewel glittering on his finger.

"And you will go to this rendezvous?" asked Buridan.

"By my holy patron, that will I," returned Daulnay.

"I congratulate you," said the other; "here are a few hours only that you are in Paris, and except the tapster, Landry, who is an old companion in arms, I have not met a soul I know, yet I am not too old for adventures either." As he finished speaking, the door quietly opened, and a veiled female cautiously entered. On perceiving Daulnay, she hesitated for an instant, and then advanced and laid her hand on Buridan's shoulder. "Sir Captain," said a soft voice, beneath the veil.

"Well, *ma gracieuse*," answered Buridan, without discomposing himself.

"I have two words to speak to you, and to you alone."

"Why not aloud? this gentleman is my friend."

"Because," returned the veiled intruder, "there are but two words to say, and four ears to hear them."

"*C'est bien*," said Buridan, offering his arm, "and now my fair unknown, tell me these two words. You will excuse me!" he added, turning to Philippe; and, drawing the lady towards the recess of the window, she began to speak to him in an under tone.

While the dialogue was going on, Daulnay had an opportunity of more fully observing his new friend. He appeared, as he had stated, about five and thirty years of age; he was, moreover, tall and well made, and his handsome doublet of puce velvet was adapted pretty closely to the fashion then in vogue. His glossy hair was arranged in the becoming style of the *moyen age*, and his eyes were of the same dark colour—soft, and almost dove-like, in their general expression; although at times, a gleam of passion shot rapidly across them, like summer lightning, and then they resumed the same calm as before. His fine figure appeared to great advantage against the mellow autumnal sunset, as he stood in the recess of the old window; and his whole attitude was graceful and unstudied, as he bent forward to listen to his fair visitor. The conference, however, did not last above two minutes; and then the female disappeared, and Buridan returned to the table.

"Is it a dream or a wager?" said he, as he again seated himself: "this veiled beauty——"

"What of her?" asked Philippe, impatiently.

"Why, she has repeated to me the self-same words which another told to you, not two hours back!" "A rendezvous?" asked Daulnay. "You have it."—"The hour?" "The same as yours!"—"And a ring?" "The same as yours again!"—"And you will go?"

"Certainly," answered Buridan; and then, after a moment's reflection, he added, "these should be two sisters."

"So much the better," said Daulnay, laughing, "we shall then be brothers-in-law."

They would, doubtless, have conversed longer upon the subject, had not the tapster, Landry, opened the door, and announced Captain Gauthier Daulnay. Philippe rose eagerly from his seat—there was a quick step along the passage, and the two brothers were locked in one another's arms.

As soon as the first emotions of the meeting had subsided, Gauthier Daulnay, who was a perfect counterpart of his brother, (only, perhaps, with a little more refinement in his manner and toilet,) cast an inquiring glance upon Buridan. Philippe saw it, and at once introduced him.

"He is but the friend of an hour, my brother," said he, "who has rendered me a service I should remember all my life; he saved me from the knives of a dozen varlets, at whom I had launched a curse and a drinking cup because they spoke ill of thee."

"I thank you, sir," said Gauthier, ad-

ressing Buridan with an easy and unaffected politeness: "I thank you for him and for myself. Our blood and lives shall be yours in time of need; we will give them to you as we give our hands."

"You love each other truly, *mes gentilhommes*," said Buridan, who had been looking with interest at the two brothers ever since their meeting.

"Why, captain," returned Philippe, "each to the other is all the world, for we are twins, and without relations, with a red cross on our left arms for all token of recognisance; and we were exposed as infants, together and naked, upon the Parvis Notre-Dame. We have known cold and famine together, and together have we seen our brightest hours. Is it not true, dear Gauthier?" and as Philippe spoke, he grasped his brother's hand affectionately, and Buridan saw that there were tears in the eyes of each; but they were not tears of sorrow.

"And, since that time," continued Gauthier, "our longest separation has been for six months only. When he dies, I will die also; for, as he came into the world but a few hours before me, I would not survive him longer. All is in common between us; our steel, our purse; in one word, our life. But I pray your courtesy, fair sir; *au revoir*, you will come with me, Philippe?"

"I am sorry," answered his brother, "I cannot join you now. I must pass a portion of this evening where I am expected."

"Arrived but a few hours, my brother," said Gauthier, "and a rendezvous! Have a care, Philippe. The Seine for some time past has been a grave for the noblest and fairest of Paris, and, above all, its victims are strangers. Again I warn you—take heed."

There was something solemn and impressive in the tone of Gauthier Daulnay, as he delivered this caution; and had he been alone with his brother, Philippe would not have kept this appointment. As it was, he wavered, and, turning to Buridan, inquired if he still thought of going.

"I have resolved," said the captain. "I shall go." "Then I go, also," said Philippe. "How long have you arrived at Paris?" asked Gauthier of Buridan. "Four days," returned Buridan, gaily; "and a conquest already made." "'Tis strange," exclaimed Gauthier, half speaking, half thinking: "'Tis strange. Both so lately come to Paris—both young and handsome." Then, changing his tone, he added vehemently, "I beseech you, *mes amis*, do not go." "We have promised," said Philippe; "promised on our honour."

"The promise, then, is sacred," returned Gauthier; "but to-morrow, brother, at an early hour, I will be with you. And you, sir," he added, tendering his hand to Buridan, "will be always welcome with us."

At this minute, the curfew broke the gathering stillness of the city, and the sound caught up from tower to tower, was soon echoing o'er all the ancient tenements and *carre-tours* of Paris.

"'Tis the curfew," said Buridan, throwing his mantle over his shoulders; "I am expected at the second tower of the Louvre. 'Tis about to be an ugly night," he added, as the low roar of distant thunder mingled with the heavy clanging of the bells. "Adieu, *messeigneurs*," and he left the tavern.

"I go to the Rue Froid-Mantel," said Philippe departing.

"And I to the Louvre," said Gauthier, following their companion.

They had scarcely crossed the threshold when Orsini entered the room. He looked stealthily round, and, closing the door by which the others had departed, gave a low whistle. At its summons, Landry and three other men of dark and sinister aspect, and armed to the teeth, presented themselves. He glanced at them for an instant, and then exclaimed, in an under tone:—

"And we go, *mes enfans*, to the Tour de Nesle!"

(To be continued.)

THE UNICORN.

A WRITER in the *Universel*, whom we suspect to be M. Klaproth, adverting to the information obtained by the late Major Latter, respecting the existence of an animal in Tibet closely resembling the unicorn of the ancients, has revived the belief of naturalists in the existence of this hitherto fabulous animal, by adducing testimonies thereto from oriental writings. He remarks that, previous to Major Latter's report, the Catholic missionaries, who returned to Europe from China, by way of Tibet and Nepal, in the seventeenth century, mentioned that the unicorn was found in that part of the great desert which bounds China to the west, where they crossed the great wall; that Captain Turner, when travelling in Tibet, was informed by the raja of Boutan, that he had one of these animals alive; and that Bell, in his *Travels to Peking*, describes a unicorn which was found on the southern frontier of Siberia. He adds: "the great Tibetan-Mongol Dictionary, entitled *Mingghi ghiamtsau*, a copy of which is deposited in the Royal Library, (at Paris.)

mentions the unicorn, under the name of *serou*; and another work, not less authentic, the *Geographical Dictionary of Tibet and Central Asia*, printed at Peking by order of the emperor K'een-lung, where it describes a district in the province of Kham, in Tibet, named Sera-z'ong, explains this name by 'river of unicorns,' because, adds the author, many of these animals are found there. In the history of the Mongol-Khans, published and translated by Mr. J. J. Schmidt, at St. Petersburg, we find the following fact stated: 'Genghiz Khan, having subjected all Tibet, in 1206, commenced his march for Hindustan (Emedkek). As he ascended mount Jadanarung, he beheld a beast approaching him of the deer kind, of the species called *serou*, which have a single horn at the top of the head; it fell on its knees thrice before the monarch, as if to pay respect to him. Every one was astonished at this incident; the monarch exclaimed, 'the empire of Hindustan is, we are assured, the country where are born the majestic Buddhas and Bodhisatwas, as well as the potent Bogdas and princes of antiquity: what can be the meaning, then, of this animal, incapable of speech, saluting me like a man?' Upon this, he returned to his own country.' This story, (continues M. Klaproth,) is also related by Mahomedan authors, who have written the life of Genghiz; something of the kind must, therefore, have taken place. Possibly some of the Mongol conqueror's suite may have taken a unicorn, which Genghiz thus employed, to gain a pretext for abstaining from an expedition which promised no success."

When we consider that seventeen years have elapsed since the account of Major Latter was given, and that, notwithstanding our increased opportunities of intercourse with Tibet, no fact has since transpired which supplies a confirmation of that account, except the obtaining a supposed horn of the supposed unicorn, we cannot participate in these renewed hopes.

—*Asiatic Register.*

CHARACTERISTICS.

(From "Grace Cassidy;" by the Countess of Blessington.)

Sacrifices.—Even the most refined and polished of men seldom conceal any of the sacrifices they make, or what it costs to make them. This is reserved for women, and is one of the many proofs they give of their superiority in all matters of affection and delicacy.

Satire and Society.—Preferring friends to jokes is a great merit in an age when people attend so little to the feelings of

other; and think more of making a reputation for wit than they regret unmaking the reputations of half their acquaintance, for one is very often the consequence of the other. Half the *plaisanteries* that do so much mischief, and give so much pain, proceed less from malice than from the desire to shine; and this desire is so general, that people attempt to say sharp things, who can only say coarse ones. If, therefore, those who have really power to shine at the expense of their friends and acquaintance, use it not, they have double merit, and the more so, because the world seldom gives them credit for the forbearance.

The Gourmand.—A man is now passing, whom I cut last year for two reasons—first, that I found it easier to cut him than his *fricandeur*, which was impenetrable to the spoon, and the barbarian advised me to try a knife; the second, that the Goth had a *purée de truffes*! *Imaginez vous*, a substance that should be *croquante*, served as a *purée*! There was no speaking to him after such a solicism in civilization.

Feeling and Reason.—I believe it is Fontenelle who says that women have a fibre more in the heart, and a cell less in the brain, than men; it is this fibre that responds to "the nerve where agonies are born," so that all that women want in reasoning powers, they make up for in feeling. Dearly have they paid for this additional fibre; and it is not until age has unstrung its energies, that it ceases to vibrate notes of woe.

Prayer.—There is a sublimity in prayer that elevates even the most ordinary minds; for who ever lifted up his soul to the Divinity without feeling emotions to which language is inadequate to give expression? The lips may breathe prayers, though they only faintly convey what is felt; but the heart sends forth aspirations more fervent than speech ever framed. It is at such moments that all which is pure and fine in our natures is most developed. Nought is so purifying as prayer, for evil passions must be at rest ere the soul can raise itself up to the contemplation of the Almighty, and we must have pardoned ere we can pray for pardon.

Affection is the true, the only refiner of our natures. There is a wide difference between refinement of the heart and refinement of the manners; and we see many instances of the latter, with a total deficiency of the former.

Foresight of Woman.—The most painful and humiliating epoch in the life of a woman, is, when she has discovered that *he* on whom she has anchored her hopes of happiness is deficient in intellect, and yet has too much pride, or too little love, to

supply the deficiency by attending to her counsels. A woman of mere ordinary understanding, actuated by a strong affection, acquires wisdom by suffering; and, shortsighted as she might be for herself, becomes prescient for him she loves and would save, and whose destruction ingulfs all her hopes.

Friendship and Love.—How many women's reputations have been for ever compromised by a belief in the *friendship* of men!—a sentiment that no woman excites in the breast of man, until she has lost the charms that gave birth to other and more passionate ones.

Marriage.—How far the provisions of marriage settlements may influence the future destinies of the contracting parties, we will not stop to inquire; but, we should like to see marriage made a less business-like speculation, and that she who resigns her affections and her liberty into the care of him she loves, should not contemplate a possibility of aught save death dividing them.

Egotism and Love.—Let no one say that true affection is egotistical, because a few pretenders to love are selfish. No; egotism proves at once the absence of love.

True Charity.—not the charity of giving alms, of clothing the naked, and feeding the hungry, but the greater, the more difficult, and more elevated charity of judging favourably the imputed or proved errors of others—a charity so seldom practised.

Disrespect.—The Indian proverb says, that contempt can pierce even the shell of the tortoise. We may be stung by the marked disrespect of those whose warmest approbation could give us no satisfaction, and the bitterness of the mortification inflicted, is not diminished by our consciousness of the unworthiness of the source whence it springs.

Presentiments are but a knowledge of the future acquired by experience; and they are seldom fallacious.

Servants' Scandal.—As the most clear and sparkling water cannot pass through an impure vessel without being sullied, so the reputation of a woman cannot be made the subject of menial conversation without losing its original purity. Vulgar and uneducated minds are incapable of judging their superiors. The fine gradations, and almost imperceptible lines of demarcation, between apparent error and actual guilt, are altogether invisible to them. A sympathy of habits and feelings renders persons of equal station capable of appreciating motives and drawing conclusions from circumstances which the coarse-minded and ignorant cannot comprehend; who, judging from self, the only criterion known

to them, hesitate not to attribute guilt where indiscretion alone exists. The utmost malice of the refined never extended to one-half the length in its conclusions, to which servants, without any malice, continually go in theirs; and many a high-born and innocent woman has been, by her domestics, believed capable of actions, the bare suspicion of which would have filled her mind with dismay and horror. But they had deduced their opinions wholly from the laxity of their own moral feelings, without any malice towards her.

AUTOGRAPH AND SEAL OF RICHARD III.

THIS very rare and interesting relic is engraved from Dr. Dibdin's *Northern Tour*,* a work of exhaustless attraction for all lovers of the picturesque, and of bibliographical and antiquarian lore. Our accomplished tourist, when at Whitburn, in the neighbourhood of Tynemouth, had the good fortune of being introduced to Sir Hedworth and Lady Williamson, at a sort

* A Bibliographical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Tour, in the Northern Counties of England and in Scotland. By the Reverend Thomas Frognall Dibdin, D.D., Chaplain in ordinary to Her Majesty. London: Printed for the Author, by C. Richards, St. Martin's Lane. MDCCLXXXVIII., Royal 8vo., 2 vols.

of manorial residence, with a good large quantity of garden and pleasure-ground, and the sea glittering at its extreme boundary. "Sir Hedworth, then one of the members for North Durham, is a descendant from an old baronetcy; and, by the female line, pushes up his ancestry to a considerably remote period." Finding Dr. Dibdin's appetite for antiquarian researches to be somewhat insatiable, Sir Hedworth was so good as to introduce the Doctor to his old trunk of *family seals*, in white and red wax; who notes thereon: "Much amused was Sir Hedworth on witnessing my modified ecstasies on finding a good large seal or two of the *Edwards*—one, in fine condition, and, perhaps, of the first Edward; but, when I came to examine a warrant of Richard III., then Duke of Gloucester, appointing an ancestor of 'mine host,' of the name of *Hudelston*, Deputy-Guardian, or Warden of the West Marshes,* with the *Autograph of the Duke*, and a part of the *Seal*, appended—there was no keeping my expressions of joy within moderate bounds; as the autograph and seal of Richard, at that period, are of most rare occurrence. On holding a consultation with the 'learned Thebans' at

* In a note, Dr. Dibdin states this deed, appointing Sir John Hudelston, the maternal ancestor of Sir William Hedworth, to be dated the 20th of February, in the thirteenth year of Edward IV.



AUTOGRAPH AND SEAL OF RICHARD III.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne, it was resolved 'that such a relic might, with the greatest possible advantage, adorn the pages of this *boke*;' and, accordingly, gentle reader, you here, (with the permission of its owner,) gaze upon this inestimable treasure."

Periodicals.

THE COMIC ALMANACK FOR 1840.

[We return, *con amore*, to this budget of fun and humour. And, first, Cruikshank's twelve plates illustrate Harber Cox's Annual: the December scene, as usual, is capital: Cruikshank has a high gusto of Christmas. Under the respective months, the *weak points* of the past year are shot at. As that clause in the Police Act which abolishes dogs drawing trucks comes into operation in January, we have as follows:]

Jolly dogs.—Abolition of the Truck System.

Well, blow me—here's a pretty go!
They'll only stop at ruination,
And bringing all our trade to woe,
For labouring in our just wocation.

Why this ere act's the cruel'st deed
That ever was devised to floor us;
Such as our ancestors ne'er seed,
Nor yet posterity afore us.

It's clean agen the nat'l law
Of brute beasts, and of humane kind,
For surely dogs was made to draw,
And trucks was made to go behind.

And we was made to sit a-top,
And cut away in all our glory,
And if the lazy varmint stop,
To tell 'em jist another story.

But, dash my wigs—this pretty set,
With hearts as hard as any stone,
Won't let an honest feller whet
His lawful vengeance on his *own*.

No longer now up Highgate road
O' Sunday arternoons I gallop,
With all the brats, a tidy load,
And perhaps a neighbour's child to fill up.

At Farringdon and Common Garden,
I'm fairly laid upon the shelf;
My only chance, to earn a farden,
Is truckling to the truck myself.

But we'll resist this horrid plot,
And for our order boldly strive,
For this I know, that ours are not
The only ill-used dogs alive.

Let's not be down upon our luck,
Nor out of heart at our condition,
And since our dogs can't draw a truck,
At least we'll draw up a petition:

And lay our case before the Commons,
What keeps the money of the nation:
Perchance we'll get, like other rum 'uns,
An equitable compensation.

[The new Postage Act, under *February*, comes in for a few *raps* in comparison with those which it will occasion.]

MY DEAR FRIEND—I write you this letter to explain to you why you have next to nothing to pay for it. The Government

has settled the business; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer has resolved to set his revenue *a going by the Post*. We are to pay a penny for a letter, which is expected to have upon it the stamp of the Post-office, and of public approbation at the same time. I hardly think it will. Some of the community are looking dull about it already. There is a *pence-ive* air about the two—I beg pardon, the—one penny postmen, which strikes every one. They intimate that it is gammon to load a man with an additional hundred weight of paper, and to call that a *reduction of public duty*. It clearly affects people of that *stamp*; and the public surmise it may even touch the Newspapers. In short, they say that the *Times* will be quite altered by the *Post*. Ladies generally seem to like the idea, but there is a visible depression in the *mails*. Many a *coachman* has been thrown off his *guard*, and surprised into a most determined alteration of *carriage*. The Government will be a political midwife, engaged in an everlasting delivery. London is already afflicted with a metropolitan rheumatism, produced by the introduction of fresh draughts into passages, the carpenters having cut holes in all the street-doors. Sanguine people, however, retain their knockers, in the hope of getting the reward offered for the discovery of *perpetual motion*! They say there is to be an issue of more than a million of letters a day; but men are a little at issue about this. There must be some truth in it, however, as two thousand counters have been engaged—one thousand to *count* them, and the other to *count them upon*. Sorters of all sorts are employed. At the Post-offices, at all hours, the *pigeon* holes will be surrounded by *carriers*. The poor fellows will be like muskets, perpetually *going off*. Rowland Hill has invented this scheme; but the postmen do not complain of him so much as of the other *hills* they must trudge over with their great bags of letters. The only district there is any contention for is *Bag shot* heath, once famous for highwaymen; they say, however, that we are *all* highwaymen now, and do nothing but make them "*stand and deliver*" from morning till night. Some mercantile quarrels have sprung out of the new regulation. For instance, there is a good deal of *milling* among the paper-makers. The march of paper will be prodigious—the French say we shall have none left, that it will be all *papier marché*! Men, women, and children are to write—right or wrong. Enjoinments to this duty—now the other duty is off—press from all quarters. "Be sure you send me plenty of *notes*," says the son, departing for college. "Write to me often, *Billy*, *do*," asks the

affectionate mother, of her school-going child. Love-letters, containing mutual pledges, will be popped into the post by thousands; and hearts gone passed redemption will be slipped recklessly through a hole in the door. It is uncertain whether orators will not cease *spouting*, and singers write the notes which they formerly would have uttered. Ironmongers are looking up—and *forgery* is going on famously—in consequence of the great demand for steam steal pens. Manifold writers are quite exhausted. I confess, I do not like the system myself—as it's Hill's, it has its ills; any good in it will appear on an examination—

POST MORTEM.

[And under the Annual Register, is noted:]

Nov. 8.—Post-office arrangements proposed. Treasury issues one minute, which, it takes twenty to read. Postage, not uniform, but promoted to a groat, to promote the circulation of four-penny pieces. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, having looked at the question in its every *Baring*—declines throwing the letters more open—to distribution. Nevertheless, correspondence will be so much increased, that this may be called a *post age*—and Lord Lichfield, A MAN OF LETTERS.

[*March* is the abolition of the dustman's bell; *April*, the unlicensed Thames anglers; *May*, a squeeze to the play—"sich a gettin up stairs;" *June*, game in season (Roulette at Epsom); *July*, a cockney feat—]

The March to Finchley.

Once out of town went big John Brown,

A Sunday man so gay;

He went with his life, and he went with his wife,

And he went with his kids in a shay!

The shay was like a lottery prize—

Exceedingly hard to draw;

And John Brown looked with both his eyes

As blank as ever you saw.

Oh! very hot the summer's sun

Shone over Somers' town;

By sweat—not slander—John was soon

Exceedingly run down!

With piping heat he plied his drag,

While sinews paid the piper;

At Highgate Hill his handkerchief

Was turned into a "viper."

He gave his family "a long

And strong pull altogether;"

But they in spite of sunshine soon

Gave signs of *squally* weather.

John's wife survey'd her lord and shay

With most maternal mind;

She'd never such a load before,

And so she push'd behind!

So on they trudged: no half-way house

Afforded them a sup,

But about half-way up the hill

John found it was "all up."

With agony he used his sleeve,

And gasping, cried, "I'm blow'd!"

"What then afeel the Browns?" I believe

They're all upon the road!

[*August*, a cart-load of holiday-makers, in the rain, "returning by water;" *September*, the Slough and Windsor Omnibus, "Ont-riders to the Queen;" *October*, Medical Students; *November*, London smoke, in all its varieties; *December*, Fat Cattle Show:]

Hurrah! for jolly Christmas, boys! his days are coming fast;
When rod is nought but rod'montade, and birch becomes bombast.

[The Remarkable Occurrences, and Biography of "Tom the Devil," are sprightly enough; the lyric version of the Golden Fleece of 1839, "the Dust about the Gold Dust," sparkles with pun; and the British Illuminati are humorously shewn up in a report of the proceedings at Birmingham. Here is a specimen:]

Under the head of Section W, an interesting report was read by Dr. Buckleband, on some important geological and antiquarian discoveries which were made, in the neighbourhood of Holborn, by the workmen employed in laying down gas-pipes. It appeared that, at the depth of six feet below the mud formation, having passed through a *stratum* of London dirt, teeming with interesting *reliquia* of blacking-bottles and tobacco-pipes, in a fine state of petrification, together with traces of decayed vegetable matter, interspersed with bones of *offeline mammalia*, they struck upon a mass of regular brickwork, which was, at first, supposed to be the remains of the Roman road which formerly ran from King's-cross to Evans's Hotel in Covent-garden. On carefully removing the masonry, they arrived at a curiously constructed apartment, or *cella*, containing several dozen bottles, of modern form, reclining in sawdust round the walls. The wine in the bottles was found to be perfectly unimpaired by its long repose, and tasted fresh and sweet. One gentleman pronounced it to be the Massican wine so lauded by Pliny. Another, who had hitherto pretended to be a judge of old wine, stated that it was merely a compound of inferior port (fine rough flavour, 30s.) and red currant, with a small admixture of English brandy. The learned professor merely mentioned this absurd opinion, as a matter of entertainment. One of the most singular features of this gratifying discovery, was one of the everlasting lamps, of which curious light a small jet was burning over the bins, with a flame exactly resembling gas. He expected a further report of their proceedings by the seven o'clock train. While the learned gentleman was speaking the communication arrived. Much excitement prevailed as he read the paper; and one of the audience, in his nervous agitation, took another's snuff-box by mistake. It ap-

peared that the workmen had descended, in company with several contributors to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and, following a long passage, similarly adorned with bottles, began to contemplate the idea of bringing to light an entire subterranean Roman city; probably destroyed by one of the early volcanic eruptions of the *Mons Primula*, or Primrose-hill, of the ancients. On ascending a flight of steps, they came to a small door, which they eagerly forced open, and the astonished group found themselves in the "bottling department" of what had been, apparently, an early Roman "wine vaults."

[The Hieroglyphic is a piece of genuine blarney, and winds up this very amusing recorder of living follies and fun for 1840.]

INDUSTRIAL OPERATIONS OF BELGIUM.

THERE can be little question in regard to the elements of wealth which Belgium contains within herself, and we shall record them briefly. It will suffice to state, that the population of the Belgic provinces is now near four millions and a half,* and that the working classes, who form about three-fourths of that number, are, in their general character, industrious and frugal. A fertile soil, nine-elevenths of which is under actual cultivation, and an agriculture so advanced as to be, in some respects, a model to other countries, produce annually about twice the quantity of corn required for home-consumption. The average price of wheat throughout Belgium in the year 1836, which may be taken as a fair average year, was, in English computation, 35s. 2d. per quarter.† The small cultivators are in tolerably easy circumstances, and the flourishing state of agriculture operates favourably upon manufacturing industry, every branch of which is in full activity. The coal mines of the province of Hainault alone produce more than those of all France together, and the annual quantity of coal raised in Belgium exceeds 2,600,000 chaldrons. The iron mines of Liege, Limburg, and Luxemburg, were never worked so extensively. Upwards of 150,000 tons of iron are annually founded, being about half as much as the whole quantity made in France, and nearly one-fourth of that in Great Britain. We need not describe Mr. Cockerill's gigantic establishment at Seraing, which, with steam engines of not less, in the whole, than 1,000 horse power,

and 3,000 workmen, sends forth daily for use some twenty-five tons of machinery of every description. We heard, with regret, of the late temporary embarrassment of this distinguished house, but, with the aid so timely and judiciously afforded by the Government, are glad to find it has resumed the activity which, for the moment, was suspended. The cloth manufacture, in which, at Verviers alone, 40,000 workmen are engaged, employs, in its various branches, a capital equal to three millions sterling. The linen manufacture, principally in the two Flanders, gives employment to 400,000 persons, and the annual production is estimated at four millions and a half sterling. The cotton manufacture, notwithstanding the loss of the Dutch colonial markets, has steadily improved since 1830, and now represents a capital of at least three millions sterling. The manufacturers begin to find the natural home-consumption more advantageous than a forced foreign market, and we were informed, during a recent visit to Ghent, that, notwithstanding the loss of the artificial stimulus of the Dutch fund, called the "Million of Industry," there were fifty-two cotton factories in full activity. The lace and silk manufactures are also thriving. Foreign commerce has, to a certain extent, changed its direction, but there can be no doubt of its being in a healthy state. The value of the imports, on an average of the last two years before us, (1834 and 1835,) was 212 millions of francs, and that of the exports, 148 millions of francs. The reader may be surprised to hear that a considerable part of this trade was carried on with Holland, notwithstanding the nominal warlike status lately existing; the imports from that enemy averaged twenty-five millions, and the exports sixteen millions and a half. The Belgians even supplied the Dutch with arms to be used against themselves! The diminution of the trade of Antwerp we believe to be a mere phantasm of the Orangists; the truth being that some large capitalists have suffered by the change of circumstances, and that the trade has passed from the hands of a few, into a wider and more beneficial range. The number of ships that now enter the port of Antwerp is considerably greater than it was at any time during the union with Holland, as the following figures will show:—

Year.	Ships.	Tonnage.
1829	1031	138,945
1830	722	123,407
1832	1258	145,639
1834	1069	138,206
1836	1250	176,461
1837	1426	225,759

The capital invested in commercial specu-

* On 31st December, 1836, it was ascertained to be 4,242,600.

† In August, 1838, wheat had risen in Belgium to the rate of 50s. 6d. per English quarter, but it will be remembered that, at the same period, the average of England and Wales had risen to 72s. 11d. per quarter.

lations in Belgium must altogether be very considerable indeed. Upwards of 300 millions of francs have, since the year 1833, been invested in the *Sociétés anonymes*, which are exclusively restricted to manufacturing operations. The amount of property insured in eleven assurance offices in Belgium was, in 1837, 1,786,832,222 francs, exclusive of marine assurances, and of the value of 200 millions of francs insured in foreign countries. The capital invested in the *Société générale pour favoriser l'Industrie* is 105 millions of francs; that of the *Société des Capitalistes re-unis*, fifty millions; and of the *Société des Actions re-unis*, forty millions; and although the *Banque de la Belgique*, with a capital of twenty millions, lately suspended its payments, that unfortunate event does not appear to have given any serious shock to banking and trading operations in general. To these indications of natural wealth, we will only add, that the progress of the systematic lines of railways, ordered to be constructed by the law of the 1st of May, 1834, has already advanced so far, that a direct communication is open both between Antwerp and Brussels, and across the whole extent of the kingdom from Ostend to Liege. The undertaking is not only profitable to the Government, but, what is very important, places the means of locomotion within the reach of all classes of the population, the fares being properly fixed as low as possible.* We will not dwell on a matter of such notoriety as the facilities of communication which these railways are opening, not only between all parts of the Belgic provinces, but, eventually, between the east and west of Europe. The Belgian line will be extended in the one direction to the Rhine, and in the other to Paris, and with it the commerce of Belgium cannot but acquire a large prospective increase of activity and expansion.—*Foreign Quarterly Review*.

New Books.

VOYAGES IN THE MOLUCCAN ARCHIPELAGO AND NEW GUINEA.

[THESE voyages were performed during the years 1825 and 1826, by the Dutch brig *Douga*, through the southern and little known parts of the Moluccan Archipelago, and along the previously unknown southern coast of New Guinea. The original narrative in Dutch, is by D. H. Kolff, jun., and the present translation by G. W. Earl, author of *The Eastern Seas*. Al-

though these explorations were performed several years since, they appear to contain much that will be new to the general reader. The numerous islands lying between the Moluccas and the northern coasts of Australia, (observes Mr. Earl,) have hitherto been very little known to the world; indeed, we cannot discover that any account of them has been published, with the exception of some observations in Valentyn's *Oude en Nieuw Oost Indien*; a work published in Holland more than a century ago. Mr. Earl then enters into the history of the above islands, which, it is believed, were not visited by Europeans previous to 1636, when one Pieter Pieterse, a Dutch navigator, touched at the Arru Islands during his voyage to examine the northern coasts of Australia, which had been discovered thirty years previously by a small Dutch vessel called the *Duyffen*. Six years subsequently, the Arru group was again visited by F. Corsten, when several of the native chiefs acknowledged the supremacy of the Dutch East India Company, binding themselves to trade with no other Europeans, and investing them with the monopoly of the pearl banks; the produce of which the Dutch conveyed to Japan, and there found a ready market and a lucrative return. With the view of extending this monopoly, troops were placed in the adjacent islands: to their control the simple natives willingly submitted, and viewed with indifference the destruction of the spice-trees, which were vigorously sought for and uprooted by the new comers. In pursuance of their monopoly, the Company only afforded slaves to cultivate the nutmeg and clove plantations of Banda and Amboyna, the only settlement in which they allowed spices to be grown. Still, an extensive contraband trade was carried on with the islands by Europeans, who settled as planters in the Moluccas. "It is recorded, that many individuals collected enormous fortunes by this traffic, which, indeed, was nearly all profit, as the goods sent there were of very small value. The trepang fishery, now the principal source of wealth to these islands, then scarcely existed, and the return cargoes of the prahus consisted chiefly of less bulky articles, such as amber, pearls, tortoiseshell, and birds-of-paradise." On the breaking up of the Dutch monopoly, towards the close of the last century, the Moluccas began to decline: the Dutch accordingly withdrew their troops to the southward; and the Bughis, from the southern part of the island of Celebes; and Chinese merchants from Java and Macassar, immediately engrossed the trade with these islands. The British, during their short occupation

* The fares in the open wagons are, from Brussels to Ostend, (eighty-five English miles,) three francs and a half; to Liege, (seventy miles,) three francs; and proportionately for shorter distances.

of the Moluccas, were scarcely known in them. When Java and its dependencies were restored to the Dutch at the peace of 1814, the Government continued to monopolize the traffic with the Moluccas; and the Chinese merchants of Java and Macassar had, by this time, embarked largely in the trade with the Arru and Serwatty islands. Christianity, the seeds of which had been sown by the Dutch, during their occupation of the islands, also began to spread; and the native Amboynese teachers were encouraged rather than molested by the several traders.

The founding of Singapore, by Sir Stamford Raffles, in the year 1819, gave a grand impulse to commerce and civilization throughout the Eastern seas, so as to reach some very distant and barbarous tribes. These benefits did not, however, reach the islands in the eastern part of the Archipelago, in an equal degree with those of the countries more adjacent. The produce of the former was mostly collected and brought by the Bughis to Celebes, where it was reshipped for Singapore; at least twelve months being required to send the goods to market and receive the returns. To obviate this disadvantage, a British settlement was formed on Melville Island, near the coast of Australia, in 1824, by Captain, now, Sir J. J. Gordon Bremer; but this and the settlement subsequently formed at Raffles' Bay, proved unsuccessful, from the inexperience of those concerned in the enterprise. Two small vessels were sent among them by the authorities of Melville Island, neither of which returned: but the narrative before us shews that, unhappily, both these vessels directed their course to parts previously unvisited by foreigners, and that the natives, unable to resist the temptation of acquiring more valuable property than they had ever before seen, attacked and plundered them, killing the greater portion of their crews. From M. Kolff's voyage having been undertaken so soon after our occupation of Melville Island, there is reason to believe that the formation of that settlement induced the Dutch government suddenly to interest themselves in the islands adjacent to it, which had been almost totally neglected for half a century previously. Whether this voyage was beneficial or otherwise to the British interests in that quarter, the reader may judge from M. Kolff's work, the information contained in which must be peculiarly valuable, now that we are about to found another settlement in that part of the world; H.M. ships *Alligator* and *Britomart*, again under the command of Sir G. Bremer, being on their voyage to the northern coast of Australia for the purpose. As

the colonization of the Australian continent becomes matured, its beneficial influence will become extended to the circumjacent countries; and, of this axiom in civilization, it is hoped the Moluccas may hereafter present a gratifying illustration; richly productive as are these islands, and industrious as are their people, their proximity to the vast British colony of Australia must be regarded as a circumstance of promise to the advantage of all parties; provided the policy of the colonists be based on humanity and good faith; qualities by which the advancement of civilization is better secured than by the mere acquisition of territory. Mr. Earl dates his preface from H.M.S. *Alligator*, at Sydney; the expedition to which he refers, sailed from England in the beginning of last year, and has already established a settlement at Port Essington, on the northern coast of Australia; of which some information has very recently been received.

The work before us is divided into chapters, the first of which relates the several expeditions in the Molucca and Java seas. Other chapters are devoted to the islands of Timor, the Serwatty, Lette, Moa and Roma, Damma, Lakor, Luan, Baba; seven chapters are appropriated to the Arru and Tenimber islands; and the remaining ones relate to the Ceram-Lant, and Goram, and Ki islands; and New Guinea. We must now quit the route of the voyages, and gather a few specimens, at random, from this very varied volume. The opening chapter details the Macassar War, whence we can only quote the

Bughis Mode of Warfare.]

The mode of warfare which obtains among the Macassars, differs considerably from that adopted by the other natives of the Archipelago, than whom they are more wealthy and better armed, while, at the same time, they take the lead in cleverness and ferocity. When under their own chiefs, they are not remarkable for shewing that courage which is commonly ascribed to them, especially to the Bughis; this being displayed rather upon the sea than on land. They will rarely stand firm against the attacks of regular troops in the field, but fight well from ambuscades, or from behind entrenchments. Their arms consist of very good guns, manufactured by themselves, with spears, krisses, klewangs and lelabs.* The chiefs and head warriors wear armour, made of plaited iron or copper wire, which they call baju-ranti, or chain shirt: it will resist

* The *kriss* is a short dagger of a serpentine form; the *klewang*, a sort of hanger, or short sword; and the *lelah*, a cannon of small calibre, usually composed of brass.

a thrust from the *klewang* or kris, but affords no protection against a musket ball. In the southern parts of Celebes, horses of a very good description are to be met with, which the natives manage with considerable skill. A cushion stuffed with cotton, and laid upon the animal's back, forms their saddle, on which they sit cross-legged, and with this simple contrivance their seat is so firm that they take bold leaps, and scour across the country in a manner truly surprising. When a chief is killed, his relatives and slaves do not care to survive; but a case of this sort rarely takes place, as the former usually remains on spots free from danger. The Bughis will carry their slain off the field of battle at every risk, and will submit to great loss rather than fail in this object. It is difficult, however, to draw them into making an assault *en masse*.

[The following affords but a miserable picture of the condition of

Timor.]

The Governor of the Portuguese possessions resides in a small wooden house situated at the back of the fort, which contains no other furniture than a few tables, benches, and old chairs. When dining at his house the following day, we plainly perceived that the chairs, dishes, plates, and even the table-linen, had been lent for the occasion by various individuals, all being of different make and fashion; and our opinion on this point was afterwards confirmed.

The Governor appeared to be much pleased on finding that I was in want of some cattle and various articles, with which he offered to supply me. He charged me seven dollars a head for the buffaloes, and eighty-six guilders for half a picul (sixty-six pounds and a half) of wax candles, that I purchased from him; in addition to which I paid six per cent. export duty at the Custom-house. Slaves were frequently offered to me on sale, the Commandant, among others, wishing me to purchase two children of seven or eight years of age, who were loaded with heavy irons. The usual price of an adult male slave is forty guilders, that of a woman or a child being from twenty-five to thirty. These unfortunate people are kidnapped in the interior, and brought to Dilli for sale, the Governor readily providing the vendor with certificates under his hand and seal, authorizing him to dispose of the captives as he may think fit.*

* When Captain King first visited Melville Island, on the north coast of Australia, the natives appeared on the beach and called out to our voyager, "Ven aca," the Portuguese term for "Come here." From this, coupled with many cir-

In addition to the slave trade, from which the Government officers appeared to derive the greater part of their income, a commerce is also carried on in wax and sandal-wood, which the natives are forced to deliver up at a small, and almost nominal price.

When the Portuguese go abroad to pay a visit, or to take the air, they are carried by two or three slaves in a canvas hammock, suspended from a bamboo pole, over which an awning is extended to protect the rider from the sun and rain. There are excellent horses in the place, but very little use is made of them, neither carts nor carriages being employed by the inhabitants. The Portuguese, indeed, betray no activity, and appear to have given themselves up to an indolent mode of life, all their actions being redolent of laziness and apathy.

Aborigines of Lette.

M. Kam having expressed a wish to perform divine service at the church after the conclusion of the meeting, we entered this neat and substantial building, where we found that every auditor was provided with a proper seat, although, owing to our presence, the church was very full. M. Kam gave a discourse in Malayan and Dutch. The unbroken silence maintained by the auditors, their deep attention, and the truly religious gravity which sat upon every countenance, rendered the scene highly solemn and impressive. When the service was over, about sixty of the natives, old as well as young, were christened by M. Kam, who also united twelve couples in marriage. The village church is ninety feet in length and forty in breadth, the roof being elevated about sixty feet from the ground. The costume of the natives was rather singular. They had naturally clothed themselves in their best on this important occasion, some wearing old-fashioned coats, with wide sleeves, and broad skirts; others, garments of the same description, but of a more modern cut, while the remainder were clad in long black *kabyas*, or loose coats, the usual dress of native Christians. The costume of those who were clad in the old-fashioned coats, was completed by short breeches, shoes with enormous buckles, and three-cornered or round felt hats, of an ancient description. Many of the women wore old Dutch chintz gowns,

circumstances that came under his observation during his stay at Melville Island, Major Campbell, in an excellent account of that island inserted in the Journal of the Royal Geographical Society, states it to be his opinion, that the Portuguese sometimes touch here and carry off the natives as slaves. When this part of the world is better known, similar scandalous transactions will, probably, be brought to light.—*Trans.*

or jacks, the costume of the remainder being the native *sarong* and *kabya*. The heads of the women were adorned with ornaments of gold and precious stones, but the men wore their long hair simply confined with a tortoiseshell comb, after the mode adopted by the native Christians of Amboyna. These quaint costumes acted as a considerable foil to the sedateness of the meeting; but even the unpolished seamen did not commit themselves by giving vent to their mirth, and the whole service was performed amid the most perfect order and regularity.

HOWITT'S BOY'S COUNTRY BOOK.

The School Thief.

A REAL thief appeared in that primitive and conscientious establishment (Ackworth School). The whole school was thrown into amaze. Such had always been the sense of security, that all the boys' boxes, containing their playthings and books, stood on a bench under an open shed, and many of them totally unlocked; and for twenty years not a thing had been missed under suspicious circumstances. But this was no longer. First one boy and then another missed knives, silver pencil-cases, and such things. There was a great outcry about it; but the spoliation did not cease: on the contrary, it became more general and more wholesale. Every night a whole host of things disappeared. Every morning the boys got up at the first sound of the bell, and hurried down stairs, and into the shed, to see what was afresh gone. And as new and extensive losses were discovered, great were the wonderings and the consternation. Besides that it was an unknown thing for any boy in that institution to be guilty of theft, it was thought that no lad would be daring and hardened enough to continue his marauding in the face of all this stir. Besides, when could any boy do it? All went to bed at the same time; all had their names called over, and none could get out after that time—and all rose at the same hour—yet the depredations were evidently committed between their retiring and returning the next morning.

The wonder and the robbery still went on for some time. It was deemed almost certain that the thief or thieves came out of the village; and yet a watch was set, and could see nobody, though the theft was as rife as ever. One lad, indeed, who was very active—Jemmy Ward by name, a rough Lancashire lad, with a strong dialect—declared one morning that he saw "a man peup o'er you wa'!" but nobody else saw it; and it was not long before this lad began himself to be suspected. It was remarked that he had, from the very

beginning of the alarms, been one of the very foremost in the attempts at discovering fresh thefts, and in zeal in planning the detection of the unknown robber. All his suggestions, however, it was noticed, directed the attention of the boys to some one from without. It was seen that he was by much the first to get down into the shed-court. It became obvious soon, that he actually contrived to nearly dress himself in bed before the bell rung, so that at its first clink out he jumped, and was down and out before other lads had their stockings on. This roused suspicion; and his plan was adopted by some of the most active of the lads. They, too, dressed in bed, and were out as soon as he was. They noticed how he ran to the boxes; how eagerly and freely he opened any lad's box he came to, and tumbled over their things. A close eye was kept on him, and it was not long before the boys determined to search his garden-house, when lo! in a sort of little cellar under it, was found a whole treasury of knives, combs, pencils, pencil-cases, tops, marbles, all sorts of things that boys love. The secret once brought to light the pursuit was followed up with indefatigable ardour. Every imaginable place was hunted, and at least half-a-dozen other depôts were found, most of them scooped in the side of the haw-haw, or sunk fence, at the bottom of the green. Nothing but the strongest propensity to steal could have led this lad to the active pains that he must have used, in the very face of all the outcry on the subject, to take what did not belong to him, and that, during his stay in the school, he could not for a moment use without detection. What a day was that in that strictly moral school! All the pilfered articles were spread out upon a large table, and the whole body of lads marched past, one by one, and appropriated whatever belonged to him. That they had discovered, Jemmy's whole hoard was pretty evident, from the fact that every boy got all that he missed back again, and that after every one had done that, there still remained about a score of articles unclaimed, which either belonged to the culprit himself, or to boys who had left the school before the discovery.

And what became of this juvenile thief? It was thought best to request his friends to fetch him away; and it was done. The other day I, by accident, learned his subsequent history. The affair was kept secret by his friends, and every opportunity given him of re-establishing his character but the propensity seemed invincible. At length his friends gave him up; he became a butcher by trade, and was actually hanged in his native county, for sheep-stealing!

Varieties.

New Postage.—The weight of a letter which may pass through the penny post-office after the 5th of December, is half an ounce, or 218½ grains. A half-crown of the year 1817, weighs about 208 grains, or 10½ less than half an ounce. Two shillings and a sixpence of ordinary wear, will generally weigh from three to six grains less than the half-crown. An ordinary sheet of small post quarto writing paper weighs about 120 grains; large thick post, 180; small thin post, such as is used on the Continent, about sixty-five grains. The ordinary quantity of wax upon a letter weighs six grains; twenty dips of ordinary ink from a steel pen weighs about four grains; when the moisture is evaporated, it weighs only one grain. A drop of water weighs about one grain; a letter carried in the hand, and exposed to a slight shower, will gain in weight from ten to twenty grains in five minutes. From the above statistics, it will be obvious that the troublesome operation of weighing letters will be perfectly unnecessary.

The Weather.—On Friday night, the 22nd ult., the self-registering thermometer indicated six deg. below the freezing point, and in the country ice was found on Saturday morning of considerable thickness.—*Tyne Mercury.*

The President Steam-ship.—This splendid vessel, which has been, for some time past, building in Messrs. Curling and Young's yard, Limehouse, (the builders of the *British Queen*), is the largest ship in the world. Her dimensions are as follow:—

	Ft.	In.
Length (extreme)	268	0
Ditto, for measurement	230	0
Ditto, of keel	220	0
Breadth	42	0
Ditto, including paddle-boxes	64	0
Depth in the hold, midships	23	6
Height of upper deck	7	6
Diameter of paddle-wheel	21	0
Draught of water with cargo &c.	17	0
Burden in tons (old measurement) 1,921 57 94		
Weight of engine, boiler, &c.	500	tons.
Power of engine	300	horse.

Thus, it appears that the *President* is 126 tons larger, and has 100 horse power more than the *British Queen*.—*Times.*

Early Marriages.—In the middle ages it was customary, in Germany, for princesses to be given in marriage on their attaining the age of twelve. Thus, Otto, the second duke of Meran, married Bianca, a Countess of Champagne, in 1225, at the age of twelve; he having just completed his fourteenth year. Hedwig, daughter of the Duke of Maran, was married, in her twelfth year, to Henry, Duke of Breslau, in 1186. Godila, countess of Saxony, had a son, Werinhar, when she was but thirteen years of age.—*For. Quart. Review.*

The venerable Mr. Chamberlain Clarke, who died a few years since, past the age of ninety, remembered to have taken Dr. Johnson to a "judges' dinner" at the Old Bailey, Clarke being then sheriff. The judges were Blackstone and Eyre.

Dull Conversation.—It was Pope's practice to fall asleep, or to feign sleep; in company, if the conversation did not take something of a lively or epigrammatic turn.

The Population of Russia, on January 1st, 1839, exceeded 60,000,000 inhabitants; not including the Caucasian and Trans-Caucasian provinces.

Portuguese and Polish Literature.—There is no country in Europe, in which literature has declined so rapidly within the last ten years, as in Portugal; even Poland, fettered with every restraint, has greater pretensions to literary distinction than Portugal; though, in the latter country, a few agricultural works, and two or three annuals, are the only writings which appear.

Dr. Johnson's Wigs were, in general, very shabby, and their fore-parts were burned away by the near approach of the candle, which his short-sightedness rendered necessary in reading. At Streatham, Mr. Thrale's butler always had a better wig ready; and, as Johnson passed from the drawing-room when dinner was announced, the servant would remove the ordinary wig, and replace it with the newer one; and this ludicrous ceremony was performed every day.—*Croker.*

The late Duchess of St. Albans frequently expressed a wish that her own demise should take place on a Sunday; which was fulfilled. In reply to a demand why she desired so fervently to die on the Sabbath, she answered: "As it was on the Sunday after the crucifixion that the resurrection took place, those who would believe in their salvation by the Lord Jesus naturally wish to leave earth on the same day, in the humble hope of gaining admission where there are many mansions."

Literary Treasures at Lisbon.—The Dante of the public library of Lisbon is very beautiful. The Talmud MSS. are covered with gold, precious stones, and miniatures. The MS. of Aristotle's Ethics, translated into Spanish by Charles Prince of Navarre, and the costly Bible, presented by King Emanuel to the monks of St. Cajetan, are also preserved in the public library at Lisbon, and are little known.—*For. Quart. Review.*

Sunday.—In the injunctions of Queen Elizabeth for the observance of Sunday, there was one exception—viz. for labour in time of harvest, after divine service; but which was not provided for in the act 29 Car. 11., c. vii.—*Markland.*

Dr. Johnson.—The following were Dr. Johnson's places of residence in and near London:

1. Exeter Street, off Catherine Street, Strand, (1737.)
2. Greenwich. (1737.)
3. Woodstock Street, near Hanover Square, (1737.)
4. Castle Court, Cavendish Square, No. 6, (1738.)
5. Boswell Court.
6. Strand.
7. Strand again.
8. Bow Street.
9. Holborn.
10. Fetter Lane.
11. Holborn again, (at the Golden Anchor, Holborn Barn, 1748.)
12. Gough Square, (1748.)
13. Staple Inn, (1758.)
14. Grays Inn.
15. Inner Temple Lane, No 1, (1760.)
16. Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, No. 7, (1765.)
17. Bolt Court, Fleet Street, No. 8, (1776.)

Wills of Shakespeare, Milton, and Napoleon.—The last wills and testaments of these three great men are tied up in one sheet of foolscap, and may be seen at Doctors' Commons. In the will of the bard of Avon, is an interlineation in his own handwriting:—"I give unto my wife my brown best bed, with the furniture." It is proved by William Bayly, 22nd of July, 1616. The will of the minstrel of Paradise is a nuncupative one, taken by his daughter, the great poet being blind. The will of Napoleon is signed in a bold style of writing; the codicil, on the contrary, written shortly before his death, exhibits the then weak state of his body.—*Times.*

Brick-making.—A machine, lately, has been introduced on the extensive works of Mr. James Hunt, of Rowden-hill, near Chippingham, for making bricks. The cylinders revolve about once a minute, making in the course of each revolution about thirty-two bricks.—*Taunton Journal.*

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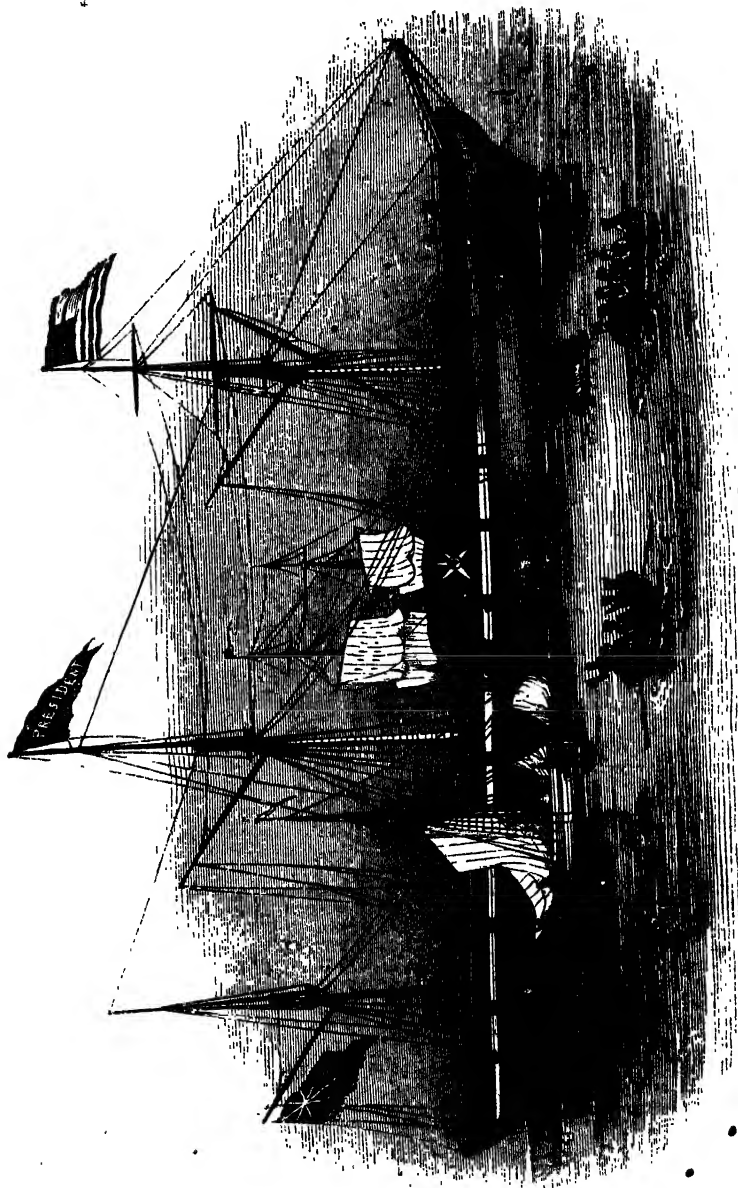
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[Price 2d.]



"THE PRESIDENT" STEAM-SHIP.

"THE PRESIDENT" STEAM-SHIP.

THIS stupendous "ocean-steamer" was laid down towards the close of last year, and has just been completed as regards her hull. Her builders are Messrs. Young and Curling, of Limehouse; in whose dockyard was also constructed the *British Queen*. The proprietors of both vessels are the British and American Steam Navigation Company; the *President* being intended to run, with the *British Queen*, between London to New York.

On Saturday last, the 7th inst., the day announced for christening the *President*, and getting her into the Thames, there were many thousand persons assembled to witness the spectacle. We reached the dockyard at about noon, when, being imperfectly acquainted with the locality, by a sharp turn in the road, we came at once upon the stern of the gigantic vessel. The effect was astounding; but the full tide of visitors which had set in towards this ocean wonder, allowed little indulgence of reflection. The gate being passed, our own curiosity, and that of others, soon carried us up temporary stairs to a platform, towards the starboard centre of the vessel, and thence upon the main deck, wherein is the intended round-house, or saloon; the height of which is eight feet, six inches; length, seventy-eight feet: so that you enjoy the ease of walking in an *entresol* apartment instead of shipboard between decks. The vessel is built of oak, with fir planking, and has three masts, and three decks; her upper deck being flush from the bows to the stern, without a poop. In our hurried glance there were many items for surprise: as her gigantesque chain cable, large enough to bind the stoutest son of *ogre-ology*; the huge capstan, with its stout levers—such as would, perhaps, have sufficed Archimedes to move the world; and masts apparently as stable as in their native forests. Altogether, there was no cramping for room: the proportions were mansion-like, and the prod home upon the waters presented, indeed, a massive specimen of marine architecture—apparently strong enough to withstand the fury of any storm, and really astounding to landsmen, who are accustomed to see their homes run up with sorry spars for short leases. Yet, in the *President*, great bulk is not disguised by clumsiness: the rigging is the *beau idéal* of neatness; the blocks are triumphs of machinery; and, to borrow from an old phrase, the sheet anchor is as well finished as a minikin pin. The day was "unusually fine," a phrase of meteorology almost peculiarly English: the fog had cleared off before abundance of bright sunlight; on land all were bustling with

joyous expectation, a feeling which had peopled the river with many a living freight. Steamers, wherries, and various kinds of small craft brought down their anxious loads; and some boats were gaily dressed with national colours, which gave an air of festivity to the scene, heightened by music.

Descending from *navis firma* to *terra firma*, the house-like elevation again became impressive; notwithstanding its black-painted sides did not aid its effect of magnitude. The stern is ornamented in sufficient taste; the window-line being surmounted with the arms of England and America, supported by the lion and eagle, appropriately painted. The whole is crowned with a neat dentelled cornice, and a boldly-carved wreath, gracefully hanging at the ends. The rudder is immense, and the copper-work a neat piece of sheathing. The props by which the leviathan was supported on the slip, did not appear of extraordinary size.

Having viewed the stern, we advanced on the larboard side of the vessel; which, indeed, from her extreme length, became requisite, to obtain a full view of her bows. Here the crowd was dense, from the general anxiety to witness the ceremony of christening; which was performed by a lady throwing a bottle of wine at her bows, and calling her "The President," amidst the huzzas of those on board, which were responded to by those in the yard and on the river: at the same instant, the American flag being hoisted on the foremast, and the British flag at the mizen; the main mast bearing a blue pennant, with the name, "*President*," in white.

At three o'clock, the tide was at the highest, but the vessel did not float; the water being several inches below what was requisite. By way of compensation for the disappointment, the public were admitted, indiscriminately, to inspect the interior; the entrance being on one side, and the descent on the other.

The attempt to float the *President* was repeated on Sunday, and with little better success; but on the afternoon of Monday, the 9th, at half-past three o'clock, "a great quantity of ballast being removed from out her, she was towed out of the dock by three Greenwich steamers, and proceeded down the river to Blackwall, where she was safely moored." *

The figure-head of the *President* is not yet completed: it will be a bust of Washington, after Canova. The makers of the engines are Messrs. Fawcett, Preston, and Co., of Liverpool. The commander is Captain Kean. The engineers are not yet appointed, nor will they be for some

* Times, Dec. 10, 1839.

time: and the total cost of the vessel cannot yet be estimated. In a few weeks, she will proceed to Liverpool, to take in her engines and machinery.

The *British Queen* and *President* are believed to be the longest ships in the world. Their comparative dimensions are:

	British Queen	President
	Ft. In.	Ft. In.
Length extreme from Pig- gure-head to Taffrail... }	275 0	268 0
Ditto on Upper Deck	245 0	243 0
Ditto on Main Deck	224 0
Ditto of Keel	223 0	220 0
Breadth within Paddle- boxes	40 0	41 0
Ditto over Bonds	40 4	41 4
Ditto over all	61 0	68 0
Depth	27 0
Ditto from Spar Deck	32 9
Ditto from Main Deck	23 6
Tonnage	2014 Tons	2366 Tons
Power of Engines	500 Horses	600 Horses
Diameter of Cylinders ...	74 In.	80 In.
Length of Stroke	7 Ft.	7 Ft. 6 In.
Diameter of Paddle-wheels	31 Ft.	30 Ft.

We have omitted to notice the extraordinary size of the paddle-boxes, each of which is decorated with a star of five points, measuring fifteen feet from point to point. These ornaments have induced a facetious friend to remark that the *President* has two star-board sides.

THE LAW RELATING TO THE QUEEN'S MARRIAGE.

(From the *Legal Observer*.)

[THE following documentary paper we take to be sufficiently set off with interesting historical illustration to be entitled to quotation in a literary journal. As a contribution to legal history it is highly attractive; and, as presenting accredited information upon a topic of vital importance to the nation, it will, doubtless be acceptable to our readers. It is very neatly compiled; and, independently of the professional knowledge which it exhibits, the several instances of contemporary application and illustration of principles, clearly laid down, are correctly drawn and felicitously chosen.]

The authority of the Sovereign of these realms is omnipotent in all matters in which it is not restricted by Act of Parliament. The King or Queen Regnant* may, therefore, marry any person he or she may please, not prohibited by any such Act. It is, however, enacted in the first place, by statute 12 and 13 William III., c. 2, that whosoever shall come to the possession of the crown shall join in the communion of the church of England, as

by law established; and, by the prior statute of 1 William and Mary, s. 2, c. 2, usually called the Act of Exclusion, that every person who shall marry a Papist shall be excluded, and for ever incapable to inherit, possess, or enjoy the crown; and that in such case the people shall be absolved from their allegiance, and the crown shall descend to such persons, being Protestants, as would have inherited the same in case the person so marrying were actually dead; the crown, in the words of Blackstone, "being limited to such heirs only of the Princess Sophia as are Protestant members of the church of England, and are married to none but Protestants."* The King or Queen, therefore, may marry any person of the other sex not being a Papist, for we are not aware that the restriction extends to any other religion, or that the person so married need be in the communion of the church of England.

The marriage of our present gracious Sovereign is of considerable interest in a legal and constitutional point of view, with regard to the precise situation which her intended husband shall fill, and the rights, powers, and privileges which are to be given to him.

There are only two precedents in our history of a married Queen Regnant; those are, the first Queen Mary and Queen Anne (for the situation of the second Mary, the consort of William III., as a Queen, is anomalous, and need not here be considered), and we shall state what was done in both these cases.

In the instance of the first Mary, an Act was passed in the third session of the first year of her reign, chap. 1, to declare (according to the title) that "the regal power of this realm is as full in the Queen's Majesty as ever it was in any of her noble ancestors," it being enacted by s. 3, "that the royal power, and all the dignities of the same, shall be as well in a Queen as a King,"—an enactment certainly quite unnecessary. By chap. 2, of the same session, the articles of marriage between Philip, Prince of Spain, and the Queen, are rehearsed and confirmed. And it was enacted that the Queen shall and may, only as a sole Queen, use and enjoy the crown and sovereignty over her dominions, in such large manner, in all degrees, after the solemnization of the marriage, as she now hath, without any right, claim, or demand to be given, come, or grow unto the said Prince, as tenant by the courtesy of this realm, or by any other means. This is the substance of this statute, as printed in the ordinary editions of the statutes at large; but it may be ob-

* The Queen Dowager is prohibited from marrying without the consent of the Crown, "because the disparagement of the Queen shall give greater comfort and example to other ladies of estate, who are of the blood royal, more lightly to disparage themselves." 6 Henry VI.; 2 Inst.; 18; see *Riley's Plac.* Parl. 72; 1 Bla. Com., 221.

* 1 Bla. Com. 218.

served that the following account of the Act is given in the first volume of the *Parliamentary History*.*

"On the 7th of April, 1554, a bill was brought into the Lords to confirm certain articles and agreements touching the marriage between the Queen and the Prince of Spain. It was read only once on that day, and committed to the Earl of Shrewsbury, the Bishops of Durham, &c.: on the 9th the bill was read again. The next day it passed that House, and was sent down to the Commons, who returned it concluded on the 12th. The following is an abstract of the Act by which this marriage was concluded:—1. That Philip should not advance any person to any public office or dignity in England but such as were natives of the realm and the Queen's subjects; that he should admit a set number of English into his household, whom he should use respectfully, and not suffer them to be injured by foreigners. That he should not transport the Queen out of England, but at her entreaty; nor any of the issue begotten on her, but they should have their education in this realm, and should not be suffered, but upon necessity and good reasons, to go out of the same; nor then neither, but with the consent of the English. That the Queen deceasing without children, Philip should not make any claim to the kingdom, but should leave it freely to him to whom of right it should belong. That he should not change anything in the laws, either public or private, nor the immunities and customs of the realm, but should be forced by oath to keep and to conform to them. That he should not transport any jewels, nor any part of the wardrobe, nor alienate any of the revenues of the Crown. That he should preserve our shipping, &c., in good repair, and well-manned. The marriage was afterwards solemnized on the 20th of July, and they were both proclaimed by these titles—'Philip and Mary, by the grace of God, King and Queen of England, France, Naples, Jerusalem, and Ireland, Defenders of the Faith, Archduke of Austria, &c.' A new Parliament was summoned by writs in the foregoing style, and the statutes of this reign are called the Acts of Philip and Mary, and legal proceedings ran in both names. Hume says,† that though the Queen attempted to have the administration put into her husband's hands, she failed in all her endeavours, and could not so much as procure the Parliament's consent to his coronation. Philip was, however, nominally, at any rate, King of England, and it is to be observed, that, at the time of his mar-

riage, he was King in no other right. To grace the ceremony and promote the dignity of the match,* Charles V., his father, created him King of Naples, on its solemnization, but this was little more than a titular dignity. It was subsequent to his marriage, in the year 1558, that he became King of Spain, on the resignation of Charles V."

In a work of some authority† we find the following account of the constitutional nature of Philip's power:—"Philip, as King, had the honour, style, and kingly name, and so had the precedence; he had to do, also, with the jurisdiction, for, by the articles of the marriage, he was to aid the Queen in her administration of the kingdom and maintenance of the laws; writs and commissions passed under his name. He also sat in Parliament, voted therein, and joined in the royal assent, and joined in the publication and execution of all laws; to him, also, was allegiance due,‡ and, therefore, the crime of treason was equally against him as the Queen's crown and dignity, saving that it was reserved to be as against him only during the time of coverture, (citing the statute 1 and 2 Philip and Mary, c. 10); and yet, had the Queen left issue by him, it would have been a hard adventure for the lawyers to have given their opinion in that case, seeing the King had been guardian to his children during their minority." It is, therefore, difficult to say that Philip was the subject of Queen Mary. He may, rather, be treated as the partner of her throne.

The second instance of a married Queen Regnant in our history, was Queen Anne, who married George, Prince of Denmark. This Sovereign was married many years before she came to the throne. Her husband was, soon after the marriage, created Duke of Cumberland, and took some part in politics, as a peer of Parliament, in the reign of William III. Thus we find him, in 1692, among those who entered a protest in the Journals of the House of Lords against the rejection of a popular bill of the time. The first exercise of Queen Anne's power, on her coming to the throne, was the nomination of the Prince, her husband, to the offices of Generalissimo and Lord High Admiral. Being regarded only as a subject, however, he still continued to occupy a seat in the House of Peers, in the quality of the Duke of Cumberland. || In a subsequent period of

* Lingard, vol. vii. page 238.

† N. Bacon on Government of England (1651), 2nd part, page 275. This work is highly praised by the Earl of Chatham, in his letters to his nephew.

‡ This seems very doubtful, see post, page 66.

§ Smollett, vol. i. 161.

|| Coxe's Marlborough, vol. i. page 107.

the reign, having interfered in politics, he was threatened with parliamentary censure by one of the great contending parties in the State, which probably would have fallen on him had he not soon afterwards died.* Prince George had never, at any time, any pretensions to any character but that of a subject. In November, 1702, a provision was made for his Highness, and the yearly sum of £100,000. was settled on him, in case he should survive the Queen. "And this was seconded," says Burnet, "by those who knew how acceptable the motion would be to the Queen, though it was double of what any Queen of England ever had in jointure, so that it passed without opposition. The Prince was many years older than the Queen, and was troubled with an asthma, that every year had ill effects upon his health, and had brought him to great danger this winter; yet the Queen thought it became her, as a good wife, to have the Act passed, in which she might be the more zealous, because it was not thought advisable to move for an Act that should take Prince George into partnership of the regal dignity."†

It will be seen, therefore, that the circumstances relating to these two precedents differ very much from each other, and that the character and situation of King Philip were very different from those of Prince George. We humbly conceive, however, the constitutional doctrine to be, that, by whatever name the consort of a Queen Regnant be called, he is only a subject, and has, as we conceive, no peculiar privileges. If he be created a peer of Parliament, he would, of course, be privileged as such, or he may enjoy any rank or any station in the public service expressly conferred on him by the Sovereign; but, unless so conferred, he does not appear to have any recognised rights by the common law, such as the Queen Consort has, for instance. The present King of Belgium, on his marriage with the Princess Charlotte, may be considered as standing in nearly the same situation as the consort of a Queen. We believe he declined a peerage, and merely took the rank in the table of precedence and in the army expressly conferred on him.

Blackstone,‡ alluding to the husband of a Queen Regnant, contents himself with the following passage:—"The husband of a Queen Regnant, as Prince George of Denmark was to Queen Anne, is her subject, and may be guilty of high treason against her, but, in the instance of conjugal infidelity, he is not subjected to the

same penal restrictions. For which the reason seems to be, that if a Queen Consort is unfaithful to the royal bed, this may debase or bastardize the heirs to the crown, but no such danger can be consequent on the infidelity of the husband to a Queen Regnant."

Lord Coke* is, however, more distinct than this. Discussing the Statute of Treasons, he says, "Le Roy is to be understood of a King Regnant, and not of one that hath but the name of a King, or a nominative King, as it was resolved in the case of King Philip, who married Queen Mary, and was but a nominative King, for Queen Mary had the office and dignity of a King. And, therefore, an Act was passed that to compass the death of King Philip, during his marriage with the Queen, was treason."

Hawkins† says, on the Statute of Allegiance, 11 Henry VII., chap. 1, "A titular King, as the husband of a Queen Regnant, seems to be within the words, yet it is clearly not within the meaning of this law."

The same law is also most clearly laid down by Lord Hale,‡ "The husband of a Queen Regnant is not a King within this law (the Statute of Treasons), for the Queen still holds her sovereignty entirely as if she were sole." (*vide* 1 Mary, cap. 2, sess. 3).

We conceive, therefore, that we have now shewn the correct rule to be, that the husband of a Queen Regnant of England, by whatever name he be called, King or Prince, is a subject; that no allegiance is due to him; that no treason, without an express Act of Parliament for that purpose, can be committed towards him; and that, as it would seem, he has no acknowledged rank or privileges but what are expressly conferred on him.

NEW TREE.

By far the most interesting tree, of which we have an account in the narrative of the recent voyage of Captains King and Fitzroy to the South, is the *Alerce*, a large *Conifera*, of which the principal forests are in the cordillera opposite to Chiloe. The Spanish settlers had conferred this name upon it, no doubt, from some fancied resemblance to the tree of their Arab ancestors, (the *Thuja articulata*;) but, from the description, it would appear rather to be a pine. The earliest description of it is by Captain King; but Captain Fitzroy employed a Mr. Douglas to make an excursion for the purpose of

* Coxe's Marlborough, vol. ii. pages 599, 601.

† See Parl. Hist. vol. vi. page 56.

‡ 1 Bla. Com. 224.

* 3 Inst., 6, 7, and 8.

† Hawk. P. C., chap xvii. s. 20. Compare this with what Bacon says, as before cited.

‡ Hale, P. C., 106.

examining the forests, which are now considerably inland, and difficult of access. By his report, there are still trees of great dimensions in the interior; the largest he saw being twenty-two feet and twenty-four feet in girth, at five feet from the ground, though they were unsound. The largest felled, within the last forty years, measured thirty feet, at five feet from the ground, and seventy-six feet to the first branches, furnishing 1,500 planks; the common proportion of the larger trees being from 800 to 900. He gave an account of a landslip which had carried down 1,000 trees, a few years since, many of them of large size. Astilleros, or timber-yards, are formed in convenient situations, where the trunks are sawn into lengths of eight or nine feet, and then split, by iron wedges, into planks, which are carried on men's shoulders to the place of embarkation. So straight is the grain, that they split like slates, and are used for roofing, flooring, and many other purposes; they turn blue by exposure to the weather. The wood is brittle, but is not subject to warp or cast. The entire tree makes excellent masts; but the difficulty of transport is such, that, although a very large price was offered, it was impossible to procure one in less than two months. The bark is used for caulking, which purpose it answers while kept under water; but it will not bear the alternation of wet and dry. The timber is not only in general use at Chiloe, but is largely exported to Lima and other places; and, no doubt, a road to the interior forests would repay the projectors, the people being too poor for such undertakings. Far inland, beyond the reach of the Calbruanos, who carry on this laborious business, are said to be trees from thirty feet to forty feet in girth, and eighty feet to ninety feet to the branches, the heads towering forty feet to fifty feet higher. An associated species is called the cypress, which, no doubt, from the description, is different; although Captain King is doubtful on this point. The wood is white, that of the *Alerce* being red; and it does not split so well as the latter timber.—From an excellent *précis* of the Arboriculture of the Voyage; by Capt. S. E. Cook, R. N.: *Gardener's Magazine*.

OPENING OF A BARROW IN BERKSHIRE.

ON a farm, in the parish of Thornborough, in Berkshire, have existed, from time immemorial, two *Tumuli*, or Barrows; one of which has just been opened by direction of the Duke of Buckingham, the proprietor of the estate. The

opening was completed, by the labour of a dozen men, in about ten days: a trench was first cut through the centre of the Barrow, the sections of which shewed it to be composed of alternate layers of clay, sand, and mould, throughout from the summit to the base; the height of the Barrow being twenty feet, and the diameter nearly forty feet. In the course of digging, some coins of Constantine were found. At the bottom, and about two feet below the original soil, was a platform of large rough stones, whereon the body is supposed to have been burnt;* as broken and calcined bones were found, surrounded by the fragments of several square pale green glass vessels, in which they had been deposited. Fragments of red, grey, and brown pottery were found, in considerable numbers; as well as two large and elegant bronze jugs, a large dish, and a bowl, much corroded, but perfect in shape; with a bronze lamp, with part of the suspending chain, the wick being perfect. There was likewise picked up a small square piece of gold, stamped with a design, which had belonged to an armilla, and is well adapted for a signet-ring. The hilt of a sword was likewise found; which, with the costliness of the other relics, denotes this barrow to have been the last home of some important person. All the fragments were taken to Stowe House, and there deposited by the side of some reputed relics of a Roman villa, which were discovered, a few months since, within a mile of the Barrow.

The second Barrow is within 100 yards of that just noticed. Their site is near a bridge, where was formerly a ford; near which rows of skeletons have been repeatedly dug up, indicating some battle to have been fought here. Bishop Kennet, in his *Parochial Antiquities*, states that the Romans, under Aulus Plautius, having driven the Britons out of Oxfordshire into Bucks, had a severe engagement with them on the Ouse, at, or near, Buckingham; when the latter were defeated under the two sons of Cunobelin. Now, the above spot is within a mile and a half of Buckingham, and is supposed to have been the scene of this battle; and the Barrows, with equal probability, were raised over some Roman warrior who fell in the engagement.—Abridged from two "accounts" in the *Bucks Chronicle*: *Times*. [We hope to hear more of this

* Pliny ascribes the first institution of cremation, or burning bodies, amongst the Romans, to their having discovered that the bodies of those who fell in distant wars, were dug up by the enemy. The practice was universal under the Emperors; declined after the introduction of Christianity; and fell into disuse towards the end of the fourth century.

very interesting discovery. There are few portions of England so rich in Roman remains as the county of Berks.]

ANIMAL MECHANICS.

On Tuesday, the 26th ult., a lecture was given at the Brentford Mechanics' Institution, by Mr. Albert Smith, of Chertsey, on "The perfection of design in the human frame, shewn by comparison with architectural and mechanical contrivance." Having arranged a large collection of diagrams, drawings of mammalia, birds and fishes, as well as several skeletons of birds, and a variety of bones of the human frame, more especially of the head; Mr. Smith commenced the lecture with some general remarks on the structure of bone, in which he compared the bones of land animals with those of birds and fishes, and shewed how beautifully the peculiarities of each were adapted to the habits of the creature, and the element in which it was destined to move. The architecture—if we may so term it—of the human skeleton, next engaged his attention; and he pointed out, with great clearness, all those mechanical contrivances which are adopted in its construction, for the purposes of ensuring the requisite degree of strength with the smallest weight of material. This part of the lecture was rendered very interesting, by a frequent reference to works of human art, in which precisely similar principles were adopted for the purpose of overcoming similar difficulties. The apparatus of the circulation of the blood was suitably explained; and, in adverting to the mechanism of the spine, Mr. Smith spoke, at some length, on the causes and effect of distortion. He likewise explained the pernicious effects of tight-lacing, and mentioned the circumstance, that, to the majority of French girls, the use of stays is unknown; yet that all the young Parisian females are beautiful figures. At the conclusion of the lecture, the Rev. Mr. Thompson announced that the list of lecturers for the ensuing season was completely filled; and that discourses would be given on many novel and interesting subjects.

THE BUDE LIGHT.

(From the *Year Book of Facts* for 1840; in the press.)

THE Bude Light, the invention of Mr. Goldsworthy Gurney, is produced by introducing oxygen into the interior of the flame. An ordinary flame is hollow: the exterior part only is ignited by the atmosphere; the interior part is unburnt, and contains vapour of oil and carburetted hydrogen, which form the interior of an ordinary oil flame, having a cylinder or cone of flame

round it. The new light is produced by oxygen, admitted into this bubble or interior of flame. The oxygen strikes the nascent carbon and vapour of oil as it is distilled, and produces an intense light. The difference between that and an Argand lamp, is, that one has oxygen in the interior, and the other has common air. The Argand burner consists of two flames, one within the other: the common lamp has but one, and this constitutes the difference between the common ordinary lamp and the Argand burner. In the Bude Light, the outside, or atmospheric flame, acts as a retort in distilling the combustible matter. The light produced is from the vivid ignition and more perfect combustion of the carbon; such light being in direct ratio with the quantity of disengaged unburnt charcoal.

Mr. Gurney has made several experiments at the Trinity House, with a view to ascertain the quantity, intensity, comparative expense, practicability, and certainty of duration, of the Bude Light; and, taking an Argand burner, one-eighth of an inch in diameter, burnt with atmospheric air, as a standard of light, a Bude Light of one-quarter of an inch in diameter produces a light equal to two such Argand burners.

The expense of the Bude Light, as compared with the Argand burner, taking it as a standard of light, is more in proportion, as thirteen to twelve; as compared with wax-lights, at 1s. 9d. per lb., it is about one half the expense.

The oxygen is of easy production, from manganese, found abundantly in Devonshire, Cornwall, Warwickshire, and Cumberland; and, taking the present price of manganese at from £8 to £9 per ton, including the wear and tear of apparatus, expense of fuel, and attendance, the oxygen may be produced at about 2d. per cubic foot.

The quantity of oil burnt by the Bude Light is not more than one-quarter of that consumed in the Argand burner.

There is no difficulty in managing and preparing the gas, and in lighting and superintending the burners, which may be done by an ordinary man, without much previous instruction. It is superintended at the Trinity House by a carpenter, who was taken from the premises: the second day he managed the light.

The Bude burner, with good sperm oil, will run six hours without trimming; if it be impure oil, it will not last so long: the wick only requires to be trimmed like an ordinary Argand burner.

This invention is called "the Bude Light," in reference to Mr. Gurney's residence in Cornwall, where the experiments were made: his name was associated with the Lime Light, which he published in 1823, and the above was named "the Bude

Light" at the Trinity House, by way of distinction.

Such is the substance of the evidence given by Mr. Gurney before the Select Committee appointed to superintend his experiment of lighting the House of Commons with the Bude Light. The committee have also examined several very eminent scientific and practical men, who have investigated the nature and properties of light.

Professor Faraday, having examined the Bude Light, reports that the lamp furnished by Mr. Gurney to the Trinity House, burns with remarkable steadiness for eight hours together, not requiring so much attention as an ordinary Argand lamp for the same time. There is no fear from this lamp, except from the great heat which it produces, which can be easily guarded against by carrying off the hot air from the burner. Professor Faraday considers there to be no danger from explosion; and, should any of the oxygen escape, it would not be deleterious, but rather the contrary. The expense of the Bude Light, compared with that of oil, is $8\frac{1}{2}d.$ by the Argand, and $10\frac{3}{4}d.$ by the Bude Light, including every expense, save men's wages. Professor Faraday has reported the new light to be so good and constant that he has recommended it to the Trinity Board for their light-houses; and one has been erected at Oxfordness. The Bude Light is very manageable, it being easy to make a single burner give a variation of light from one to two and a half. The adjustment of the supply of fuel (unanguese), and then of the oxygen, enables you to have a great command over the lamp: that burned by Professor Faraday gave a light of twenty Argands, for twelve hours, consuming, in that time, six pints and four-tenths of oil, and sixty-four cubic feet of oxygen, which is the best proportion; but the light can be increased to almost any intensity.

Sir David Brewster proposed the Bude Light, many years ago, to the Commissioners for Northern Lighthouses, and afterwards recommended it to the public in the *Edinburgh Review*.

Dr. Ure considers it an admirable light for the House of Commons. "It is extremely simple in its mechanism, seems to be very easily managed, and is so very brilliant that it may be removed to a much greater distance than wax-lights could be. It could be taken entirely out of the house, and would throw down its light perfectly, without polluting the air with the products of combustion."

Dr. Lardner considers that with the Bude Light in large apartments, like the House of Commons, you can illuminate them effectually, diffusing light in sufficient quan-

tity and splendour, without producing any injurious effects upon the air, or without interfering with its temperature or ventilation; for the polluted air arising from the combustion of the luminaries may be conducted through proper tubes into the atmosphere, without entering the house at all.

The evidence of Sir George Cayley, Bart., and others, concur in the general principle of the great superiority of the Bude over any other mode of illuminating large buildings like the Houses of Parliament; and the session of 1840 is expected to bring the plan into perfect operation.

The Rainbow.

THE STEREOSCOPE.

THIS instrument, the invention of the ingenious Prof. Wheatstone, is named the Stereoscope, from its property of representing solid figures. The engraving represents a front view of the instrument: a, a' , are two plane mirrors, about four inches square, inserted in frames, and so adjusted that their backs form an angle of 90° with each other; these mirrors are fixed, by their common edge, against an upright, n ; or, which was less easy to represent in the drawing, against the middle line of a vertical board, cut away, so as to allow the eyes to be placed before the two mirrors. c, c' , are two sliding boards, to which are attached the upright boards, n, n' , which may thus be removed to different distances from the mirrors. In most of the experiments detailed by Prof. Wheatstone, it is necessary that each upright board should be at the same distance from the mirror which is opposite to it. To facilitate this double adjustment is employed a right and left-handed wooden screw, r, r' : the two ends of this compound screw-press pass through the nuts, e, e' , which are fixed to the lower parts of the upright boards, n, n' ; so that, by turning the screw-pin, p , one way, the two boards will approach, and, by turning it the other, they will recede from each other, one always preserving the same distance as the other from the middle line. e, e' , are panels, to which the pictures are fixed in such manner that their corresponding horizontal lines shall be on the same level: these panels are capable of sliding backwards and forwards, in grooves, on the upright boards, n, n' .

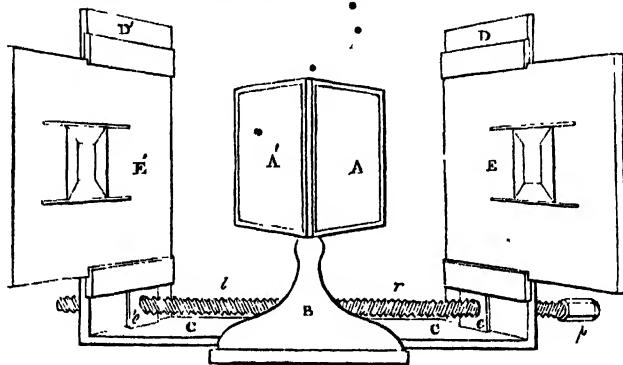
The apparatus being now described, it remains to explain the manner of using it. The observer must place his eyes as near as possible to the mirrors, the right eye before the right-hand mirror, and the left eye before the left-hand mirror; and he must move the sliding pannels, e, e' , to or

from him, until the two reflected images coincide at the intersection of the optic axes, and form an image of the same apparent magnitude as each of the component pictures. The pictures will, indeed, coincide when the sliding panels are in a variety of different positions, and, consequently, when viewed under different inclinations of the optic axes; but there is only one position in which the binocular image will be immediately seen single, of its proper magnitude, and without fatigue to the eyes; because, in this position only the ordinary relations between the magnitude of the pictures on the retina, the inclination of the optic axes, and the adaptation

of the eye to distinct vision, at different distances, are preserved.

If the pictures are all drawn to be seen with the same inclination of the optic axes, the apparatus may be simplified by omitting the screw, *r*, *l*, and fixing the upright boards, *n*, *n'*, at the proper distances. The sliding panels may also be dispensed with, and the drawings themselves be made to slide in the grooves.

For the purposes of illustration, Prof. Wheatstone has employed only outline figures, so as to leave no doubt that the entire effect of relief is owing to the simultaneous perception of the two monocular projections, one on each retina. But, in



THE STEREOSCOPE.

order to obtain the most faithful resemblances of real objects, shadowing and colouring may properly be employed to heighten the effects. Careful attention would enable an artist to draw and paint the two component pictures, so as to present to the mind of the observer, in the result and perception, perfect identity with the object represented. Flowers, crystals, busts, vases, instruments of various kinds, &c., might thus be represented so as not to be distinguished by sight from the real objects themselves.—Abridged from *Phil. Trans.* Pt. 1, pp. 375, 376.

Periodicals.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE, NO. CXX.

[*Fraser* is this month, sparkling, light, generally pleasant, and rife with variety throughout. Dr. Maginn concludes his demolition of Dr. Farmer's celebrated "Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare," which is denounced to be "nothing more than a pitiful collection of small learning," utterly contemptible in the employment to which the author has assigned it. The winding-up is a piece of critical hard-

hitting—enough to compel some of the small fry to "kick the rod," and make them what they were not before—*smart*. Thus:

Shakspeare and his Critics.]

What I principally complain of, and what, in fact, induced me to write these papers, is the tone of cool insult displayed towards one of the greatest men that ever appeared in the world, by every puny pedant who had gone through the ceremonial of *Hig, hag, hog*. One tells us that Shakspeare had no acquaintance with the history of literature. Here we are assured, by a man who is not able to explain ordinary words of Italian or French, that Shakspeare could not have read these languages, and was obliged to look to translations for a scanty knowledge of Rabelais, Ronsard, or Montaigne. Want of knowledge of Latin is thrust upon him by persons superficially acquainted with its language or its literature, and who would assuredly blunder in any attempt to write it. Ritson accuses him of ignorance, because he has mixed names of different languages in *Hamlet*, the said Ritson not being able to distinguish Arthur of the Round Table from the constellation Arc-

turns; men who know not the technical words of our courts are content to give him credit for a mere scrivener's knowledge of law; cockneys, who could not tell the stem from the stern of a ship, find him guilty of not knowing seamen's language; Steevens is inclined to think that he had no means of ascertaining the names of the flowers of the field; critics of Hampstead, or Fleet-street, "who never rowed in gondola," are quite certain that Italy was *terra incognita* to him; Johnson assures us that whenever he meddles with geography, he goes astray, the Doctor having, when he wrote the note, merely gone astray himself: in short, it would be easy to prove, from the assertions of Shakspeare's commentators, that there was nothing in the world—language, history, geography, law, theology, antiquity, art, science, down to domestic botany—in which his ignorance was not profound; but not more easy than to select from their own labours a most complete body of ignorance with respect to all the subjects on which they are most sarcastic and pungent, profound and dogmatic, at his expense.

It is not worth the labour to make the collection; I have only to conclude by willingly admitting that the readers of Shakspeare have good reason to be obliged to the commentators, in general, for what they have done—that they have considerably improved the text, explained many a difficult passage, interpreted many an obscure word, and, by diligent reading and research, thrown much light over the plays. For this they deserve their due portion of praise; those among them, especially, who thought less of themselves than of Shakspeare. They by no means merit the sweeping censures of Tooke, Mathias,* and others. I know, also, that commentators on works so voluminous, full of so many troublesome difficulties of all kinds, and requiring such an extended and diversified course of reading, *must* make mistakes, and, therefore, that their

errors, or rash guesses, should be leniently judged; but no great leniency can be extended to those who, selecting the easiest part of the task for themselves—that of dipping into the most obvious classical writers—should, on the strength of very small learning, set themselves up as entitled to sneer at a supposed want of knowledge in Shakspeare, while their own criticisms and comments afford countless indications, "vocal to the intelligent," that they have themselves no great cruditon to boast of.

["My Irish Tutorship" is a broad piece of writing; contrasting with the succeeding lines on Affection. From a paper on the French School of Painting, we take this bit of pleasantry:

The Louvre, at Paris.]

What a paradise this gallery is for French students, or foreigners, who sojourn in the capital! It is hardly necessary to say that the brethren of the brush are not usually supplied by Fortune with any extraordinary wealth, or means of enjoying the luxuries with which Paris, more than any other city, abounds. But here they have a luxury which surpasses all others, and spend their days in a palace which all the money of all the Rothschilds could not buy. They sleep, perhaps, in a garret, and dine in a cellar; but no grandee in Europe has such a drawing-room. Kings' houses have, at best, but damask hangings, and gilt cornices. What are these to a wall covered with canvas by Paul Veronese, or a hundred yards of Rubens? Artists from England, who have a national gallery that resembles a moderate-sized gin shop, who may not copy pictures, except under particular restrictions, and on rare and particular days, may revel here to their heart's content. Here is a room half a mile long, with as many windows as Aladdin's palace, open from sunrise till evening, and free to all manners and all varieties of study: the only puzzle to the student is to select the one he shall begin upon, and keep his eyes away from the rest. Fontaine's grand staircase, with its arches, and painted ceilings, and shining Doric columns, leads directly to the gallery; but it is thought too fine for working days, and is only opened for the public entrance on the Sabbath. A little back stair (leading from a court in which stand numerous bas-reliefs, and a solemn sphinx of polished granite) is the common entry for students and others, who, during the week, enter the gallery. Hither have lately been transported a number of the works of French artists, which formerly covered the walls of the Luxembourg (death only

* In the *Diversions of Purley*, Tooke says, "The ignorance and presumption of his commentators have shamefully disfigured Shakspeare's text. The first folio, notwithstanding some few palpable misprints, requires none of their alterations. Had they understood English as well as he did, they would not have quarrelled with his language." And again: "Hack is a very common word, most happily used, and ought not to be displaced because the commentators knew not its meaning. If such a rule were adopted, the commentators themselves would, most of them, become speechless."—Vol. ii. pp. 389-91, 4to. Yet he departs from the folio to read "one dowle that's in my plume," for the folio *plumbe*, in the *Tempest*, p. 259; and, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, his commentary alters the rack *dis limbe* into *dis timbe*, p. 392. Mathias's attack on the commentators, in his *Paranoid of Literature*, was once very popular. It is alluded to even by Schlegel.

entitles the French painter to a place in the *Douvre*); and let us confine ourselves to the Frenchmen only for the space of this letter.

["A chapter about Boutiques and Ginpallaces" contains much agreeable observation; but how a man of taste, as the writer doubtless is, could open with such pointed personality as he has adopted, we are at a loss to imagine; such abuse of critical acumen can scarcely tickle one reader in a hundred. The bits of criticism on shop-fronts are more to our taste. "The Great Cossack Epic of Demetrius Rigmorolovicz," is another piece of broad fun. "How to make a newspaper, without credit or cash," by an old Journalist, narrates the true and particular history of the *British Press* and *Globe* newspapers. Then comes "A Budget of Bards," in which some ten Poems of the year are reviewed; and the number and volume is crowned with "Two Sonnets Matrimonial," one to the Queen and Prince Albert, full of anticipation, and such tax as the great pay for being enlucnt. In the poetical Review, just named, the marriage of the poet, Southey, is thus quaintly chronicled:]

Solitary Hours,

By Mrs. Southey. And who is Mrs. Southey?—who but she who was so long known, and so great a favourite, as Caroline Bowles, transformed, by the gallantry of the laureate and the grace of the parson, into her present matrimonial appellation! Southey, so long ago as the 21st of February, 1829, prefaced his most amatory poem of *All for Love*, with a tender address, that is now, perhaps, worth reprinting —

"To Caroline Bowles.

"Could I look forward to a distant day,
With hope of building some elaborate Jay,
Then would I wait till worthier strains of mine
Might have inscribed thy name, O Caroline!
For I would, while my voice is heard on earth,
Bear witness to thy genius and thy worth.
But we have both been taught to feel with fear,
How frail the tenure of existence here—
What unforeseen calamities prevent,
Alas, how oft! the best-resolved intent;
And, therefore, this poor volume I address
To thee, dear friend, and sister poetess.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

"*Keswick, Feb. 21, 1829.*"

The laureate has his wish; for, in duty, he is bound to say, that worthier strains than his now bear inscribed the name of Caroline connected with his own—and, moreover, she is something more than a dear friend and sister poetess. By the way, we request Southey to consider that, as there can be no such thing as a *brother-poetess*, he ought not to have allowed the rhyme to prevent him from using the more

sensible form of *sister-poet*, without the *ess*.

Many of the compositions here gathered, have appeared in magazines; and this is their second edition. We notice this fact, to account for the title of *Solitary Hours*, which, otherwise, would appear somewhat odd, as the name of a work published by a lady during the first year of her marriage. Her hours now cannot be solitary; and, we trust, they are as happy as the day is long. The laureate is a fortunate man,—his queen supplies him with *butts*, and his lady with *Bowls*: then may his cup of good fortune be overflowing.

New Books.

HALLAM'S INTRODUCTION TO THE LITERATURE OF EUROPE. VOL. II.

[A FEW more extracts from this sterling work will advantageously serve to vary the scientific turn of the present sheet.

Under "Italian Poetry" occurs the following pleasing episode:]

Story of Gaspara Stampa and Collalto.

She was a lady of the Paduan territory, living near the small river Anaso, from which she adopted the poetical name of Anasilla. This stream bathes the foot of certain lofty hills, from which a distinguished family, the Counts of Collalto, took their appellation. The representative of this house, himself a poet as well as soldier, and, if we believe his fond admirer, endowed with every virtue except constancy, was loved by Gaspara with enthusiastic passion. Unhappily, she learned only by sad experience the want of generosity too common to man, and sacrificing, not the honour, but the pride of her sex, by submissive affection, and, finally, by querulous importunity, she estranged a heart never so susceptible as her own. Her sonnets, which seem arranged nearly in order, begin with the delirium of sanguine love; they are extravagant effusions of admiration, mingled with joy and hope; but soon the sense of Collalto's coldness glides in and overpowers her bliss.* After three years' expectation of seeing his promise of marriage fulfilled, and when he had already caused alarm by his indifference, she was compelled to endure the pangs of absence by his entering the service of France. This does not seem to have been of long continuance; but his letters were infrequent, and her complaints, always vented in a sonnet, become more fretful. He returned, and Anasilla exults

* In an early sonnet she already calls Collalto, "il Signor, ch'io amo, e ch'io parento;" an expression descriptive enough of the state in which poor Gaspara seems to have lived several years.

with tenderness, yet still timid in the midst of her joy.

Oserò io, con queste fide braccia,
Cingerli il caro collo, ed accostare
La mia tremante alla sua viva faccia?

But jealousy, not groundless, soon intruded, and we find her doubly miserable. Collalto became more harsh, avowed his indifference, forbade her to importune him with her complaints; and in a few months espoused another woman. It is said by the historians of Italian literature, that the broken heart of Gaspara sunk very soon under these accumulated sorrows into the grave.* And such, no doubt, is what my readers expect, and (at least the gentler of them) wish to find. But inexorable truth, to whom I am the sworn vassal, compels me to say, that the poems of the lady herself contain unequivocal proofs that she avenged herself better on Collalto, —by falling in love again. We find the acknowledgment of another incipient passion, which speedily comes to maturity; and, while declaring that her present flame is much stronger than the last, she dismisses her faithless lover with the handsome compliment, that it was her destiny always to fix her affections on a noble object. The name of her second choice does not appear in her poems; nor has any one hitherto, it would seem, made the very easy discovery of his existence. It is true that she died young; "but not of love."

The style of Gaspara Stampa is clear, simple, graceful; the Italian critics find something to censure in the versification. In purity of taste, I should incline to set her above Bernardino Rota, though she has less vigour of imagination. Corniani has applied to her the well-known lines of Horace upon Sappho. But the fires of guilt and shame, that glow along the strings of the Æolian lyre, ill resemble the pure sorrows of the tender Anasilla. Her passion for Collalto, ardent and undisguised, was ever virtuous; the sense of gentle birth, though so inferior to his, as, perhaps, to make a proud man fear disparagement, sustained her against dishonourable submission.

But not less in elevation of genius than in dignity of character, she is very far inferior to Vittoria Colonna, or even to Veronica Gambara, a poetess, who, without equalling Vittoria, had much of her nobleness and purity. We pity the Gasparas;

* She anticipated her epitaph, on this hypothesis of a broken heart, which did not occur.

Per amar molto, ed esser loco amata
Viase e mori infelice; di o qui giace
La più fedel amante che sia stata.
Fregale, viator, riposo e pace,
Ed impara da lei sì mal trattata
A non seguir un cor crudo e fugace.

we should worship, if we could find them, the Vittorias.

Tasso and Ariosto compared.

The Jerusalem was no sooner published, than it was weighed against the Orlando Furioso, and neither Italy nor Europe have yet agreed which scale inclines. It is indeed one of those critical problems, that admit of no certain solution, whether we look to the suffrage of those who feel acutely and justly, or to the general sense of mankind. We cannot determine one poet to be superior to the other, without assuming premises which no one is bound to grant. Those who read for a stimulating variety of circumstances, and the enlivening of a leisure hour, must prefer Ariosto; and he is probably, on this account, a poet of more universal popularity. It might be said, perhaps, by some, that he is more a favourite of men, and Tasso of women. And yet, in Italy, the sympathy with tender and graceful poetry is so general, that the Jerusalem has hardly been less in favour with the people than its livelier rival; and its fine stanzas may still be heard by moonlight from the lips of a gondolier, floating along the calm bosom of the Gindecca.

Ariosto must be placed much more below Homer, than Tasso falls short of Virgil. The Orlando has not the impetuosity of the Iliad; each is prodigiously rapid, but Homer has more momentum by his weight; the one is a hunter, the other a war-horse. The finest stanzas in Ariosto are fully equal to any in Tasso, but the latter has by no means so many feeble lines. Yet his language, though never affectedly obscure, is not so pellucid, and has a certain refinement which makes us sometimes pause to perceive the meaning. Whoever reads Ariosto slowly, will probably be offended by his negligence; whoever reads Tasso quickly, will lose something of the elaborate finish of his style. It is not easy to find a counterpart among painters for Ariosto. His brilliancy and fertile invention might remind us of Tintoret; but he is more natural, and less solicitous of effect. If, indeed, poetical diction be the correlative of colouring in our comparison of the arts, none of the Venetian school can represent the simplicity and averseness to ornament of language which belong to the Orlando Furioso; and it would be impossible, for other reasons, to look for a parallel in a Roman or Tuscan pencil. But with Tasso the case is different; and, though it would be an affected expression to call him the founder of the Bolognese school, it is evident that he had a great influence on its chief painters, who came but a little after him. They imbed themselves with the

spirit of a poem so congenial to their age, and so much admired in it. No one, I think, can consider their works without perceiving both the analogy of the place each hold in their respective arts, and the traces of a feeling, caught directly from Tasso as their prototype and model. We recognise his spirit in the sylvan shades and voluptuous forms of Albano and Domenichino, in the pure beauty that radiates from the ideal heads of Guido, in the skilful composition, exact design, and noble expression of the Caracci. Yet the school of Bologna seems to furnish no parallel to the enchanting grace and diffused harmony of Tasso; and we must, in this respect, look back to Correggio as his representative.

Ronsard, the French Poet.

The popularity of Ronsard was extensive; and, though he sometimes complained of the neglect of the great, he wanted not the approbation of those whom poets are most ambitious to please. Charles IX. addressed some lines to Ronsard, which are really elegant, and at least do more honour to that prince than any thing else recorded of him; and the verses of this poet are said to have lightened the weary hours of Mary Stuart's imprisonment. On his death, in 1586, a funeral service was performed in Paris with the best music that the King could command; it was attended by the Cardinal de Bourbon and an immense concourse; eulogies in prose and verse were recited in the university; and in those anxious moments, when the crown of France was almost in its agony, there was leisure to lament that Ronsard had been withdrawn. How differently attended was the grave of Spenser!

Elizabethan Poets.

It was said by Ellis, that nearly one hundred names of poets belonging to the reign of Elizabeth might be enumerated, besides many that have left no memorial except their songs. This however was but a moderate computation. Drake has made a list of more than two hundred, some few of whom, perhaps, do not strictly belong to the Elizabethan period.* But many of these are only known by short pieces in such miscellaneous collections as have been mentioned. Yet in the entire bulk of poetry, England could not, perhaps, bear comparison with Spain or France, to say nothing of Italy. She had come in fact much later to cultivate poetry as a general accomplishment. And, consequently, we find much less of the mechanism of style, than in the contemporane-

ous verse of other languages. The English sonneteers deal less in customary epithets and conventional modes of expression. Every thought was to be worked out in new terms, since the scanty precedents of earlier versifiers did not supply them. This was evidently the cause of many blemishes in the Elizabethan poetry; of much that was false in taste, much that was either too harsh and extravagant, or too humble, and of more that was so obscure as to defy all interpretation. But it saved, also, that monotonous equality that often wearies us in more polished poetry. There is more pleasure, more sense of sympathy with another mind, in the perusal even of Gascoyne or Edwards, than in that of many French and Italian versifiers whom their contemporaries extolled. This is all that we can justly say in their favour; for any comparison of the Elizabethan poetry, save Spenser's alone, with that of the nineteenth century, would shew an extravagant predilection for the mere name or dress of antiquity.

GRUND'S ARISTOCRACY IN AMERICA.

(Concluded from page 142.)

Anecdotes of General Jackson.

ONE of the most characteristic anecdotes of General Jackson relates to the late difficulties between the Governments of the United States and France, when the King of the French seemed to insist on an apology from the President. This, as is well known, General Jackson peremptorily refused; and accordingly a cabinet council was convened in Washington, in which every member delivered his opinion according to his own manner, General Jackson listening to all with the utmost patience. There was the Secretary of State, not knowing how far a war with France would be supported by the people of the different States; the Secretary of the Treasury was already computing the deficit in the budget; the Secretary of the Navy thought it his duty to observe that the naval force of the United States was hardly capable of coping with that of the French; and at last came the Secretary of War, who alluded to the state of the army, a great portion of which was absorbed by the Indian campaign. General Jackson remained immovable. At last, when every one had finished, he rose; and, placing his hand with some violence on the table, said, in a solemn and firm voice, "We have obtained judgment against the French King; and, by the Eternal! we must sue out the execution!"—"But what if we meet with reverses? The French will cut off our commerce; they will arm privateers against our merchantmen; and

* Shakspeare and his Times, i. 674. Even this catalogue is probably incomplete; it includes, of course, translators.

what if they attempt a landing?"—"That's precisely the thing they will attempt," observed General Jackson calmly; "and you may depend upon it we will give them a good drubbing." The anecdote gave rise to a caricature, representing a French army, led by the Gallé cock, swimming across the Atlantic; and General Jackson standing on the American shore with his cane drawn, and a numerous staff behind him, expecting their arrival. Another caricature, drawn after the settlement, representing General Jackson holding in his left hand a bag of money, with the figures 25,000,000 written on it, and in his right hand a cane, which he is shaking at Louis Philippe, with the words to his mouth, "'Tis well that you paid me, or, by the Eternal!" to which the King is represented howling, and saying, "Not another word of apology, my dear General!" has already been mentioned in another work.

The following fact, which was related to me by Mr. Power, an American sculptor of much merit, now at Florence, is yet deserving a place in my note-book. When Mr. Power was last in Washington to take a bust of General Jackson, a friend observed to the artist, that it would be impossible for him to give the right expression to the mouth, the General having lost his front teeth, which destroyed the expression of firmness about his lips; and that he had, therefore, better try to persuade the General to wear false teeth for one or two sittings. The artist, grateful for the hint, did not omit to ask General Jackson, in a truly Western manner, (Mr. Power was born and brought up in Cincinnati,) whether he had ever worn false teeth? "I have," said the General; "but I am sorry for it."—"But had you not better put them in once more, to give me an opportunity of modelling the mouth? it would greatly enhance the effect."—"The truth, sir! the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!" exclaimed the General with a stern voice; "you have no right to represent me otherwise than I am."

What simplicity of character! and yet what energy and perseverance!

ADVENTURES OF AN ATTORNEY IN SEARCH OF PRACTICE.

[The following is one of the best drawn sketches in this characteristic work:]

A Scene.—Self-command.

Occasions do now and then occur, where self-command becomes extremely difficult to practise; more particularly when we are attending gentlemen high in legal office. I remember a case of this kind with the late Master Stratford. A solicitor

of great eminence was attending him; the Master had already intimated a very strong opinion on the matter in dispute, and it is well known that he was not very well pleased with contradiction, nor much disposed to listen to it: the solicitor, however, was resolute to be heard; and finding there was little chance in any other way, determined on angering him into silence; rather a novel means of obtaining an audience, but in this instance quite successful.

"I was observing, Master Stratford—"

"I have heard your observations, sir, (*angrily*), till I am weary of them; I beg you will be silent, I have quite made up my mind."

"I see you have, sir, but it strikes me that—"

"I really cannot help what strikes you, sir, I shall not hear another word."

"I am sorry for it, sir, I have a great matter yet to offer."

"Indeed! (*half rising from his chair, and then resuming it*), pray how long may you intend to talk?"

"Probably half an hour, sir; it depends on the attention you will be so good as to give me."

"Half an hour, sir! did you say half an hour, sir? do you know who you are talking to?"

"It may take me a trifle longer, Master Stratford, it depends on yourself in some measure."

"On me, sir! on me! insufferable insolence! half an hour! depends on myself! pray what may your name be, sir?"

"Fairfield, sir. If you are ready, I will begin."

Here the learned Master drew back his chair, and actually gaped in astonished frenzy at this unwonted defiance of his wrath, during which Mr. Fairfield coolly proceeded with his argument, wholly undisturbed by the judicial agitation, and quoted cases by the dozen. Meanwhile, his client, an honest tradesman, who knew as little of the etiquette of the Master's Office as of St. James's, being weary of standing, seated himself on the nearest chair. This new offence actually bewildered poor Stratford; he looked from the solicitor to the client, and from the client to the solicitor, in mute amazement, wholly regardless of the argument and the authorities; when, at this instant, a servant boy entered the august presence with the coal-scuttle. A happy idea flashed across the Master's mind. Rising precipitately from his chair, and grasping the lad by the arm, he forced him into it.

"Here, Jack, take my chair! take my chair! I don't see why one gentleman should not sit down as well as another!"

The frightened boy took the chair; Fairfield, who was a man of uncommon talent, that justified, as it was supported by, uncommon assurance, continued speaking, as if unconscious of the substitution; the farce was too much even for the Master's wrath; he laughed himself into good humour, heard the argument to the end, and, *mirabile dictu*, altered his opinion; not the less readily, perhaps, because he knew that Fairfield was a character not to be trifled with.

Varieties.

Prince Albert.—There is a remarkable similarity in the portraits, yet published, of Prince Albert: this, by the way, is a rare merit in portrait engraving. We know not whether the publishers have availed themselves of either of the new scientific processes of multiplying plates—but the coincidence is extraordinary. These portraits are sad evidences of the graver; but, in due season, we hope to see a portrait of His Serene Highness which may be a worthy companion to that of the most illustrious personage in the realm. We should add that the accomplishments of Prince Albert, upon the authority of the *Albion*, claim notice in the *Literary World*; his Serene Highness being "a poet of no mean talent; having formerly published, at Bonn, for the benefit of the poor, a collection of songs,—which were set to music by his brother Ernest."

Antiquity of Engraving.—In the Peninsula of India, the art of engraving on plates of copper appears to have been practised long before the Christian era. It was there customary to ratify grants of land by deeds of transfer actually engraved on plates of copper, as we now write them on skins of parchment. A copy of one of these very interesting relics is given, with an English translation, by Mr. Wilkins, in the *Asiatic Researches*, vol. i. p. 123. It is in the Sanscrit language, and bears date twenty years before the birth of Christ.

Happiness.—Dr. Johnson thought the happiest life was that of a man of business, with some literary pursuits for his amusement; and that, in general, no one could be virtuous or happy that was not completely employed.

Poetical.—The New York *Sunday Atlas* contains a sonnet to Charles Kean, commencing thus:

"Thou great enchanter of the mimic scene,
A glorious immortality is thine;
Thou representative of the 'has been,'
A laurel chaplet thy young brow shall twine."

Why is a waiter like a race-horse?—Because he runs for plates and st(akes).

Cat and Chickens.—An elderly lady in Hudson-street, has a cat that has hatched two eggs and suckled two kittens, at the same time. The little family get on quite amicably, and the feline members are so fond of the fledglings that they are almost ready to eat them up.—*New York Brother Jonathan*

Unexampled.—The last American railway offers such rapid travelling, as to put you down at your journey's end before you get in at the station!

Golden-crested Wren.—At the cottage of a poor man living at Shepperton, on the Thames, is preserved a specimen of the golden-crested wren, (the smallest British bird,) which was caught by being entangled in a spider's web in a greenhouse. This circumstance gives an air of probability to the ascribed power of the bird-catching spider of Surinam.—*Albert*. [A friend, J. H. F., considers this can scarcely have been a single net, but, probably, a

silken egg-bag, which might be sufficiently strong to hold the bird. Mr. Blyth states, that the viscid juice of the lime-tree buds sometimes acts as bird-lime in capturing small wrens. And we add—may not this explain the origin of "bird-lime."]

New Post Office Regulations.—The increase in the delivery of letters on Thursday, under the new penny postage rate, was 12,000. The average of the General Post delivery for Thursday, had been, under the old system, 36,000; on Thursday last the number of letters delivered was 48,000. The loss on that day, compared with the previous Thursday, was about £700. An envelop was put into the Post-office, on Thursday evening, containing thirteen separate letters to different members of the writer's family in Ireland, the whole weighing under half an ounce, being written on very thin paper, procured for the purpose.—*Observer*, Dec. 8.

Dictionaries.—This is certainly the age of dictionaries, if we may trust the publishers' lists. Johnson observes: "Dictionaries are like watches; the worst is better than none, and the best cannot be expected to go quite true."

Odd Association.—The author of the *Memoirs of Sir Sidney Smith*, just published, speaks of the Admiral's "chivalric character" which reminds a wag at our elbow of the "horac-marines."

Panic of 1825.—From the evidence of Mr. Harman, before Parliament, it appears that the quantity of gold in the Bank of England, in December, 1825, was under £1,300,000. The Bank then issued one pound notes to protect its remaining treasure, which worked wonders, though by sheer good luck; "because one box, containing a quantity of one pound notes, had been overlooked, and they were forthcoming at the lucky moment."

London Chimes.—The only chimes now existing are those of St. Clement Danes, in the Strand, in which the old 104th Psalm is played every four hours; and the musical chimes of St. Giles's church, Cripplegate; and St. Dion's Backchurch, Fenchurch-street. Formerly, a great many churches in London, including St. Margaret's and St. Sepulchre's, had chime hammers annexed to the bells.

Dwarf Tree.—Captains King and Fitzroy, in their late expedition, saw, near Cape Horn, one tree, which they describe as being only one inch in height, and spreading four or five feet along the ground. In many instances, in ascending the mountains to make observations, the foliage of these dwarf trees, mixed with shrubs, was so dense, that the party walked or crawled over the surface, to pierce through being quite impracticable.

Dahlias.—At the late show of the Salisbury Dahlia Society, was a tableau of upwards of 5,000 dahlia flowers, which was eighteen feet in height.

The Falkland Islands are, chiefly, of considerable size, and have no trees, or hardly shrubs; but the climate being mild and humid, the vegetation is most abundant, and the cattle and horses, which are running wild, attain a very large size.

Real Poverty.—On Sir Sidney Smith's invasion of the South American coast, in 1808, the Marquis of Alorna returned the following laconic answer to the enemy, the commander of which asked for safe passage and supplies, wishing, at the same time, to know if he and his troops would be received as friends or enemies:—"We are unable to entertain you as friends, or to resist you as enemies."

Printing at Sea.—In 1813, the flag-ship, the *Caledonia*, and Sir Sidney Smith's ship, the *Hibernia*, had on board of them very complete printing presses, with all the necessary types and furniture. There is now in the Bodleian library, at Oxford, a book that was printed on board the *Hibernia*, which was presented to it by our officer.—*Memoirs of Sir Sidney Smith*.

Works of Richard Baxter.—After a familiarity of many years with his writings, it may be avowed,

that of the 168 volumes comprised in the catalogue of his printed works, there are some which we have never seen, and many with which we can boast but a very slight acquaintance. These, however, as such as, (to borrow a phrase from Mr. Hamam,) have ceased to belong to men, and have become the property of moths. From the recesses of the library in Redcross-street, they lower in the sullen majesty of the folio age, over the pigmies of this dilettante generation; the expressive, though neglected monuments of occurrences, which can never lose their place, or their interest, in the history of theological literature. * * * Intellectual efforts of such severity as Baxter's, relieved by not so much as one passing smile; public services of such extent, interrupted by no one recorded relaxation; thoughts so sleeplessly intent on those awful subjects, in the presence of which all earthly interests are annihilated, might seem a weight too vast for human endurance; as, assuredly, it forms an example which few would have the power, and still fewer the will, to imitate. His seventy-five years, unbroken by any transient glance at gaiety; his 168 volumes, where the fancy never disports herself; a mortal absorbed in the solemn realities, and absolutely independent of all the illusions of life, appears like a fiction, and a dull one too. Yet it is an exact and not an unwelcome truth.—From an admirable paper on the Life and Times of Richard Baxter, the Puritan Divine; in the *Edinburgh Review*.

"Ah, don't mumble!" as the gentleman said to the bar-keeper when he preferred his gin without weakening.

"Paws for a reply," as the cat observed when she scratched the dog for barking at her.

Egypt.—Mehemet Ali has planted schools everywhere; and continues to encourage and promote popular education, as far as it is possible in the circumstances of his people. He has also prohibited the importation of negroes, by ordinances which bid fair to abolish the African slave-trade all over Egypt.—*Edinburgh Review*. [We have been informed that Mehemet Ali pursues a very precautionary course of testing all his visitors before he adopts them: he is beset by adventurers from all parts of the world, but uniformly subjects their pretensions to rigid experiment; a plan worthy of imitation elsewhere. For example, were a penny-postage proposed for Egypt, Mehemet Ali would thoroughly scrutinize the scheme in all its bearings, fiscal or otherwise, before he tantalized his people with promises and hopes which he was not confident of realizing.]

Mystery.—Dr. Johnson used to say, that where secrecy or mystery began, vice or roguery was not far off.

An Obstinate Critter.—"Hallo! Ben, less go down here to our church, and view de demolished ruins of de hurricando." "Oh! no, I an't got no time." "Wy an't you got no time?" "Oh! cause I don't want to go." "Wy don't you want to go?" "Oh! cause I can't." "Jus gib us reason why you can't go." "Oh! cause I shan't." "Well, wy shan't you?" "Oh! cause I won't." "Ah! nigger, I see you've got de advantage ob me in dat ere argument; dere's no way ob gittin round you dis ere time—wah, wah, wah!"—*New Haven Herald*.

Launcesterian Schools in London.—The total number of day-schools in the metropolis and its environs, conducted upon the system of Joseph Lancaster, is 131; in which no fewer than 20,000 children, of both sexes, belonging to the working classes, are educated. In some of the schools the education is free; in others the charge for each pupil varies from one penny to three-pence per week.—*Times*. [Yet, Joseph Lancaster, one of the leading operators in what political economists pompously call "National Education" died in want.—*Sic vos non vobis*. Upon the same principle, we suppose, pensions are granted to political partisan authors, to poets, and to novelists—nay, in some instances, for

single books; but men of science, and the authors of educational works, are passed over, and extrinsic merit is preferred to positive claims upon Government generosity. Surely, to have written nursery primers, spelling-books, and geographies, of which millions of copies have been sold, is to have sown the seed of happiness and social benefits inestimable; exertions which it is the proper duty of every legislature to protect and reward.]

Sweden.—The population of Sweden consists of 3,025,140 souls, shewing an increase of one-fifth since the accession of the present sovereign.—*Foreign Quarterly Review*.

The Beggars' Opera.—Sir Joshua Reynolds once observed to Dr. Johnson:—"The *Beggars' Opera* affords a proof how strangely people will differ in opinion about a literary performance. Burke thinks it has no merit." To which Johnson replied:—"it was refined by one of the houses; but I should have thought it would succeed, not from any great excellence in the writing, but from the novelty, and the general spirit and gaiety of the piece, which keeps the audience always attentive, and dismisses them in good humour."

Large Sheet of Paper.—There was lately sent from the manufactory at Colinton a single sheet of paper, weighing 533 lb. and measuring upwards of a mile and a half in length; the breadth being only fifty inches. Were a ream of paper composed of similar sheets, made, it would weigh 266,500 lb., or upwards of 123 tons.—*Scotsman*.

Flowers on Graves.—In the churchyard of Loughor, in Glamorganshire, is the following epitaph, containing an allusion to the interesting custom of strewing the grave with flowers:

"The village maidens to her grave shall bring
Selected garlands each returning spring—
Selected sweets, in emblem of the maid
Who underneath this hallow'd turf is laid:
Like her they flourish, beauteous to the eye;
Like her, too soon, they languish, fade, and die."

Toast.—A purple half to the grape, a mellow half to the peach, a sunny half to the globe, and a better half to man.

Quid pro quo.—While you're losing time I'm gaining it, as the thief said when he stole the watch.

Fire-proof Theatre.—At Plymouth, is the only fire-proof theatre in this country, the whole of the framing for the boxes, corridors, &c. being of cast-iron. The roof, of sixty feet span, is of rolled iron; and though no piece is more than 3-16ths of an inch in thickness, it is yet remarkably strong, and not more than half the weight of a timber roof. This theatre will contain about 1,200 persons, and was built by Mr. Foulston, architect of several public edifices in the West of England.

To Etch on Glass.—Mix, in a gallipot, a little sulphuric acid and lamp black to a thin smooth paste, and spread a layer of it on a piece of glass, upon which trace, with a sharp-pointed instrument, (penetrating to the glass,) any design which may suggest itself. Then dissolve a little fluor spar, coarsely powdered, in spirit of turpentine, and with a camel's hair brush, lay some of the solution upon the parts so traced; let it remain an hour or two, and you will find, on scraping off the paste, that the glass will be etched with whatever forms you have traced. Very pleasing drawings may thus be etched upon glass; and they may be rendered more effective by dusting the outline with a little vermilion.

Solution of Charade at page 182—LOVE-SICK.

Marguerite de Bourgogne to be continued in our

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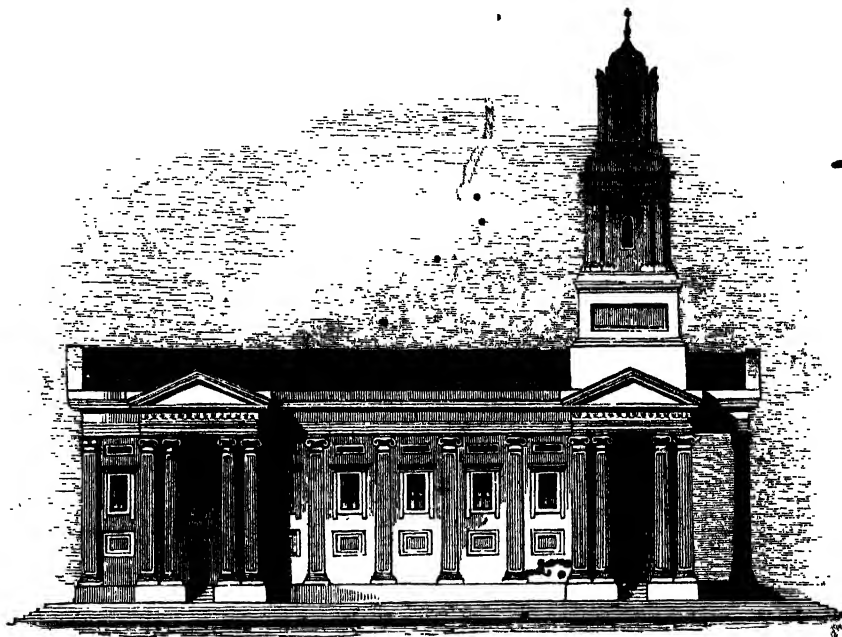
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No. 39.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1839.

[Price 2d.



THE CHURCH OF ST. PAUL, AT MALTA.

Now building at the expense of Her Majesty the DOWAGER QUEEN ADELAIDE.

It has long been a matter of complaint with the English residents, and with Protestant travellers, who are continually passing and repassing Malta, that they are almost entirely debarred from the privilege of attending public worship, on account of the destitution of church-room. The accommodation provided for this purpose, is the Government Chapel, a room fitted up in the Palace, which only affords 300 sittings; whilst the average number of British residents amounts to about 2,000.

The troops of the Garrison, amounting to 3,000, attend divine service in a room of the prison, which is also used as a public female school during the week.

About fifteen years ago, a site was chosen for the building of a Protestant church, and a considerable sum was expended in preparing it for the purpose; but there were good reasons found for dis-

continuing this attempt before even a foundation-stone was laid. A few years back, a new effort was made to the same end; which, like the former, terminated in disappointment.

But, it was not the design of Providence much longer to defeat the wishes of those who longed to see a temple to the Living God raised in this island, wherein they might unite together for His divine worship. The honoured instrument of effecting this purpose,* was Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, who, during her visit last winter, saw the destitution which had so long been deplored, and with the most magnanimous Christian feeling took upon herself the whole expense of the building.

The first stone was laid by Her Majesty, on the 20th March, 1839, and the work has so far advanced, that the foundation may be said to be completed. No

labour has been spared by the superintending architect to render the edifice durable; and, though often with immense difficulty, every part of the foundation has been based upon the solid rock, which, in many instances, was found covered with thirty feet of rubbish.

The front of the edifice, facing N. E., will be adorned with a portico, supported by four Ionic pillars, and surmounted by a bas-relief design illustrative of St. Peter casting the viper off his hand into the fire, immediately after his shipwreck. (Acts xxviii. 3.)

Each wing of the front will be ornamented with a statue of the two great apostles of the Christian Church—St. Peter and St. Paul.

The tower, or steeple, will be 130 feet high, terminating with the emblem of Christianity—the cross.

The dimensions of this building exceed those of any of the modern churches in London: the length of the area will be 110 feet; breadth, sixty-seven feet; and height, forty-five feet. Mary-le-Bone, one of the largest parish churches in the metropolis, measures only 105 by 70 feet, and serves a congregation in which 3,000 baptisms take place yearly; and that of St. Pancras, 117 by 60 feet, including the altar. The church of St. Paul, at Malta, will contain seats for upwards of 1,500 persons.—From the *Mulla Penny Magazine* of Saturday, November 2^d.

NINE-DAY WONDERS.

WE laugh at the old worshippers of sticks and stones, pot-herbs, and onions; yet these are really good and reasonable things, and display a wise and benign power in the production of them. But soft, fashionable sentiment; popular swaggering phrases; arbitrary dogmas; the generalized lies of proverbial cunning, which pass for truths by being lies comprehensive, are utterly worthless. They are the dregs and scourings of whatever in man is diabolical. Yet these are the true gods of millions who read tracts, newspapers, and novels. These are the invisible powers on which they rely, and on which they try to build their existence. For any thing I know, an old Egyptian who worshipped a cabbage, may have been less absurd in doing so than this or that sensitive and fantastic idolater of landscapes and size-coloured daubery, of tinsel talents and melo-dramatic greatness. An Irish peasant, honouring with his mouth a glorified potato, would be performing a more reasonable service than that to which he often submits himself.—From a shrewd paper in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

PENNY POSTAGE.

HURRAH! for paper, pens, and ink,
Wax, envelopes, and sealing;
Scrawl, scribble, write—the charge is light,
Beyond your pocket's feeling.
And now your friends have nought to pay,
All subterfuge is ended;
They're bound to read all night and day,
Nor dare to be offended!

Knock! knock!—tap! tap!—bang! bang!—the doors

Will get red-hot by friction:
Alas! what heaps of penny bores!—
To read them what infliction!
There's fifteen gone to Number Four,
And twelve to Number Twenty;
And at my door he leaves ten more!
So now, I think, I've plenty.

Our Member, sulkily looks he,
His seat's not worth a button;
For franks he fairly made to free
All things but legs of mutton.
Fair maidens will no longer sue
For live M. P.'s directions,
And paste them into scrap-books new,
As autograph collections.

For ladies' schools—the "pretty fools,"
It is a grand advantage;
They ne'er refuse soft *billets doux*,
For sixteen's a gallant age.
And, as young ladies' letters are
The same in every station,
They'll lithograph a circular,
And save much meditation.

But I must bring this to a close;
For, if I count them right, now,
I've thirty penny notes, to which
I must reply to-night, now.

ALBERT.

ANTIQUE ARTILLERY.

SOME very curious relics of ancient English artillery and ammunition have recently been discovered by C. D. Archibald, Esq., on his estate upon the western shore of the Isle of Walney, Lancashire, buried in the sand and clay, at a place only accessible at low water.

A tradition has existed in the island, for several centuries, that a vessel was wrecked at this place; and there are old men still living, who pretend to have seen some considerable fragments of the wreck. Mr. Archibald employed a number of men to dig for the remains of the vessel. This search was rewarded by the articles enumerated below, but nothing more than a few decayed planks and timbers, and some pieces of iron, could be found to bear witness to the existence of the vessel.

Nº. 1. The longest gun, when first discovered, was quite perfect, and measured ten feet in length. The breech was in the centre, and it fired both ways; it had two rings near the muzzles to sling it by. This piece is formed of thick plates of iron, hooped.

Nº. 2. The piece with the rings is a culverin, and is quite perfect. It is formed of bars of wrought iron, hooped together.

Nos. 3 and 4, are chambers, and are supposed to be charged with gunpowder. They are of wrought iron.

There are a number of stone balls of different sizes, the greater number of granite; one is of sandstone, another, apparently, of clay iron stone. There is one of hammered iron, and some small ones, cast, which have been enveloped in folds of lead, as if to add weight, and, perhaps, confer on them surfaces of sufficient malleability to fit closely to the bore of the rude cannon for which they were destined.

A pair of bronze compasses, of very curious construction, some old swords, a buckle, and a number of other articles, were found during the excavations.

It is to be observed, that all the guns are of wrought or hammered iron. They have no trunnions, and the rings with which they are provided were to allow them to be slung up with ropes when fired. It is clear, therefore, that gun-carriages were not in use at the time these guns were used.

At the same place a number of other guns, &c., have also been found; one was six or seven feet in length, and of three inches calibre, and had a strong iron handle running along the top side. In the muzzle of this piece was found a miniature gun, about fifteen inches long, probably a chamber. This large gun was found to contain a large charge of gunpowder, and the wadding, which was of oakum, was quite sound.

Altogether, as many as twenty guns, of different sizes, have been found, and a great number of stone bullets. All the latter are, however, of a calibre far too great for the guns, and suggest the query—do they belong to the ancient class of Ballistæ, Catapultæ, and Scorpions, or to “the transition series” of Falcons, Sackers, Culverins, &c.?

When, and how, did these objects come to the position where they were found? They have not yet been examined by professed antiquarians, but several speculations have already been hazarded.

About two miles distant from this point, is the small island of Peel, or Pile of Foudrey, (belonging, also, to Mr. Archibald,) on which stand the ruins of a very strong and ancient castle of that name, built in the reign of King Stephen, by the Abbots of Furness. L. Simnel, in 1487, landed at the Pile of Foudrey with his armament, fitted out in Ireland, and commanded by Martin Swart; and here he was joined by Sir T. Broughton, a gentleman of extensive influence, whose estates lay in the immediate neighbourhood. Some persons supposed that one of his transports may have been wrecked or stranded here.

Others, supposing that the *materiel* belongs to an earlier age, are of opinion that one of the ships which accompanied Richard II., on his last expedition into Ireland, may have been driven here. In the third year of this King's reign (1379), a terrible disaster happened in these seas. A fleet and army, under the command of Sir John Arundell, bound for Brittany, were driven into the Irish Sea, and twenty-five vessels were wrecked. Sir John Arundell himself and 1,000 men perished.

These relics, it is understood, will be placed in the Tower or the Military Repository at Woolwich.—*Times*.

Scientific Facts.

NEW COMET.

At the Royal Astronomical Society, on December 13, a new comet was announced to have been discovered in the constellation Virgo, by M. Galle, assistant at the Berlin Observatory, on the morning of the 3rd of December, 1839, on which day the observations were as follow:—

BERLIN.

Sidereal Time.			Right Ascension.		
h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
11	1	14	12	38	25
11	9	42	12	38	28
11	21	45	12	38	32
11	40	39	12	38	40

Daily variation, $+2^{\circ} 12'$; declination, $+0^{\circ} 19'$.

In the year 1831, the King of Denmark had caused a gold medal to be cast, to be given to the first discoverer of a comet, not visible to the naked eye; and it is somewhat singular that this discovery took place only three hours previously to the King's death.—*Times*. [Those who cling to superstition, may add this coincidence to similar instances already recorded, in favour of the vulgar notion of comets portending evil. Every now and then superstition gets a lucky help from circumstantial evidence, so that it will, probably, never be entirely eradicated from the great waste of the public mind. Only a few days since, we heard of one of the brightest luminaries of science of which this country can boast, being a slavish convert to a quasi-religious fanaticism of the highest degree.]

NEW GAS.

The Comte de Val Marino has experimented a new process of Gas-making, which is stated, in the *Times*, to have appeared “quite successful.” A small gasometer was connected, by tubes, with a furnace built of brick, and containing three retorts,

one of which was supplied with water from a syphon; another was filled with tar; and both being decomposed in the third, formed the sole materials from which the gas was produced. The process appeared to be extremely simple, and the novelty of the experiment consisted in the fact, that the principal agent employed to produce the gas was common water combined with tar; but, according to the theory of the inventor of this new species of gas, any sort of bituminous or fatty matter would answer the purpose as well as tar. Within half an hour's experimenting, the gas was turned into the burners, and a pure and powerful light was produced, perfectly free from smoke, or any unpleasant smell; with a purity and intenseness of flame, which were satisfactorily tested. The great advantage of this gas over coal is the cheapness of the materials, the facility of its manufacture, and the perfection to which it is at once brought, without the tedious and expensive process of condensation and purification; for, in this instance, the light was produced in a perfect state within a few feet of the gasometer, which, although of inferior size, was said to be capable of affording light, for ten hours, to, at least, 500 lamps, or burners. It was also stated, that 1,000 cubic feet of gas, manufactured by this process, could be supplied to the public for about one-third the price now charged by the coal-gas companies: and it was said to be equally available for domestic use, and safer than the common gas; inasmuch as small gasometers might, at a trifling expense, be fixed at the back of grates, from which the gas could be conveyed in India-rubber bags to any part of the house, thereby preventing the many accidents which occur by the use of tubes and pipes. The Comte de Val Marino has patented his discovery, as well as an improvement upon the gas-burners now in use, so as to render his new light more pure and intense. [We dare say, Bishop Berkeley, when he wrote his *Further Thoughts on Tar Water*, in 1752, considered that he had exhausted the subject of its virtues.]

ELECTRO-MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH OF THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

This telegraph, which is the invention of Mr. Cook and Prof. Wheatstone, of King's College, has been, during two months, constantly worked at the passing of every train between Drayton, Hanwell, and Paddington. At the former station, it, for the present, terminates. As soon as the whole line is completed, the telegraph will extend from the Paddington terminus to Bristol; and it is contemplated that then information of any nature may be

conveyed to Bristol, and an answer received in town, in twenty minutes. Merchants and others, residing not only at the two extremities of the line, but at any of the intermediate stations, (at all of which dial-plates will be fixed, with competent persons stationed to work the telegraph,) will then be enabled to avail themselves of the benefits and facilities of the invention. Two boys from the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, in the Kent-road, have been instructed in the working of the machinery by Mr. Hutchinson, and can now superintend the telegraph at any one of the stations. A piece of machinery, simple, but unerring, to which is attached a check-string, indicating to the boys, (who cannot hear the signal-bell,) when the signal is sent up the line, to shew that something is about to be telegraphed, has been invented, to enable the lads to perform the duty as efficiently as if they were not deprived of hearing or speech. The telegraph has now been in operation for nearly a year, and not the least obstruction to its working, by any of the wires failing, has yet taken place. Should this accident occur, especially when the whole line is open to Bristol, (from the wires being enclosed in a tube about an inch in diameter,) it might be expected to be difficult of repair, or of ascertaining the precise point of injury throughout the 117 miles; but this apparent difficulty has been met by Mr. Cook's invention of a piece of mechanism, in a malugany case, not more than eight inches square, by which means the precise point of injury would be indicated in an almost incredibly short space of time.—*Evening Paper.*

MARGUERITE DE BOURGOGNE.

II.—THE TOWER.

SITUATED opposite the Louvre, on the other side of the Seine, and at the angle bounded by the river and the fosse of the enclosure formed by Philip Augustus, there stood, in former times, a tall, gaunt-looking building, termed, by the ancient Parisians, *La Tour de Nesle*; from its contiguity to the gate of the same name, by which Henri IV. entered Paris, after having besieged that city in 1589. It was composed of several irregular floors, each of which comprised the greater part of the area contained within its circular walls; and while the summit commanded an extensive view over the ground, now covered by the buildings of the tenth and eleventh *arrondissemens*, the base was washed by the river, over whose waters some of the windows of the upper apartments projected. A semicircular ditch extended behind it, on the side nearest the bank; and,

as this was unprovided with bridge, or pass, of any kind, the only manner of arriving at the interior was from the river by a boat.

Few of the people of Paris knew to what purpose this isolated building was applied. In an earlier period, it had been used as a depository for arms and implements of warfare; but now, the upper windows were screened from view by projecting shutters on the outside, and massive bars crossed the lower ones, defying all entrance by that means. Dark tales, it is true, were in circulation about that old tower, and the circumstance alone of many bodies being daily found below its mouldering and time-blackened walls, had thrown an air of terror around it, which inspired those who gazed on it with a like feeling; whilst its narrow loopholes were viewed with sentiments of fear very strongly mingled with curiosity to pry into the secrets of its solitary confines. But, on the evening to which we refer, the tower was not deserted. From an apartment on the second story, leaning against an unglazed and half-bricked up casement, Orsini, the taverner of the former chapter, was intently watching the torrent beneath him. He had placed his lamp in a recess, so that its light was nearly concealed from the eyes of any one on the opposite bank; and, muffled in a heavy cloak, he was listlessly, yet impatiently, tapping with the handle of his poignard upon the stone sill of the window. It was a wild and stormy night without. The fine autumnal afternoon had changed to a black and murky evening, and the thunder was rolling fearfully through the overcharged heavens, causing the old building to reverberate to its very foundations. Above, the lightning was playing in constant and vivid flashes, continually throwing the outlines of the higher buildings into bold relief against the illumined background: whilst beneath, the swollen waters of the rapid Seine, turbid with the refuse that it was receiving from the drains which emptied themselves into it without the walls, conjoined its angry and divided stream below the Ile du Palais, and chafed and roared like a mountain torrent against the base of the tower.

"So," muttered Orsini to himself, as he gazed on the struggling elements, 'tis a fine night for our orgies in the tower. The heavens are black, the rain falls, the city sleeps, and the river swells to receive its anticipated prey. 'Tis a fit time for gallantry; the roar of the thunder, and the rushing of the Seine, are mingling their sounds with the ringing of glasses and the sighs and kisses of love—a strange concert, forsooth, where the gods and demons

have each their part! Ha! ha! laugh, young fools, laugh," he continued, as a sound of merriment, proceeding from the room above him, reached his ear; "laugh while ye can. I expect you here, as I expected others yesterday—as I shall expect them again to-morrow. And yet 'tis a fearful condition, that, because they have entered here, they must die; because their lips have received and given kisses that they ought not to receive and give, they must be silenced, ne'er to re-open but before the throne of God. . . . *Tiens!* the cry of the night already returned! the hours wear on."

As he spoke, the voice of the patrol was heard in the street, below the tower. "It is two hours of the night: the rain falls: all is tranquil: *Parisiens, dormez!*"

"Ay, slumber on," thought Orsini. "Those who now mock repose, will be locked in a deeper sleep than yours ere long. Eyes are sparkling now, which will be dim and sunk before morning; and warm blood is running in young veins that will soon be stilled for aye. Ha! who moves there?" he exclaimed, turning suddenly round, and then first becoming aware that there was another occupant of the chamber besides himself.

At the bottom of the small flight of stairs that wound curiously up to the apartment above, stood a female, who had, apparently, just descended from the room whence the laughter had proceeded. Her figure was tall and commanding; but it would have been difficult to have assigned any precise age to her, so intimately did the bloom and freshness of the girl appear to mingle with the full and well-defined proportions of womanhood. Her fair and beautiful hair was hanging, half dishevelled, on her white rounded shoulders; and her blue eyes were sparkling with excitement, while the same breathing glow of warmth was diffused over her noble countenance. She carried a small lump in her hand, and a mask hung from her arm. The rough Orsini bent before her as she advanced, for it was his Queen—it was Marguerite de Bourgogne.

"Orsini!" she exclaimed in a voice trembling with emotion, "where are your companions—are they here?"

"They are, madame, here and ready: the night advances."

"Is it, then, so late?" asked the Queen. "No, no, you are deceived. Look! how dark and still is all abroad." And, sighing deeply, she sank dejectedly on a rough bench, which formed part of the scanty furniture of the room.

"No matter, madame," returned the taverner, with the assurance warranted by a partnership in guilt; "no matter: we

must extinguish the lamps, and collect wine-cups. Your boat attends you; must cross the Seine, and, having entered your royal dwelling, leave us masters but—the sole masters."

"Oh, no!" faltered the Queen. "Leave me, I beseech you, leave me. This night has not resembled those I have passed before; this young man resembles not the others: he is like one only that I know, Do you not find it so, Orsini?"

"Whom think you he resembles, the gruffly demanded the host.

"Gaulthier Daulnay," answered the Queen; "my Gaulthier. I have looked at him often to-night, and thought I beheld Gaulthier: in listening to him I thought I heard Gaulthier. He is all love and passion—he cannot betray us."

"Trust him not, though, madame," said Orsini. "Think of him but as a childish toy, which must be played with, and then broken. Think that the greater freedoms you have allowed him, the more there is to fear. It is nearly three by the tower clock: retire, madame, and leave us this young cavalier."

"Leave him to you, Orsini!" exclaimed Marguerite, rising from the bench. "No, no! Go and demand of my sisters, that they abandon their gallants to you: if they will, let it be so; but this ode—we must save him. All this night I have been masked in his presence, and he would not know me again; he has not even seen my face. But, list! he approaches." "Descend to your companions, but, remember—he must be saved."

As Orsini quitted the room, the object of Marguerite's solicitude appeared on the stairs. His countenance was wild and flushed: his foot was unsteady, and an empty goblet in his hand indicated the source of his excitement. The Queen had not been deceived in discovering a likeness: it was Philippe Daulnay who advanced towards her; and, passing his hand round her waist, attempted to draw her towards him. Marguerite fell back, and, fixing her mask on her face, exclaimed, hurriedly:—

"Young man, the day is breaking: you must be gone."

"What concerns me the day or night?" said Philippe. "We have here neither day nor night. The lamps burn, the wines sparkle, our hearts beat, and time passes: let us return."

"No, it cannot be: we must separate." "Separate! and we may never meet again. It is not yet time to part; and to divide the links of this chain is to break them."

"You have promised to be rational," said the Queen. "My husband will

awaken: he will come to seek me. Again I tell you, it is daylight."

"You deceive yourself; it is but the moon, gliding from between two clouds chased by the wind. Your husband will not come; age is confiding and sleepy. Still one hour, *ma belle maîtresse*—one hour, and then, farewell—for ever!"

"Not one instant," returned Marguerite. "Depart: it is I who beseech you. Go without looking behind you; without thinking more of this night of love; without speaking to a soul, even were he your dearest friend. Fly!" she added energetically; "quit Paris, and for ever—I implore you—I command you."

As Marguerite uttered these last words she drew herself up to her full height and pointed towards the door. Although masked, Philippe felt she was looking at him, and he half shrunk before her.

"*Eh bien!*" he answered; "I will go; but your name? . . . Oh! tell me your name, that it may whisper itself for ever in my ear; that it may be graven for ever on my heart. Your name! that I may repeat it in my dreams. I have divined that you are beautiful; that you are noble. Your name! in one last kiss, and I will depart."

"I have no name for you," returned Marguerite. "This night once passed, all has finished between us. I am now free, and so are you also. We are equal on the score of hours passed together, for I owe no more to you than you do to me. Obey me, then, if you love me: obey me, if you love me not, for I am a woman; I am mistress here, and I command you to depart."

"So!" exclaimed Philippe, in a tone of irony, "I am but a woman's sport. Well, well! I go; adieu, noble and honest dame, who givest rendezvous by night, and to whom the shade of that night does not suffice for a sufficient mask. But you will not make me the toy of an hour's passion; you shall not say that you will laugh at the dupe you have created."

"What mean you, sir?" said Marguerite, half alarmed at his determined tone, and recoiling as he approached her.

"Fear not, madame," he answered, snatching a pin from her hair; "it will be less than nothing: a scratch, a mere simple sign by which I shall know you when we meet again." And, as he spoke, he thrust the pin through her mask against her forehead. "Now tell me your name or not: take off your mask or remain concealed, I care not, for I shall recognise you."

"You have wounded me, sir!" exclaimed the Queen, starting back, in a tone wherein fear and rage were strangely mingled. "You have wounded me, and

the consequence be on your head. Fool! fool! I would have saved you, but it is too late: you shall *not* know me even now." And she caught up the lamp, and hastening up the staircase, left Philippe Daulnay in total darkness and alone.

For a few minutes all was still; the dead quiet of the chamber was broken but by a stealthy footstep, now and then, on the floor above, and the rushing of the Seine, as it chafed against the worn and rugged base of the tower. The storm had subsided; and a few stars were appearing in the heavens, but not sufficient to dispel any of the gloom that pervaded the interior. As he groped his way towards the window, in the hope of discovering some means of egress, a sound fell upon his ear as of a door opened on rusty and long unused hinges. The next moment he heard footsteps, and before he could challenge the intruder, a hand was laid on his shoulder.

"Who is there?" exclaimed a voice at his side.

"*C'est moi*," answered Philippe; "but what matters it to you?"

"I should know that voice," returned the other. "'Tis Philippe Daulnay."

"Buridan! you here too!" said Philippe, as he recognised his companion of the evening.

"Yes, *sang Dieu*!" returned the captain; "and would to God we had met at another spot! Know you not where we are?"

"Nay; I would ask you that question. I know not even our entertainers, although, ere long, I trust to find them out." "How mean you?"

"Easily, forsooth. I have marked my fair lady's forehead with a sign she shall not easily wash off: Her mask was not proof against steel."

"Imprudent boy!" said Buridan. "'Tis plain you know not our present situation, or you would have been more careful."

"In the name of our Lady, then, where are we?" eagerly demanded Philippe.

"Approach the window," said Buridan, leading him towards it. "Now strain your eyes through the darkness, and tell me what you see on the opposite bank?"

"'Tis the Louvre." "At your feet?"

"The Seine." "And around you the Tour de Nesle!" "The Tour de Nesle!"

exclaimed Philippe, as a cold shiver ran through his frame. "Yes," replied Buridan; "'tis indeed the old tower, beneath whose walls bodies are found every morning."

"And we are without arms—for they, doubtless, demanded your sword on entering, as they did mine."

"Of what use would they be here?" said Buridan. "Flight is our resource from

the assassins—not combat. Thanks to the Virgin, the moon has re-appeared, and we can search an outlet easier than before."

While he was speaking, the clouds, which had long obscured the light, passed away, and the moon poured her silver stream into the interior of the apartment, revealing two small doors in the wall that had hitherto escaped their observation.

"Ha!" exclaimed Buridan; "there is still a chance, look you—to the door—quick, quick!"

"It is fastened," said Philippe, as he tried the handle.

"Force it, then, force it," returned the other; and as Philippe retreated, he applied his foot heavily against it. The door yielded to his efforts, for the hinges were old and rust-worn; and, as it gave way, a blast of cold air rushed into the room.

"It opens but on the river," said Philippe, in a tone of disappointment, advancing to the door, and gazing on the swift waters beneath him. "I could stem no torrent such as this. Let us try the other door, by which, doubtless, you came here: whither does it lead?"

"To your death, if you enter it again. I passed three men-at-arms on my way hither from the *salon*, where we have been so strangely entertained; but they were sleepy with wine, and heeded me not: it is lighter also, now—it will not do to attempt."

"And I cannot swim," added Philippe, sadly.

"But I can," said Buridan; "nay, I will; and we may yet obtain aid."

"'Tis a fearful leap," said Philippe, advancing towards a small wooden balcony, which was erected outside the door.

"But I will take it," answered Buridan, coolly dispossessing himself of his doublet, which he flung over the rails. "Stop," he added, as he hesitated an instant on the threshold; "should I perish, Philippe, and you escape, avenge me. If, on the contrary, I am saved, and you fall, I will go to your brother Gauthier, and tell him; but you must write it: there must be proof."

"I have neither pen, nor ink, nor parchment," said Philippe, sorrowfully.

"Take these tablets, then," returned Buridan, drawing a small book from his vest. "You have, in your hand, a woman's hair-pin; in your arm are veins, and in those veins, blood. If I should be saved, and you perish, I will take these tablets to your brother. Write, then, and he will believe me: write, and I will demand vengeance for you."

To strip up his sleeve and pierce a vein, was, to Philippe Daulnay, but the work of

an instant. He leant forward in the moonbeams to obtain more light, and awaited the dictation of Buridan.

"Write," said the captain, "these words:—*'I have been assassinated by . . .'* I will place the name, for I shall recognise your hostess by her wounded forehead, sooner or later. And now, Philippe, if I die, do for me as I would have done for you. Adieu! seek flight by whatever means you can, but linger not here."

As Buridan finished speaking, he sealed the balcony, and leapt fearlessly into the torrent. It was a fall of some twelve or fourteen feet, and he sank deep into the water at first; but when Philippe saw him again he was gallantly breasting the stream across the river.

And now, with desperate activity, Philippe rapidly tried every aperture and recess of the apartment, but in vain: all were firmly closed. The staircase alone remained. Swiftly mounting its narrow and winding steps, he pushed firmly against the trap-door that closed its entrance. It yielded—a ray of hope sprung up—he could, perhaps, escape that way, but, as he rose through the opening, an arm seized his collar, and forcibly thrust him back.

"Orsini!" he exclaimed, as he recognised the taverner. "Unhand me, villain; or at least allow me to meet you on equal chances."

But the clutch of the other tightened, as he spoke, with suffocating power round

his throat, and his utterance was checked by the grasp. Collecting all his strength, he seized the assassin by the belt, and attempted to pull him down. In so doing, his foot slipped on the stairs: the sudden jerk, occasioned by this accident, was too quick and powerful for Orsini to resist; and, falling through the trap upon Philippe's shoulders, they rolled heavily down the staircase into the apartment he had just quitted. The shock separated their hold on each other for a moment; but they were instantly again on their legs, as their headlong career was stayed. A fearful struggle now ensued; for each was equally powerful and unarmed. Rushing on Orsini with the spring of a tiger on his prey, Philippe passed his arms round the other's waist, and, grasping the balustrade, against which he had driven him, pressed the taverner with all the strength he could throw into his young and robust frame, between his own body and the staircase. In vain Orsini writhed in his powerful grasp. The blood purpled in his face; his mouth opened; his blackened tongue protruded, and his glaring eyeballs appeared ready to burst from their sockets, as his respiration became stifled by the hug of his antagonist; whilst a crimson froth oozed from his lips and nostrils. Had they been alone, without doubt a few minutes longer would have ended the struggle; but the companions of the taverner had followed them closely down stairs, and began to tear Philippe from his



THE TOWER OF NEELE.

hold. Their united efforts dragged him off; not, however, without the rail of the staircase in his hand, and he was hurled to the other side of the room. In an instant, he had seized the bench (which we have before spoken of as one of the scanty ameublements of the chamber), and launched it forcibly against his opponents. One of the party fell; and Philippe would have possessed himself of his arms the next instant, when Landry, raising a heavy axe, dashed it on his head, splitting his skull like an egg-shell before it. As the unfortunate victim fell, crushed and bleeding, upon the ground, the voice of the crier was again heard beneath the windows, as he uttered, "It is three hours of the night. All is tranquil. *Parisiens, dormez!*"

ALBERT.

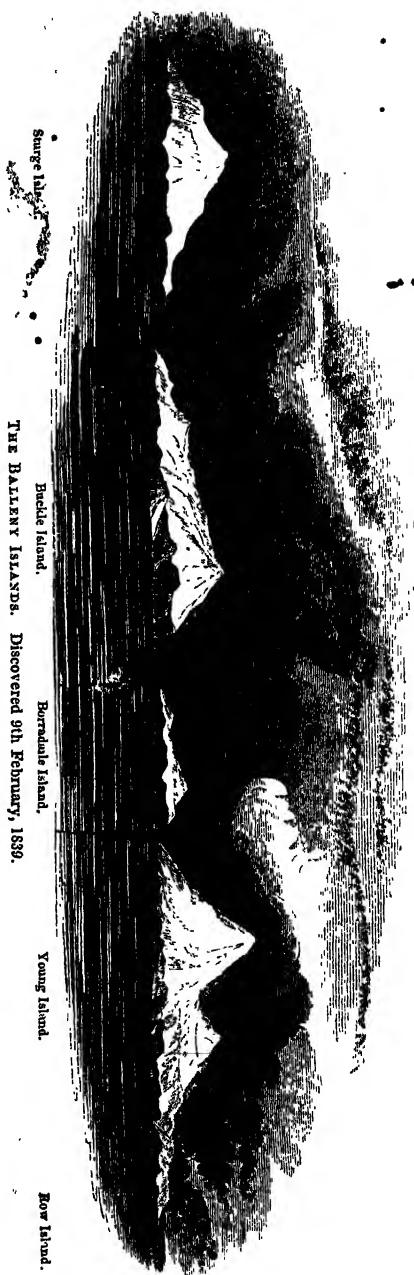
Spirit of Discovery.

NEW LAND IN THE SOUTHERN OCEAN.

OUR "friends fast sworn" will recollect that the first Number of the *Literary World*, (p. 11,) contained an announcement of the Expedition to the Antarctic Ocean, chiefly fitted out under the direction of Mr. Charles Enderby; and which sailed in July, 1838, and returned in September last, with a most successful issue.*

Those who take an interest in Antarctic discovery, will remember that in the years 1831-2, Mr. John Biscoe, R. N., in command of the *Tula*, a brig belonging to the Messrs. Enderby, of London, discovered two portions of land, about 110° of longitude apart, in the parallel of the Antarctic Circle, which were respectively named Graham Land, and Enderby Land. In the following year, Mr. Biscoe was again dispatched by these spirited owners, but the vessel was wrecked. Nothing discouraged by this failure, and by the heavy loss already incurred, Messrs. Enderby, in conjunction with seven other merchants, (Messrs. G. F. Young, W. Borradaile, J. W. Buckle, T. Sturge, W. Brown, J. Row, and W. Beale,) determined on another South Sea sealing voyage, giving special instructions to the commander of the expedition to push as far as he could to the south, in hopes of discovering land in a high southern latitude.

The schooner, *Eliza Scott*, of 154 tons, commanded by Mr. John Balleny, and the dandy-rigged cutter, *Sabrina*, of fifty-four tons, Mr. H. Freeman, master—the vessels selected for this purpose, having three chronometers on board, and being well equipped, sailed from the port of London



THE BALLENY ISLANDS. Discovered 9th February, 1839.

* A second notice of this Expedition will be found in the *Literary World*, vol. i. p. 312.

on July 16, 1838. Of this very interesting Expedition, the details, extracted from the Journal of the *Eliza Scott*, have been communicated to the Royal Geographical Society, by Mr. Charles Enderby, and are printed in the Number of the *Journal* just published.

Sighting the island of Madeira, the two vessels crossed the equator in 22 deg. 40 min. W. longitude, touched at the island of Amsterdam, and, on December, anchored in Chalky Bay, near the south-western angle of the southern island of New Zealand. During December, the midsummer of these latitudes, the weather was stormy, with heavy rain; but the vessels lay secure in Port Chalky, an excellent harbour, about three miles long by one broad, on the south-eastern side of Chalky Bay; and here they refitted, watered, and prepared for their sealing voyage to the Frozen Ocean.

Captain Balleny describes the white cliffs of Chalky Island to be not of chalk, as might be supposed from their name, but of hard white rock. There is not the vestige of a hut in Port Chalky. Preservation Bay, to the southward, is a picturesque spot, full of islands covered with wood; the beauty of the scenery can hardly be described; the soil is good; most garden-roots and seeds grow well, and rye-grass admirably. There are no inhabitants on this part of the island: the ground being covered with wood, produces myriads of poisonous flies; they are small and black, with a deep blue tinge, and they bite much more severely than a musquito.

On Jan. 7, 1839, the vessels sailed for the southward; and on the 11th anchored in Campbell Island, where, by a curious coincidence, they met Mr. John Biscoe, R. N., (already named,) in command of the *Emma*, on a sealing voyage. On the 17th, they again made sail to the south-eastward: on the 19th, in lat. 54 deg., with weather calm and fine, the *Aurora Australis* was very brilliant. On the 23rd, in lat. 59 deg. 16 min., long. 173 deg. 20 min. E. of Greenwich, the indications of the vicinity of land, as large quantities of sea-weed, mutton-birds, &c. were so strong, that the weather being very thick, the vessels were hove to. On the following day they passed the branch of a tree; but, as it cleared, neither land nor ice were in sight, and they continued standing to the S. S. E. till the 27th, when in lat. 63 deg. 37 min., long. 176 deg. 50 min. E., they crossed Capt. Bellingshausen's route of the Russian corvette, the *Vostok*, in December, 1820, and here they saw the first iceberg. Continuing to the southward, over the very spot where compact ice had forced the Russian navigator

to alter his course to the eastward, the vessels, on the 28th, reached their extreme eastern longitude, namely, 178 deg. 13 min. E.; and on the following evening, in the parallel of 66 deg. 40 min., and long. 177 deg. 50 min., the variation observed by azimuth was 28 deg. E. At this time, field-ice bounded their southern horizon, and numerous large icebergs were in sight. At sunset, on the 30th, in lat. 67 deg., and long. 170 deg., the variation observed by amplitude was found to be 33 deg. 25 min. E. They were now surrounded by icebergs and small drift ice: the wind during the last week had been constantly from the westward, varying from N. W. to S. W.

At noon, on the 1st February, the sun broke out, and the weather cleared—lat., by observation, 68 deg. 45 min. At this time no ice was in sight from the mast-head; and they stood to the southward, with a fresh breeze, till three o'clock, P. M., when they found themselves near the edge of a large body of packed ice, and were obliged to tack to the northward to avoid it. This, then, was their extreme south point, as they had now reached the parallel of 69 deg. in long. 172 deg. 11 min. E., full 220 miles to the southward of the point which Bellingshausen had been able to attain about this meridian: thus adding one proof more, that ice in these regions, even in the immediate neighbourhood of land, is very far from stationary.

On February 2, they were still embayed in field-ice: on the 5th, the water was much discoloured, and many feathers were seen floating; and several whales, sea-leopards, and penguins were described. They gradually worked to the N. W., to clear the ice, against a strong westerly wind, which, contrary to the received opinion, was found to prevail in these high latitudes.

They sailed onward till Feb. 9, when, at 8h. clear, steering west by compass, Capt. Balleny got sights for his chronometers, which gave the ship, by the Port Chalky rate, in long. 164 deg. 29 min. E. At 11, A. M., a darkish appearance was noticed to the S. W.; lat. 66 deg. 37 min. S. by mer. alt.: wind, north. At noon, the sun shone brightly; and the appearance of land was seen to the S. W., extending from west to about south—ran for it: at 4h. it was distinctly made out to be land. At 8h., P. M. (having run S. W. 22 m.) they got within five miles of it, when was seen another piece of land of great height, bearing W. by S. At sunset, three separate islands, of good size, were made out, the western one being longest. On Feb. 10, after running through much drift ice, within half a mile, the middle island was found completely ice-bound, with high per-

pendicular cliffs: from this island to the eastern one, S.W., the sea was in one firm and solid mass, without a passage. On Feb. 11th, the land was seen bearing about W. S. W. to be of a tremendous height; Capt. Balleny supposes about 12,000 feet, and covered with snow: at noon, lat. 66 deg. 30 min.; wind, N. W.; temp. 42 deg.

Next day, they got abreast of the eastern island: lat. by acc. 66 deg. 22 min.; long. 163 deg. 49 min. E. The cutter's boat, went ashore, though there was no landing or beach; but for the bare rocks whence the ice-bergs had broken, it would not have been known for land at first; still, as they stood in for it, smoke was plainly seen rising from its peaks. Its stone, or, rather, cinders, also prove this island to be volcanic: the cliffs are perpendicular, and what would probably have been valleys and beaches, are occupied by solid blocks of ice. They returned on board, and got the vessels safely through the drift-ice before dark, and ran along the land.

On the 13th, were seen numerous whales, penguins, a few Cape pigeons, and a small white bird; but no albatrosses nor molly-mawks. P. M. came on a thick fog; but many whales and seals were seen, with icebergs and drift ice. At midnight, light variable winds, and cloudy dark weather.

This was the last time that the land, now appropriately named the *Balleny Isles*, was seen. The group consists of five islands, three large and two small; the highest of which, named Young Island, is estimated at 12,000 feet above the sea. It rises in a beautiful peak, which may be called Peak Freeman, as being on the island whereon the commander of the cutter, *Sabrina*, landed.*

When at the distance of from eight to ten miles from the centre island, with the extremes of the land bearing from W. round southerly to E. by S., the accompanying sketch was made by Mr. John M'Nab, second mate of the schooner; the outline of the islands is evidently volcanic, and the smoke which arose from the second island to the E., or Buckle Island, and the stones brought away from Young Island by Mr. Freeman, which prove to be scorix and basalt, with crystals of olivine, leave no doubt on the subject. These, then, are, with the exception of that discovered by Bellingshausen, in 69 deg. S., the most southerly volcanoes known. The easternmost, or Sturge Island, rises also to a peak, named Brown's Peak, but it is not half the height of the former. Immediately

off the eastern end of the centre, or Borradaile Island, is a remarkable pinnacle of rock, called Beale Pinnacle, which is described as rising like a tall lighthouse from the waters. The westernmost, or Row Island, is low, and offers no remarkable feature.

Periodicals.

SCENIC ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE EGLINTON TOURNAMENT.

By N. P. Willis.

I was awakened at an early hour, the morning after my arrival at Ardrossan, by a land of music in the street. My first feeling was delight at seeing a bit of blue sky, of the size of my garret sky-light, and a dazzling sunshine on the floor. "Skirling" above all the other instruments of the band, the Highland bagpipe made the air reel with "A' the blue bonnets are over the border;" and, hoisting the window above my head, I strained over the house-leads to get a look at the performer. A band of a dozen men, in kilt and bonnet, were marching up and down, led by a piper, something, in the face, like the heathen representations of Boreas, and on a long line of roughly constructed rail-cars were piled, two or three deep, a crowd resembling, at first sight, a crushed bed of tulips. Bonnets of every cut and colour, from the courtier's green velvet to the shepherd's homely grey, struggled at the top, and over the sides hung red legs and yellow legs, cross-barred stockings and buff boots, bare feet and pilgrims' sandals. The masqueraders scolded and laughed, the boys hulloped, the quiet people of Ardrossan stared in grave astonishment, and, with the assistance of some brawney shoulders applied to the sides of the overladen vehicles, the one unhappy horse got his whimsical load under way for the Tournament.

Train followed train, packed with the same motley array, and at ten o'clock, after a clean and comfortable Scotch breakfast in our host's little parlour, we sallied forth to try our luck in the scramble for places. After a considerable fight, we were seated, each with a man in his lap, when we were ordered down by the conductor, who informed us that the chief of the Campbells had taken the car for his party, and, with his hand in the succeeding one, he was to go in state (upon a railroad!) to Eglington. Up swore half a dozen Glasgow people, usurpers like ourselves, that they would give way for no Campbell in the world, and finding a stout hand laid on my leg, to prevent my yielding to the order to quit, I gave in to what might be called as pretty a bit of rebellious repub-

* These islands and peaks are named respectively after Messrs. G. F. Young, W. Borradaile, J. W. Buckle, T. Sturge, W. Brown, J. Row, and W. Beale, the spirited merchants who united with Mr. Enderby in sending out this Expedition.

licanism as you would find on the Mississippi. The conductor stormed, but the Scotch bodies sat firm, and as Scot met Scot in the fight, I was content to sit it out in silence, and take advantage of the victory. I learned afterwards that the Campbell chieftain was a Glasgow manufacturer, and though he undoubtedly had a right to gather his clan, and take piper and eagle's plume, there might possibly be some jealous disapprobation at the bottom of his townsmen's rudeness.

Campbell and his party presently appeared, and a dozen or twenty very fine-looking people they were. One of the ladies, as well as I could see through the black lace veil thrown over her cap and plumes, was a remarkably handsome woman, and I was very glad when the matter was compromised, and the Campbells were distributed among our company. We jogged on at a slow pace toward the tournament, passing thousands of pedestrians, the men all shod, and the women all barefoot, with their shoes in their hands, and nearly every one, in accordance with Lord Eglinton's printed request, shewing some touch of fancy in dress. A plaid over the shoulder, or a Glengarry bonnet, or, perhaps, a goose-feather stuck jauntily in the cap, was enough to shew the feeling of the wearer, and quite enough to give the crowd, all in all, a most festal and joyous aspect.

The secluded bit of road between the rail track and castle lodge, probably never before disturbed by more than two vehicles at a time, was thronged with a press of wheels as closely jammed as Fleet-street at noon. Countrymen's carts piled with women and children, like loads of market-baskets in Kent; post-chaises with exhausted horses, and occupants straining their eyes forward for a sight of the castle; carriages of the neighbouring gentry, with "bodkins" and over-packed dickeys, all in costume; stout farmers on horseback, with plaid and bonnet; gingerbread and ale-carts, pony-carts and coal-carts; wheelbarrows with baggage, and porters with carpet-bags and hat-boxes, were mixed up, in merry confusion, with the most motley throng of pedestrians it has ever been my fortune to join. The vari-coloured tide poured in at the open gate of the castle, and, if I had seen no other procession, the long-extended mass of caps, bonnets and plumes, winding through that shaded and beautiful avenue, would have repaid me for no small proportion of my subsequent discomfort. I remarked, by the way, that I did not see a hat in the entire mile between the porter's lodge and the castle.

The stables, which lay on the left of the approach, (a large square structure with turret and clock very like your Methodist

churches, *dos-a-dos*,) presented another busy and picturesque scene—horses half caparisoned, men-at-arms, in buff and steel, and the gay liveries of the nineteenth century, paled by the revived glories of the servitude of more knightly times. And this part of the scene, too, had its crowd of laughing and wondering spectators.

On reaching the Gothic bridge over the Sughton, we came upon a *cordon* of police, who encircled the castle, turning the crowd off by the bridge, in the direction of the lists. Sorry to leave my merry and motley fellow-pedestrians, I presented my card of invitation, and passed on alone to the castle. The sun was, at this time, shining with occasional cloudings over, and the sward and road, after the two or three fine days we had had, were in the best condition for every purpose of the tournament. Two or three noble trees, with their foliage nearly to the ground, stood between me and the front of the castle as I ascended the slope above the river, and the lifting of a stage curtain could scarcely be more sudden, or the scene of a drama more effectively composed, than the picture disclosed by the last step upon the terrace. Any just description of it, indeed, must read like a paper from the "prompter's book." I stood for a moment exactly where you would have placed an audience. On my left, rose a noble castle with four round towers, the entrance thronged with men-at-arms, and busy comers and goers in every variety of costume. On the green sward, in front of the castle, lounged three or four gentlemen archers in suits of green silk and velvet. A cluster of grooms under an immense tree, on the right, were fitting two or three superb horses with their armour and caparisons, while one beautiful blood palfrey, whose fine limbs and delicately veined head and neck were alone visible under his embroidered saddle and gorgeous trappings of silk, was held by two "tigers" at a short distance. Still farther, on the right, stood a cluster of gaily decorated tents, and in and out of the looped-up curtain of the farthest, passed constantly the slight forms of lady-archers in caps, with snowy plumes, kirtles of green velvet, and petticoats of white satin, quivers at their backs, and bows in their hands—one tall and stately girl (an Ayrshire lady, of very uncommon beauty, whose name I took some pains to inquire) conspicuous, by her grace and dignity, above all.

The back-ground was equally well composed—the farther side of the lawn making a sharp descent to the small river which bends around the castle, the opposite shore thronged with thousands of spectators watching the scene I have described, and in the distance, behind them, the winding

avenue railed in for the procession, hidden and disclosed by turns among the noble trees of the park, and alive, throughout its whole extent, with the multitudes crowding to the lists. There was a chivalric splendor in the whole scene, which I thought, at the time, would repay one for a long pilgrimage to see it, even should the clouds, which, by this time, were coming up very threateningly from the horizon, put a stop to the tournament altogether.

On entering the castle hall, a lofty room hung round with arms, trophies of the chase, ancient shields, and armour of every description, I found myself in a crowd of a very merry and rather a motley character—knights half armed, esquires in buff, palmer, halberdiers, archers, and servants in modern livery; here and there a lady, and here and there a spectator like myself; and in a corner by one of the Gothic windows—what think you?—a minstrel?—a grey-haired harper?—a jester? Guess again!—a reporter for the *Times*! With a “walking dictionary” at his elbow, in the person of the fat butler of the castle, he was inquiring out the various characters in the crowd, and the rapidity of his stenographic jottings down, (with their lucid apparition in print two days after, in London,) would, in the times represented by the costumes about him, have burnt him at the stake for a wizard, with the consent of every knight in Christendom.

I was received by the knight-marshal of the lists, who did the honours of hospitality for Lord Eglington during his preparation for the “passage of arms;” and finding an old friend under the grey beard and scallop shell of a venerable palmer, whose sandal and bare toes I chanced to stumble over, we passed in together to the large dining-room of the castle. “Lunch” was on the table, and some two hundred of the Earl’s out-lodging guests were busy at knife and fork, while here and there were visible some of those unconscious anachronisms which, to me, made the zest of the tournament—pilgrims eating *Perigord pies*; esquires, dressed after the manner of the thirteenth century, diving most scientifically into the richer veins of *pates de foie gras*; dames in ruff and farthingale, discussing *blue blanc-mange*, and a knight, with an over-night headach, calling out for a cup of tea!

(To be continued.)

New Books.

THE GOVERNESS. BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

[THE purpose of these volumes is to portray the trial and endurance of a family

governess, one of a class of persons, who, to quote a vulgarism from the work, are not themselves ladies, but are expected to teach others to become so. And a sorry trial have these “ministering angels” of fashion and luxury; and many a scene of struggling virtue do their eventful lives present to that half of the world which knows not how the other half lives.

In the whole circle of contemporary female writers, there is none possessing higher qualifications for sketching this phase of high life, than the accomplished authoress of the work before us. Gifted with a lively fancy, extraordinary keenness of observation, a nice perception of the ridiculous, and a just appreciation of what is amiable in our nature, the Countess of Blessington is acknowledged to have produced the most finished pictures of fashionable life yet presented to the reading world. Perchance, her wit may, occasionally, betray her into the verge of caricature; although the absurdities of high life, and the fantastic tricks of what is termed, *good society*, are more extravagant than the working-day world takes them to be. Still, this overcharging—this satirical governing—is not requisite in Lady Blessington’s novels and tales, to relieve them of dulness or common-place; for her ladyship’s style is at once pure and graceful, and her narrative of occurrences has such an air of probability, and, let us add, novelty, that such high seasoning might surely be dispensed with. This judgment, may, however, be erroneous on our part; and we may have set the appetites of society at too high or low a point of purity.

“The Governess” is a sweet portrait; indeed, sweeter than Mr. Parris’s frontispiece may lead the reader to expect.]

Clara Mordaunt was the only child and orphan of a merchant, whose unsuccessful speculations had led to bankruptcy and suicide. Brought up in affluence, large sums had been expended in her education, and, being gifted with great natural abilities, her proficiency satisfied, not only her doting father, but surprised the professors who instructed her. Mr. Mordaunt was considered to be immensely rich, and, at one period, was so, until the demon, Avarice, urged him to risk the wealth he possessed, in the hope of acquiring more. The success that crowned his first speculations led to still more venturesome ones, until ruin and disgrace threatened him, and he fled from them to—death, leaving his orphan daughter wholly dependant on her aunt, Mrs. Waller, the widow of a colonel, with only the small pension allowed her as such. The summer friends, who had flocked round the hospitable board of Mr. Mordaunt during his prosperity, were

the first to censure his profusion, now that they could no longer profit by it; they discovered a thousand faults in him whom they had so lately flattered, until, tired of the subject, they agreed that his ruin and death, with the horrid manner of it, were such shocking incidents, that it made them uncomfortable to think of him, and, consequently, in ceasing to remember the father, they also forgot his child. Mrs. Waller had been schooled in adversity, and had acquired all the wisdom of experience, without any of the bitterness that is but too apt to accompany it. She had taught her niece, during her days of prosperity, to estimate at their just-value the professions of admiration and friendship which were heaped on her, so that, when poverty overtook Clara, it found her not unprepared for some of the worst evils it inflicts—the desertion of those who had passed for friends. She was pensive, but resigned, being determined to exert every means that her finished education afforded her, of earning an honourable subsistence, rather than encroach on the narrow pitance of her aunt. Clara Mordaunt was now in her twentieth year, though she might have passed for seventeen, from the juvenile lightness of her figure, and the delicate beauty and timid bashfulness of her face. She was singularly lovely, without being strictly regular in features, and possessed a most distinguished air.

[Under the protection of this kind aunt, our Governess enters upon arduous engagements; first with a Mrs. Williamson, a haughty, cruel mother, whose fondness for her family extends to her receiving the eldest daughter at dessert. Here is a cheerless picture of the nursery; especially for one "reared in the lap of luxury, and accustomed to all the elegancies of life."]

On the fourth story, at which they arrived out of breath, they were shewn into a large apartment at the back of the house, the windows of which commanded a view of the roofs and chimneys of the adjacent ones, enlivened by occasional lines drawn across the parapets, on which waved sundry draperies of various colours, testifying the extent of the wardrobes, as well as washing propensities of the housemaids in the vicinity. The room was scantily and meanly furnished; four straight-backed chairs were placed round a large table covered with a green cloth, on which many a stain of ink attested the carelessness, if not the industry, of the occupants of the chamber. Another large table, placed against the wall, was piled with books, slates, drawing-paper, pencils, and colours, and a piano-forte formed a pendant to it at the other side. Large maps were hung on the walls, all of them scribbled

over with ink and pencil marks, and a cupboard graced the corner, filled with delf and glass of the commonest description for daily use. The carpet was stained all over, and the curtains had lost their pristine hue; in short, the apartment presented the most cheerless, if not disgusting aspect, and, being due north, was deprived of all sunshine.

[Mr. Williamson was a fat, red-faced, portly-looking man, with a blue coat and white waistcoat, and bearing a sort of family likeness, in air and manner, as well as in dress, to the butler who stood behind his chair. Here is a graphic picture of his dinner company:—]

At the top, presided the mistress of the mansion, attired in pink satin, not of a pale hue, trimmed with a profusion of blonde lace. A *parure* of emeralds, set in diamonds, graced her neck and arms, whose tint partook more of the rose than of the lily; and this *mélange* of red and green reminded the beholder of a radish. Artificial damask roses were twined in her tresses, which, "like angels' visits, were few and far between;" but, the flowers might not appear too simple; a large emerald, set in diamonds, was stuck in the centre of each rose. An Irish baron, whose pedigree was longer than his coat, and better filled than his purse, filled the seat of honour next to the hostess; and, at her other hand, sat a Scots baronet, who partook not a *leettle* of the good things set before him. A lady in a jonquil satin dress, worn under a blonde lace, and decked in a suit of Brazil amethysts, with a lilac *béret* covering her flaxen locks, sat next the Hibernian lord; and a dame, robed in Maria-Louisa blue satin, with her head, neck, and arms ornamented with topazes, guiltless of having ever basked in an orient sun, was placed beside the Scottish chief. Two plainly-habited gentlemen, who talked continually about "the House," and two guardsmen, who talked as continually about Crocky's, came next; and a young man, fat and sleek, with shining hair, and diamond studs in his *chemise*, sat opposite to Clara, who was placed between the master of the house and an elderly man, with a most benign countenance, who politely offered her the fruit placed near him.

[A Mrs. Marsden, and her son, Mr. Hercules Marsden, a West Indian, are, also, visitors of the Williamsons: they are an unpleasing pair; the former being a bronzed mamma, resembling a discoloured bust found at Herculaneum; while her son, a vulgar heartless rake, falls in love with Clara, makes infamous proposals to her, and pursues her to the end—not of the chapter, but of the work. In this por-

tion are some admirable sketches of the habits of upper servants, with portraits of Hopkins and Betsey, from the life. The Williamsons are vulgar folks, as this extract, from a description of their "place in the country," conveys:—]

The freshness of the air, and the beauty of the park, which not all the incongruous buildings, in the shape of temple, hermitage, tower, and ruin, with which the bad taste of Mrs. Williamson had intersected it, could destroy, produced a feeling of pleasure in Clara, to which her mind had long been a stranger, pent up as she had been in the cheerless atmosphere of a back attic in Brook-street. Those only who love the country, and have, for a considerable period, been condemned to a residence in a city, can imagine the gratification she felt as the light breeze fanned her cheek, and played amid her tresses, and her feet trod the elastic turf, over which many a majestic oak and spreading chestnut-tree threw their wide shadow. The cawing of the birds, too, and even the cawing of the rooks, stole pleasantly on her ear, and as a pheasant flew from out a cover, or a hare bounded across the grass, she felt some portion of the delight with which the sight of similar objects and scenes had formerly been wont to inspire her. But soon came the memory of the happy past, recalled by the picture before her. The happy past, when she wandered through a beautiful park, unspoilt by bad taste, leaning on the arm of a doting father, or supporting that of a not less affectionate aunt,—when every face she met beamed on her with smiles of gratitude, and every tongue blessed her. Now, a stranger, a dependant, condemned to eat the bitter bread of servitude; she who had so often lightened the sense of it in others.

An inexplicable sympathy between the beauties of nature and the human heart exists, when that heart has never been vitiated by passion, or sullied by crime; and never is this sympathy so powerfully felt as when the sentiments of kindness, repelled by those by whom we are brought in contact, seek to expand themselves towards all that excite pleasurable emotions. Then it is that the blue vault above us, and the green turf beneath, the umbrageous trees, the rippling waters, and the flower-enamelled meads, seem as friends to whom we turn, and never in vain, for consolation, for sympathy.

[A Mr. Seymour is here introduced, whose general conduct is a foil to the coarseness of the impetuous Marsden. But scandal ensues, and the poor Governess quits Stratton Park on account of some suspected *punchant* for the good son, Williamson, who incurs his wife's

ire for offering Clara a biscuit and a glass of Madeira at dessert. Upon her return to London, she meets in the coach a friend of her father, a benevolent quaker, and his daughter; and these good Samaritans, (Mrs. Waller dying,) now became the protectors of Clara. The quaker is a man of fortune, but of simple habits of life; and, of course, is easily deceived. He places her with a rich lady, very hospitable and good natured, but a pitifully vain old creature—Mrs. Vincent Robinson, of Hanover-square: she *had* been a beauty; a fact few persons beside herself were disposed or even able to remember.]

Persons were not wanting who assisted to keep alive this erroneous impression in her mind: these were chiefly to be found among the needy *habitués* of her mansion, who really admired the *agrémens* of her well-furnished house, and excellent dinners, even more than they professed to admire the mistress of the mansion. Dowerless widows, portionless maiden ladies, separated wives with small allowances, superannuated colonels and half-pay captains, with a whole herd of male and female writers, whose literary *celebrités* were as limited as their fame, or pecuniary resources, formed the coterie of Mrs. Vincent Robinson.

Mrs. Vincent Robinson was a small, thin woman, with features sharply defined, and eyes that still rolled for the admiration to which, some forty years before, they might have been accustomed. The skin was drawn tightly over her face, leaving on it deep lines, traced by that disrespecter of persons, Time—some three or four of which crossed her narrow and retreating forehead, while others extended from her nostrils to the corners of her mouth, and not a few encircled her eyes. An expression of imbecility, amounting to childishness, pervaded her face, and contrasted so ludicrously with the marks of age impressed on it, that it was difficult to contemplate her without an inclination to smile. Her slight figure was enveloped in a robe of delicate muslin, lined with pale pink silk, confined round the waste by a *ceinture* of the same colour. A large bouquet of rare flowers graced her bust, the brown and withered portion of which, visible through the opening of her dress, reminded one of an Egyptian mummy decked with flowers. A fantastic cap, with pink ribbons passed through the ringlets of her wig, completed her costume, and her robe being unusually short, permitted the display of a pair of feet resembling the tongues of reindeer, attached to legs like walking-sticks, in tight silk cases. [We shall return to this clever work in our next.]

Varieties.

FLOUNCING out of a room, and shutting the door violently after them, is a trick peculiar to vulgar people: and is often practised by those in power against those they accuse, but will not hear acquitted.—*Lady Blessington*.

Gourmandism and Epicurism.—Let me efface the last term, which is so injuriously and so falsely applied to the philosopher from whom it takes its name; and let me not confound his refined moral system, with the indulgence in sensual enjoyments of those professing themselves epicureans. I have never, without indignation, heard the term applied, since I read Browne's *Inquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors*, and yet I was about to use it in this injurious sense; so prone are we to continue in errors we have once believed. But, how many of our opinions are founded on equally erroneous premises.—*Ibid.*

The President Steam-ship has been described, though not by her builders, as "the largest ship in the world," a statement which is strangely at variance with fact, as a comparison of her dimensions with those of a ship of war will prove. The following are the principal dimensions of a first-rate line of battle ship, visited by our friend and correspondent *Fryan*, for the purposes of this account, in the *Saturday Magazine*, No. 69.

	Ft.	In.
Length of the lower gun-deck	205	6
keel for tonnage	170	6
Extreme width	54	6
Depth of the hold	23	2
Height of figure-head from keel	56	6
in the midships	50	6
of the taffrail	64	2

Burden in tons, 2,700.

This enormous ship was armed as follows:

On the lower deck	{	30 32-pounders.
		2 68-carronades.
On the middle deck	{	34 32-pounders.
On the main deck	{	34 32-pounders.
On the quarter deck	{	2 18-pounders.
		14 32-carronades.
On the fore-castle	{	2 18-pounders.
		2 32-carronades.

Guns 120

Swedborgians.—The number of recognised members in Great Britain was, in 1822, estimated at between 2,500 and 3,000; but the number of attendants and general favourers of the doctrines, was far greater. In Lancashire, they were supposed to amount to 10,000. In London, they have now three chapels. In Scotland they have three or four small congregations. In Ireland, one; but in Wales none.—*The Christian Religion; New Library of Useful Knowledge*; diligently compiled, and neatly printed.

Whale Fishery.—The British ships have returned from Greenland and Davis's Straits: the deficiency this year is 2,435 imperial tons of oil, and 170 tons of whalebone.—*Edinburgh Advertiser*.

Flattery.—An exquisite instance of flattery is related of a maid of honour in France, who, being asked by the Queen what o'clock it was, answered, "What your majesty pleases."

Women are taken special care of in Russia; for, in all the residences of the ancient czars were terraces, or large tents; like pavilions upon the roof, wherein the women were shut up.

Pompey's Pillar and Cleopatra's Needle are stated by M. Main, a Frenchman at Alexandria, to be only cement.—*Foreign Quarterly Review*.

Johnsoniana.—Of this popular collection, Cadell, the publisher, told Hannah More that he sold 4,000 the first week of its publication.

Large Fish.—A very fine specimen of the maigre, (*Sciæna Aquila*, Cuv.) one of the largest of scaly fishes, was lately caught in the Tyne, at Newcastle. The specimen measured five feet two inches, and has been purchased by the Natural History Society.—*Newcastle Journal*.

Cambridge University.—The present number of students is 1,825, out of which number, in the seventeen colleges of the University, are 1,217 living in chambers in the colleges, and 608 in apartments in the town.—*Times*.

Steam from the Kettle.—The steam which issues from the spout of a tea-kettle is no hotter, as measured by a thermometer, than the boiling liquid within; and yet, when condensed in a body of cold water or ice, it gives out as much heat as one thousand times its weight of boiling water would do. This heat of steam, which is insensible to the thermometer, is called latent heat, and it differs in quantity for different kinds of vapour.—*Dr. Ure*.

Resuscitation from Drowning.—Dr. Fairbrother, of Clifton, has received the Bristol Humane Society's Silver Medal for this discovery: namely, by closing the patient's mouth with his finger, sucking off the foul air from his lungs through the nostrils, and promoting respiration by pressing on the abdominal muscles on the side. The usual method is to inflate the lungs.—*Literary Gazette*.

Illuminating Dials.—The mode of illuminating the dial of the Horse Guards' clock, by reflection, is far from new; the same method having been employed at Glasgow, in 1826, to illuminate the face of the clock of the Tron church.

Postage.—Lady Blessington cleverly refers to the Post, as "the only circulating medium wherein the advantages to the poor are more considered than those to the rich."

Royal George.—Another survivor of this ill-fated ship has been discovered at Yarmouth. His name is Thomas Bowles: he is seventy-nine years of age, and when the vessel turned over, was in the act of getting the seventh gun over, to the starboard side. He was picked up by a boat belonging to the *Union*, eighty guns, was taken on board, and soon after draughted to the *Prince Royal*, ninety-eight guns, and was in her in Lord Howe's celebrated action off Cadiz.—*Times*.

"Anything for a quiet life."—Every sacrifice of volition made to attain this desired end, renders it more difficult to be acquired, as wives are never tired of demanding concessions which they know, by experience, they can enforce.—*Lady Blessington*.

Iron Railings.—Every one must have observed the destructive combination of lead and iron, from railings being fixed in stone with the former metal, and the oxygen of the atmosphere keeping up the galvanic action between the two metals. A correspondent of the *Mechanics' Magazine* proposes to prevent this waste by substituting zinc for lead; in which case the galvanic influence would be inverted, "the whole of its action would fall on the zinc, and the iron would be preserved; and, as zinc is oxidated with difficulty, it would, at the same time, be scarcely acted on; the one remaining uninjured, and the other nearly so. Paint, formed of the oxide of zinc, for the same reason, would preserve iron, exposed to the atmosphere, infinitely better than the ordinary paint, which is composed of oxide of lead."

Pins.—The largest pin manufactory in this country is at Lachford, in Lancashire, which, in full work, will give employment to 1,000 men, women, and children. The number of pins made averages 15,000,000 or 16,000,000 per week.

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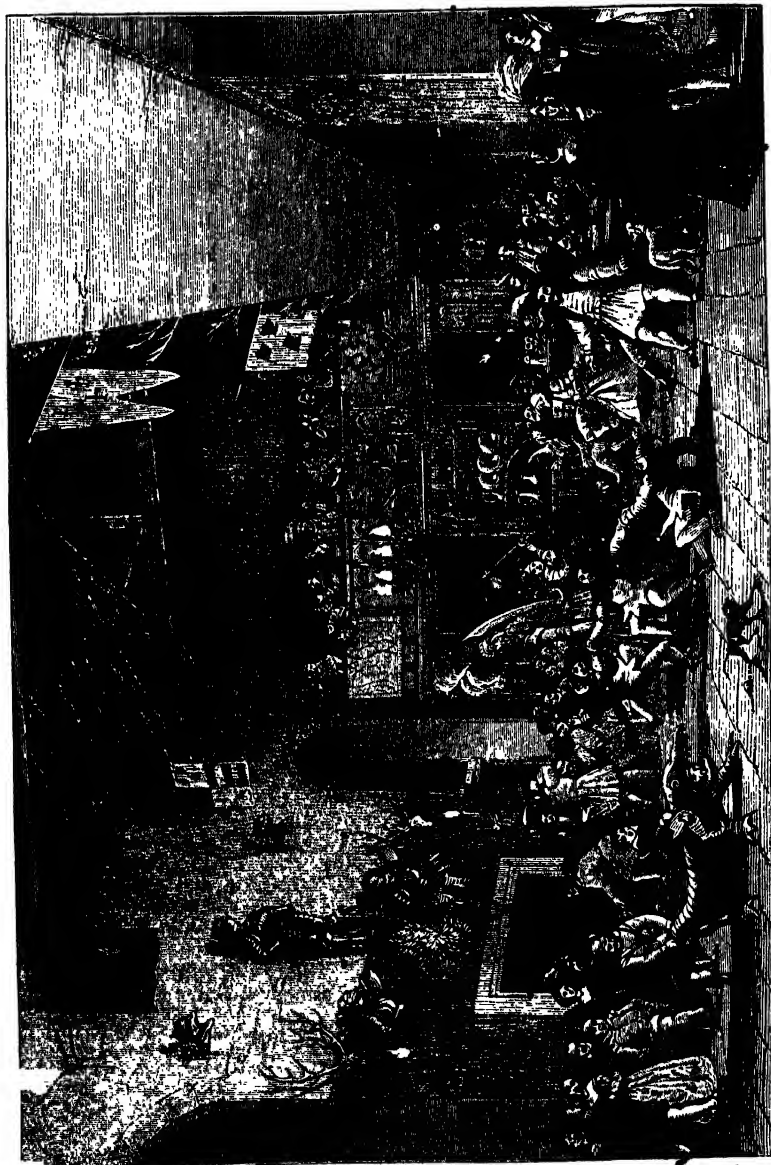
CONDUCTED BY JOHN TIMES, ELEVEN YEARS EDITOR OF "THE MIRROR."

No. 40.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1839.

[Price 2d.]

CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES



IN THE BANQUETING HALL, HADDON, DERBYSHIRE.
Copied, by permission, from Nash's "Mansions of England in the Olden Time."

ANCIENT DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.

MANIONS OF ENGLAND IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Drawn on Stone, in the tinted style, by Joseph Nash. Folio. 1839. M'Lean.

It is the province and prerogative of genius to invest, with a peculiar charm and interest, everything it produces or touches: it has, also, the power of creation, or, rather, of giving novelty and originality to things that escape the ken of common minds. Whether in the capacity of poet or artist—whether its implement be the pen or the pencil—it works out new and impressive results: it may be truly said to “give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name.” The writings of many of the olden as well as of modern poets, will both exemplify and justify these remarks, and the paintings of several artists might be cited in further corroboration; but we must confine our attention and comments to the volume before us, in support of our axiom. The cold matter-of-fact, the common-place topographical draftsman, could make drawings of the buildings delineated in this volume, with equal fidelity as to the lines, forms, and proportions of the architecture of each edifice, and of its separate parts and features; but he could never produce such pictures, or give to them such tones of colour, or such meaning and expression as Mr. Nash has done in the different and varied drawings here executed. Each teems with action and import; each tells a tale and touches a chord of the imagination, which vibrates in unison with “days of yore.” As the “pleasures of memory,” and the “pleasures of imagination,” are amongst the greatest blessings of human life, there are few things that tend more essentially to administer to these mental attributes than the works of the skilful artist. Appealing, as they do, to the corporeal and to the mental eye—to the cultivated and to the unlettered mind, they afford both amusement and instruction; they flash conviction on every sensible observer, and even make strong impressions on those who disregard the language of poetry, and who pass unheeded the venerable ruins of former days. As shewn by Mr. Nash’s drawings, they excite a latent curiosity which even surpasses that of their prototypes; as highly-wrought miniature portraits are more pleasing than the faces represented.

The volume before us contains twenty-six drawings, being exterior and interior views of fifteen different old mansions. In exterior features, we find enriched gables, chimney-shafts, porches, arches, and bay-windows; whilst the interiors shew

halls with timber ceilings, carved screens, minstrel-galleries, large fire-places with andirons, &c.; picture-galleries, drawing-rooms, &c.; and each of these is characterized and adorned with figures in appropriate costume, either grouped in expressive action, or singly, but appositely, placed. All the accessories of furniture, pictures, and carvings; of dogs, horses, and other animals; are in unison and harmony with the respective scenes and times. The artist has not only called up “spirits from the vasty deep,” but they have obeyed his summons, and are brought before the eye in all the verisimilitude of life and action.

Had the poet, Gray, who certainly studied ancient architecture, beheld such drawings as those produced by Mr. Nash, he would have sketched a better and more appropriate picture than that in his *Long Story*; although there are some skilful touches in many parts of that piece of poetical portraiture:—

“In Britain’s isle, no matter where,
An ancient pile of building stands,
The Huntingdons and Hattons there
Employed the power of fairy hands,
To raise the ceiling’s fretted height,
● Each panel with achievements clothing;
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing.”

However picturesque and seductive to the eye these drawings of old mansions may be, and however venerable and imposing the buildings themselves, it must be admitted that they are but ill adapted to the present refined and sumptuous habits of the nobles and gentry of the land. In the days of hawking, tournaments, and chivalry, when the fair inmates participated in each of those pursuits, and when armour and leathern doublets were the dandy habits of young knights and squires, these were suitable abodes; they assimilated with the paraphernalia of a rude but hospitable people, and with the domestic warfare which too often prevailed.

The subjects delineated in this volume, comprise parts of the old houses of East Basham, Norfolk; Hatfield, Hertfordshire; Ockwells, Berks; Wakehurst, Sussex; Bramshill, Hants; Crewe Hall, Cheshire; Southam, Gloucestershire; Westwood, Worcestershire; Beddington, Loseley, and Sutton Place, Surrey; Boughton-Malherbe, Pembrokeshire; and Franks, Kent; Holland House, Kensington; and Haddon Hall, Derbyshire.

In the banquetting-hall of the last mansion,* the artist has, with much taste and skill, represented the “boisterous

* Transferred to the *Literary World*, by courtesy of the artist and publisher.

merriment of the mumming at the Christmas festivities;" when the lord of misrule was let loose; when morris-dancers, the hobby-horse, the dragon, the giant, the "salvage man," &c. were assembled, and indulged in all the practical jokes and perilous pranks of athletic dexterity. Caliot or Hogarth could not have delineated the scene more forcibly, more justly, or with more effective humour.

The following account of the nature and intent of the volume is printed by the artist; and we cannot help regretting that such a series of drawings is not more amply described and elucidated, than by two small pages of letter-press:

"In producing a set of views of the picturesque architecture of the mansions of England, the artist's object has been to present them in a new and attractive light; not as many of them now appear, gloomy, desolate and neglected, but furnished with the rude comfort of the early times of 'merry England,' or exhibiting the more splendid luxury and elegant hospitality of later periods: in short, to represent the 'stately homes of England,' glowing with the genial warmth of their fire-sides, and enlivened with the presence of their inmates and guests, enjoying the recreations and pastimes, or celebrating the festivals, of our ancestors. Thus, not only the domestic architecture of past ages, but the costumes and habits of England in 'the olden time,' are brought before the eye; and, in attempting this, the artist has endeavoured to place himself in the position of a visitor to these ancient edifices, whose fancy peoples the deserted halls, stripped of all moveable ornaments, and looking damp and cheerless, with the family and household of the 'old English gentleman' surrounded by their every-day comforts, sharing the more rare and bounteous hospitalities offered to the guests, or partaking of the boisterous merriment of Christmas gambols."

Fascinated by such drawings as those of Mr. Nash, and others by Mr. Richardson, in his valuable *Architectural Remains of the Reigns of Elizabeth and James I.*,* the reading and thinking part of society will naturally seek for full and accurate information on the subject; and we cannot better assist them in such laudable inquiry than by referring to Britton's *Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain*, vol. ii., in which there is an ample essay on Ancient Domestic Architecture; to Mr. Howitt's very interesting work, entitled *Rural Life in England*; and to a work by the same author, on the eve of publication, entitled *Visits to Remarkable Places*.

J. B.

* Noticed in the *Literary World*, vol. i. p. 82.

[From Mr. Nash's "Description of the Plates," we quote the following appropriate pendant to the views of Haddon:]

"Haddon Hall, near Bakewell, in Derbyshire, is so well known, from its picturesque situation in a country celebrated for its enchanting scenery, and from its interest as a fine specimen of the old castellated mansion, that it is almost superfluous to give any description of a place so frequently described and illustrated. It is, probably, the most perfect of the ancient baronial mansions remaining; and is certainly better calculated than any other to convey an idea of the large establishment and extensive hospitality of the old English baron. It has been untenanted more than a century, but has escaped the fate which, under such circumstances, usually befalls the residences of the old nobility: these, to suit the more moderate household and private style of living of their successors, are gradually pared down until a very small portion of the once princely mansion can be traced in the dilapidated farm-house. This may be regarded as the 'sixth age' of the decaying mansion, previous to its ruined state, when the ivy-mantled walls afford shelter only to owls, forming the

'——— last scene of all,

That ends this strange eventful history.'

Haddon Hall has been erected at various times, and affords excellent examples of the several styles of domestic architecture, from the early pointed to the Tudor and Elizabethan. Haddon was, originally, a 'barton,' or farm, appertaining to the lordship of Bakewell, which was given by William the Conqueror to his natural son, William Peverell. It became forfeited to the crown, and passed to the Avenell family, and in the reign of Richard I. it came into the possession of Sir Richard de Vernon by marriage; thenceforth becoming the chief residence of the Vernon family, until, by the marriage of Dorothy Vernon with Sir John Manners, second son of Thomas, the first Earl of Rutland, which title he inherited, it came into possession of the Manners family, through whom it has descended to the present Duke of Rutland. His Grace, with good taste and laudable reverence for a noble relic, preserves it intact for the gratification of all admirers of our national antiquities. The tapestry, panelling, and cornice, in the drawing-room (Plate 21), and the shields in the dining-room (Plate 22), yet remain. The long gallery (Plate 23) is (the furniture excepted) in nearly the state it appears; the carved wainscoting and the ornamented ceiling continuing in a perfect state since the room was ornamented in the time of Elizabeth. It is represented as occupied

by a family party in the costume of Charles I. It was, probably, used as a ball-room, as well as for promenading: and from hence we may suppose Dorothy Vernon eloped with her lover on the day of her sister's nuptials. The banqueting-hall is made the scene of the boisterous merriment of the mumming at Christmas festivities; the morris-dancers, with the hobby-horse, the dragon, the giant, and the 'salvage man,' all take part in the sports; and the rude mirth and jollity of the time grows 'fast and furious' under the influence of the wassail-bowl; the noble guests are entering the hall to witness the enjoyment of their household and retainers. The chapel (Plate 25) is a good specimen of the early pointed Gothic, and is one of the most ancient portions of the building remaining. The chancel contains two large high pews, reaching nearly to the altar on each side; the one being for the lord of the mansion and his family, the other for their guests; the domestics and tenantry occupying the benches in the aisle. Hats were commonly worn in churches, even so late as Charles II., as represented in the plate."

CHRISTMAS. PANTOMIMES.

"The delights—the ten thousand million delights of a pantomime, come streaming upon us now."—*Dickens's Life of Grimaldi.*

HUZZA! for Christmas: the hobbling old year has nearly limped away, and with it, we hope, all of grief or sadness that has occurred to dim its progress; the time has arrived again when all that remains of harmless merriment and revelry, in merrie England, is about to revive from its long twelvemonth's trance; and once more kindle our hearts to enter into the honest mirth and hospitality of our forefathers, before they became too expensive in their pleasures, and too knowing for such simple merriment.

True it is, that the ancient glories of Christmas have faded around our hearths, since the blaze of the yule-log threw its cheerful light over the bright armour and quaint mouldings, the rollicking guests and antique furniture, of the old family-hall. The din of the mummers, and the potent spirits of the wassail-bowl, no longer contribute to our revelry; the sickly melancholy of the modern drawing-room ballad has supplanted the homely Anglo-Norman carol; but still, Christmas has returned, and, with it, such fun and joyousness as refinement now allows us to partake of.

At the head of all its gaieties, at least in our still childish opinion, stands the pantomime. We really anticipate it for months before, and when, at last, the

name is announced in the bills, our expectation has arrived at a pitch that is actually intolerable. Come with us to the theatre, dear reader, and take your place beside us. Do not wait for an introduction; we have endeavoured to keep you pleasant company since we first launched our little book on the tide of public opinion, and we hope we are acquainted in sentiment, although not in person. But you must go to the pit if you are our companion, for we are going, in all good truth, to enjoy ourselves and scream with laughter; besides, we have never seen a pantomime from any other part of the house since we were very little, and we wish to enter as much as possible into old Christmas feelings and associations, and forget all of sorrow that has crossed our path since we first saw the huge curtain rise upon its wonders. How full the house is! The first long piece has just finished, and everybody said, simultaneously, as it concluded, "Now for the pantomime!" We are in an excellent humour with ourselves and everybody around us. We do not grumble, as usual, at the apple-women, as they push by our legs between the rows, selling tenpenny books for a shilling; nor do we complain surlily of being too crowded: on the contrary, we are anxious that all should see the forthcoming spectacle, and enter into its fun as joyfully as ourselves. What a beautiful sight, too, is the multitude of children in the front rows. Look at that pretty rogue in the third box from the lamps; he has been asleep all through the tragedy, notwithstanding he was put to bed for three hours in the middle of the day; but now he is awake again, and is drumming his little fat hands on the red cushions of the box in a perfect agony of anticipation. Then those nice little girls near him, who are so angry with their brother, because he has just discovered a schoolfellow in the pit, and is wriggling about into all those odd telegraphic contortions that only little boys can perform when they wish to communicate at a distance.

Nor are we unoccupied in the pit. The majority of our companions are standing up to gaze at the boxes; and those two young men near us, are alternately looking through one opera-glass at "that fine girl in pink, under the sixth chandelier from the stage," and thinking "it must be Miss Acton, only she wears her hair differently." The party who remain seated before us, are passing round a little pocket-bottle of brandy-and-water to their friends. Watch the rough politeness with which the owner requests the gentleman by his side to "ask his good lady to take some," and the lady's pretty coquetry of refusal

in accepting. "Do ma'am, it'll do you good," says our friend, as he wipes the mouth of the bottle with his cuff; and then, with a *little* more pressing, the lady puts it to her lips and "just tastes it;" and then she blushes and laughs, and they all join in together, and the fat man in the brown coat winks his eye, and says it's "only toast and water."

But see! the orchestra is again filling: there is a great shuffling about of music-books, and the most eccentric running up and down of octaves you ever heard, as if all the different instruments were having a piece of fun to themselves. The leader has taken his seat—he looks right and left at the musicians, and then, tapping on his music-desk, the overture commences. It begins with a very long rumble, intending to express mystery, and bearing some resemblance to a wheelbarrow on the Margate jetty, set to music. It proceeds—they get excited—the sounds increase, and then wind up to one grand crash, previous to the introduction of the popular airs of the day. How the little heads in the boxes begin to nod the tune—how happy they are to hear the very tunes "that sister Ellen plays at home!" They would encore them all if the pantomime were not coming after; but, as it is, they applaud them with all the strength they can throw into their tiny hands, when the overture winds up with the concluding chords.

"Down, down, in front!" "Have the goodness, sir, to remove your hat!" Now for it in earnest. There is a little more solemn music, all in the minor key; the prompter gives three knocks at his little pigeon-house door in the proscenium, and the curtain rises on the "Dungeons of Gloom in the Kingdom of Discontent." Fearful imps, with enormous heads, are wandering about the stage, and two, with cat's faces, are blowing a fire that quite looks red-hot. We do not know what they say—we never hear, and, if we did, we should not understand; but they appear to be expecting some one, from the watchfulness with which they lay their great ears upon the ground. Then the stage opens, and some red fire is lighted; the Orc King of the Centre of the Earth comes up the trap in his car, with two more demons at his feet. We are not to wonder where he is supposed to come from, or why he comes at all: the moment you criticise a pantomime its interest is gone. It suffices to presume that he has some urgent business on hand, and that the imps, whom he intrusts with his commission, are called Blue-blaze, Flicker-flame, Algoroth, Stay-twinkle, and Nightshade; and that, moreover, they are all

bent upon the same errand to the same place, and so all fly off different ways.

Ten to one but the next scene is *the castle*. The music now changes to a quaint hopping measure, and an old porter waddles on with such a head! his body and legs look quite diminutive under it. Then a young lady appears at a window, throwing herself into all sorts of beautiful attitudes, and you see such a dreadful old woman pull her back again; and then, to keep her secluded, she, of course, brings her out of the door in front of the castle. Presently, a young knight enters in brilliant armour, followed by his squire, with another large head. The young lady flies to the young knight; the old woman pulls her back again; the squire hits the "proud old porter" a tremendous thump on his *chest* with an enormous *key*, that knocks him through his own door; and the knight and the young lady are going to fly away, when a gong beats, the walls of the castle sink, the side-scenes change, and you behold "the Dripping Fountain of the Enchanted Well," all silver leaf and blue fire. Here, a little more action takes place, and the demons of the first scene are about to carry off the young lady, when the fountain opens, and a fairy comes out, tolerably dry, considering that she has just walked out of the water. You now see the knight, the lady, the nurse, and the squire, all sliding up towards the wings, with their hands behind their backs. The fairy speaks—their clothes become wrinkled and loose, and, as she pronounces their respective names, the real pantomimists burst upon our delighted gaze.

Hurrah! there's the clown! What a roar of laughter runs through the house as he crows, and throws a somersault, and greets us with his old familiar—"Here we are again; how are you?" and then what a face he makes! and how he walks upon his calves! The Pantaloon doddles up, and, of course, tumbles over him; then they take Harlequin between them, and turn him over, which feat ends in their both being knocked down together by his wand; then they run after Columbine, and go hands four bound very fast; then all slide up to the lamps and back again, and, finally, they make a hoop of themselves and roll off at the side-scenes.

The business of the pantomime now commences in earnest; but it is so rapid and laughter-provoking that we can scarcely follow it. There are some few things, however, we always expect. Of course, amongst the scenes, there will be a Lodging-house, where the Clown will knock at the door, and then ~~he~~ down on

the steps for everybody to tumble over ; of course, he will steal some beer, and attempt to pour it into his pocket, and then pretend to scoop it up with his hand as it runs down his legs ; of course, there will be a Coach-office and Lincendraper's-shop, and all the characters will have such names as, Lincendraper, Mr. Popplin ; Constable, Mr. Take'em-up ; Sweep, Master Chummy (whom, of course, the Clown puts into a milk-pail), and the like : and the last scene is sure to be "The Hall of Dazzling Mirrors, in the Palace of Revolving Light," where all the panto-pimists stand on their heads, and blue, red, and green fires are burnt alternately at the wings.

The curtain falls, and the spell is broken. The audience have been rapidly leaving for the last five minutes ; the men appear who envelop the rich mouldings and pillars of the boxes with canvas-wrappers, and we betake ourselves, if it meets your pleasure, to one of the comfortable taverns in the neighbourhood, to enjoy a cosy chat, a Welsh rabbit, and a pint of stout.

ALBERT.

EATING.

THE following articles are collected chiefly from a curious book, entitled *L'Esprit des Usages et des Coutumes*.

The Moldavian islanders eat alone. They retire into the most hidden parts of their house, and they draw down the cloths that serve as blinds to their windows, that they may eat unobserved. "This custom probably arises," says the author, "from the savage, in the early periods of society, concealing himself to eat: he fears that another with as sharp an appetite, but more strong than himself, should come and ravish his meal from him. Besides, the ideas of witchcraft are widely spread among barbarians, and they are not a little fearful that some incantation may be thrown amongst their victuals."

In noticing the solitary meal of the Moldavian islanders, another reason may be alleged for this misanthropic repast. They never will eat with one who is inferior to them in birth, in riches, or in dignity; and if it be a difficult matter to settle this equality, they are condemned to lead this unsocial life. On the contrary, the islanders of the Philippines are remarkably social: whenever one of them finds himself without a companion to partake of his meal, he runs till he meets one; and we are assured that, however keen his appetite, he ventures not to satisfy it without a guest.

The tables of the Chinese shine with a beautiful varnish, and are covered with silk

carpets, very elegantly worked. They do not make use of plates, knives, or forks; every guest has two little ivory or ebony sticks, which he handles with great dexterity.

The Otahecitans, who are lovers of society, and very gentle in their manners, feed separately from each other. At the hour of repast, the members of each family divide. Two brothers, two sisters, and even husband and wife, father and mother, have each their respective basket. They place themselves at the distance of two or three yards from each other, turn their backs, and take their meal in profound silence.

PORTRAITS OF THE QUEEN.

THE best living portrait-painters are Mrs. Carpenter and Mrs. J. Robertson. The former manifests qualities which place her in the school of Guido. She has all the sweetness of Sirani, with purer carnations, and finer gradations of tint; her children are always natural and in taste, and even were they not valuable as portraits, would be very much so as pictures. We should like to see a portrait of our Queen by her. Mrs. Robertson has studied Vandyke until she has imbibed his spirit. The portraits of the Queen hitherto painted are one and all complete failures. Not one gives the fine intellectual modelling of her head—not one even touches the almost intense expression of inquiry often seen on her countenance—not one conveys an idea of the calm repose which, at times, is so marked. Sully, the American, has painted the most lady-like picture of her, and Lane has made the most elegant drawing, and withal a resemblance of her. Chalon's drawing is like a little George III. in petticoats; his large picture, engraved by Cousins and published by Moon, is better, but the drapery overbalances the composition, and is but a feeble likeness. George Hayter, who painted the "Trial of Lord William Russell," one of the finest pictures of the English school, has painted one picture of Her Majesty, just suited to the lord mayor, aldermen, and common council. The other in the "*Dalmatic Robes*" has been announced in the "puff preparative," *ad nauseam*;—it is without doubt an elaborate effort, and very superior to his first attempt; but the expression is rather forced, the position of the head not the most graceful, and giving a coarseness to the nose wholly at variance with the refinement of the original: the hands, however, are well drawn, particularly the left, and the colour of the flesh tints is clean and pure. The face is too full and purpy, and the eyes want the intensity of expression which characterize them; the

details are carefully made out and painted, and the colours, taken separately, are decided; but from the want of exactness in the key, and graduation to the background, the picture is deficient in harmony and effect. It is, however, the best which has been painted of Her Majesty, excepting Sully's, and very superior to Wilkie's.—From a clever paper in the *British and Foreign Review*.

New Books.

THE COMIC LATIN GRAMMAR.

[THIS "new and facetious introduction to the Latin tongue" is a very Hood-ish performance. Not, that we consider it an imitation; for its author is not of Horace's *servum pecus*: on the other hand, his book is, indeed, "new:" his idea of rendering the Latin Grammar amusing, is altogether original, and cleverly worked out. Many of our readers may, in their schooldom, have perpetrated a few free translations, and have let fly a few shafts of small wit: we remember once to have received a setting-down for rendering, in class, Sallust's "*morere jocum*"—to "crack a joke:" and "*necessitas non habet legem*"—"necessity without a leg to stand upon:" but, alack! neither does one swallow make a summer, nor does a single joke make a wit. Now, the Comic Latin Grammar is facetie from beginning to end; and in this entirety of fun and humour lies its chief merit. To have illustrated a few of the rules would have been an easy task; but, to make the Latin Grammar entirely comic is no mean merit: such a mode of learning Latin must be as pleasant as railway travelling; in short, it must be a sort of royal road to the classics, worth a score of Hamiltonian systems, and a library of interlinear translations; a very Delphin of wit; a very Macadamiser of hard words; upon which he hangs thoughts as ingeniously as Sterne did "on every thorn." The schoolmaster is abroad in Paris, or in New York, for aught we know: and, if he bring back half the humour contained in this new Latin Grammar we entreat him to make it the framework of his next scheme for National Education. Wit often stands in a man's way; and, we fear, the author's will not recommend him to ministerial patronage; still, his book will be not a whit the less popular; for, assuredly, the public will buy it, and, what is more, read and enjoy it: its pages really contain a good deal of useful matter, though not "in the shape of an ounce of tea, or a pound of butter;" and, the "Comic Latin Grammar" can, certainly, never be called an *imposition*, as another Latin Grammar frequently is.

What a good-natured usher would our author make; and, how cleverly would he teach the boys "how to shoot," for his illustrations are, invariably, hits, and some of them hard raps—for misses as well as masters. "The march of intellect," he observes, "is not confined to the male sex; the fairest part of the creation are now augmenting by their numbers, and adorning by their countenance, the scientific and literary train. But, the path of learning is, sometimes, too rugged for their tender feet:" he does not pretend to strew it for them, with roses; he is not poetically given; nay, he cannot even promise them a Brussels carpet; but, if a plain Kidderminster will serve their turn, well and good. Our author anticipates that, by the elder and middle-aged, he shall be accused of literary high treason and irreverence, in making the Latin Grammar comical; but, he very adroitly takes the bull by the horns in shewing this to be the age of comicality—the funniest epoch, beyond all comparison, in the history of the world! And he is right; for never were times so tinged, nay, so dyed, with absurdities as the present—of all colours save blue. The lack-a-daisical poets have had their winter of discontent; and the wet blanket, which they were accustomed to throw on the spirits of men, has been dried by the warmth of mirth, and we live in a happier state of things. The success of our comic actors and authors proves this position; and *Liston* and *Pickwick* are but straws thrown up to see which way the wind blows. The truth is, that people are tired of crying, and find it much more agreeable to laugh. The sublime is out of fashion; the ridiculous is in vogue. Nothing can be taught that is not palatable; and nothing is now palatable but what is funny.

The Grammar, veritably, begins at the beginning—with the letters; and ends—with "the quantity of the last syllable." Thus:—]

The Latin letters, therefore, remind us of the greatest age that a fashionable lady ever confesses she has attained to,—being, between twenty and thirty. Six of these letters are called what Dutchmen, speaking English, call fowls—vowels; namely, a, e, i, o, u, y.

A vowel is like an Æolian harp; it makes a full and perfect sound of itself. A consonant, cannot sound without a vowel, any more than a horn, (except such an one as Baron Munchausen's,) can play a tune without a performer.

Consonants are divided into mutes, liquids, and double letters; although they have nothing in particular to do with funerals, hydrostatics, or the General Post-office. The liquids, are, l, m, n, r; the

double letters, j, x, z; the other letters are mutes.

“Hye dum, dye dum, fiddle *dumb-c.*”—*SHREVE.*

A syllable is a distinct sound of one or more letters pronounced in a breath, or, as we say in the classics, in a jiffy.

A diphthong is the sound of two vowels in one syllable. Ei, which is generally pronounced i, and æ and æ, sounded like e, may be said to exhibit something like an analogy to a married couple. The human diphthong, Smith female + Brown male, is called Brown only.

Use of the Adjective.—In making love, (as you will find one of these days,) or in abusing a cabman, your success will depend in no small degree in your choice of adjectives.

Gender.—Masc. hic. Fem. hæc. Neut, hoc, &c.

The nominative singular is hic, hæc, and hoc,—Which, to learn, has cost school-boys full many a knock;

The genitive is hujus, the dative makes huic, (A fact Mr. Squeers never mentioned to Smike;) Then hunc, hanc, and hoc, the accusative makes The vocative—care!—no very great shakes; The ablative case maketh hõc, hac, and hoc, A cock is a fowl—but a fowl is not a cock. The nominative plural is hi, hæ, hæc, The Roman young ladies were dressed à la Grecque; The genitive case horum, harum, and horum, Silenus and Bacchus were fond of a jorum, The dative in all the three genders is his, At Actium his tip did Mark Antony miss; The accusative’s hos, has, and hæc, in all grammars, Herodotus told some American commanders; The vocative hero also—care!—is a j. got, As Milo found rending an oak-tree, you know; And his, like the dative, the ablative case is, The Furies had most disagreeable faces.

Nouns are called doubtful when declined with the article hic or hæc—whichever you please, as the showman said of the Duke of Wellington and Napoleon Bonaparte. Anguis, a snake, is a doubtful noun. At all events, he is a doubtful customer.

After all, there is no rule in the Latin language about gender so comprehensive as that observed in Hampshire, where they call everything *he* but a tom-cat, and *that*, *she*.

[Very droll are the—]

Comparisons of Adjectives.—Comparisons are odious.

Adjectives have three degrees of comparison. This is, perhaps, the reason why they are so disagreeable to learn.

The first degree of comparison is the positive, which denotes the quality of a thing absolutely. Thus, the Eton Latin Grammar is *lepidus*, funny.

The second is the comparative, which increases or lessens the quality, formed by adding *or* to the first case of the positive ending in *i*. Thus, the Charter-house

Grammar is *lepidior*—funnier, or more funny. The third is the superlative, which increases or diminishes the signification to the greatest degree, formed from the same case by adding thereto, *ssimus*. Thus, the Comic Latin Grammar is *lepidissimus*, funniest, or most funny. A Londoner is *acutus*, sharp, or ‘cute,—a Yorkshireman *acutior*, sharper, or more sharp, ‘cuter, or more ‘cute—but, a Yankee is *acutissimus*, sharpest, or most sharp. ‘cutest, or most ‘cute, or tarnation ‘cute.

Enumerate, in the manner following, with substantives, the exceptions to this rule, mentioned in the Eton Grammar.

Bonus, good. Melior, better. Optimus, best.
A plain pudding. A suet pudding. A plump pudding.
Melus, bad. Pejor, worse. Pessimus, worst.
A caning. A spating. A flogging.
&c. &c.

Adjectives ending in *er*, form the superlative in *errimus*. The taste of vinegar is *acer*, sour; that of verjuice *acrior*, more sour; the visage of a teetotaller, *accerrius*, sourest, or most sour.

Agilis, docilis, *gracilis*, *facilis*, *humilis*, *similis*, change *is* into *limus*, in the superlative degree.

Agilis, nimble.—Madlle Taglioni.
Agilior, more nimble.—Jim Crow.
Agillimus, most nimble.—Mr. Wieland.
Docilis, docile.—Learned Pig.
Docilior, more docile.—Ourang-outang.
Docillimus, most docile.—Man Friday.
Gracilis, slender.—A whipping post.
Gracilior, more slender.—A fashionable waist.
Gracillimus, most slender.—A dustman’s leg.

[The finale is truly characteristic:]

And now farewell to the reader—farewell, “a word that must be and hath been”—said a great many times when once would have been quite sufficient. We need not, therefore, repeat it; nor need we say, how much we hope that we have amused, instructed him, and so forth: that being as much an understood thing to put at the end of a book, as “Love to papa, mamma, brothers and sisters,” in a holiday letter.

Nothing, then, remains for us now to do, but to kick up our hat and cry

“ALL OVER.”

[The illustrations are capital. They consist of eight etchings, and a host—a forest—of wood-cuts. Etchings: 1. Dative and Vocative Case: Master caning a boy’s hand: the prizes are admirable. 2. Going through the Verbs—*Audio*, I hear: Tutor and Kettle-drum. 3. Street Fight: “*Ingennas pugni didicisse*,” &c. 4. Prometheus Vincens—in the stocks: what a silly old man! 5. Smelling a Pig: bedroom supper at school: very good. 6. Domestic Elocution: “My name is Norval.” 7. “*Hen! miserande Puer!*”—Boy tossed in blanket: * where once my care-

less childhood," &c. 8. *Patres Conscripti!* took a boat and went to Philippi:

Trumpeter unus erat qui costum scarlet habebat.

—the jack-tar and the guards trumpeter harmonize with the classic *guys* in the boat: as a man of small art would say—"it is very graphic." How can we *part*

with the cuts: "the Schoolmaster Abroad," with a fool for his companion; *maec. fem* Macintosh and mantilla; "Tu quoque"—quarrelling sweeps; "Half-and-half"—pot-boys watering the beer; Socrates jumping Jim Crow; Menelaus in top-boots, and Paris in trowsers; Cato selling his wife, (halter fashion,) to Hortensius—



the latter with spectacles, tie-wig, umbrella, and hessians; and Cato wearing

a 4s. 9d. gossamer; Rubini in *I Puritani*; the cabman and the dustman, with the



Cæsar multum conturbavit indigenas.
Cæsar much astonished the natives.

badge from Herculaneum; &c. These are but a few of the sketchy pleasantries that season every page. And now, having spoken of the plates, and dished up the tit-bits of this feast of Momus, this picnic of pun and patter, let no reader crain himself for Christmas with any of these good things without acknowledging their source—the *Comic Latin Grammar*; which we heartily commend to all lovers of mirth.]

THE GOVERNESS. BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

(Concluded from page 191.)

[Mrs. Robinson has a *protégé*, a little girl dressed like the Shepherdess of the Alps, but, though singularly pretty, as faded as a China rose after having been for a week in the heated atmosphere of a boudoir. In the establishment is a French maid, Victorine; and a pet lap-dog, who makes sad havoc, *e. g.*:]

At this moment, a loud noise at the door was heard, and Victorine opened it to see what was the matter, when Fidelio, the lap-dog of Mrs. Vincent Robinson, rushed in, holding in his mouth her newest wig, which he had nearly pulled to pieces. "What has he got?" asked his mistress. "O! le méchant chien,—he have de best leg, donnez-la, coquin, de suite." "What! my new wig? *where* did you leave it, and *why* place it in his way?" "I not place notings in his way, madame; he is so vicked dog, he take every ting—it est un vrai diable de chien." "How provoking! had it been any of the others I should not have minded, but that wig, made after a coiffure of a bust of Sappho,—it is too bad. But you are always leaving things in the dog's way." "Vas it I, madame, as left poor Ma'mselle Ada Myrrha in his way, ven he tore all her robe and jupon in pieces, and did bite her little leg and hand, because she did try to drive him away? God he know, I am expecting dat de poor child vill go mad one dese days." Clara shuddered, and Mrs. Vincent Robinson reddened with anger. "*Aprpos*, where is the child?" asked she, anxious to get rid of her maid. "Go and see what she is doing."

[The child—Ada Myrrha—has been bitten by the dog, and the solicitude of Mrs. Robinson for her dog, whilst she leaves the girl to chance—is a fine stroke of satire, upon the practice of *petting*. Mrs. Robinson is a poetess—a second Sappho; an unfortunate circumstance for Clara, as she is importuned to set the old lady's nonsense to music, and sing it at her *coteries*. Here is a specimen of the homage which she swallows like a *gourmand*; which, by the way, she is, though she will not allow Clara similar indulgence, lest it should spoil her voice.]

LINES ON SEEING THE LOVELY MRS. VINCENT ROBINSON WALKING IN THE PARK, ATTENDED BY HER DOGS.

"Not Venus, when she left the ocean,
Gliding along with graceful motion,
More beautiful could look than thou,
With that sweet smile and placid brow:
The Goddess followed was by doves,
Thou in thy train hast dogs and loves."

[The poor orphan child calls her patroness *somebody*, a beautiful mamma; but, in a conversation with Clara, exhibits fine moral sense.]

"And so, Ma'mselle Victorine has taught you French?" "O! yes, I know almost everything that is said; and very often I wish I did not, for when I hear Ma'mselle Victorine say *such* things of *somebody*, I am sorry; for mamma, who is in heaven, said, I must be grateful to *somebody*, for offering to take me when *she* would be gone for ever; and I don't like to hear Ma'mselle Victorine call her *vicille folle*; but don't tell *somebody*, for Ma'mselle Victorine is so good and kind to me, that I would not get her scolded for all the world. But isn't it naughty, Miss Mordant, for me to hear Ma'mselle Victorine call *somebody* names? but, indeed, I can't help it, for I could not bear to hear Ma'mselle Victorine scolded."

[The girl dies after the bite; Mrs. Robinson experiences a similar fate; and the dog is hung. The character of the would-be juvenile old lady is broadly sketched throughout: she believes herself to be an universal genius, and is ridiculed in public as well as private: her consolation is amusing:]

"You observe how the people follow, and look at me. Surely the beautiful Lady Coventry never was more admired; but I have got used to it now, and it rather amuses than annoys me. This curiosity and admiration is one of the penalties one must pay for celebrity, and I do assure you, that I expect when my next novel appears, that I shall be hardly allowed to pass through the streets; and yet, after all the triumph which you have now witnessed, would you believe it, the publishers are so stupid, so blind to their own interests, that they refuse to buy my works, and will only publish them, on conditions of a division of profits, which profits they profess never appear; so that literally I make nothing by my writings but *fame*, yet that, I must say, consoles me."

[A *soirée* at Mrs. Robinson's is thus smartly and graphically drawn:—]

Though, in a measure prepared for some ridiculous exhibition on the part of Mrs. Vincent Robinson on the occasion of this *soirée*, the one that awaited her in the drawing-room astonished Clara. A profusion of flowers and lights, rendered the

atmosphere of the saloon so heavy and overcoming, that, though in perfect health, Clara found it difficult to respire freely in it. A small portable bed, with lace curtains, lined with *couleur de rose*, the drapery held in the mouth of an or-moulu dove, first attracted her attention. Over this fanciful little bed, leant the lady of the house, with a flowing veil of lace falling down from the braided tresses of her wig, her forehead bound by a diamond bandeau, and a Psyche fly, of the same precious materials, over her brow; a robe of white tulle, worn over satin of the same snowy hue, fell in folds to her feet, and was confined at the waist by a *ceinture* of brilliants. Her arms and wrists were encircled by diamonds, and their withered and bony appearance, looking like those of a dried skeleton, whitened with pearl powder, formed a shocking and grotesque contrast with the glittering gems that were round them. As Clara looked on Mrs. Vincent Robinson, the veil falling down and nearly concealing the face, she was reminded of the description given of Lucz de Castro, when, disinhumed from the tomb and decked in jewels, the poor corpse was placed, by the commands of her morbidly sensitive husband, to receive, in state, the recognition and homage denied her when living. A gilt lyre was on a stand by the side of Mrs. Vincent Robinson, and an album, bound in violet-coloured velvet, enriched with precious stones, with a pen and ink-stand to correspond, were placed beside it. Clara could not comprehend the meaning of this *tableau*, but she was not long left in ignorance of its signification.—“Look here, Miss Mordaunt, how picturesquely I have arranged all this—*nest paw*?—it has quite a scenic effect?”

[The conversation at this party is very piquant: the King of Oude is a guest, and Lady Clarinda Beverley *loquitur*.]

“That, your majesty,” said Lady Clarinda, “is the celebrated writer on political economy, Mr. Everard Tonkinson,” looking towards a bald-headed man, plainly dressed, who at that moment entered. “He has written a very remarkable article on the best mode to be adopted for the liquidation of the national debt.” “I not see him before, and never hear his name mention. How is dis?” “He has been unfortunate, your majesty, and has been compelled to take the benefit of the act of insolvency; to accomplish which, he has been in prison.” “What dis nation put in prison de man dat gives plan to pay de national debt! What for dat?” “Because he has not paid his own debts.” “O dat is good, very good! One man so clever he can tell how to pay de national debt, but not know to pay his own. Dat

man fool, not clever man. Who is dat handsome woman who is come in?” “That is Lady Mary Osborne; a person who has excited much attention in the literary world.” “What for?” “Because she writes moral tales, your majesty.” “She very beautiful. But is it very strange that beautiful ladies write moral tales?” “O no! nothing is more common.” “Why den dis lady so remarkable?” “Merely because her practice and her writings do not agree.” “What she practice, madam?” “She laughs at her husband, says marriage is an unnatural system of slavery; and whilst she advises women to submit implicitly to their husbands, openly defies her own.” “Den she be like your finger-posts on de roads; she points de way she not goes.” “How very clever!—quite charming, I declare.” “No, not clever, only true.” “There, your majesty, is our most celebrated poet. He writes such exquisite verses, gives descriptions of sunbeams, genial air, azure clouds, and all the delicious enjoyments of summer, that those who read them, long to be in the country.” “Has he ever travelled—ever left England?” “Never, your majesty.” “Then dat is one clever man, very clever man indeed. He must have a fine imagination to paint what he never saw.” “O dear! how very clever your majesty is.” “What is clever? not surely to tell de truth? Every thing, every body come to London scent de summer. It is long time expected, but it never do come; on de contrary, winter always like your fashionables, spends de season in London. Who is dat man with a red face?” “He is one of our sentimental writers. His works are so full of tenderness, that no one can read them without tears. He describes the beauty of domestic life, and the charms of goodness, until he makes one in love with virtue; yet he is a reckless gamster, consumes his nights in the lowest haunts of dissipation, his days in the indulgence of vulgar excesses, and piques himself on his want of feeling, and freedom from all moral constraint.” “And de people mind what him say, and not what him do, eh! madam?” “O! decidedly, what he writes, and only lament that his example is not as praiseworthy as his precepts.”

[A climax ensues in an attempt to invest the old lady with classic honours.]

Mr. O'Shoughnessy rapidly approached Mrs. Vincent Robinson, who was seated on a sofa, and bound the garland of bays round her brows. She, with affected modesty, made a slight resistance to this ceremony, and Mr. O'Shoughnessy with a gentle violence persisted, when, unhappily, the veil or scarf that fell from her

head, and which was firmly attached to the braids of her *coiffure*, became entangled in the button of O'Shoughnessy's coat, who, unconscious of the fact, in turning abruptly round to present the crowned poetess to the circle, drew off the scarf, and with it the wig, leaving poor Sappho with her bald head exposed to the view of the whole party. Shouts of loud mirth were now heard on all sides, the unfortunate lady whose disaster furnished the subject, burst into tears, while O'Shoughnessy, conscious of having occasioned this painful exposure to her, and dreading the effect it might produce on his future fortunes, seized the wig, with all its accompaniments of brilliants, wreath and scarf, and in his anxiety to rectify the evil he had produced, unfortunately in his hurry, stuck it, with the back part foremost, on the head it had so lately left.

[Upon the breaking up of Mrs. Robinson's establishment, Clara obtains an engagement with the Marquis and Marchioness of Axminster, for the tuition of their daughter, the Lady Isabella. The Marchioness has an intrigue with Lord Francis Carysfort, of which she attempts to employ Clara as the medium. The Marquis suspects, and questions the child.]

The trepidation of the Marchioness, while this interview took place, was apparent. She seemed to have some motive for preventing any further conversation between the father and child, and Clara could not help thinking that it originated in a wish to prevent Isabella's mentioning *who* had been the companion of their walk. This suspicion pained her, and threw a melancholy over her mind that she could not dispel; nor was the gloom lightened, when Isabella, looking as sadly as her dimpled and beautiful face *could* look, said, "Teach me, dear Miss Mordaunt, to please papa without vexing mamma, for I don't know what to do when papa asks me anything and I tell him; then he is cross, and makes poor dear mamma cry; so I am afraid to answer him after; and then he says I'm naughty, and spoilt. Do tell me what I ought to do to please both mamma and papa also, for I would love him too, if he would let me."—This artless appeal touched the sensitive heart of Clara, and tended to add force to the painful suspicions that had entered her mind. She could have wept as she looked on the lovely and innocent being before her, thus in infancy drawing down the censure of one parent from the desire to save the other from sorrow, yet unconscious that her hesitation and silence tended towards falsehood; a crime which, young as she was, she would not willingly commit.

Here was a creature, endowed with every gift that nature could bestow, and every noble impulse that tends to render a female admirable, yet exposed to the peril of acquiring habits of prevarication, and of "learning to lie in silence;" and to this imminent danger was she exposed by *her* who ought to have shielded her ductile mind from even the approach of evil,—by her mother. And this mother, too, a doting one, and who, a year before, would have shrunk in dismay at the bare notion that her child should ever hover near the verge of dissimulation, was now leading her towards it. Such is one of the fatal results of an unholy attachment, where even the idea of actual guilt has never sullied the mind.

[Lord Axminster, however, remains suspicious, and, taking advantage of an accident, Clara is dismissed. Her next engagement is with a Mr. and Mrs. Manwarring, a precious pair of gourmands. Eventually, the Axminsters prove friends in need; and the story winds up as follows:—]

Nothing now remains to be told, except, that the nuptials of Lord Seymourville and Clara were solemnized at the residence of the Marquis of Axminster, in a few weeks after; that the worthy Abraham Jacob acted as the bride's father on the occasion, and that Mrs. Williamson, and the Manwarrings, in future, ever treated the governesses who undertook the instruction of their children with more humanity; giving as a reason, that there was no knowing whether they might not, at some future period, become heiresses, or countesses, and so turn out useful acquaintances. Hercules Marsden became fascinated by a coquettish young actress at one of the minor theatres, who flattered him and his doting mother so adroitly, that she soon enacted the part of his wife, and returned with them to Jamaica, where she charms the quadroneer circles with private theatricals. Denis O'Leary and Betsey are married; and the fair and gentle Rachael continues to be the blessing of her father, and has promised to be that of a young friend, selected by him for his future son.

Periodicals.

THE COMPANION TO THE ALMANAC FOR 1840.

YEAR by year, from the commencement of this Year-book of General Information, have we pointed out its high value to the public. Its compilation is, to our thinking, the best service done by the Useful Knowledge Society; and we say this without wishing to draw any invidious comparison of its merits with those of

other works produced by the Association. From its ramifications through the country, this Society has, doubtless, many facilities for collecting statistical information which individuals are not likely to command; and, for the excellent use of this influence in the preparation of the *Companion to the Almanac*, "every man, woman, and child, who has the power of mastication, deglutition, or locomotion," has real cause to be grateful. The title of the *Companion*, was by no means a novelty: such a work having been first published in 1802, "by John Audley," at the suggestion of Mr. W. Lepard. It is, however, a mere pamphlet of eighty-six pages, containing an explanation of the Saints' Days and Holidays, with biographical and historical notes; an explanation of the terms and contents of modern almanacks; their origin, &c. It is a *perpetual* work, the copy before us being the second edition, dated Nov. 1, 1803; and, as extra information, in this edition, the moveable feasts are adapted to the year 1804. Brand, the indefatigable secretary of the Society of Antiquaries, and Dr. Olinthus Gregory, then of Cambridge, are specially thanked by the compiler for their assistance.

The distinction between the old and new *Companions* is this: the former is an arranged collection of facts, more entertaining than useful; whilst the latter work exhibits the annual progress of useful knowledge, and the most valuable information contributed to its general stock in the previous year, following "the example of time," as Bacon quaintly saith. Thus, in the volume for 1840, we have valuable papers "On the Calculation of Single Life Contingencies;" "Medical and Vital Statistics—Public Health;" the Registrar-General's Report, with the London Mortality Bill, for the last time, the necessity for its publication being superseded by the new Registration. A carefully-compiled History of the Post-office follows, in which we read, that the agitators of 1657 were oddly termed "Undertakers;" and that in 1683, the Metropolitan Penny Post was set up by an upholsterer named Murray, who assigned his interest to a Mr. Dockwra, from whom Government took it, settling upon him, in return, a pension of £200 a-year.

The description of the Railways in Great Britain, is continued. Papers follow, full of suggestions for the census for 1841, and an efficient Constabulary Force. Next are Criminal Tables for England and Wales, 1838; Abstracts of Public Acts and Parliamentary Documents. From the latter we gather that, in 1838, the British Museum was visited by 266,000 persons, the falling off from the previous year being

55,151; and the decrease in that year, from 1836, being upwards of 60,000. In 1838, the National Gallery was visited by 397,649 persons; but the number of students was only 100. The Government School of Design is by no means flourishing; the number of pupils never exceeding thirty-six, although the admission-money has been reduced to four shillings, and two shillings per month: the salaries of masters amount to £780 per annum! In consequence of the abolition of the warder's fee for seeing the Tower Armoury, and the reduction of the admission to one shilling, the number of visitors has increased, in ten months, from 9,508 to 37,434; and the admission-money from £950 4s. £1,891. Owing to this increase, and not to any reduction of fees, the visitors to the Jewel House have been nearly trebled.

From the paper on Public Improvements, an excellent feature of the *Companion*, *ab initio*, we learn that fewer buildings of note have been erected in 1839 than in its predecessors. Still, the minor improvements are numerous and interesting; and the report on New Churches is very satisfactory. Mr. Decimus Burton is the architect of the public offices to be erected between Downing and Fludyer-streets—not "in continuation of that erected at the north-east angle of Downing-street by Sir John Soane, who purposed forming a corresponding range to the south, leaving the entrance into Downing-street between them, and cutting through the further end of the latter into the Park. The Royal Exchange is to be extended westward nearly to the centre of the Bank façade, to the disadvantage of both edifices. Among the provincial novelties, the new Presbyterian (Unitarian) Chapel, at Dunkinfield, Cheshire, is highly spoken of: the architect is Mr. R. Tattersall, of Manchester; the style and character of the design are strictly ecclesiastical—a novelty in chapel-building, though without tower or steeple. The Chronicle is concise as heretofore; and the Treasury Postage Minute concludes this admirable digest of Statistics and Social Economy for 1840.

SAVINGS AND ESSAYINGS.

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

AN unproductive truth is none. But there are products which cannot be weighed even in patent scales, nor brought to market.

It is an old discovery that man passes from knowledge to doubt, and thence again attains to knowledge. But it is a vulgar error to suppose that we return not only to the same knowledge, but that

in the same forms, and under the same limitations as before.

Any fool, much more any score of fools, can kill the wisest of men. Yet history teaches nothing, if not this, that the final estimation which decides all conflicts is by weight, not tale.

The striving of modern fashionable education is to make the character impressive; while the result of good education, though not the aim, would be to make it expressive.

There is a tendency in modern education to cover the fingers with rings, and, at the same time, to cut the sinews at the wrist.

No wonder that in the devil's market a large nut-shell, with a maggot in it, passes for more than a small one, which is whole and sound. That oranges are cultivated by his gardeners to have the finest skins and no juice. And in his picture galleries, frames inclosing nothing, and sheets of varnish, with no forms seen in them but the reflection of the spectator, hold the place of true delineations.

One sometimes sees others than Irishmen, when they want to have a vehicle for use, make their barrow as large as possible, and fill it with a heap of goods, but only forget one thing—the wheel. Now, as a big wheel-barrow without a wheel, so is a man full of talk, and cleverness, and success, but without a character and a principle higher than himself on which the character depends.

A man must have bread to live on, bread growing in the fields around him, ground in a mill, and baked in an oven within his reach. Dust, indeed, he may find without having it sown, or reaped, or ground, or baked for him; and a traveller may tell him of fruits and viands much better than bread to be found in India or the moon; but the dust will not feed him, nor the name of pine-apples and nectar serve him for dinner. So is it with our need of religion. Worldly maxims of prudence and knowledge will not do as a substitute; and philosophy, which, to be comprehensive and lasting, must be religious philosophy, is for all but a few as airy as the rumour of a magic garden, and the tale of lunar feasts and quintessential potatoes.

The worst education which teaches self-denial is better than the best which teaches everything else, and not that.

Mere benevolence is little better than worthlessness as a first principle of life. The loving men, without knowing what we are to love in them, is a moral appetite, which may easily be too indiscriminating. Faith must stand first; the trustful insight into a truth which shows what we are to

love, and why; otherwise the love ends in a melancholy dream. It is the mere moonshine of the mind, which, if genuine, and not a stage-carpenter's tallow moonshine, points to, and proves a sunshine; a knowledge and love of good, unmingled and pure; and not, as in human beings, muddled with infinite dirt and lies.

Better a cut finger than no knife. The boy, indeed, bears the cut finger for the sake of the knife; but a wise parent will often think the cut the real gain, and the knife expedient for the sake of it.

From want of reverence may I and my children be preserved? But this prayer is not heartier than that which I offer for preservation from the reverence of hollow notions and smoky dreams, half felt to be lies, while we bow down to them. In singleness of heart to believe and do what highest we know—how few and simple are the words! yet their meaning fathoms the depths, and compasses the horizon of life.

“THE MERRY DEVIL OF EDMONTON.”

“The town of Edmonton has lent the stage A devil.”

Prologue to “the Witch of Edmonton.”

[This popular fable has been chosen by the playwrights of Covent Garden Theatre for the opening scenes of their Christmas pantomime. It is contained in a pamphlet now very scarce, entitled “The Life and Death of the Merry Devill of Edmonton; with the pleasant pranks of Smug, the Smith, Sir John, and mine Host of the George, about the Stealing of Venison. By T. B. London: Printed in the black letter, by T. P., for Francis Faulkner, dwelling over against St. Margaret's Hill, in Southwark, 1631.” (The title-page bears a vignette of “Smug, pursued by the Keepers, got upon the White Horse, to escape his catching.”)]

Antiquarian writers, in their notices of the parish of Edmonton, commemorate “The Merry Devil.” “There is, (says Norden: *Speculum Britannicæ*, Middlesex, p. 18,) a fable of one Peter Fabell, that lyeth in this church, who is said to have beguiled the devell by policie for money: but the devell is deceit itselfe, and hardly deceived.” Weever, in his *Funerall Monuments*, fol. 1631, p. 514, records:—“Here (i. e., at Edmonton,) lieth interred under a secnelie tombe without inscription the body of *Peter Fabell*, (as the report goes,) upon whom this Fable was fathered, that he by his wittie devices beguiled the Devil: belike he was some ingenious conceited gent^{le} who did use some sleightie tricks for his own disports.” He lived and died in the reign of Henry VII., says the book

of his merry pranks. In this book, he is called 'an excellent scholar, and well scene in the art of magicke.'* The pamphlet was edited by Mr. Robinson, the author of a *History of Edmonton*, for whom it was reprinted in the year 1819, by J. Nicholls and Son, Red Lion Passage, Fleet-street. The introductory chapter gives some account of the "Merry Denill:"]

"The Introduction; with a description of Maister Peter Fabell.

Maister Peter Fabell, otherwise called "The Merry Denill of Edmonton" (for the many excellent leasts he did) was a man of good descent: and a man, either for his gifts externall, or internall, inferior to few. For his person he was absolute. Nature had neuer showne the fulnesse of her skill, more in any then in him. For the other, I meane his great learning (including many misteries) hec was as amply blest as any.

Very pleasant, kinde, and free-hearted was hec to or with his familiars: very affable, and courteous to strangers, and very liberal, full of commisseration and pittie to the poor and needy; both abroad from his purse, and at home from his table.

In his time very well knowne to him, and sometime (in pastime) very familiar with him, were these men; *Oliuer Smug, Sir John* the merry parson, *Banks* the Miller, and mine Host of the *George*, in whose companies many times for recreation he would spend some houres. In Edmonton he was borne, lined and died in the reigne of King H. 7.*

[A selection from "the Contents" will convey to the reader some idea of the quaint conceits of this bibliographic rarity: thus—]

Smug's Ghost.

The Introduction; with a description of Maister Peter Fabell.

How Maister Peter deceiued the Denill with a candle's end.

How Maister Peter deceiued the Deuill againe.

How Maister Peter punished a Fryer and his Lemon, for their knauey.

How Smug won a wager of Maister Peter Fabell, by a trickes that he did.

How Smug, when he was mad drunke, would needs go to fight with the shadowe of a sword and Buckler.

How Smug laid a wager with certaine shoemakers, that he was a shoemaker, proued it, and wone the wager.

How merily Smug answered one that gaue him good counsaile.

* From a copy in quarto, 6. l. 1631.

† This is one of the many instances which might be given where a parson is called Sir, "upon which," says Sir John Hawkins, "it may be observed that anciently it was the common designation both of one in holy orders, and a knight." Fuller, in his *Church History*, says, "that anciently there were in England more *sirs* than *knights*;" and so lately as the time of William and Mary, in a deposition in the Exchequer, in a case of tythes, the witness, speaking of the curate whom he remembred, stiles him *Sir Gyles*. See Gibson's *View of the State of the Churches of Door, Home Lacy, &c.* p. 36.

How Smug was frightened by the Nuns of Chestone, thinking them to be spirites, and how afterward he frighted them by his suddaine appearance.

How Smug, presuming upon his courage, after this exploit, (frighting these supposed spirits,) would needs go the next Euening againe a Deere stealing, and how deare he paid for it.

How Smug, being drunke, lost his fellowes in the Parke; and how, when they got together, by whooping and hollowing, he tooke them for thieues and would by no means know them, till he was soundly thawackt by them, and made to know his friends from his foes.

How Smug was deceiued of his red cap by his Wife, and by that deceit forst to leaue his swaggering company, and go with her home to his labour.

How Smug was taken by the Watch, and set in the stocks for abusing them, and how he kept such a coyle, with whooping and hollowing vnder a sicke woman's window, that the Constable was faine to set him at liberty, and glad to be so rid of him. How knaushly Smug was dealt with by three or four of his fellow drunksards; and how he broke the glasse that shewed him the shadow of his owne face.

How cunningly Smug scaped the Keeper and others that pursued him, and made them run up and down from place to place to seeke him in vaine.

How Smug's wife locked him in adoores, when he would haue gone abroad a swaggering, and what shift hec made to get out amongst them.

How Smug was reuenged on his Wife for locking him in adoores.

How Smug quarrel'd with his fellowes, and was ready to fight about the singing of a catch, and how till they turned it to his mune, he would not be quieted.

[The above story was likewise "worked up into a play, called, also, *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, which has been falsely attributed to Shakspeare, but is now generally supposed to have been written by Michael Drayton. There are five editions of this play; the first came out in 1608; the scene is laid at Edmonton and Enfield." Thus writes the Rev. Mr. Lysons, in his *Enviours of London*, vol. ii. part i. Second Edition: 1811. But, we are disposed to consider the "Life and Death" to have been founded upon the play, not the play upon the memoir; as the date of the drama is some years earlier than the oldest recorded edition of the prose story. Upon the title-page of a copy of the play, quarto, date, 1617,* is written in a hand, resembling Malone's, the first entry of this play, from the Stationers' Hall books, thus: "Entered to A. Iohuston, Oct. 22, 1607. Register, C. fol. 159. 6." In the *Biographia Dramatica*, the play is stated to be neither by Shakspeare nor Drayton, but by Tony Brewer, (T. B. *ut supra*.)

Varieties.

Pursuit of Science.—M. Agassiz, who is now publishing a magnificent work on Fossil Ichthyology, is known to have relinquished pursuits from which he might now have been in the receipt of a considerable income, and all for the sake of science. Dr. Buckland knew him, when engaged in this arduous career, with the revenue of only £100; and of this he paid fifty pounds to the artist for drawings, thirty

* Catalogue of Books for sale by J. & R. Russell Smith, 4, Old Compton-street, Soho.

pounds for books, and lived himself on the remaining twenty pounds a year! Thus has he raised himself to an elevated European rank; and in his abode, as *troisième*, is the companion and friend of princes, ambassadors, and men of the highest rank and talent of every country.

Grief is, of all the passions, the one that is the most ingenious and indefatigable in finding food for its own subsistence. Even vanity and hope, for ever seeking nurture to sustain them, are less successful in the chase than is grief.—[This is a solemn truth, exquisitely told. The epic poet may sing of "the joy of grief," yet who can define that sweet consolation which we derive from the indulgence of grief for the loss of friends, be they tied by consanguinity, or by that delightful assimilation of mind and heart which forms the confidence of friendship. Who that has experienced the common lot of mortality, and in bewailing the death of a friend, will not feel the force of the above remark! Old letters, reference to diaries, and the same days in previous years as that on which our bereavement took place, make up this food of grief. Any representation of the deceased is a luxury, (if the term be not too sensibly,) to feed and foster the melancholy of a stricken heart—from the life-breathing portrait to the *cast* after death—that happy after-thought of art in ministering to the finest feelings of nature. There may be well-intentioned persons who condemn this excessive sensibility as an overweening reverence for the dead, which is apt to lead us to neglect our duties to the living; but, "Nature will have it so." In the page immediately following that whence the above quotation has been made, is the following passage, full of that naturalness which is the pure charm of Lady Blessington's writings. An orphan girliness is just reviving from the affliction caused by the death of a dear guardian: "Youth, and a naturally strong constitution, those inestimable blessings, seldom prized until they have fled, enabled Clara to recover from the alarming state of debility, induced by the violence of the fever which assailed her on the death of her aunt; and with returning strength of frame, came a more healthy state of mind. She remembered that, in her poverty and dependence, it was only by the exercise of her talents that she could obtain a livelihood, and that to indulge in useless grief, while eating the bread of idleness, was highly reprehensible."]

Fires.—The number of firemen in New York is 13,000, by which means, and the liberal provision of escapes, a life is seldom lost, notwithstanding fires are much more frequent in New York than in London.

The Fitzwilliam Museum, at Cambridge, is rapidly progressing; several hundreds of workmen being actively engaged in its erection.

Hall of Intellect.—A chemist at W—— told a friend, the other day, that he had frequent applications for "rebellious pills." [Oy, antilubious? We have known sal volatile called "sally-melatt;," spirit of camphor, "spit-in-wine-and-canister;" Venice treading, "Venice preserved;" aniseed, "any-seed."]

Massive Jewellery.—In some parts of South America, the men and women wear ear-rings resembling, both in size and shape, a common English brass padlock.

Water.—At Buenos Ayres, water is dear within a stone's-throw of the largest river in the world (the Plata).

Clever Thieves.—At Buenos Ayres, instances have been known of thieves running off with the clothes of the sleeping inmates of the houses, fished through the gratings of the window, by means of one of the long canes of the country, with a hook at the end of it: in one well-known case, a gentleman's watch was thus hooked out of his pocket at his bed's head, and he was but just roused by his frightened wife in time to catch a last glimpse of the chain and seals as they seemingly danced out of the window.—*See W. Forster's Buenos Ayres.*

Belgian Railways.—In Belgium, where the Railway System has been taken up by the Government, its success has been unique. The lines have already advanced so far, that a direct communication is open both between Antwerp and Brussels, and across the whole extent of the country, from Ostend to Liege. The undertaking is not only profitable to the Government, but, what is very important, places the means of locomotion within the reach of all classes of the population, the fares being properly fixed as low as possible. The fares in the open wagons are, from Brussels to Ostend (eighty-five English miles,) three and a half francs to Liege, (seventy miles,) three francs; and proportionately for shorter distances.

Poor Consolation.—A philosopher, who is neglected by his contemporaries, is often cheered amid his toilsome labours by the thought that he will obtain justice from posterity.—*Arago*. [Alack! as Hazlitt once observed, to be treated with respect after death, is but poor recompense for being neglected while living.]

Female Mathematician.—In the year 1736, the French Academy of Science proposed, as a subject for a prize, the propagation of heat; when the Marchioness of Châlelet entered the lists of competitors. Her work was not only an elegant account of all the properties of heat, at that time known to natural philosophers, but it was also remarkable for various proposals for experiments; one, among others, which was afterwards followed up by Herschel, and from which he derived one of the chief gems in his brilliant scientific crown.—*Arago*.

Sources of Doubt.—Even in the region of demonstration there is room for a division of opinion.—*Fontenelle*.

Heat of the Globe.—Descartes thought that the earth differed in nothing from the sun, except that it was smaller.

American Winter.—The transition from winter to summer in the northern parts of North America, is very sudden. There is no season in that country corresponding to our spring. The vast heaps of hardened snow and ice which have accumulated during the winter, remain on the ground long after the sun has attained a scorching heat; but it is not until his rays have melted and removed them, that the climate becomes really warm; and then the foliage, being no longer checked by the cold produced by these masses of snow and ice, instantly bursts forth, and, at that particular time, a single day makes a marked difference on the face of the country.—*Stevenson's North America*.

Science v. Antiquarianism.—The puerilities of antiquarian zeal are often demolished by the powerful battery of science. Thus, Professor Buckland laughs at the antiquaries' notions of Druids' stones, which have been stolen from the irregular surface wells, (pits in chalk, *puits naturels*,) of the geologists.

Science teaches us our ignorance, as well as the elevation of our nature. Those misrepresent it much who describe it in other terms; for the lessons of science implant reverence and gratitude for the past, hope for the future, and humility in our own estimation.—*Prof. Whewell*.

Reasons for Silence.—Some one asked Fontaine, the celebrated geometriician, what he did in society, where he remained almost perfectly silent. "I study," replied he, "the vanity of men, in order to mortify it occasionally."

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"THE GREAT BED OF WARE."

Few objects of antiquarian curiosity have acquired more notoriety than a bedstead of unusually large dimensions, which has been preserved, between two and three centuries past, at an inn at Ware, twenty miles from London, on the road to Cambridge. That "the Bed of Ware" was "familiar as household words" at the period we have alluded to, may be inferred from Shakspeare employing it as an object of comparison, in his play of *Twelfth Night*, bearing date 1614: thus:—

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir Toby Belch. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curt and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention; taunt him with the

licence of ink; if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for *the Bed of Ware* in England, set 'em down; go about it, &c.—Act iii. Scene 2.

Still, we gather little from the county historian relative to "the Bed." Clutterbuck, in his folio work, observes: "One of the inns at Ware, known by the name of the Saracen's Head, contains a bed of unusually large dimensions, measuring twelve feet square, consisting wholly of oak, curiously and elaborately carved. After diligent inquiry, I have not been able to meet with any written document, or local tradition, which throws any light upon the history of this curious Bed, to

which allusion is made by Shakspeare in his play of *Twelfth Night*. There is a date of 1463 painted on the back of the bed; but it appears to be more modern than the bed itself, which, from the style of the carving, may be referred to the age of Queen Elizabeth."

In this absence of recorded fact, fable has been twofold busy. We are not, therefore, surprised to find the possession of this Bed attributed to Warwick "the King maker," the wealthiest, ablest, and most munificent noble of his time, who is reported to have fed at his tables 30,000 persons daily. This tradition, in all probability, explains the date of 1463—the period at which Warwick flourished, in the wars of the White and Red Roses—which we suspect to have been *painted* to suit the story; and which further states the bedstead to have been sold, amongst other moveables belonging to Warwick, at Ware Park.

"The Bed" has just been pressed into the story of the Merry Devil of Edmonton, which, as intimated in our last Number, has been "worked up" into the pantomime now performing at Covent Garden Theatre: but, with full disposition to bear testimony to the ingenuity of the author of the harlequinade, we are sceptical as to the authority for his "Some Account of the Great Bed of Ware," prefixed to the programme of the performance. At the same time, his narrative is very amusing; and this we take to be his main object: but the reader shall judge:—

"In the town of Ware, in Hertfordshire, is a Great Bed, capable of holding twenty-four persons;* which was made by one Jonas Fosbrooke, a journeyman carpenter, and presented to the Royal Family, in 1463, as a rare specimen of carving, and for the use of the said Royal Family, for princes or nobles of gentle blood to sleep in on any great occasions. The King, being much pleased with the workmanship and great labour of the maker, (it having taken him at least thirty years to complete,) allowed him a pension of forty marks a year; which he enjoyed till his death.

"There is also a strange legend attached to this Bed, which runs thus:—That after many years, being much neglected, this Bed was used on occasions of the town being very full, for any large parties to sleep in; such as those engaged in hunting, or attendant on weddings, &c. Whenever so used, its occupants were always unable to obtain their wished-for sleep, being in the night subject to all kinds of pinching, nipping, and scratching, till at

*"Twelve butchers and their wives," runs the tale.

last the Bed became deserted. The reason is said to be this, that the spirit of Jonas Fosbrooke always hovered about his favourite work, and being vexed at the base use it was put to, (he having made it for nought but noble blood to sleep in,) prevented any body else from getting a moment's rest.

"There is also a story of one Harrison Saxby, of Lancashire, a Master of the Horse to King Henry VIII., who, having fallen deeply in love with the daughter of a miller and maltster residing in Chalk Island, near Ware, (she having several other suitors of her own rank,) swore he would do anything to obtain her. This coming to the ears of the King, as he was passing through Ware, on his way to his favourite retreat at Hertford, his Majesty ordered the girl and all her suitors before him, and, to set the matter at rest, promised her hand to him who would sleep all night in the Great Bed, provided he be found there in the morning. The suitors, all being superstitious, declined; but the Master of the Horse complied, and retired to the chamber, though not to sleep or rest, for in the morning, on the servants of the King entering the apartment, he was found on the floor covered with bruises, and in a state of complete exhaustion."

The "pinching, nipping, and scratching," are, of course, evidence of the agency of witchcraft; and the story of Saxby and the miller's daughter makes an excellent framework for the pantomime introduction. The author adds that the Bed was removed from an inn opposite, (the George, its original situation,) about one hundred years ago. It is now to be seen at the Saracen's Head Inn; and it is stated to have been "twice reduced in size, to accommodate it to the chamber in which it is exhibited, the landlord finding the room more valuable than the Bed." In the same apartment with the Bed, are an old, carved cabinet, table, and chair, and an oval-framed picture.

Notwithstanding the assumed age of 1463, the Bedstead would appear, therefore, to be of the age of Queen Elizabeth, when the art of sculpture in wood may be said to have arrived at its zenith in this country. It is, as all the accounts concur in stating, elaborately carved; and the detail has been carefully preserved in the prefixed engraving. Its association with the Covent Garden pantomime will, doubtless, give it a new celebrity; but we hope no sacrilegious relic-hunter will mutilate its antique beauty.

On turning to the history of Ancient Furniture, we find that, so late as the fifteenth century, a gentleman's house

which contained three or four beds was well furnished. This deficiency was, however, much greater in private gentlemen's houses than among citizens, and especially foreign merchants. From an inventory of the goods of a rich Venetian trader residing in St. Botolph's Lane, in the City of London, A.D. 1481, he appears to have possessed no less than ten beds.

An interesting specimen of a bed of the thirteenth century may be seen in the frieze of Edward the Confessor's chapel at Westminster. Beside the bed, is the strong box, or iron-chest, of our days. The bedstead is low, and without posts; but it has a back and ornamented tester, and the curtains slide with rings upon a rod. In the following century, we find extremely rude bedsteads, with only a board at the head, apparently sliding up a pyramidal post. The fifteenth century presents us with a bedstead precisely resembling the modern one, posts excepted; which, indeed, were never very common. Those bedsteads with wooden heads and testers were richly carved: the curtains of cloth of gold, worsted, &c., were occasionally of great value; sometimes fastened to the bedstead, or taken down and suspended in churches on festivals. A bedstead, reputed to be of this period, is preserved at Rothley, near Leicester, and is believed to have been that on which slept Richard, Duke of Gloucester, at the Blue Boar Inn, at Leicester, on the night before the battle of Bosworth. This bedstead has been frequently engraved: it is by no means so elaborately carved as that at Ware, and may, therefore, be of earlier date. The story of the gold broad pieces, of the time of Richard, found in the bottom, head, and pillars, and the murder of the widowed owner, is too well known for repetition.

It has been truly said, that the artisan now enjoys luxuries in furniture, which were, but three centuries ago, beyond the reach of the King. Even in the time of Elizabeth, the comfort of a carpet was seldom felt, and the luxury of a fork unknown. Rushes commonly supplied the place of the former, and fingers were the invariable substitutes for the latter. The bedding of this period is described to have been straw pallets, or rough mats, covered only with a sheet, under coverlets of dogwain, and a good round log instead of a bolster or pillow. A householder, seven years after his marriage, thought himself well lodged with a mattress, or flock bed, and a sack of chaff for a pillow. Even "the lord of the town" seldom lay in a bed of down or whole feathers. An old writer says: "As for servants, if they had any sheet above them it was well; for seldom

had they any under their bodies to keep them from the pricking straws that run off through the canvas of the pallet, and raised their hardened hides." Again, in Skipton Castle, one of the most splendid mansions of the north, at this period, there were not more than seven or eight beds, nor had any of the chambers either chairs, glasses, or carpets. In a merchant's house, about the same period, we find the parlour had wainscot, a table, and a few chairs; the chambers above had two best beds, and there was one servant's bed; but the inferior servants had only mattresses on the floor. Yet this merchant is supposed to have been better supplied than the neighbouring gentry. His plate, however, consisted only of sixteen spoons, and a few goblets and ale-pots.

Although the balance, in point of comfort, is infinitely in favour of modern upholstery, on the other hand, the splendour of our hangings, bed furniture, and plate, is far inferior to that of earlier periods. Thus, we hear of carved and inlaid bedsteads, with hangings of cloth of gold, paled with white damask and black velvet, and embroidered with coats of arms; blue velvet powdered with silver lions; black satin with gold roses and escutcheons of arms; tapestry of cloths of gold and silver for hanging on the walls; gold plate enamelled with precious stones; and cloths of gold for covering tables; all which must have exceeded, in magnificence, any furniture of the present day. These gorgeous moveables descended from generation to generation, and many ancient wills contain bequests and inventories of them. They were, indeed, the wealth of great persons, who could easily convert them into cash, upon pledge, or by sale. Thus, we read of Wolsey's world of wealth consisting in

"The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household."

In these times, too, chests of cypress and cedar wood, filled with cloths of gold and silver, rich velvet hangings, and embroidered tapestries, were to be found in large mansions; as were cupboards of massive plate, such as chargers and goblets, and cups of gold, set with rubies, sapphires, and other jewels. Again, the counterpanes and hangings were in cloth of tapestry, or velvet, embroidered with gold till they stood upright of themselves; and they descended uncleaned, except by an occasional brushing, through half a dozen generations, of which they successively witnessed the births, weddings, and deaths.

In some of the fine old mansions of this country are preserved rich specimens of

the taste of our forefathers in furniture. Among these the hangings, or draperies, of beds deserve notice; for, anciently, there was in every large mansion a *state bed*, which was appropriated to visitors of rank, just as families in middle life have, in our time, their best, or spare bed. The furniture of the *state bed* usually consisted of silk damask, wrought with a great variety of colours and patterns, in which respect it differed from the damask now in use, only one colour being employed in the latter, and the elegance consisting in the richness of the material and the taste displayed in the pattern.*

Such a "*state bed*" we take to have been that "of Ware."

NEW ROOMS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Two elegant and spacious rooms, on a level with the mineralogical collection, have lately been opened to the public. They contain a very interesting and extensive collection of specimens illustrative of the manners and customs of the ancient and modern Egyptians. Among these we may mention the mummy of Trioui, son of Selsol; mummy of Harsontiof, priest of Ammon, in Thebes, holding various sacerdotal offices; mummy of a man of the Roman era; mummy of an unrolled female attached to the worship of Ammon; mummy of a Greco-Egyptian child; mummies of the bull, Egyptian sheep, gazelle, jackal, cat, crocodile, hawk, owl, and ibis; models of sepulchral boats for conveying the mummies from one place to another; model of a house with granaries, and exhibiting a female making bread; a long black wig, from a tomb near the small temple of Isis, at Thebes; several necklaces; and numerous beautiful vases.

DEATH OF DAVIES GILBERT, ESQ.

We regret to record the death of Davies Gilbert, Esq., D.C.L., which took place at Eastbourn, Sussex, on the 24th ult. Mr. Davies sat many years in parliament for the borough of Bodmin, in Cornwall, until its disfranchisement by the Reform Bill, in 1831. He was likewise President of the Royal Society, till the election of the Duke of Sussex to the chair, in 1830. Mr. Davies Gilbert possessed scientific qualifications of the highest order, and was likewise well versed in general literature. He was a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and a Member of the Royal Irish

Academy. In the year 1823, he published eight *Ancient Christmas Carols, with the Tunes to which they were formerly sung in the West of England*. In this laudable and successful effort to rescue from oblivion some carol melodies, which, in a few years, will be heard no more, the author states that, "on Christmas-day, these carols took the place of Psalms in all the churches, especially at afternoon service, the whole congregation joining; and, at the end, it was usual for the parish-clerk to declare, in a loud voice, his wishes for a merry Christmas and a happy new year." Mr. Gilbert was a native of Cornwall, of which county, in 1838, he published *The Parochial History*, founded on the MS. Histories of Mr. Hals and Mr. Tonkin; with additions and various appendices. The work extended to four bulky octavo volumes, numbering 1929 pages. Dr. Bouse appears to have contributed to this work the geology of each parish, an inquiry of much importance in a county so rich in mineral treasures as Cornwall. At the period of its publication, the venerable author had reached the age of threescore and ten. It is somewhat rare to meet with a combination of scientific and antiquarian attainments such as Mr. Davies Gilbert is known to have possessed.

NEW ZOOLOGICAL WORK.

Among the literary announcements of the new year is a *Natural History of Quadrupeds, and other Mammiferous Animals*; comprising a description of the class Mammalia, (including the principal varieties of the human race,) with an outline of the comparative osteology and general organization of its several groups:—being a complete history of all the known existing species, carefully adapted for popular information, and rendered interesting by copious details of their physical and intellectual powers, instincts, habits, and geographical distribution; together with an account of those extinct species, the remains of which occur only in a fossil state; by William Charles Linnaeus Martin, F.L.S. To be illustrated by upwards of 1000 engravings, of which about 500 will consist of representations of animals, beautifully engraved on wood, and drawn, (in every practicable instance from the life,) by William Harvey; the rest will comprise numerous anatomical, osteological, and other explanatory incidental figures, incorporated with the text. For the purpose of description, actual specimens will, in every possible instance, be resorted to. The author has diligently investigated the collections of the British Museum, and of the Zoological Society of London, of which

* From a work of entertaining antiquarianism, entitled *Domestic Life in England*

latter Institution he was, for many years, one of the officers in the scientific department; and, during the progress of the work, he will visit, and carefully examine, the treasures contained in the Museums and Vivaria of the principal Continental Cities, with a view to the verification of species, and to ensure fidelity of description.

MARGUERITE DE BOURGOGNE.

III.—THE BOHEMIAN.

BRIGHTLY and merrily did the glorious sun throw his first rays over the ancient city of Paris, on the morning after the events of the last chapter; whilst his beams were cheerfully reflected from the glittering vanes of the Sorbonne, and the tower of La Sainte-Chapelle, destroyed by fire some three centuries afterwards.—the old pointed minarets of the Palais de Justice, and the Tour d'Horloge, where the first great clock ever known in Paris was set up in 1370,—the summits of the churches of St. Gervais, St. Germain-des-Prés, St. Pierre de Chaillot,* and many other antique and gilded spires that then rose above the neighbouring buildings. The storm of the preceding night had so cleansed the usually dirty streets, that their rough pavements shone again with whiteness; and all the bustle and activity of the day was proceeding gaily, under the cheering aspect of the unclouded sky that spread its blue vault equally over all. The noble and artisan alike felt its influence; but the sunbeam that poured its joyous flood of light into the humble *mansarde* of the industrious grisette, intruded with a mellow and darkened ray through the rich curtains of the bed-chamber of the Queen of France.

Marguerite slumbered—the deep and heavy sleep of morning rested on her veiny eyelids, and enthralled her fancy by its mysterious power; linking together those wild and unconnected thoughts that flit across the visions of the early dreamer. Her repose, however, was not undisturbed, for her parched and fevered lips, from time to time, muttered some incoherent words, and the apparel of her couch was confused and in disorder; while her beautiful hair, escaped from all confinement, wandered negligently over her pillow and fair bosom, whose violent and

rapid heavings betokened much internal emotion.

But Marguerite was not the sole occupant of the chamber. Resting on a rich *fauteuil*, at the foot of the bed, sat Gauthier Daulnay, silently contemplating the sleeping form of his beloved Queen. He had arrived before the crowd of courtiers, who every morning attended Marguerite's *réveil*; and was now anxiously waiting until she might awake, and receive those oft-repeated expressions of allegiance and endearment that it was his constant habit of offering.

"Have the spirits of heaven watched over the couch of my Queen, and given her peaceful slumbers and golden dreams?" asked he, as Marguerite, at length, opened her large blue eyes, and turned them languidly towards him.

"I have had dear visions, Gauthier," returned the Queen, as she extended her white hand for him to press his lips to: "I have dreamt of meeting a young cavalier who resembled you—was I not happy? He had your soft low voice—your eyes—the same fond expression!"

"And this vision, fairest! how ended it?"

"Let me remember, Gauthier," said Marguerite, passing her hand across her forehead, "for I am scarcely yet awake, and my ideas are vague and confused. This dream, then—oh! it had a terrible denouement—I thought I was wounded in the face."

"In effect, madame," said the favourite, "you are hurt: there is blood upon your forehead."

"Yes, yes: I know—I remember now," returned the Queen, speaking rapidly with a tremulous accent. "A gold hair-pin from my head-dress has rolled off upon my pillow during the night, and it has scratched me—it is no more. But your brother, Gauthier—you will present him to me this morning, will you not? I love him already for your sake."

"Keep your love for me alone, my beautiful Queen," answered Gauthier; "for I should be jealous, even of my brother, although he is my second existence."

"And the first?"

"Is yourself, *ma belle maitresse*," returned the young courtier with warmth; "or, rather, you are my life—my soul; and in the throbbings of your heart I have learned to count my own. If you loved as I do, you would shew me more affection—you would be all to me, and to me only."

"No, *mon ami*, no," said the Queen; "leave me, I beseech you, a chaste and pure love. Remember, that one indiscretion, nay, one single word, is fatal to Queens; and content yourself with loving

* At the date of our legend (A. D. 1313), there were only nine churches in Paris: viz. Notre-Dame, Saint Gervais, Saint Pierre de Chaillot, Saint Médard, Saint Nicholas-du-Chardonnet, La Sainte Chapelle, La Sorbonne, Saint Germain-des-Prés, and Saint Nicholas-des-Champs. The names of the last two indicate their rural situation at their foundation. The number of churches in Paris, at present, is forty-four.

me, Gauthier, and with knowing that I love to hear you say so."

"The King returns to-morrow," said Gauthier sadly.

"And with him," added the Queen, "an end to our long and happy interviews. But let us speak of other things—what noise is that without?"

"'Tis the approach of our young lords to attend your *réveil*."

"They must not wait, then, or they will think I care not for them. I shall see you again with them, shall I not? Go, Gauthier, and join them, and, remember, if it was love that formed the kingdom of our beautiful France, you would be my only master—my only king."

A gay crowd of nobles and courtiers greeted Gauthier warmly as he entered the ante-chamber upon leaving the Queen's apartments; for he was known to be the favourite, and, indeed, his open-hearted, and generous demeanour, had gained him many friends.

"Give you good day, Gauthier," said the Count de Savoisy, advancing and offering his hand. "How fares this morning the Marguerite of Marguerites, the pearl of pearls, the Queen of France, Navarre, and Bourgoigne?"

"I know not, monseigneur, for, I am but even now arrived, and I expected to find my brother amongst you. Monsieur de Pierrefonds, is there aught of news this morning?"

"Nothing of consequence," returned the courtier. "They have found another body in the Seine this morning, below the tower."

"The Seine is a babbler," rejoined Savoisy, "that does not keep the secrets which are confided to it. At two o'clock this morning, I passed the Louvre, and some of the windows of the Tour de Nesle were brilliantly illuminated: it must have been a *fête*-night in the tower."

"I love not much that dark mass of stone," said Pierrefonds, "which appears during the night like an evil genius, watching over the city, and casting fire, at intervals, from all its openings, like an outlet of hell; with the dark sky above it, and the river bubbling at its feet. If you knew the stories which the people relate"—

"You forget, messieurs, that it is a building belonging to the palace," said Gauthier.

"Besides which," added Savoisy, "the King arrives to-morrow, and he is not fond of news that he has not made himself. Is it not so, Monsieur de Marigni?"

It was to the prime minister of France that this question was addressed, as he entered the apartment, to join the throng of nobles there assembled.

"What said you to me, Savoisy?" he inquired. "Repeat it, that I may answer your question."

"I merely said," returned the other, "that the people of Paris were a people but too happy in having Louis the Tenth for a monarch, and Monsieur de Marigni for prime minister."

The arch expression with which Savoisy accompanied this ready subterfuge, and the smothered tittering of the courtiers, would have betrayed him, had not the announcement of the Queen's arrival called away the attention of Marigni. As Marguerite entered the chamber, radiant with beauty and dignity, the crowd of nobles bent before her, and, under the double influence of majesty and loveliness, offered up their usual oaths of duty and allegiance.

"I do not see your brother, Seigneur Gauthier," exclaimed the Queen, after she had briefly replied to the compliments and flatteries of her courtiers. "You were to have brought him with you—was it not so?"

"I am most uneasy on his account, madame," answered Daulnay. Oh! this cursed city of Paris, so full of Bohemians and sorcerers. . . . You need not shrug your shoulders, Monsieur de Marigni: I do not accuse you of negligence, for the town, increasing as it does, may well escape your vigilance. They have again found a mangled corpse below the Tour de Nesle, this morning!"

"They have found two, sir!" said Marigni, coldly.

"Two!" exclaimed Marguerite involuntarily, but in so low a tone as to be unheard.

"And who, think you, commits these murders," asked Gauthier, "but the Bohemians and sorcerers, who have need of blood for their dreadful orgies? Do you think they can force Nature to reveal her secrets, without some horrible incantations?"

"You forget, Messire Gauthier," said the Queen, smiling, "that Monsieur de Marigni does not believe in necromancy."

"And yet, madame," said Savoisy, who had been standing in the recess of the window, "we have but to cast our eyes into the street, and we shall see nothing but these same sorcerers. Even now, there is one in front of your palace, who seems waiting that we should consult him, for he has marvellously fixed his eyes on this window."

"Call him hither, then, Seigneur de Savoisy," said Marguerite, gaily; "I should like to know what will happen to our minister on the King's return."

"Come up here, Bohemian," cried Sa-

voisy from the window, delighted at the prospect of annoying Marigni. "Come up here, and lay in a stock of excellent news on your way, for it is a Queen that desires to know the future."

"Messieurs," exclaimed Marguerite, "we must receive this great magician with due solemnity."

"Decidedly," returned Savoisy; "but as his knowledge can come alike from the gods and the demons, at all events we will cross ourselves. But he is here—*par Dieu!* he must have walked through the walls."

As he spoke, the Bohemian entered the apartment, with a firm and measured step, and, slightly inclining his head to the Queen, remained standing at the door. His tall and commanding figure was closely shrouded in a cloak, beneath whose ample hood he likewise concealed his face.

"Cursed Bohemian!" said Savoisy, approaching him; "the Queen has sent for you, in order that you may tell our prime minister" —

"If you wish me to speak to him, allow me to approach," interrupted the magician, passing towards the premier. "Enguerrand de Marigni, I am here."

"Listen, then, sorcerer," said Marigni, in his usual cold, calm tone; "if you wish to be welcome, you will announce the heaviest disgrace, or death, which may be impending for me; and you will see that your predictions will fall as unheeded on my ear, as they will astonish those around me."

"Enguerrand," returned the gipsy, solemnly, "I have but one disgrace, and one death to announce to you; but the one will be speedy, and the other terrible. If you have any account to render unto God, I warn you to hasten, for you have but three days left to settle."

"Thank you, Bohemian," answered Marigni, with affected gaiety. "I know not if I have but three hours, neither do you. But others wait to question you—again I thank you;" and Marigni turned towards the window, biting his lip.

"And now, Gauthier Daulnay," resumed the Bohemian, "what wish you to know: at your age the past is but as yesterday—the future as to-morrow."

"Well, sorcerer, tell me of the present," said the Queen's favourite, "what passes in my mind at this instant?"

"You expect your brother," returned the seer, "and he comes not."

"And my brother—where is he?"

"The people are crowding towards the banks of the Seine; they surround two corpses, and cry '*malheur!*'"

"Bohemian! what mean you?"

"Descend—run to the *Grève*, and there inspect the left arm of one of those unhappy ones: there will then be one voice more to cry '*malheur.*' Ah! you take me now."

Had an earthquake shivered the costly and gilded walls of the royal Louvre at his feet, Gauthier Daulnay would not have quailed more than he did, before the last words of the sorcerer. Then, starting wildly from the circle of nobles that surrounded him, he violently thrust open the door of the ante-chamber with one blow of his arm, and rushed down the tapestried staircase, exclaiming, as he ran, or rather flew, across the court, "Philippe! my brother! they have murdered thee!"

The courtiers, astonished at the scene which had just passed, had collected into little groups, and were about to discuss the probability of the prediction more carefully, when the Bohemian, approaching the Queen, said to her, with a rapid utterance:—

"Is there nothing Marguerite de Bourgogne wishes to learn? or, does she believe that I can tell her nothing? Thinks the Queen that a royal life is superhuman, or that mortal eyes cannot read it?"

"I wish to know nothing, Bohemian," returned the Queen, "nothing."

"And yet," rejoined the sorcerer, boldly placing his foot upon the first step of the throne, "you have made me attend here. Marguerite! I will compel you to hear me. Queen of France! you mistrusted the news, when you heard that two bodies had been found below the Tour de Nesle this morning: did you not expect *three*?"

"Silence!" exclaimed the Queen; "Silence! or tell me whence this power of divining comes."

The Bohemian placed his hand in his breast, and drew thence a gold hair-pin. "Behold my talisman, Marguerite. You shrink from me—you carry your hand to your forehead. I have finished. And yet," he added, after a moment's pause, "I would tell you one word more; but it must be to you alone. Seigneur de Marigni, you must retire."

"Bohemian," returned the minister, "I receive no orders but from my Queen."

"Retire then; I beseech you, if it is but for one instant," said Marguerite, to the astonished premier.

The Bohemian bent his head towards Marguerite so closely that their faces almost touched; and then whispering, in a low, rapid voice, "You see, Queen, that I know all: that your love—your honour—your life are in my hands. Marguerite! this night I shall expect you, after the curfew, at the tavern of Orsini. We must meet there—and alone."

"Is it proper for the Queen of France to meet a stranger alone, and at that hour?" asked Marguerite, trembling with emotion.

"It is nearer to the Porte St. Honoré, than to the Tour de Nesle," coldly returned the Bohemian.

"I will come then, sorcerer; on my royal word, I will come."

"And you will bring a parchment, and the state seal. From thence you will be at liberty to return to your own palace, which must, for to-day, be closed to everybody, and above all to Gauthier Daulnay. I may expect you, then?"

"I have told you I will come," returned Marguerite, passing hurriedly to her chamber; and the Bohemian walked calmly through the circle of nobles to the principal door of egress; and, waving his hand to the astonished and petrified group, departed.

"Messeigneurs," said Savoisy, as the door closed on the strange visitor, "have you seen aught like this? Is it a fiend, or a man, that has been amongst us?"

"What can he have told the Queen?" wondered Pierrefonds.

"Monsieur de Marigni," continued Savoisy, "you were close to Marguerite: did you hear what passed between them?"

"I, probably, did, messieurs," was the reply; "but I remember only that which concerns myself."

"'Tis well," said Savoisy; "and will you believe henceforth in sorcery?"

"Why more than before? He has foretold my disgrace, and yet I am still minister: he has foretold my death—*vrai Dieu*, messieurs, if one of you wishes to assure himself that I am still living, he has but to say so. I have a sword at my side, which can answer for its master."

The bitter tone in which Marigni delivered this last speech, threw a silence over the whole party; and they were separating with the exchange of cold and unmeaning salutes, when a hurried step was heard upon the staircase, and immediately afterwards Gauthier Daulnay, pale and disordered, rushed into the room.

"Justice! justice!" he exclaimed, precipitating himself into the midst of them. "It is my brother, messeigneurs, my brother, Philippe, the only relation I have in the world, that they have murdered. He is drowned—assassinated—at the *Grève*! Give me his murderer, that I may tear his heart from his warm and living bosom, and cast it, bloody and quivering, in his face. His assassins—Savoisy, Pierrefonds, do you know them? Oh! answer me; by your lady, speak!"

"Gauthier, you are mad: be calm," said Savoisy, approaching him.

"Stand off!" he shouted in a voice of thunder; "I am not mad. I will give my rank—my blood—my gold, to him who shall name his murderer. Monsieur de Marigni, have a care, for it is you who must answer for this. You are the guardian of the city of Paris; not one drop of blood is spilt—not one murder is committed, but it stains your fame. Where is the Queen? I must see Marguerite, and she will give me justice. My brother! my brother!"

"Gauthier," exclaimed Savoisy, "my friend"—

"I have no friend," interrupted Daulnay; "I had a brother, and I will have that brother living, or his assassin dead. Marguerite! Marguerite! It is I, Gauthier Daulnay—*your* Gauthier, that demands entrance;" and he beat his clenched fist violently against the door of the Queen's apartment.

"You cannot pass, sir," said the captain of the guard, intercepting him.

"It is I, Joannes," replied Gauthier. "I can pass. Marguerite, the Queen, will see me, I tell you, although all else be denied. Stand back, varlets, or, by our holy lady, you shall repent this interference."

He drew his sword, and again advanced towards the royal apartments, when the guards, seizing either arm, closed around him, and drew him forcibly from the door. With a sudden and violent spring he cleared himself from their hold, and, then, laughing wildly and hysterically, fell senseless on the floor, with the blood streaming from his mouth and nostrils.

ALBERT.

LONDON STREET ARCHITECTURE.

V. NO. 13, CONDUIT-STREET.*

THIS elevation presents a handsome specimen of the Elizabethan, or Italianized, style, (*temp.* James I.) and which, from its great variety and irregularity, is particularly applicable to Street Architecture. The building is of fine red brick, with stone finishings; as are the decorative pilasters, consoles, window-cases, &c. The design has been very ingeniously continued in the shop-front, so as not to interfere with the requisites for display; whilst the superstructure has a mansion-like air; the

* The previous Nos. of this Series of Illustrations are contained in the following Nos. of the *Literary World*:

I. City of London Institution, Aldersgate-street No. 8.
II. Marine Insurance Office, Cornhill No. 30.
III. Phoenix Fire Office, Lombard-street ... No. 34.
IV. Nos. 73 and 74, High-street, Aldgate ... No. 36.

details and effects of which may be better appreciated by the annexed engraving, than by verbal description.



NO. 13, CONDUIT-STREET, HANOVER SQUARE.

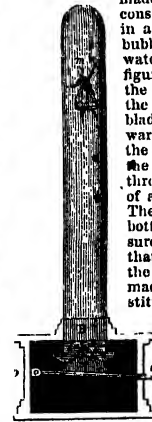
AMUSEMENTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

At this festal season, the following selection of Novelties in Popular Science may be acceptable to many a merry circle. These Experiments have been derived from a very elegant and entertaining little work, entitled *Parlour Magic*; the materials for which have been simplified from scientific treatises, the authors of which have been rewarded with the highest academic honours. The reader will, therefore, be pleased to understand, that the recreation here offered to him is not of the cut-and-dry description, but such as has, with few exceptions, not hitherto appeared in books of recreative science.

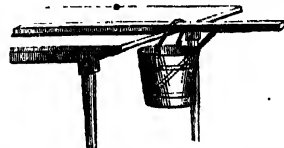
VISIBLE VIBRATION.—Provide a glass goblet about two-thirds filled with coloured water, draw a fiddle-bow against its edge, and the surface of the water will exhibit a pleasing figure, composed of fans, four, six, or eight in number, dependant on the dimensions of the vessel, but chiefly on the pitch of the note produced.

Or, nearly fill a glass with water, draw the bow strongly against its edge, the water will be elevated and depressed; and when the vibration has ceased, and the surface of the water has become tranquil, these elevations will be exhibited in the form of a curved line, passing round the interior surface of the glass, and above the surface of the water. If the action of the bow be strong, the water will be sprinkled on the inside of the glass, above the liquid surface, and this sprinkling will show the curved line very perfectly, as in the engraving. The water should be carefully poured, so that the glass above the liquid be preserved dry; the portion of the glass between the edge and the curved line, will then be seen partially sprinkled; but, between the level of the water and the curved line, it will have become wholly wetted, thereby indicating the height to which the fluid has been thrown.

THE PNEUMATIC DANCER.—This amusing pneumatic toy consists of a figure made of glass, or enamel, and so constructed as to remain suspended in a glass jar of water. An air-bubble, communicating with the water, is placed in some part of the figure, shewn at *m*, near the top of the jar, *A*, in the engraving. At the bottom, *B*, of the vessel is a bladder, which can be pressed upwards by applying the finger to the extremity of a lever, *e*, *a*, when the pressure will be communicated through the water to the bubble of air, which is thus compressed. The figure will then sink to the bottom; but, by removing the pressure, the figure will again rise, so that it may be made to dance in the vessel, as if by magic. Fishes made of glass, are sometimes substituted for the human figure. A common glass jar may be used for this experiment, in which case the pressure should be applied to the upper surface, which should be a piece of bladder, instead of being placed at the bottom, as shewn in the figure engraved.



THE SELF-BALANCED PAIL.—You lay a stick across the table, letting one-third of it project over the edge; and you undertake to hang a pail of water on it, without either fastening the stick on



the table, or letting the pail rest on any support; and this feat, the laws of gravitation will enable you literally to accomplish.

You take the pail of water, and hang it by the handle upon the projecting end of the stick, in such

a manner that the handle may rest on it in an inclined position, with the middle of the pall within the edge of the table. That it may be fixed in this situation, place another stick with one of its ends resting against the side at the bottom of the pall, and its other end against the first stick, where there should be a notch to retain it. By these means, the pall will remain fixed in that situation, without being able to incline to either side; nor can the stick slide along the table, or move along its edge, without raising the centre of gravity of the pall, and the water it contains.

CAOUTCHOUC BALLOONS.—Put a little ether into a bottle of caoutchouc, close it tightly, soak it in hot water, and it will become inflated to a considerable size. These globes may be made so thin as to be transparent.

A piece of caoutchouc, the size of a walnut, has been extended to a ball fifteen inches in diameter; and a few years since, a caoutchouc balloon, thus made, escaped from Philadelphia, and was found 130 miles from that city.

GAS FROM INDIAN RUBBER.—Put caoutchoucine, or the spirit distilled from caoutchouc, or Indian rubber, into a phial, little more than sufficient to cover the bottom, and the remainder of the phial will be filled with a heavy vapour; pour this off the spirit into another phial, apply to it a piece of lighted paper, and the vapour will burn with a brilliant flame.

COLOURED FLAMES.—A variety of rays of light is exhibited by coloured flames, which are not to be seen in white light. Thus, pure hydrogen gas will burn with a blue flame, in which many of the rays of light are wanting. The flame of an oil-lamp contains most of the rays which are wanting in sun-light. Alcohol, mixed with water, when heated, or burned, affords a flame with no other rays but yellow. The following salts, if finely powdered, and introduced into the exterior flame of a candle, or into the wick of a spirit-lamp, will communicate to flame their peculiar colours:

Muriate of Soda (common salt)	Yellow.
Muriate of Potash	Pale Violet.
Muriate of Lime	Brick red.
Muriate of Strontia ..	Bright crimson.
Muriate of Lithia ..	Red.
Muriate of Baryta ..	Pale apple-green.
Muriate of Copper ..	Bluish green.
Borax	Green.

Or, either of the above salts may be mixed with spirit of wine, as directed for Red Fire.

COLOURED SHADOWS.—Provide two lighted candles, and place them upon a table before a white-washed or light papered wall: hold before one of the candles a piece of coloured glass, taking care to remove to a greater distance the candle before which the coloured glass is not placed, in order to equalize the darkness of the two shadows. If you use a piece of green glass, one of the shadows will be green, and the other a fine red; if you use blue glass, one of the shadows will be blue, and the other a pale yellow.

THE PENNY POST.

THE Lords of Her Majesty's Treasury have received upwards of 2,600 communications respecting the new Postage system, neither of which plans they will adopt without modification and combination with other arrangements. They have awarded £100 to the four which they consider most distinguished for originality or completeness.

To ensure, as far as practicable, the pre-payment of letters, stamped envelopes

are to be used, and the following kinds are in preparation:

1. *Stamped covers.*—The stamp being struck on pieces of paper of the size of half a sheet of quarto letter paper.

2. *Stamped envelopes.*—The stamp being struck on pieces of paper of a lozenge form, of which the stationers and others may manufacture envelopes.

3. *Adhesive stamps,* or stamps on small pieces of paper, with a glutinous wash at the back, which may be attached to letters either before or after they are written; and,

4. *Stamps to be struck on paper of any description,* which the public may send to the Stamp-office for that purpose.

The paper for the first, second, and third kinds of stamps, to be peculiar in its water-mark, or some other feature, but to be supplied to Government by competition.

A considerable time will be required for completing the dies, plates, and machinery, (much of which is of novel construction,) for the manufacture of the above stamps. Still, on January the 10th next, the following arrangements will come into operation:

The scale of weight already established for General Post letters to be extended to the London district and other local post letters.

The charge on all letters passing between one part of the United Kingdom and another, whether by the General Post or the London district, or other local post, to be 1d. per single rate.

Such postage to be pre-paid; if not pre-paid, to be charged double on delivery.

Letters between the United Kingdom and the Colonies to be charged, if conveyed by packet, and not passing through France, at the rate of 1s. per single rate; and, if conveyed by private ship, at the rate of 8d. per single rate in whatever part of the United Kingdom they may be posted or delivered.

Letters between the United Kingdom and foreign countries (those passing to, or from, or through France excepted) to be charged as follows:—

If conveyed by packet, and posted at the port of departure, or delivered at the port of arrival within the United Kingdom, the present packet rates. If posted, or delivered in any other part of the United Kingdom, 2d. per single rate, in addition to the present packet rates, unless where a lower charge shall now exist, in which case such lower charge to continue.

If conveyed by private ship, 8d. per single rate, in whatever part of the United Kingdom they may be posted or delivered.

Letters to and from France, or passing through France, are not to exceed in charge that rate which is now chargeable on a letter to and from London; but this arrangement is expected to be altered in a treaty with France. Letters passing *via* France between the United Kingdom and the Mediterranean, Egypt, and the East Indies, to be charged as at present.

The privilege of franking, both parliamentary and official, to cease. (Thenceforth franks will be treasurable autographs.)

Addresses to Her Majesty, parliamentary petitions, newspapers, and soldiers' and sailors' letters, to remain privileged; except that a soldier or sailor's single letter is not to exceed in weight half an ounce.

All letters at the reduced rate, must be posted throughout London, at five o'clock; and in the country an hour and a half earlier than at present.

The fees for late letters are to be as follows:

From the future hour of closing each box, until the present hour, 1d. per letter or packet, without regard to its weight; and after the present hour of closing each box, 2d. per letter or packet, except where a larger fee is now established, in which case the present fee will continue.

These are the principal items of the Treasury Minute, dated December 26, 1839; to which document the reader is referred for other "privileges" and arrangements of more special importance than the above.

New Books.

UP THE RHINE. BY THOMAS HOOD.

[SUCH is the title of the *Comic Annual* for the present year—a work, in many respects, of higher pretensions than its predecessors—of superior framework and *materiel*, and likely to receive twofold the customary "annual" attention from the reading public. It is primed with humour throughout, and occasionally set off with poetic feeling, and fancy, such as those who are acquainted with Mr. Hood's genius only through the medium of his *Comic Annual*, would scarcely give him the credit of possessing. Amidst abundance of broad humour, there is much that has point-work of elaborate finish; the satire is keener, yet pleasanter, than usual; and, with all this refinement, there is a due admixture of that homeliness of incident, and that nice discernment of the ridiculous, which are the leading characteristics of Mr. Hood's most popular works. With such high claims, *Up the Rhine* must elevate the facetious author in public estimation; especially as the *ad libitum* fun of the *Comic Annual* had, for some time past, been running on the lees.

The framework of the present volume is, literally, a family tour of the Rhine; the party consisting of Uncle Orchard, a hypochondriac of the first water—a very teetotaler in melancholy—and his nephew, Frank Somerville, a bright setting for the old man's gravity; then we have Mrs. Wilmot, a widow, sister of Orchard, luxuriating in green sorrow; which is well set off by the *etourderie* of her communicative "woman," Martha Penny. "To forestal such critics as are fond of climbing up a Mât de Cocagne for a Mare's Nest at the top," observes the author, in his Preface, "the following work was constructed, partly on the ground-plan of *Humphrey Clinker*, but with very inferior materials, and on a much humbler scale." The whole

is in the form of letters, interspersed with incidental verses, prose legends, &c., commemorating the wonders and the humours of the journey. Here and there, by the way, we are reminded of the grave and sly shafts of the old Man of "the Bubbles from the Brunnen," though, without any approach to imitation; for the only want of originality in Mr. Hood is, that he occasionally borrows from himself. We have not space to follow the narrative of the tour, and so must content ourselves with a few flying snatches. First is a lyric of

Rotterdam.

TO * * * *

- I gaze upon a city
- A city new and strange;
- Down many a wat'ry vista
- My fancy takes a range;
- From side to side I saunter,
- And wonder where I am;—
- And can you be in England,
- And I at Rotterdam!

Before me lie dark waters,
In broad canals and deep,
Whereon the silver moonbeams
Sleep, restless in their sleep:
A sort of vulgar Venice
Reminds me where I am.—
Yes, yes, you are in England,
And I'm at Rotterdam.

Tall houses, with quaint gables,
Where frequent windows shine,
And quays that lead to bridges,
And trees in formal line,
And masts of spicy vessels,
From distant Surinam,—
All tell me you're in England,
And I'm at Rotterdam.

Those sailors,—how outlandish
The face and garb of each!
They deal in foreign gestures,
And use a foreign speech;
A tongue not learned near Isis,
Or studied by the Cam,
Declares that you're in England,
But I'm at Rotterdam.

And now across a market
My doubtful way I trace,
Where stands a solemn statue,
The Genius of the place;
And to the great Erasmus
I offer my salam,—
Who tells me you're in England,
And I'm at Rotterdam.

The coffee-room is open,
I mingle with the crowd;
The dominoes are rattling,
The hookahs raise a cloud;
A flavour, none of Fearon's,
That mingles with my dram,
Reminds me you're in England,
But I'm in Rotterdam.

Then here it goes, a bumper,—
The toast it shall be mine,
In Schiedam, or in Sherry,—
Tokay, or Hock of Rhine,—
It well deserves the brightest
Where sunbeam ever swam,—
"The girl I love in England,"
I drink at Rotterdam.

[Here is an admirably descriptive page from one of Somerville's letters.]

In consequence of the sea running so high, we were unable to proceed to Rotterdam by the usual channel; and were occupied during a great part of the second day in going at half speed through the canals. Tedious as was this course, it afforded us a night of some of the characteristic scenery of that very remarkable country called Holland. We had abundant leisure to observe the picturesque craft, with their high cabins, and cabin windows well furnished with flower-pots and frowns.—In fact, floating houses;—while the real houses, scarcely above the water-level, looked like so many family arks that had gone only ashore, and would be got off next tide. These dwellings, of either kind, looked scrupulously clean, and particularly gay; the houses, indeed, with their bright pea-green doors and shutters, shining, bran new, as if by common consent, or some clause in their leases, they had all been freshly painted within the last week. But probably they must thus be continually done in oil to keep out the water,—the very Dryads, to keep them dry, being favoured with a coat, or, rather, pantaloons, of sky-blue or red, or some smart colour, on their trunks and lower limbs. At times, however, nothing could be seen but the banks, till, perchance, you detected a steeple, and a few chimneys, as if a village had been sowed there, and was beginning to come up. The vagaries of the perspective, originating in such an arrangement, were rather amusing. For instance, I saw a ruminating cow apparently chewing the top of a tree; a Quixotic donkey attacking a windmill, and a wonderful horse, quietly reposing and dozing with a weathercock growing out of his back. Indeed, it is not extravagant to suppose that a frog, without hopping, often enjoys a bird's-eye view of a neighbouring town. So little was seen of the country, that my aunt, in the simplicity of her heart, inquired seriously, "Where's Holland?"

[In the sequel, we scarcely go with the author in his jest on the rainbow. Next, is an extract from one of the Uncle's letters.]

Now I am here, I am not sorry to have had a peep at such a country as Holland; but being described by so many better hands, in books of travel, besides pictures, I need not enlarge. If you only fancy the very worst country for hunting in the whole world, except for otter-dogs, you will have it exactly. Every highway is a canal; and as for lanes and bridle-roads, they are nothing but ditches. By consequence, the lives of the natives are spent between keeping out water and letting in liquor, such as schiedam, anisced, curaçoa,

and the like; for, except for the *damming*, they would be drowned like so many rats, and without the *drumming*, they would be martyrs to ague and rheumatics, and the marsh fever. Frank says, the Hollanders are such a cold-blooded people, that nothing but their ardent spirits keeps them from breeding back into fishes; he that as it may, I have certainly seen a Dutch youngster, no bigger than your own little Peter, junior, toss off his glass of *schnapps*, as they call it, as if it was to save him from turning into a sprat. It is only fair to mention, that Dutch water seems meant by Providence for scouring, or scrubbing, or washing, or sailing upon, or any other use in nature, except to drink neat. It costs poor Martha a score of wry faces only to hear it named, for she took one dose of it for want of warning, and it gave her a rattling fit of what she calls the Colliery Morbus.

[And now for a specimen of the Penny Correspondence—not Postage.]

To Rebecca Page, at the Woodlands,
near Becknam, Kent.

DEAR BECKY,—This is to say we are all safe and well, tho' it's a wonder, for forriu traveling is like a deceitful luvver, witch don't improve on acquaintance. Wat haven't I gone thro since my last faver! Fast moribund by bad Dutch warter, and then frited to deth at Nim Again with a false alarm of the French, besides a dreadful could ketched, by leavin my warm bed, and no time to clap on a vursal thing, except my best cap. Well, I've give three warnins, and the next, as mustar says, will be for good, even if I have to advertize for a plaice, but ketch me sayin no objexshuns to go abroad. Not but Missis have had her own trials, but that's between our too selves, for she wouldn't like it to git about that she have had a pitcht battel with a dwarf for a glass of gin. Then there's the batterd brass pale, and the Holland—only think, Becky, of the bewtiful Dutch linnin being confiscated by the Custom-house Cæsars! It was took up for dutis at the Garman outskirts. But, as I told the officers, the King of Garmany or'n't to think only of the dutis dew to himself, but of his dutis towards his nabers. The Prushian customs is very bad customs, that's certin. Every thing that's xported into the country must pay by wait, with naterally falls most heviest on the litest pusses. There's dress. Rich fokes can go in spider nets and gossumers, and fine gorses, but pore peple must ware thick stuffs and gingums, and all sorts of corse and doreable texters, and so the hard workin class cum to be more taxt than the upper orders, with their flimsy habbits. The

same with other yuseful artikels. Wat's a silvur tooth pick in wait compared with a kitching pöker, or a filligre goold watch to an 8 day clock? Howsumever, the Dutch liuin was constipated in spite of my teeth, for Master chose to giv up the pint, and he deserves to go without a Shurt for his panes.

Amung other discomfits, theres no beds in the vessles up the Rind. So, for too hole days, we have been damp shifted, as they call it, without taking off our close, and, as you may suppose, I am tired of steeming. Our present stop is at Colon. They say its a verry old citty, and bilt by the Romans, and sure enuff roman noses didn't easily turn up. The natives must have verry strong oilfactories, that's certin. O, Becky, sich sniffs and guffs, in spite of my stuff hed! This mornin it rained cats and dogs, but the heviest shows cant pourify the place. It's enuff to fumigate a pleg. Won thing is the bad smells obligece strangers to buy the O de Colon, and praps the stencelis is encourrged on that account. The wust is, wen you want a bottel of the rite sort, theres so meuny Farinacious impostors, and Johns, and Marias, you don't know witch is him or her.

A DIARY IN AMERICA. PART SECOND. BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, C. B.

[THIS "continuation" has the rare merit of being equally attractive with the preceding volumes. There are the same aptitude for observation, knowledge of human nature, and facile mode of relating characteristic incidents, which entitle Captain Marryat to foremost rank among contemporary travellers. The Second Part, like its predecessor, is divided into chapters: nearly half of the first volume is occupied with "Travelling," the remarks on which, the Captain considers, will throw as much light upon American society as will be found in any chapters which he has written: the subject is by no means an unimportant one, as the degree of civilization of a country, and many important peculiarities, bearing strongly upon the state of society, are to be gathered from the high road; and the variety of entertainment for man and horse.]

Captain Marryat opens this chapter with some sensible replies to such Americans as have cavilled at portions of the first part of his work: and here is repeated the observation that "the United States comprehend an immense extent of territory, with a population running from a state of refinement to one of positive barbarism; and, although the Americans travel much, they travel the well-beaten path in which

that which is peculiar is not so likely to meet the eye or even the ear. It does not, therefore, follow, (adds the Captain,) that because what I remark is new to many of them, that, therefore, it is false. The inhabitants of the cities in the United States, (and it is those who principally visit this country,) know as little of what is passing in Arkansas and Alabama as a cockney does of the manners and customs of Guernsey, Jersey, and the Isle of Man." The author then remarks, and with great propriety, that he has been very particular in his localities, both in justice to himself and the Americans—a merit which must have struck every attentive and impartial reader of the first part of the *Diary*: he then recommends the cavillers to well digest what he has recorded; adding that, "although the work was not written for them, (the Americans,) but for his own countrymen, they will find that he has done them friendly service." The Captain was well prepared for his American cavillers; and, seeing how many vials of wrath they have poured upon his head, his reply must be considered as temperate, reasonable, and well-timed, characteristics which usually denote an author being in the right. At the same time, in these observations, lies a valuable lesson for all readers of travels in their own country; who are too apt to condemn as false that which has escaped their own notice, and to place out of the pale of probability such circumstances as have no counterpart in their own observation or experience. Through this fatal error, poor Bruce, the traveller in Africa, was bantered out of life; a few years after which some plain-speaking traveller confirmed the assumed improbabilities and extravagances of his journal.

The chapter on Travelling is racy with anecdote, as a few selections will denote.]

Horses in America.

The horses are remarkably good in the United States: they appear to be more hardy, and have much better hoofs, than ours in England; throwing a shoe, therefore, is not of the same consequence as it is with us, for a horse will go twenty miles afterwards with little injury. In Virginia and Kentucky the horses are almost all thorough-bred, and from the best English stock. The distances run in racing are much longer than ours, and speed without bottom is useless. The Americans are very fond of fast trotting horses; I do not refer to rackers, as they term horses that trot before and gallop behind, but fair trotters, and they certainly have a description of horse that we could not easily match in England. At New York, the

Third Avenue, as they term it, is the general rendezvous. I once went out there mounted on Paul Pry, who was once considered the fastest horse in America; at his full speed he performed a mile in two minutes and thirty seconds, equal to twenty-four miles per hour. He took me at this devil of a pace as far as Hell Gate; not wishing "to intrude," I pulled up there, and went home again. A pair of horses in harness were pointed out to me, who would perform the mile in two minutes fifty seconds. They use here light four-wheeled vehicles, which they call wagons, with a seat in the front for two persons, and room for your luggage behind; and in these wagons, with a pair of horses, they think nothing of trotting them seventy or eighty miles in a day, at the speed of twelve miles an hour: I have seen the horses come in, and they did not appear to suffer from the fatigue. You seldom see a horse bent forward, but they are all daisy cutters. The gentlemen of New York give very high prices for fast horses; 1,000 dollars is not by any means an uncommon price. In a country where time is everything, they put a proportionate value upon speed. Paul Pry is a tall grey horse, (now thirteen years old;) to look at, he would not fetch £10—the English omnibuses would refuse him.

Stage Coaches.

The delay in these conveyances is greater than might have been expected. The drivers, relates the Captain, will stop to talk to any one on the road about the price of the markets, the news, or anything else; and the same accommodation is cheerfully given to any passenger who has any business to transact on the way. The Americans are accustomed to it, and the passengers never raise any objections. There is a spirit of accommodation, arising from their natural good temper.*

I was once in a coach when the driver pulled up, and entered a small house on the road side; after he had been there some time, as it was not an inn, I expressed my wonder what he was about. "I guess I can tell you," said a man who was standing by the coach, and overheard me; "there's a pretty girl in that house, and he's doing a bit of courting, I expect." Such was the fact: the passengers laughed, and waited for him very patiently. He

* This spirit of accommodation produces what would, at first, appear to be rudeness, but is not intended for it. When you travel, or, indeed, when walking the streets in the Western country, if you have a cigar in your mouth, a man will come up—"Beg pardon, stranger," and whips your cigar out of your mouth, lights his own, and then returns yours. I thought it rather cool at first, but as I found it was the practice, I invariably did the same whenever I needed a light.

remained about three-quarters of an hour, and then came out. The time was, no doubt, to him very short; but to us it appeared rather tedious.

Deference to Females.

[The following is highly honourable to the American character:]

The one most important, and without which it would be impossible to travel in such a gregarious way, is an universal deference and civility shewn to the women, who may, in consequence, travel without protection all over the United States, without the least chance of annoyance or insult. This deference paid to the sex is highly creditable to the Americans; it exists from one end of the Union to the other; indeed, in the Southern and more lawless States, it is even more chivalric than in the more settled. Let a female be ever so indifferently clad, whatever her appearance may be, still it is sufficient that she is a female; she has the first accommodation, and until she has it, no man will think of himself. But this deference is not only shewn in travelling, but in every instance. An English lady told me, that, wishing to be present at the inauguration of Mr. Van Buren, by some mistake, she and her two daughters alighted from the carriage at the wrong entrance, and in attempting to force their way through a dense crowd, were nearly crushed to death. This was perceived, and the word was given—"Make room for the ladies." The whole crowd, as if by one simultaneous effort, compressed itself to the right and left, locking themselves together to meet the enormous pressure, and made a wide lane, through which they passed with ease and comfort. "It reminded me of the Israelites passing through the Red Sea with the wall of waters on each side of them," observed the lady. "In any other country we must have been crushed to death."

Perhaps it is owing to this deference to the sex that you will observe that the Americans almost invariably put on their best clothes when they travel; such is the case, whatever may be the cause; and the ladies in America, travelling or not, are always well, if not expensively dressed. They don't all swap bonnets as the two young ladies did in the stage-coach in Vermont.

[The third chapter on Travelling contains many details of

Steam Navigation.]

The author of "A Voice from America," states the list of steam-boat disasters, on the waters of the United States, for twelve months out of the years 1837-38, by bursting of boilers, burning, wrecks, &c.,

besides numerous others of less consequence, comprehends the total loss of eight vessels, and one thousand and eighty lives.

So that we have in England, { 631.....one year, 63.
loss in ten years
In America.....one year, 1,080.

Since the employment of steam vessels in the United States, 1,300 have been built, and of them two hundred and sixty have been lost by accidents.

The greatest loss of life by collision and sinking, was in the *Monmouth*,* in 1837, by which 300 lives were lost; *Oronoko*, by explosion, by which 130 or more lives were lost; and *Moselle*, at Cincinnati, by which from 100 to 120 lives were lost.

The greatest loss by shipwreck was in the case of the *Home*, on the coast of South Carolina, when 100 lives were lost; the greatest by fire, the *Ben Sherwood*, in 1837, by which 130 perished.

The three great casualties which occurred during my stay in America, were those of the *Ben Sherwood*, by fire; the *Home*, by wreck; and the *Moselle*, by explosion: and as I have authentic details of them, by Americans who were on board, or eye-witnesses, I shall lay them before my readers.

(To be continued.)

THE COMIC LATIN GRAMMAR.

(Continued from page 202.)

[By way of a holiday pic-nic, we give a few "more last words" from this very sparkling little volume. From the examples of the Verb we select a few tit-bits:]

A verb is the chief word in every sentence, as *Suspendatur* per collum, let him be hanged by the neck. It expresses the action or being of a thing. *Ego sum sapiens*, I am a wise man. *Tu es stultus*, thou art a fool. *Non hic amice, pernoctas*, you don't lodge here, Mr. Ferguson.

A verb is called transitive when the action passes on to the following noun, as *Seco baculum meum*, I cut my stick. Numerous examples of this kind of cutting, which may be called a comic section, are recorded in history, both ancient and modern. Even Hector cut his stick, (with Achilles after him,) at the siege of Troy. The Persians cut their stick at Marathon. Pompey cut his stick at Pharsalia, and so did Antony at Actium. Napoleon Bonaparte cut his stick at Waterloo.

The Imperative Mood is one much in the mouth of beaules, boatswains, bashaws, majors, magistrates, slave drivers, superintendents, serjeants, and jacks-in-office

of all descriptions—monitors, especially, and prefects of public schools, are very fond of using it on all occasions.

The Infinitive Mood is like a gentleman's cab, because it has no number.

We have not made up our minds exactly, whether to compare it to the "picture of nobody," mentioned in the Tempest, or to the "picture of ugliness," which young ladies generally call their successful rivals. It may be like one, or the other, or both, because it has no person.

Neither has it a nominative case before it; nor, indeed, has it any more business with one than a toad has with a side pocket.

Verbs Regular.—Rule 2. In repeating the different tenses of verbs, be careful to be provided with a short English verse, contrived so as to rhyme with the third person singular, and another to rhyme with the third person plural. In this way your powers of composition as well as of memory will be profitably exercised.

Example.

Second Conjugation. Moneo.

<i>Sing.</i>	Moneo, mones, monet, Reid and Co.'s heavy wet.
<i>Plu.</i>	Monemus, monetis, monent, Beats that from the firmament.

Rule. 3. Should you be desired to give the English of each person in the tense which you are repeating, you may (we mean a class of you,) follow a plan adopted with great success and striking effect in that kind of dramatic representation entitled "A Grand Opera," that of singing what you have to say. Hold up your head, turn out your toes, clear your voice, and begin. A-hem!

Fourth Conjugation. Audio.

Tris.

<i>Sing.</i>	Audio, I hear the Tartar drum! Audis, Thou hearest the Tartar drum! Audit, He hears the Tartar drum!—the Tartar drum! the Tartar drum!
--------------	---

Chorus. He hears!
He hears!

<i>He</i>	h - e - e - a - s - s the Tar - tar drum!
<i>Plu.</i>	Audimus, We hear the Tartar drum, &c.

(Of a Participle,—As a horse hath four legs, so hath a verb four participles,

Air.—Bonnets of Blue.

There's one of the present,—and then,
There's one of the future in *rus*;
Of the tense preterperfect a third,—and again,
A fourth of the future in *dux*.

Participles are declined like nouns adjective, as—but no! how can we ask our fair (blue) readers to decline a-man's (amans) loving.

Note. All participles are declined like nouns adjective. We recommend the above particles to be declined like *winking*.

* Indians transporting to the West.

Varieties.

New Steam-ships.—The *United States*, intended as a companion to the *Liverpool*, the property of the Transatlantic Steamship Company, is nearly ready for launching. The *President*, (engraved at page 161 of the present volume,) will arrive at Liverpool, from the Thames, very shortly, to take in her machinery in the Trafalgar dock, which she will be enabled to enter with a high tide.

Odd Education.—In an account of a tremendous commotion of the sea, at the Sandwich Islands, the narrator observes: "Happily, owing to the amphibious education of the people, but two lives were lost." We dare say, this is "National Education."

— naval

nometer; latitude by circum-meridian altitudes, latitude by meridian altitudes, and latitude by double altitudes; longitude by lunar (altitudes calculated); rate of chronometer by equal altitudes, star chronometer, star lunar, (both sides of the moon and altitudes calculated); time determined at sea by observation, and time determined at Greenwich by lunar distance taken at some other part of the day, for the purpose of finding the longitude; observations for determining the variation of the compass; elementary problems in marine surveying; nautical astronomy; college paper; algebra, progressing to the highest order of equations, and its application to the solution of geometrical problems; the first six, the eleventh, and twelfth, books of Euclid; plane and spherical trigonometry; mechanics, hydrostatics, and the theory of projectiles.

The Covent Garden Pantomime has been concocted by Mr. H. Younge, the author of fifty-seven pantomimes; and who, with this production, breaks his wand, and retires. The trick of "the Jolly Dogs" has evidently been borrowed from one of the best hits and cuts in the *Comic Almanack*.

The Daguerrotypes.—At the last sitting of the Academy of Sciences, at Paris, M. Arago announced an important improvement in the process of the Daguerrotypes. Hitherto it has been necessary, in order to give the gold-coloured coat of iodine to the silver plate, to expose it, for some length of time, to the vapour of iodine in a box, in which the chemical substance was placed. By the new mode, instead of placing the iodine in the box, a plate is first impregnated with the vapour, and this is placed in a flat box, within half an inch of the plate on which the drawing is to be taken. The box is then shut, and in two minutes the silver plate has acquired the proper tint. M. Daguerre hopes soon to simplify the process of the mercurial vapour after the drawing in an equally satisfactory way.—*Galignani's Messenger*; *Times*.

The Cat out.—"For whom were you wreathing these pretty flowers, *ma raignonne*?" "For my beautiful mamma's new wig, *ma'am*." "Have I not told you never to use the word *wig*? Say *hair*, always *hair*." "Yes, *ma'am*."—*The Governess*.

The Portland Vase.—A strange lesson has just been read to antiquaries and virtuosos, by a remarkable discovery in the British Museum. The famous Portland Vase, the pride of ancient, and wonder of modern, art—the theme of many an essay, and many a panegyric, has let in a new light upon the futile representations of antiquity. A few weeks ago, it was deemed necessary to wash this noble relic, in order to remove the accumulated dust of ages; when, lo! almost every figure was found to be designated by an inscription, and the purport and procession of the whole vase (we believe) to be thereby explained; and we can state that the theories of the late Mr. Payne Knight and Mr. Christia are utterly overturned by the facts now ascertained. When we consider how admirably these

theories were made out, and how satisfactory they appeared to be, need we repeat that this is a strange lesson to antiquaries and virtuosos.—*Lit. Gazette*.

The Deaf Lady.—"Speak a little louder, for I am so absent, that ten to one I shall forget you are speaking, unless you raise your voice." This was a subterfuge on the part of the old lady to conceal her deafness.—*Lady Blessington*.

A Wellington Testimonial is about to be erected in Edinburgh.

Africa.—An Expedition, under the orders of Capt. Trotter, R. N., in which three iron snuffers are to be engaged, is about to be fitted, to proceed up the Niger.—*Times*.

Drury Lane Pantomime.—The opening scenes of this harlequinade are taken from the Adventures of Jack Sheppard; which were set upon the stage of old Drury Lane Theatre, a few weeks after Sheppard's execution in 1724,—as the Christmas pantomime of that year; the dramatists being Booth, Wilks, and Cibber. About the same time, Sheppard's adventures were worked up into a farce, which, however, was never performed.

The Bude Light.—An erroneous impression of the explosive nature of the Bude light having been conveyed in a newspaper report of an accident with coal gas, Mr. Gurney has explained that it was occasioned by common carburetted hydrogen. Oxygen, used for the Bude light, is not inflammable. Coal gas, oil gas, vapour of naphtha, or other inflammable aeriform bodies, mixed in certain proportions with the atmosphere, which contains about a quarter part of oxygen, or pure oxygen, becomes explosive; in the Bude light, no such mixture ever occurs. In those lamps in which an inflammable gas and oxygen are both used, they are never allowed to come in contact. In the Bude light, at the House of Commons, no inflammable gas of any description is employed; and explosion of any kind, therefore, as fully borne out by the evidence taken before the committee, is physically impossible.

Price of Clothes in America.—A coat, which costs £1 in England, is charged £7. 10s. at New York; and at Cincinnati, in the west, upwards of £10.—*Captain Murray*.

Tacuman.—Nothing can be more luxuriant than the vegetation in this province of South America; whilst the plains yield corn and maize, and rice and tobacco, in the greatest abundance, the base and slopes of the mountain ranges, in the west, are covered with noble trees in every variety, interspersed with innumerable shrubs, and hung with the most beautiful parasitical plants. Extensive groves, also, of aroma and orange-trees produce a fragrance which adds to the delights of this favoured region. The sugar-cane grows naturally in the low lands, and might be turned to valuable account; the demand for it, however, is not sufficient to induce the country-people to attend to it. Not so with the tobacco-plant, which they cultivate, and find a ready sale for, in all the adjoining provinces. The people are a well-disposed hardy race, proud of their beautiful country, and always ready to take up arms in defence of *La Patria*.—*Sir W. Parish*.

Dear Bargain.—A man, exhibiting a very tame mouse, remarked, that he would not part with it for less than five pounds. A punning naturalist, who was present, replied, that at that price it would be a *moose-deer* (mouse dear). J. H. F.

Gas-lighting Paris.—Within the past year, upwards of 800 gas-lamps were put up in Paris; and, shortly, the Pont Royal, the Quais des Tuleries, de l'Ecole, Conti, Voltaire, and Malaquais, the Place St. Sulpice, and other public places, will be lit with gas.

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LADY OWEN'S SCHOOL, ISLINGTON.

LADY OWEN'S SCHOOL.

THE traditional origin of this very excellent foundation runs:—that in the year of our Lord, 1610, or thereabout, as the Lady Alice Owen, the widow of a rich brewer of the City of London, was passing along the St. John-street Road, between Owen-street and the Angel at Islington, an arrow touched her head so carefully that she very narrowly escaped "braining." The old lady, thinking such close shooting dangerous, made instant vow that she would do some charitable act to Providence, as an acknowledgment for this kind intervention on her behalf; and she, accordingly, in the year 1613, built a free school, and ten almshouses upon the scene of her adventure, (then known as the Hermitage Fields,) and at her death, bequeathed upwards of ten acres of ground, in trust, to the Worshipful Company of Brewers, as an endowment for the maintenance of this Charity; the said ten acres extending from the Old Red Lion, in the St. John-street Road, southward, to Rawstorne-street; and having a double frontage on Goswell-road and St. John-street. The original buildings erected by Lady Owen remain to this day, but they are both dilapidated and inconvenient; the school-house accommodating only fifty boys; and the funds of the charity having been, of late years, much increased, by the falling in of some leases, the Company determined upon rebuilding the school and almshouses.

The new building, just erected in Owen-street, is in, what is generally termed, the Elizabethan style, worked in red-brick, with Bath stone finishings. The architect is Mr. George Tattersall, of Parliament-street, the surveyor to the Brewers' Company, &c. The elevation consists of a master's house, of seven rooms; with a school-room in the rear, capable of accommodating from eighty to one hundred boys. The plan and arrangement of the school-room are very complete; and the whole is fitted-up in handsome keeping with the taste of the structure. The almshouses are to occupy the opposite site, in a corresponding style of architecture.

The almshouses are for poor old women, of the parishes of St. Mary, Islington, and St. James, Clerkenwell: and the school for poor boys of the same parishes; an equal number from each.

A LITERARY DRAYMAN.

MR. WILLIAM MAN, in a letter to Dr. Dibdin, states that, in the old town of Reading, there is "a brewer's drayman, of the name of George Brind, between thirty and forty years of age, who never received any other education than that of reading,

writing, and the first rudiments of arithmetic, taught by a woman at a child's school. A few months since, having seen a *Greek* book, the character of which excited his attention and curiosity, he fancied he could instruct himself in that language; and, as he informs me, he has since made so much progress, without any assistance, as to read and understand it pretty well, but finds the greatest difficulty in its pronunciation; or, as he calls it, in sounding it—from never having heard it spoken. He seems quite confident he shall completely master it. He also tells me, within the last month he has attempted *Hebrew*, and finds it very easy—much more so than *Greek*—and does not doubt of succeeding. He thinks of attempting *Latin* next. He is quite a rough subject, such as draymen usually are; but his features remind me of those of Bonaparte."—*Literary Reminiscences*, p. 69.

J. H. F.

[A Mr. Barrett, a working blacksmith, in Massachusetts, has lately made a great sensation among the American savans. He has made himself extensively acquainted with thirty or forty languages; and the Society of Antiquaries, at Paris, have sent him some books to help him in the Celto-Breton, with a highly complimentary letter.]—*Athenæum*.

FELICIA HEMANS.

BY MADAME AMABLE TASTU.*

IT is now near four years since death tore Felicia Hemans from literature and her country, which she honoured. Modest and timid, she was subjected neither to the dazzling atmosphere of drawing-rooms, nor to the influence of coteries; it was from the depth of retirement that she uttered her pure and placid notes, like those transparent waters concealed in some steep cavity of the mountains, which are the more calm and limpid, as they are more solitary and elevated.

Of all the female poets of England, Mrs. Hemans is, perhaps, the one whose literary fame is best established and least contested. Methinks she was indebted for that eminence as much to the character of her talent as to her real superiority. If, in general, the public render an author responsible for the selection of his subjects, and the tendency of his ideas, its judgment will be still more rigorous if it fall upon a woman, not because she is a woman, but because her works are exclusively addressed to the most scrupulous of all publics, the public of drawing-rooms.

From the mathematics to social order, all that man creates has fiction for its

* Madame Amable Tastu has a high rank among the French literati of the present day. About thirteen years since, we had the gratification of being the medium of conveying, from Madame Tastu, a presentation copy of her poems to the amiable Miss Landon.

basis. It is natural that the high classes of society, who have the benefit of received fictions or established laws, should, owing to the interest they have in maintaining them, be the most severe as to everything that may impair them; I mean, *severe* in their words and judgments. Society (I speak of a country where it has been long constituted, not of that fluctuating state of things which daily sees such and such a man enter a drawing-room who would not have been admitted into it the day before)—society, I say, requires, from the works it adopts, respect for the principles which it professes, even when it does not act according to them, for the taste of which it declares itself the umpire, and for the language in those particulars which it values—elegance and delicacy; such are the qualities which it praises and patronises.

If talent takes a contrary course, society, though admiring it, will often think itself obliged to condemn it.

Sometimes, nevertheless, genius has made game of society, and, by gratifying its exigencies and corruption, has even presented it vice, by throwing it the words virtue and religion as a bait. At other times, it will enter into open hostilities with that society, and, by a direct attack upon the social edifice, gather about it all who feel wronged by the established order. But such is not a woman's mission; war cannot suit her, neither can her writings ever have the reach and extent of those of men, for she cannot, like them, have intercourse with the various ranks of society; the oftener limited to the step she occupies in the social ladder, it is there she must find her models and her judges. They who write, belong, at least by their mode of living, to the well-circumstanced class; whose habits place within their reach the only means they have of developing their faculties—reading and conversation. In the inferior classes, women have not, like the men, the means of supplying the want of literary education by action, which is practical education. Having, therefore, at their disposal but one language and one point of view, they are never *popular* to the whole extent of that word. They must make up their minds to submit to the judgment of drawing-rooms, both as authoresses and women.

There their works are not considered as throwing any new idea into the common domain, as every artist is called upon to do, but only as the expression of their vocation as women. Happy is she who has uttered in her writings but thoughts which women may openly approve of, and which men fear not to praise in their presence! She will have won her cause at the tri-

bunal of this world, whose sayings and decisions are established upon the fiction that all who attend it are patterns of virtue, honesty, and delicacy.

This happiness Mrs. Hemans obtained. With a style of admirable purity she has expressed the noblest, most delicate, and lofty thoughts. The characteristic of her poetry is a calm seriousness, and a pious gracefulness. The religious turn of her ideas must also have promoted her success in a country, where religion is closely linked with the institutions, where the people have not forgotten that the Revolution of 1688 placed upon the throne the creed in whose name they had suffered, and for which they had fought.

The recollection of the wars of religion, the daily differences between the various religious sects, the assiduous reading of the Bible, must have contributed towards keeping up among the English the popularity of religious ideas; and, if one may venture an opinion upon a foreign literature and a country one has not seen, I should think that they are those which excite in England most sympathy. But in a society such as that of France, where Christianity pleases only when decked with the Pagan wreaths with which M. de Chateaubriand's magic eloquence has crowned it, or when beneath the harmonious veil which surrounds the dreaming Platonism of M. de Lamartine, the truly Christian talent of Mrs. Hemans would, I fear, be less understood and admired. Something savouring of the homely would be found in her; at least in the fugitive pieces which have, above all the rest, secured her fame. Her manner may be reproached with some uniformity. With very few exceptions she begins with a narrative, or a description, which inspires her with some pious reflection, thoughts upon the vanity of human things, an act of faith, or of submission to Providence. Substitute for this religious thought a philosophical one, and this manner will remind one of Madame Deshoulières, with the advantage it derives from a much greater richness of poetry.

With the exception of its religious tendency, one personal feeling only is reflected in Mrs. Hemans's poetry—the love of our father-land; such, at least, as a woman can experience it; that is to say, mingling with family affections and domestic habits. Her lines have a remarkable tint of nationality. Yet Mrs. Hemans, who appears to have had extensive knowledge, takes her subjects from all quarters, and often confines herself to transferring them into the poetical language which she so skillfully handles. Travels and foreign literature furnish her with themes or models, which she adorns

by conscientious and finished execution. Thus, whether she translates Camoens, or imitates the Cid romances—whether she devotes her lines to the unfortunate Greeks, or addresses them to the Tyrtæus of Germany (Kœrner)—she displays everywhere the same perfection of style, the same quiet and well-sustained elegance. This merit equally distinguishes her longer works, but, perhaps, suffices not there.

The "Last Constantine" is not so much a poem as a long meditation upon the capture of Constantinople by Mahomet II. The drama, or, rather, as the writer has called it, the dramatic poem, of "The Siege of Valencia," in relating an historical occurrence often mentioned in the history of Spain, (the devotedness of a father who refuses to save the lives of his captive sons by surrendering to the Moors the town he defends,) does but afford the writer the opportunity of expressing, with her melodious purity of style, all that chivalric honour, devotedness to one's country and sovereign, and religious faith struggling with paternal and filial affection, have made most pure and elevated; but one seeks in vain for some vestige of terrestrial alloy in the personages: they resemble inhabitants of another world; they are souls without bodies.

Of all the works published by Mrs. Hemans, that which appears to me the most felicitous is the volume entitled "Records of Women." It is a series of little subjects taken from various times and countries, of which a woman is always the heroine. In general, they are well selected, well varied in colour, and of a rare perfection of style—whether she gives utterance to the conjugal and unhappy love of Arabella Stuart; whether she breathes noble and patriotic sentiments into the "Swiss Woman" (Werner's wife); whether she spreads out all the riches of the East in the "Indian City;" all the simplicity of domestic life in "Madeline;" she sustains herself at the same height.

But, to my mind, it is America that has most felicitously inspired Mrs. Hemans. "The Death Song of an Indian Woman," and especially "Edith," are exquisite for graceful melancholy and simplicity. The more celebrated names of "Joan of Arc," and "Paxline" (de Schwartzenburg), have been less favourable to the writer's talent; and the picture of unfortunate love in an artist's soul, such as "Propezia Rossi," was less suited to the chaste and severe pen of Mrs. Hemans than to the impassioned poetical talent of her only rival, Miss Landon. In short, in the concluding pieces of the volume, several

are charming and complete; but the merit of most of them is so closely linked with the turn and expression, that a translation would risk giving no idea of them.

The life of this celebrated woman was not a happy one; but her misfortunes came from without. These, if they agitate life, do not, at least, disturb the soul's peace. She had not to reproach herself with having caused hers by imprudent conduct, or a wild imagination. Deserted by her husband, after ten years of marriage, having yielded him five children, she endured a trial so severe to a woman with silent resignation. Reduced to solitude, she sought a refuge by her mother. For her poverty she sought relief in her talents; but she revealed not her sorrows to the world. She turned not poetry into a weapon or ornament, and used it neither to attack men and those things which had hurt her, nor to draw public attention upon her personal sufferings.

After her mother's death she retired to Wavertree, near Liverpool; and, in the last days of her life, to Dublin, where she died on the 15th of May, 1836. It has been said of Felicia Hemans's poems, that no man could have written them, and of herself, that she honoured her sex, times, and country. It seems to me, that the woman-poet who has deserved this praise has nobly fulfilled her mission.*

EARTHQUAKE IN DORSETSHIRE.

ON December 24th last, about six P. M., the residents in the houses and cottages along the coast, between Lyme and Seaton, were alarmed by a convulsion of the earth, attended by fearful sounds. At Dowlands, a quarter of a mile from the sea, a large portion of land, on which were several cottages, orchards, and a coppice, had *slipped*, leaving huge chasms in a lateral direction along the coast between Sidmouth and Seaton, to the extent of upwards of four miles. The convulsion of the earth continued from the night of Tuesday the 24th, to Friday evening the 27th, during the interval occasioning the overthrow or subsidence of various buildings, the displacement of large tracts of soil, and the destruction of property to a considerable amount. A huge rock appears in the sea, off Culverhole, nearly a quarter of a mile from the principal scene of the catastrophe. The new road from Charmouth to Lyme is utterly destroyed. The cliffs on the coast do not appear to have suffered any disruption, all the disturbance being inland. Many of the cottages sunk up to their roofs. Fortunately, no lives were lost;

* Translated in the *Morning Post*.

but several of the cottagers, who had left home to spend the Christmas eve, found, to their great astonishment, on returning, no other vestiges of their dwellings than the roofs and chimneys discernible above the chasm.—Abridged from the *Taunton Courier*.

MARGUERITE DE BOURGOGNE.

IV.—THE RENDEZVOUS.

THE most important part of ancient Paris was comprised, at the period we write of, within the limits of the *Ile de la Cité*, which divides the Seine into two separate streams above the Pont Neuf: and the Louvre, far from being the centre of the city, as at present, was situated nearly at its extremity. The space now included in the sixteenth *arrondissement*, between the Rue du Coq, St. Honoré, and the Rue Fromenteau, as well as the present Place du Palais Royal, formed the gardens of the Louvre; and these communicated with the straggling Rue St. Honoré by numerous private gates and alleys, the whole being surrounded by a deep fosse, which was filled by flood-gates from the Seine. It was through one of these portals, as the last echoes of the sullen curfew died away upon the night breeze, that Marguerite passed on the evening of her strange interview with the Bohemian. Although closely screened from observation, by the voluminous folds of an outer mantle, she shrank instinctively from the gaze of the passers-by, whom she encountered on the rough foot-track; and on arriving at Orsini's tavern, which we may place on the site of the corner of the present Rue Richelieu, she hurried through the low dirty passages, with a facility that proved she was not altogether unacquainted with the localities. No one appeared to oppose her progress, and she entered the room in which the unfortunate Philippe Daulnay had been assailed by the workmen the day before. By the dim light of a lamp which flickered on the table, she perceived a man rise to meet her as she tremblingly approached—it was the Bohemian.

"You have done well, madame," said he, in the same deep voice of the morning. "I had begun to doubt your word; but you are here, and 'tis well."

"At least, Bohemian," returned the Queen, "you will acknowledge it as an act of condescension on my part."

"It matters not whether you came here through fear or condescension," returned the sorcerer, unconcernedly, divesting himself of his robe and a false beard, and placing them on the table; "for me, your presence is sufficient."

"You are no Bohemian!" exclaimed Marguerite, as the stranger threw down his mock attire.

"No, *par la grace de Dieu!*" returned he, resuming his seat. "I am a Christian; or, rather," he added mournfully, "I was once: it is long since I have known either hope or faith. But let us speak of other things."

"They who address me, are generally standing and uncovered," said the Queen, haughtily.

"I will speak to you, then, standing and uncovered," returned the stranger, as he rose from his settle; "but it is because you are a woman, Marguerite—not because you are a Queen. Look around you: is there one sole object that reminds you of your rank? Are these blackened and noisome walls those of a regal apartment? Is this smoky lamp—this broken table, the furniture of a Queen's boudoir? The sole occupants of this room are a man and a female; and, since the man is tranquil and collected, and the female pale and trembling, it is the man that reigns."

"Mysterious being!" returned the Queen; "whence comes your conviction that I am in your power, or that my woman's heart thus quails before you? Who art thou?"

"Who am I, Marguerite?—I am called Buridan, the captain. You ask me why I know you are in my power: how is it that the Seine gave up but *two* of the bodies of its victims this morning?"

"But the third?" demanded the Queen, anxiously.

"The third still lives—he is before you!"

"'Tis impossible."

"And yet 'tis true," coldly returned Buridan. "Last night, three ladies and their cavaliers assembled in the old tower. The ladies were the Princess Jeanne, the Princess Blanche, and the Queen Marguerite: their companions were named Hector de Chevreuse, Buridan the captain, and Philippe Daulnay."

"Philippe Daulnay!" exclaimed the bewildered Marguerite.

"Ay, Queen: it was the brother of your favourite Gauthier, who caused the wound which yet shews on your pale forehead."

"You are playing a deep game," said the Queen, after a few moments' dead pause, during which both parties had eyed each other steadily, unwilling to break the silence. "You are playing a deep game, messire; but you have miscalculated your chances! Dark adventurer! I have but to utter three words without, and, in an instant, Buridan, the captain,

will have rejoined his companions of the tower."

"Do so, madame," replied the other in the same undaunted voice; "and to-morrow morning Gauthier Daulnay will read some tablets, which I sent to him this day, by a monk of St. François; and which he has sworn to open, if he does not see a certain traveller whom he met in company with his brother at this tavern. That traveller is myself, Marguerite; and if I fall by your hirelings, Gauthier will not see me, and he will know all."

"And think you," asked the Queen, "that he will believe your writing more than your words?"

"No, Marguerite: but he will believe the writing of his brother: he will believe his brother's last words, written in that brother's blood, and signed by his hand; he will believe all, when he reads, *I die, assassinated by Marguerite de Bourgogne*. Now, proud wanton, am I mad? am I a rash adventurer?"

"If this were true!" replied Marguerite.

"It is true," interrupted Buridan sternly.

"Your fate is in my hands—the destiny of the Queen of France is in the power of the unknown wanderer; yet the Queen may trust him if she chooses."

"What wish you as the price of your secrecy?" eagerly demanded Marguerite. "Will you have gold?—the treasury is in your hands. Do you wish the death of an enemy?—my guards are at your orders. Are you ambitious?—I can give you rank—titles. All this you may demand, were I to melt my sceptre and the crown to satisfy you."

"Enguerrand de Marigni is prime minister of France," was the reply. "I would have his place and title; although it is over his body that I must enter the palace."

"You shall have them," returned the Queen, eagerly. "You have seen that my word is sacred."

"And I will leave you your lover, and keep your secret safely. One thing more: you have parchment and a seal—I demand the arrest of Marigni, and an order for his execution."

With a trembling hand, the Queen rapidly signed the fatal document, and returned it to the Captain.

"*C'est bien*," said Buridan, as he folded up the order of arrest, and placed it in his bosom. "Farewell, Marguerite; and to-morrow you may expect me at the Louvre."

As he finished speaking, he took up his mantle and departed, leaving Marguerite alone in the inn chamber. For a few minutes after he had left, she remained in the same fixed attitude; and then, as her

natural firmness returned, she began to reflect on what plans she could contrive to thwart Buridan's expectations. Rage, at being thus braved by an unknown wanderer, was mingled with a deep feeling of anxiety at the situation in which she was placed, and she almost condemned herself for conceding to his demand so readily; although, the next instant, she became well aware how useless it would have been to oppose him. But one chance was left; and that was, if possible, to see Gauthier Daulnay before the morrow, and, by her influence, or entreaties, to obtain possession of the tablets. With this view she prepared to return to the Louvre, in the hope of finding him still there; but as she was about to quit the apartment, she heard approaching footsteps, and her mantle was scarcely well arranged to conceal her form, when a man hastily entered the room: a single glance assured her that it was her favourite, although he was pale as death, and his eyes crimson and inflamed with weeping.

"Gauthier!" exclaimed the Queen, as she rushed towards him, and threw herself in his arms. "It is my good angel that has sent thee hither at this moment."

"The Queen at Orsini's tavern, and after curfew!" said the young courtier, no less astonished than his mistress at the unexpected meeting. "In the name of heaven, Marguerite, how came you hither? I have sought you vainly all this long sad day to demand justice; and I wandered hither in the expectation of learning from Orsini how I might see you, for I knew he was in your confidence."

"And I am here, Gauthier," replied the Queen, "that I might send Orsini to search you; for, before our separation, I would bid you farewell."

"Farewell! sayest thou," said Daulnay, confusedly passing his hand across his forehead. "Pardon me, Marguerite, I implore you; but I am scarcely sane. One sole idea pursues me; I see but one object: and that dreaded vision is my brother's corpse, wounded and mangled, exposed at the Grève."

"I have given orders that the murder shall be investigated," replied Marguerite. "I swear that your brother shall be avenged; but the King returns to-morrow, and we must henceforth be separated."

"How! parted!" returned Gauthier. "Oh! Marguerite, my thoughts are as a stormy night, which the lightning has illumined for an instant, but to leave in deeper gloom. What mean you?"

"That we must part to-morrow. Wherefore has another sentiment arisen to fill the breast of my Gauthier, which yester-

day throbbed for his Marguerite alone. Does it beat for another?"

As the Queen spoke, she placed her hand on Gauthier's chest, as if to count the pulsations of his heart; but it was with another object.

"You have some tablets here, Gauthier," said she: "whose are they?"

"They are the property of a gentleman whom I have seen but once—whose name even I know not; but I met him yesterday, at this tavern, with—with my poor brother."

"Do you think I will believe that story, Gauthier? They are the depository of some *gage d'amour* from one of the women of my court. But of what import," she added haughtily, "can this be to us, who are about to part for ever? Adieu, Gauthier Daulnay; keep your new love."

"Marguerite! do you wish to drive me mad? I have come here, broken-hearted, to seek some consolation, and you talk to me of an eternal separation. Wherefore must we part?"

"Louis suspects us," replied the Queen, as a slight sneer passed over her beautiful lip: "he suspects us, and it is enough. But why grieve, messire? have you not these tablets to console you for my loss?"

"And you really believe they are a woman's gift?" demanded Gauthier.

"You would have shewn them to me an hundred times ere this, had they not been so," replied the Queen.

"I have told you, Marguerite, that they are not my own. I have sworn on my honour not to open them until to-morrow, or to return them unto him who sent them. I repeat, I have sworn it."

"And have I violated no oath for thee, insensate, in loving you as I have done? But no matter, all is now past between us:—once more adieu!"

"Marguerite! in the name of heaven—"

"Honour!" continued the Queen, laughing scornfully, "*the honour of a man!* And is a woman's honour, then, nothing. It may be true you have sworn an oath unto your equal; but every thought of you, has made me forget a vow made unto God; and yet," she continued, dropping her voice, "and yet, Gauthier, I would forget that vow again—nay, more, if you beseeched me, I would forget all the world for you."

"Then, why wish that we should separate?"

"I have promised it to the sacred powers above; still," and she appeared to hesitate, "still, if I were sure these tablets were not a rival's, I would brave all for you, Gauthier—even the anger of those holy powers, as I have braved that of man; for think you the court believes in the purity

of our love. I implore you, Gauthier—on my bended knees I implore you, shew me these tablets, and if I am but satisfied, farewell, power; farewell, reputation: I will give up all—all for thee."

"And you will do this, Marguerite?" asked Gauthier, wavering, and overcome by the Queen's impassioned accents. "And will you return them to me by sunrise to-morrow morning?"

"You may trust me—you have proved my faith before."

"Then, take them," he continued, and, as Marguerite received them from his hand, he added, "Holy virgin! pardon, pardon! Is it an angel, or a demon, that can thus lead me to perdition?"

"You have acted nobly, my Gauthier," said the Queen, "and now concerning your unfortunate brother. Nay, start not, *mon ami*, for inquiries have been already made, and with a clue."

"Whom suspect they?—in the name of our lady tell me."

"A foreigner who has arrived here but some few days, and who will present himself at court to-morrow for the first time."

"His name?" gasped Daulnay.

"Buridan, if my memory serves me," replied the Queen, "I have known it but this night, and I have not yet given the order for his arrest by my guards."

"Then give it me, I beseech you, Marguerite. The order! Quick, quick! or he may yet elude my grasp. I will follow him to the world's end, ere he escape me, when once upon the scent. Were he even at the foot of the altar, I would tear him away."

The Queen approached the lamp, and, tearing away one of the tablets, which she still held, pencilled thereon a few words, and delivered them to Gauthier, exclaiming—

"Behold the arrest! Now, Buridan, boast—anticipate—gloat on your future greatness—your life is in my hands!"

ALBERT.

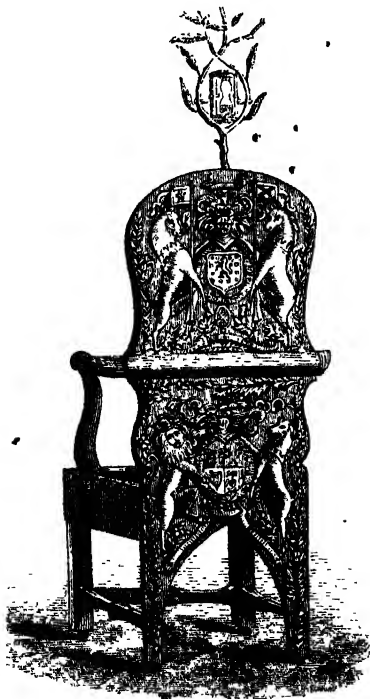
"THE BLACK STONE CHAIR,"

IN THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.

THIS academic *aneublement* is engraved in Dr. Dibdin's *Northern Tour*; a work alike distinguished by the pleasantries of its criticism, the erudition of its lore, and the *recherché* character of its pictorial rarities. The artist of this embellishment is Mr. J. Scott, of Glasgow.

The Chair is called "the Black Stone Chair," from its bottom being composed of a slab of *black marble*, which has been in the possession of the University from time immemorial. The carved frame, which the engraving represents, was ex-

ecuted about sixty years ago. The use of the chair is this:—"It is the law of this University that the students, upon entering a higher class, shall undergo an examination as to their progress in the class below. This examination takes place annually, at the commencement of the Session, in the presence of the Professor in whose class the students have already been, and of the Professor into whose class they have now passed. And if the students have not profited sufficiently by the prælusion in the class below, they are not permitted to continue in the class to which they have ascended, but are remitted to a further prosecution of their studies in the class below. During the examination, the student is seated in 'the Black Stone Chair;' and the *Bedellus*, who stands behind, measures and announces the time from the running of the sand in the glass above, which is reckoned sufficient for an examination. Then the examining Professor, if satisfied, allows the student to pass, and calls on another to take his place." Hence this seat is very properly styled, by Dr. Dibdin "the Chair of Ordealism."



"THE BLACK STONE CHAIR."

AMUSEMENTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

(From "Parlour Magic.")

THE ASCENDING SNAKE.—To construct this pretty little pneumatic toy, take a square piece of stiff card, or sheet copper or brass, about two

Fig. 2.

Fig. 1.



and a half or three inches in diameter, and cut it out spirally, so as to resemble a snake, as in the engraving, (fig. 1.) Then paint the body on each side of the card the colours of a snake; take it by the two ends, and draw out the spiral till the distance from head to tail is six or seven inches, as in fig. 2. Next, provide a slender piece of wood on a stand, and fix a sharp needle at its summit; push the rod up through the spiral, and let the end of the spiral rest upon the summit of the needle.

Now place the apparatus as nearly as possible to the edge of the mantel-shelf above the fire, and the snake will begin to revolve in the direction of its head; and, if the fire be strong, or the current of heated air which ascends from it is made powerful, by two or three persons coming near it, so as to concentrate the current, the snake will revolve very rapidly. The rod *a, b*, should be painted, so as to resemble a tree, which the snake will appear to climb; or, the snake may be suspended by a thread from the ceiling, over the current of air from a lamp. Two snakes may be made to turn round in opposite directions, by merely drawing out the spiral of one from the upper side, and of the other from the under side of the figure, and fixing them, of course, on separate rods.

THE MAGIC WHEELS.—Cut out two card-board cog-wheels of equal size; place them upon a pin, and whirl them round with equal velocity, in opposite directions; when, instead of producing a hazy tint, as one wheel would do, or as the two would if revolving in the same direction, there will be an extraordinary appearance of a fixed wheel. If the cogs be cut slantwise on both wheels, the spectral wheel, as it may be called, will exhibit slanting cogs; but if one of the wheels be turned, so that the cogs shall point in opposite directions, then the spectral wheel will have straight cogs. If wheels with radii, or arms, be viewed when moving, the deception will be similar; and however fast the wheels may move, provided it be with equal velocity, the magic of a fixed wheel will be presented.

Or, cut a card-board wheel with a certain number of teeth, or cogs, at its edge; a little nearer the centre, cut a series of apertures resembling the cogs in arrangement, but not to the same number; and still nearer the centre cut another series of apertures, different in number, and varying from the former. Fix this wheel upon another, with its face held two or three yards from an illuminated mirror; spin it round, the cogs will disappear, and a greyish belt, three inches broad, will become visible; but, on looking at the glass through the moving wheel, appearances will entirely change: one row of cogs, or apertures, will appear fixed, as if the wheel were not moving, whilst the other two will appear as if in motion; and, by shifting the eye, other and new effects appear.

These amusing deceptions were first experimented by Mr. Faraday. The simple apparatus for their exhibition may be purchased, for a trifling sum, of any respectable optician.

RINGS OF COLOURS ROUND A CANDLE.—Look at a candle through a plate of glass, upon which you have gently breathed, or over which are scattered particles of dust, or any fine powder, and you will perceive the flame surrounded with beautiful rings of colours. By using the seed of the *lycopodium*, or by placing a drop of blood diluted with water be-

tween two pieces of glass, the rings of colour will be still more finely exhibited. Round the luminous body there will be seen a light area, terminating in a reddish dark margin; this will be succeeded by a ring of bluish-green, and then by a red ring; these two last colours succeeding each other several times when the particles are of uniform diameter, as are the seeds of the lycopodium, each of which is but the 850th part of an inch in diameter.

WHY A GUINEA FALLS MORE QUICKLY THAN A FEATHER THROUGH THE AIR.—The resistance of the air to falling bodies is not proportioned to the weight, but depends on the surface which the body opposes to the air. Now, the feather ex-



poses, in proportion to its weight, a much greater surface to the air than a piece of gold does, and therefore suffers a much greater resistance to its descent. Were the guinea beaten to the thinness of gold-leaf, it would be as long or even longer in falling than the feather; but, let both fall in a vacuum, or under the receiver of an air-pump, from which the air has been pumped out, and they will both reach the bottom at the same time; for gravity, acting independently of other forces, causes all bodies to descend with the same velocity.

An apparatus for performing this experiment is shewn in the engraving: the coin and the feather are to be laid together on the brass flap, A or B; this may

be let down by turning the wire, C, which passes through a collar of leather, D, placed in the head of the receiver.

THE TUNING-FORK A FLUTE-PLAYER.—Take a common tuning-fork, and on one of its branches



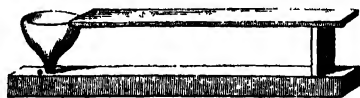
fasten, with sealing-wax, a circular piece of card, of the size of a small wafer, or sufficient nearly to cover the aperture of a pipe, as the sliding of the upper end of a flute with the mouth stopped: it may be tuned in unison with the loaded tuning-fork (a C fork,) by means of the moveable stopper or card, or the fork may be loaded till the unison is perfect. Then set the fork in vibration by a blow on the unloaded branch, and hold the card closely over the mouth of the pipe, as in the engraving, when a note of surprising clearness and strength will be heard. Indeed, a flute may be made to "speak" perfectly well, by holding close to the opening a vibrating tuning-fork, while the fingering proper to the note of the fork is at the same time performed.



PLATINUM AND ETHER LAMP.—Put into a small hyacinth-glass a tea-spoonful of ether, and suspend in it, by wire, a coil of fine platinum wire, first heated in the flame of a spirit-lamp; the wire will then glow with a red heat, and some of it may become white hot; in the latter case, flame will be produced by the ether burning.

TRANSMITTED VIBRATION.—Provide a long, flat glass ruler, or rod, as in the engraving, and cement it with mastic to the edge of a drinking-glass, fixed into a wooden stand; support the other end of the

rod very lightly on a piece of cork, and strew its upper surface with sand; set the glass in vibration by a bow, at a point opposite where the rod meets it, and the motions will be communicated to the rod without any change in their direction. If the ap-



paratus be inverted, and sand be strewed on the under side of the rod, the figures will be seen to correspond with those produced on the upper surface.

Periodicals.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, NO. CXXIX.

[THIS is a Number *semi-seria*—of the delights of literature and the heaven of political strife: alack! when will men be past "crying for the cake?" First is a paper on Belmas's Journals of the Peninsular War; from which we learn that the French have, at last, acknowledged their loss at Toulouse: "after all that has been said about it," observes the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, "the plain truth is, we lost the battle, but lost it with honour." The paper winds up with one or two important observations suggested by Belmas's papers, and explaining the cause of all Buonaparte's marshals abandoning him, to have been his ill treatment of them: "it is already clear that he literally treated them like dogs." A paper on Tytler's Collection of Letters, illustrative of England, under Edward VI. and Mary, is somewhat too brief for its merit: it concludes with some stringent remarks upon the ill-managed publication of the State Papers, which appears to have recently been interdicted by Lord John Russell; and to have turned out a woeful failure:]

Notwithstanding that the price has been so considerably reduced—[the volumes have been lowered to one guinea],—a measure, we may be well assured, not of choice, but of stern necessity—the work has no sale; nor was a sale ever to be expected for it. It is, as far as it goes, well and carefully done; we have no fault to find in its execution; but it is not a book to be read; it is a book to be referred to; and of most books of reference it may be truly said, not only that they *are* to be found in all public libraries, but that they *are not* to be found anywhere else: while of the volumes hitherto published, it is obvious that their utility, as books of reference, is almost annihilated by the want of an index. The pains which have been taken to preserve the ancient orthography is also a serious obstacle which they have

to contend with; for, in point of fact, those who have never served an apprenticeship at the British Museum, or elsewhere, *cannot* decipher a sentence so as to render it intelligible. Scarcely, therefore, does it seem an exaggeration to say of the volumes in question, that they are parts of a work which, in the first place, will never be completed; which, if completed, would never be bought; and, lastly, which, if bought, would never be read.

[The next article is a review of a very lively French book, which our purveyors of foreign literature will do well to look to: it is a work entitled *Mémoires d'un Touriste; par l'Auteur de Rouge et Noir*: it is described as the observations, reflections, jokes, and sarcasms of a very clever man, noted down in his journeys through several of the finest, and one or two of the obscurest, provinces of France. A paper on Church and State succeeds, in a double sense. Next, is a notice of *Ernest, or Political Regeneration*, a Chartist epic poem, of style as lawless as its object.]

Blank verse is dropped occasionally for wild lyrical measures; but on this it is not worth while to dwell. In the main narrative, to passages of clear passionate eloquence, sweet and true description, occasionally of tender feeling, succeed turbid and obscure pages, where rude and incongruous metaphors are gathered in loud and disorderly strife, and images crowd upon each other in such strange tumult, that we long, if we thought that we should be heard, to read the Riot Act of sober criticism. Throughout the perusal, there is a constant feeling of misapplied force, and misgoverned, and misdirected energy.

[The extracts are lengthy; and the lecture to the gifted poet is severe, though not unmerited; for, there is not in human nature a more loathsome species of ingratitude than the prostitution of genius. We are relieved from a host of painful reflections, called up through this paper, by two admirable articles upon brighter topics; namely, a *précis* of the late voyages of the *Adventure* and *Beagle*, and of the travels of Turnbull, Paget, Gleig, and Trollope, in Austria and Hungary, countries of which it becomes us to enlarge our knowledge to the full. The Reviewer's estimate of Mrs. Trollope is just, in the main:]

This lady is, beyond a doubt, one of the cleverest and most remarkable writers of the day. With a quickness of observation that takes in the whole object at a glance, an insight into motives that seems instinctive, a keen perception of the ridiculous, and strong powers of humorous delineation, she is the person of all others

to expose pretension, or unmask hypocrisy: witness her "Domestic Manners of the Americans," and "the Vicar of Wrexhill," which, after making every allowance for exaggeration and coarseness, is admirable for its graphic sketches, its analysis of character, and its wit. But shewing up national absurdities, or individual vulgarity, is a very different thing from speculating on institutions, or seizing the nice traits of manners which distinguish the aristocracy of one great capital from another; and we cannot compliment Mrs. Trollope on having succeeded in either of the two essential objects of this work. Her failure is mainly attributable to a cause which has proved equally fatal to many other recent writers on continental manners.

[The State of the Equity Courts, and the Conduct of the Ministers, are the topics of the remaining papers. The opening article of the Number is an eccentricity by the Editor, whom many readers are accustomed to regard as the *arbitrer elegantiarum* of literature. This paper bears the startling head-line of *The Printer's Devil*, and, within thirty pages, details the economy of the Messrs. Clowes' vast printing establishment, on the Surrey side of the Thames, between Blackfriars and Waterloo bridges. This is, certainly, a clever paper, in its way; although some of the embellishments are neither distinguished by success nor refinement. The following is admirably sketched:]

London at Daybreak.

In a raw December morning, just before the gas-lights are extinguished, and just before sunrise, the streets of London form a twilight picture which it is interesting to contemplate, inasmuch as there exists, perhaps, no moment in the twenty-four hours in which they present a more guiltless aspect; for, at this hour, luxury has retired to such rest as belongs to it—vice has not yet risen. Although the rows of houses are still in shade, and although their stacks of chimneys appear fantastically delineated upon the grey sky, yet the picture, *chiaro-oscuro*, is not altogether without its lights. The wet streets, in whatever direction they radiate, shine almost as brightly as the gilt printing over the barred shops. At the corners of the streets, the gin-palaces, as they are passed, appear splendidly illuminated with gas, shewing an elevated row of lettered and numbered yellow casks, which, in daylight, stand on their ends unnoticed. The fashionable streets are all completely deserted, save by a solitary policeman, who, distinguished by

his warm great-coat and shining belt, is seen standing at a crossing, drinking the cup of hot salop or coffee he has just purchased of an old barrow-woman, who, with her smoking kettle, is quietly seated at his side, while the cab and hackney-coach horses, with their heads drooping, appear as motionless as the brass charger at Charing-cross. An Irish labourer with an empty hod over his shoulder, a man carrying a saw, a tradesman with his white apron tucked up for walking, a few men, "far and wide between," in fustian jackets, with their hands in their pockets to keep them warm, are the only perceptible atoms of an enormous mass of a million and a half of people—all the rest being as completely buried from view as if they were laying in their graves.

[Much as we have been gratified with "The Printer's Devil," and much as the Reviewer is disposed to "give to the Devil his due," we are somewhat surprised at his entire omission of the names of the founders of the noble establishment which he has passed before his readers in *review*. We cannot, therefore, forbear stating, that to the genius and enterprise of Messrs. Applegath and Cowper—two of the first practical mechanicians of their time—must be ascribed the merit of the foundation of the printing-office in question; whilst the Messrs. Clowes are entitled to the credit of having extended the establishment to its present vastness.]

POOR JACK. BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, C. B.
NO. I.

[WE have scarcely "a pin's-head" space—"never a copper," for *Poor Jack*: nor, indeed, is the portion before us much more than introductory. The hero has every reason to believe that he was born in the year 1786; his father being a cockswain, and his mother a Lady's ladies' maid—"a touch above the common." Every page is redolent of pitch and tar; the humour oozes out at every line; well primed with the ludicrous, and sure to produce many a hearty roar; some of the jokes are "screamers." A whaling yarn is commenced; but we can only press in a pair of portraits, of no ordinary size.]

The frigate in which my father eventually served as captain's coxswain was commanded by a Sir Hercules Hawking-treflyan, Baronet. He was very poor and very proud, for baronets were not so common in those days. He was a very large man, standing six feet high, and with what is termed a considerable *bow-window* in front; but, at the same time, portly in his carriage. He wore his hair well powdered, exacted the utmost degree

of ceremony and respect, and considered that even speaking to one of his officers was paying them a very high compliment: as for being asked to his table, there were but few who could boast of having had that honour, and even those few, perhaps, not more than once in the year. But he was, as I have said, very poor; and, moreover, he was a married man, which reminds me that I must introduce his lady, who, as the ship was on Channel service, had lodgings at the port near to which the frigate was stationed, and occasionally came on board to take a passage when the frigate changed her station to the eastward or to the westward. Lady Hercules, as we were directed to call her by Sir Hercules, was as large in dimensions, and ten times more proud than her husband. She was an excessive fine lady in every respect; and whenever she made her appearance on board, the ship's company looked upon her with the greatest awe. She had a great dislike to ships and sailors; officers she seldom condescended to notice; and pitch and tar were her abomination. Sir Hercules himself submitted to her dictation; and, had she lived on board, she would have commanded the ship: fortunately for the service, she was always very sea-sick when she was taking a passage, and therefore did no mischief. "I recollect," said my father to me, "once when we were running down to Portsmouth, where we had been ordered for provisions, that my Lady Hercules, who was no fool of a weight, being one night sea-sick in her cot, the laynyard of the cot gave way, and she came down with a run by the head. The steward was called by the sentry, and there was a terrible shindy. I, of course, was sent for, as I had the hanging up of the cot. There was Sir Hercules with his shirt flapping in the wind, and a blanket over his shoulders, strutting about in a towering passion; there was the officer of the watch, who had been sent for by mistake, and who was ordered to quit the cabin immediately; and there was I, expecting to be put in irons, and have seven dozen for my breakfast. As for Sir Hercules, he didn't know what to do; he did nothing but storm at every body, for my lady, with her head under the clothes, was serving him out at no small rate. She wouldn't, she declared, allow any map to come into the cabin to hoist her up again. So indecent, so indelicate, so shocking,—she was ashamed of Sir Hercules,—to send for the men; if they didn't leave the cabin immediately, she'd scream and she'd faint,—that she would—there was no saying what she wouldn't do! Well, there we waited just outside, until, at last, Sir Hercules and my

lady came to a parley. She was too sick to get out of bed, and he was not able to hoist her up without assistance; so being, as I suppose, pretty well tired of lying with her head three feet lower than her heels; she consented, provided that she was properly kivered up, to allow us to come in and put all to rights. Well, first she made Sir Hercules throw over her his two boat cloaks, but that wouldn't do; so he threw the green cloth from off the table, but that warn't enough for her delicate sensibility, and she holloed from under the clothes for more kivering; so Sir Hercules sent for two of the ship's ensigns, and coiled away the bunting on her till it was as high as a haycock, and then we were permitted to come in and hoist her ladyship up again to the battens. Fortunately it was not a slippery hitch that had let her down by the run, but the laynyard had given way from my lady's own weight, so my back was not scratched after all. Women ain't no good on board, Jack, that's sartin."

[The Illustrations, by Clarkson Stanfield, R. A., are bold and spirited engravings upon wood; the whole-length of "Poor Jack" being decidedly the most successful.]

THE TOWER OF LONDON. BY W. H. AINSWORTH, ESQ.

[WHEN the acute Dr. Waagen visited England, about four years since, he penned the following sentimentality upon the juxtaposition of the Tower of London, with her vast port and docks: "Contrasting with such manifold and grand impressions of the most animated reality, the lofty Tower, with its four corner turrets, rose as a remarkable monument of the past. Yet not to its advantage. For the images of the children of Edward IV., of Ann Holeyn, of Jane Grey, and of the many victims murdered in the times of despotism and tyranny, passed like dark phantoms before my mind." Thus notes the reflective German, whose artistical mind assumed almost a *photogenic* delicacy, in its ready reception and clever record of impressions, or lights and shadows, with the nicety of refined criticism. Mr. Ainsworth has, probably, been imbued with kindred feelings on beholding the venerable time-worn fortress and palace of our metropolis; which, whitened by the winds and storms of many a century, stands like a guardian spirit of our national archives. From some of the leading events in its strange and eventful history, Mr. Ainsworth proposes, in the work before us, to weave a romance of thrilling interest; the narrative commencing with the accession of Lady Jane Grey to her exalted, but, as she herself (with a

sad presentiment of calamity,) pronounced it to be, her fatal destiny—the crown,—and the passage of the beautiful "Jane the Queene" from Durham-House, in the Strand, in state to the Tower; it "being then the custom for the monarchs of England to spend the first few days of their reign within this ancient fortress." It is with the moment of her departure for this palace and prison of crowned heads, that this chronicle commences. The first chapter is occupied with the details of this passage, in which the author displays, to advantage, his extensive acquaintance with the minutie of costume, pageantry, and circumstance; such as appear, of late years, to have alike fascinated the reader by the fireside, and the audience in the theatre. Thus, Mr. Ainsworth's narrative has the minuteness of the old chroniclers without their tediousness—their sharp pointwork and tracery, but freed from their dust and cobwebs. The personal and local descriptions are life-breathing portraits and picturesque sketches; and the incidents are not overlaid with ornament too elaborate for ready effect. Here is a successful bit of the past and present.]

Viewed from the Thames, London, even in our own time, presents many picturesque and beautiful points; but, at the period to which this chronicle refers, it must have presented a thousand more. Then, gardens and stately palaces adorned its banks; then, the spires and towers of the churches shot into an atmosphere unpolluted by smoke; then, the houses, with their fanciful gables, and vanes, and tall twisted chimneys, invited and enchaind the eye; then, the streets, of which a passing glimpse could be caught, were narrow and intricate: then, there was the sombre, dungeon-like, stronghold already alluded to, called Baynard's Castle; the ancient tavern of the Three Cranes; the Still-yard; and, above all, the Bridge, even then old, with its gateways, towers, drawbridges, houses, mills, and chapel, enshrined like a hidden and cherished faith within its inmost heart. All this has passed away. But if we have no old St. Paul's, no old London Bridge, no quaint and picturesque old fabrics, no old and frowning castles, no old taverns, no old wharfs—if we have none of these, we have still *THE TOWER*; and to that grand relic of antiquity, well worth all the rest, we shall, without further delay, proceed.

[The portraiture of Jane is sweetly drawn. Having sketched her personal charms, the narrative relates:]

Her figure was tall and slight, but exquisitely formed, and gave promise, that when she attained the full maturity of womanhood—she had only just completed her sixteenth year, and (alas!) never *did* attain maturity—her charms would be without a rival. In mental qualifications Jane was equally gifted. And, if it is to be lamented that her beauty, like an opening flower, was rudely plucked and scattered to the breezes, how much more must it be regretted, that such faculties as she possessed should have been destroyed before they were fully developed, and the fruit they might have produced lost for ever! Reared in the seclusion of Bradgate, in Leicestershire, Jane Grey passed hours, which other maidens of her tender age are accustomed to devote to amusement or rest, in the severest study; and, long before she was called upon to perform the ar-

duous duties of her brief life, she had acquired a fund of knowledge such as the profoundest scholars seldom obtain. If this store of learning did little for the world, it did much for herself:—it taught her a philosophy, that enabled her to support, with the constancy of a martyr, her after trials.

[In the second chapter, the action may be said to commence. The third section relates to various pleasantries:—“Of the three giants of the Tower, Og, Gog, and Magog; of Xit, the dwarf; of the fair Cicely; of Peter Trusbut, the pantler, and Potentia his wife; of Hairun the bearward, Ribald the warder, Manger the headman, and Nightgall the jailer: and of the pleasant pastime held in the stone kitchen.”

[Here is a Bacchanalian stave sung by a jolly warder:]

With my back to the fire and my paunch to the table:

Let me eat,—let me drink, as long as I am able:

Let me eat,—let me drink whate’er I set my whims on,

Until my nose is blue, and my jolly visage crimson.

The doctor preaches abstinence, and threatens me with dropsy,

But such advice, I needn’t say, from drinking never stops ye:—

The man who likes good liquor is of nature brisk and brave, boys,

So drink away!—drink while you may!—there’s no drinking in the grave, boys.

[The fourth chapter relates a mysterious occurrence that happened to Jane in St. John’s Chapel, in the White Tower; the pith of the incident follows:]

Taking a lamp from one of the attendants, and pursuing the course pointed out to her, she threaded a narrow passage, and speedily entered upon the gallery above the chapel. As she passed through the opening in the wall leading to this gallery, she fancied she beheld the retreating figure of a man, muffled in a cloak, and she paused for a moment, half-inclined to turn back. Ashamed, however, of her irresolution, and satisfied that it was a mere trick of the imagination, she walked on. Descending a short spiral wooden staircase, she found herself within one of the aisles of the chapel, and, passing between its columns, entered the body of the fane. For some time, she was lost in admiration of this beautiful structure, which, in its style of architecture—the purest Norman—is without an equal. She counted its twelve massive and circular stone pillars, noted their various ornaments and mouldings, and admired their grandeur and simplicity. Returning to the northern aisle, she glanced at its vaulted roof, and was enraptured at the beautiful effect produced by the interweaving arches. While she was thus occupied, she again fancied she beheld the same muffled figure she had before seen, glide behind one of the pillars. Seriously alarmed, she was now about to retrace her steps, when her eye rested upon an object, lying at a little distance from her, on the ground. Prompted by an undefinable feeling of curiosity, she hastened towards it, and, holding forward the light, a shudder ran through her frame, as she perceived at her feet, *an axe!* It was the peculiarly-formed implement used by the headman, and the edge was turned towards her. At this moment her lamp was extinguished.

[The Illustrations, on steel and wood, are by George Cruikshank. The design on the wrapper is an admirable composition, in its way; spiritedly characteristic.

The plates are Jane’s Entrance; the revelry in the Stone Kitchen; and the mysterious occurrence above related. There are, moreover, two cuts—the Gate Tower, and the Stone Kitchen, with a fireplace “wide enough to admit of a whole ox being roasted within its limits.” Altogether, *the Tower of London*, judging from the small portion before us, promises an exhaustless fund of interest and entertainment, for readers of all tastes, for the next twelve months. The writer must be of twenty-author power; for we perceive that, in *Bentley’s Miscellany* for the present month, he commences his promised romance of *Guy Fawkes*.]

New Books.

• UP THE RHINE. BY THOMAS HOOD.

[We resume, from page 221, with another specimen of the Penny Correspondence.]

To Rebecca Page, at the Woodlands, near Becknam, Kent.

DEAR BECKY.—Littel did I think I shud ever ever ever rite you again! We have all bean on eternitty’s brinx. Such a terrificle storm! Tho’ we are on Shure, I cant get it out of my Hed. Every room keeps spinnin with me like a roundy-bout at Grinnage Fare. Every chare I set on begins rockin like a nussin chare and the stars pitch and toss so I cant go up them except on all fores. They do say eleveln other vessels floundered off the Hooks of Holland in the same tempest with all their cruise. It began in the afternoon, and prevaled all nite,—sich a nite O Grashns! Sich tossin and tumblin it was morally impossible to stand on wons legs and to compleat these discomfortables nothin wood sit easy. I might as well have et and drunk Hippockickany and antinomial wine. O Becky the Tea-totlers only give up fomentid lickers, but the Sea Totlers give up every thing. To add to my frite down flumps the stewardis on her nees and begins skreeking we shall be pitcht all over! we shall be pitcht all over. Think I if *she* give up we may prepar for our wartery graves. At sich crisisus theres nothin like religun and if I repeted my Catkism wunce I said it a hundred times over and never wunce rite. You may gudge by that of my orrifice state, besides ringin my hands till the nails was of a blew black. Havin nose wat else I sed for in my last agny I confest every partical I had ever dun,—about John Futman and all. Luckily Missus was too much decomposed to attend to it but it will be a Warnin for the rest of my days. O Becky its awful wurk when it cums to sich a full unbuzzumming and you stand before your own eyes stript nakid to

the verry bottom of your sole. Wat seemed the innocentest things turn as black as coles. Even Luvvers look armless but they ant wen all their kissis cum to fly in your face. Makin free with trifles is the same. Littel did I think wen I give away an odd lofe it would lay so heavy. Then to be shure a little of Missus's tea and sugger seams no grate matter partickly if youve agreed to find yure own, but as I no by experience evey ounce will turn to a pound of led in repentin. That wickid caddy Key giv me menny a turn, and I made a pint as soon as the storm ahatid to chuck it into the botomless otion. I do trust Becky you will foller my xampel and giv up watergev goes agin your conrhins. If I name the linin I trust youl excuse. Charrity kivers a multitud of sins, and to be shure its a charrity to give a-way a raggid shurt of Masters providid its not torn a purpos witch I fear is sum times the case. Pray say the like from me to Mister Butler up at the Hall, he will take a Miss I no,—partickly as I have drunk unbeknown wine along with him, but wen yure at yure last pint wat is Port in a storm! Won minit yure a living cretur, and the next you may be like wickid Jonas in the belly of Wales.

The only comfort I had besides Cristi-anity was to give Missus warnin witch I did over and over between her attax. No wagis on earth could reckonisile me to a sea goin place. Dress is dress and its hard on a servant to find tpo nasty grate broke loose Trunks between them has battered my pore ban box into a span cake. To make bad was as the otion they say level all distinksbuns, and make won Womman as good as a nother I thought proper to go to sea in my best, and in course my waterd ribbins is no better for being washt with serges, or my bewtiful shot silk for gittin different shades of smoak blacks,—besides spiling my nice kid gloves with laying hold on tarry ropes, not to name bein drensht from top to toe with rottin salt water, and the personable risk of bein drowned arter all. But I mte as well have tould the ship to soot itself as my Missus. I verrily beleave from her wild starin at me she did not no wether I talked English or French. At last Martha says she we are goin to a wurd where there is no sitivations. Wat an idear! But our superiers are always shy of our society, as if even hevyn abuv was too good for servants. Talkin of superiers there was a Titled Lady in Bed in the Cabbn that sent evey five minits for the captin, till at long and at last he got Crusty. Captin says she I insist on yure gitting the ship more out of the wind. I wish I could says he. Don't you no-who

I ham, says she very dignifide. Yes my Ladyship says the captin, but its blowin grate guns and if so be you was a princess I couldn't make it blow littel pistles. Wat next but she must send for the Mate to ask him if he can swim. Yes my lady says he like a Duck. In that case says she I must condysend to lay hold on yure harm all nite. Axin pardin my ladyship says he its too grate honners for the like of me. No matter says she very proundlike, I insist on it. Then I'm verry sorry says the Mate makin a run off, but I'm terrible wanted up abuv to help in layin the ship on her beam ends. Thats what I call good authority, so you may suppose wat danger we was in.

Howsumever here we are thenk providens on dry land if so be it can be could dry that is half ditchis and cannals, at a forin city, by name Rotter D—m. The King lives at the Ha-gue and I'll be bound its haguish enuf for Holland is a cold mashy flatulint country and lies so low they're only saved by being dammed. The wimmin go verry tidy but the men wear very large close for small-close and old fashionable hats. But I should'nt prefer to settle in Holland for Dutch plaices must be very hard. Oh Becky such moppin and sloppin such chuckin up water at the winders and squirtin at the walls with littel fire ingins, but I suppose with their moist climt the houses wouldn't be holesum if they warn't continually washing off the damp. Then the furniter is kep like span new without speck or spot, it must be sumboddy's wurk to kill all the flies. To my mind the pepel are over clean as John Futnan said when his master objectid to his thum mark on the hedge of the plate, a littel dirt does set off clenliness thats certin. Then as to nus makes they ought to have eyes all round their heds like spiders to watch the childrin by the cannals, thenk God I ant a Dutch parent I should be misrable for fear of my yung wons gittin to the keys. Lawk, an English muther in Holland wood be like a Hen with Ducklins!

We have seen many fine sites, and bilding, and partickly the Butcher's Hall, witch is all of red Brix. pick't out with wite, just as if it was bilt of beefstake. Likewise the statute of Erasms who inventid pickle herrins,—they do say in any orange bovine revolushuns it jumps into the cannal, and then cums out agin when the trubbles is over—but in course that's only a popish mirakle. Then theres the House of Fears,—fears enuf I warrant for every other hole and corner in the town was ravaged and ransackt by the French,—and the pore soles evey minit expecten naber's fare. But that cant hapin agin,

as in case of beseiging they open all their slowcees, and the Dutch being amphibbyus, all the enemy is drownid xcept themselves. As respects vittles, we do verry well, only I am shi of the maid dishes, being sic a mashy forren country for fear of eating Frogs. Talkin of cookin, wat do you think Becky of sittin with a lited charcole stow under yure pettecots? Its the only way they have for airin their linnin, — tho' it looks more like a new cookey reecat for How to smoak yure Hams. But I hear Missus bell, so with kind luv to all, includin John Futman, I remane in haste, my dear Becky Yure loving frend,

MARTHA PENNY.

Poscrip. — Don't go to suppose any think partickler betwixt me and the Vally de Sham de place. To be shure, he did try to talk luv nonsinse in broken English, and asked me how I should like a Germin man. Man means husband in their languidge. But as I tould him there was two grate objectshuns. Praps yure a Lutherin, says he. No, says I, I'm a Cristian, but it an't that—my scrupples is irreligious. What's them, says he. Why, then, says I, its backer and garlick. And it unt pleasant to have a sweatheart as can't come nigh won without yure been fumigatid. So my gentilman took miff—but wheres the trew luv if a luvver won't give up a nasty puffy habbit?

[With one of the lyrics we shall conclude:]

The Romance of Cologne.

'Tis even—on the pleasant banks of Rhine
The thrush is singing, and the dove is cooing,—
A Youth and Maiden on the turf recline
Alone—And he is wooing.

Yet woos in vain, for to the voice of love
No kindly sympathy the Maid discovers,
Though round them both, and in the air above,
The tender Spirit hovers!

Untouch'd by lovely Nature and her laws,
The more he pleads, more coyly she represses;—
Her lips deny, and now her hand withdraws,
Rejecting his caresses.

Fair is she as the dreams young Poets weave,
Bright eyes, and dainty lips, and tresses curly;
In outward loveliness a Child of Eve,
But cold as Nymph of Lurley!

The more Love tries her pity to engross,
The more she chills him with a strange behaviour;
Now tells her beads, now gazes on the cross
And image of the Saviour.

Forth goes the Lover with a farewell moan,
As from the presence of a thing inhuman—
Oh! what unholy spell hath turn'd to stone
The young warm heart of Woman!

'Tis midnight—and the moonbeam, cold and wan,
On bower and river quietly is sleeping,
And o'er the corse of a self-murder'd man
The Maiden fair is weeping.

In vain she looks into his glassy eyes,
No pressure answers to her hand so pressing;
In her fond arms impassively he lies,
Clay-cold to her caressing.

Despairing, stunn'd, by her eternal loss,
She flies to succour that may best becom her;
But, lo! a frowning figure veils the cross,
And hides the blest Redeemer!

With stern right hand it stretches forth a scroll,
Wherein she reads, in melancholy letters,
The cruel fatal pact that placed her soul
And her young heart in fetters.

"Wretch! Sinner! Renegade! to truth and God,
Thy holy faith for human love to barter!"
No more she hears, but on the bloody sod
Sinks, Bigotry's last Martyr!

And side by side the hapless Lovers lie:
Tell me, harsh Priest! by yonder tragic token,
What part hath God in such a bond, whereby
Or hearts or vows are broken?

Varieties.

It is now rather difficult to find a plain woman; for, since vaccination has become so general, one no longer sees a pockmarked woman, except of a certain age.—*Lady Blessington.*

Fourier.—It was only occasionally that Fourier's real character shewed itself. "It is strange," said, one day, a certain very influential person belonging to the court of Charles X., whom the servant, Joseph, would not allow to get further than Fourier's anti-chamber; "it is really strange that your master should be more difficult of access than a minister!" Fourier overheard this remark, jumped out of bed, to which he had been confined by indisposition, opened the room door, and, facing the courtier, exclaimed: "Joseph, tell the gentleman, that if I were minister I should receive every body, because such would be my duty; as a private individual, I receive whom I think fit, and when I think fit." The grandee, disconcerted by the liveliness of the sally, did not answer a word. We must even suppose, that from that instant he determined to visit nobody but ministers, for the simple *servant* heard no more of him.

Meteor.—A thatched building has been set on fire, at Sioffes, in the department of the Char, it is supposed, by a meteor that appeared just before the flames were perceived.

The Bastille.—A volume, entitled *Registre de la Bastille, du 3 Janvier, 1659, au Août, 1715*, bound in black morocco, closed with a lock, and bearing the arms of Bernaville, the governor of the prison, was sold, a short time since, at an auction in Paris.

Enormous Wolf.—The head keeper of the forest of Münderich, near Dormstetten, in Wurtemberg, lately killed a wolf, measuring five feet seven inches from the point of the nose to the tip of the tail; two feet seven inches in height; and weighing eighty-seven pounds.—*Times.*

American Newspapers.—Captain Marryat quotes the following paragraph as a specimen of the raw material of American newspapers. "Many who have acquired great fame and celebrity in the world, began their career as printers. Sir William Blackstone, the learned English commentator on laws, was a printer by trade. *King Charles III.* (1) was a printer, and not unfrequently worked at the trade after he had ascended the throne of England."

Tournament.—On October 10, last, 400 or 500 Cabardian and Tartar princes assembled at Teflis, to celebrate their national fête. After the performance of divine service in the open air, horse-racing and a grand tournament commenced. Eighty horsemen, armed from head to foot, and mounted upon steeds covered with armour, entered the lists. They divided themselves into two bodies, and carried on a combat of three hours; first, with the lance, and next, with the sword. The Cabardians wore gilded armour, with red scarfs, and rode grey horses. The

victory was with the Cabardians, of whom, at the end of the tournament, eight were in their stirrups, whilst all the Tartars had been dismounted.—*Times letter.*

The Public is like a great child: it requires to be lead.—*Quarterly Review.* [We scarcely think this shrewd remark of such wide application as its author seems disposed to consider it. Those who watch the public mind, will generally acknowledge that the main secret lies as much in following as in leading.]

The Portland and Hamilton Vases.—The information of the alleged inscriptions on the Portland Vase in the British Museum, (quoted at page 224,) is erroneous. It refers to the vase commonly known as the Hamilton Vase, of which scarcely a doubt can exist as to its being, up to the present moment, the best specimen of Greek fictile art in the British Museum. It is of the style generally supposed to have issued from the manufactories of Nola, in Campania, which are secondary, in point of age, to those made at Vulci, but are unrivalled in the deep black, or metallic tint, approaching an invisible green, of their backgrounds; and the deep red, or orange material, which is seen upon the surface in the parts indicative of the figures, and in their execution and elegance. The vase is large, nearly two feet in height; and its shape approaches those we see on the heads of the female water-drawers on several efforts of the Vulcan artists. M. Gerhard, in examining this vase, during his stay in England last year, found a name over the head of one of the personages; another was pointed out; and all the inscriptions were subsequently discovered. From this it appears that the myth, or story, is totally distinct from that assigned to it by M. de Hancarville, in his publication of the vases of the Hamilton collection. The names of almost every figure are inscribed upon the vase, with the addition of that of the maker. M. Gerhard is on the eve of publishing them, having had drawings made of the vase for that purpose.—*Literary Gazette.*

Ink Stains in Silver.—The tops and other portions of silver inkstands frequently become deeply discoloured with ink, which is difficult to remove by ordinary means. It may, however, be entirely eradicated by making a little chloride of lime into a paste with water, and rubbing it upon the stains. Chloride of lime, by the way, has been named the "General Bleacher;" but it is a foul enemy to all metallic surfaces.

Imperial Encore.—Taglioni has been dancing, at St. Petersburg, in a new ballet called *L'Umbre*. One of its pretty conceits is Taglioni, in the character of a shade, dancing on the surface of a lake, and then vanishing. During the ballet, the Emperor encored the danseuse ten times.

Microscopical Society.—A Society has just been formed for the promotion of Microscopical Investigation, and for the introduction and improvement of the Microscope, as a scientific instrument; the reading and discussion of papers upon new and interesting subjects of microscopical inquiry; the formation of a collection of rare and valuable microscopical objects, and of a library of reference.

Kissing by Favour.—A prince of the house of Schwarzenburg, (according to Mrs. Trollope, the handsomest man in Austria,) was raised to the Archbishopric of Salzburg, (which he now holds,) at twenty-seven; and since the commencement of this century, a prince of the blood became Archbishop of Gran, and Primate of Hungary, at twenty-one. This last appointment, however, was not without excuse: for the revenues of the See are, according to Mr. Paget, from £50,000 to £80,000 a-year; and the youthful primate, says Mr. Turnbull, fell a martyr to his sense of duty. A pestilential fever having broken out at Bâth, he persevered in administering to the sick till he caught the disorder and died.—*Quarterly Review.*

A Subscription Botanic Garden, at Bath, may now be considered as fairly established; Mr. W. H. Baxter, the son of Mr. Baxter, of the Oxford Botanic Garden, author of that excellent work *British Flowering Plants*, being appointed curator.—*Gardener's Magazine.*

Transparent Clocks are by no means so near new as is generally imagined. In the *Universal Magazine*, Dec. 1807, we read:—"M. Griebel, a clock-maker at Paris, has invented a clock without weights, of a globular form, the dial-plate of which is transparent, and by means of one of Argand's reflecting lamps, the figures are shewn to a great distance. What is the most ingenious, is, that neither the wheels, the hands, nor the pendulum, cast any shadow. The light may be made stronger or weaker, and adapted to the sick chamber, or even to clocks in the most public places, where it will answer the purpose of a time-piece and a lamp at the same time."—J. H. F.

Round Towers in Ireland.—It is very obvious that, in the earliest days of Christianity, when it is presumed the Irish were possessed of more zeal than architectural skill, these towers were frequently built into their churches, and performed the office of heaven-pointing spires: but, of so superior a structure were these spires, that, even now, when the early churches have mended the roads, or are reduced to a confused or scattered heap of ruins, the towers stand triumphant and alone in their glory, sneering sarcastically at the feeble efforts of time.—*Magazine of Natural History.*

Jonathan Wild.—The skeleton of this accomplished wretch is in the possession of Mr. Fowler, surgeon, of Windsor. Of course, this outline of villainy is kept locked up.

Gardens of the Zoological Society.—Among the most recent additions to this menagerie are a fine large black tiger; an interesting variety of monkey, presented by the Duke of Northumberland; and a very healthy oran-outang, the finest ever brought to this country.

Teetotalism.—A few days since, at the Guildhall police office, a member of the Society for the Suppression of Intemperance, stated, that twenty coal-heavers belonged to the Association; "they behaved like gentlemen, and their steadiness caused them to be employed in preference to other men." A coal-heaver was pressed to attend a lecture on Temperance, but the refractory fellow kept up interruptions of "Hollo, Bill, give us a pint;" "Master, a word with you," &c. In the course of the examination, the magistrate naively remarked, that "the swell mob knew the teetotalers were too prudent to carry much money in their pockets to a crowded meeting."

Education in Austria is not strictly compulsory, as in Prussia; but non-attendance at school operates as a perpetual disqualification for employment, public or private; and the parish-priest is forbidden to marry any one not provided with a certificate of education. Mr. Scobell even states, that he has known of masters being punished for employing workmen who could not produce certificates of education. Altogether, it is calculated that above three-fifths of the rising generation are at school.

A Carriage Talking-Tube, as a substitute for the common check-string, is a very great improvement, especially for invalids. It may be described as merely a tubular string, which, by applying the lips at one end, may be spoken through to the coachman, who holds the other end in his hand. It is made chiefly of India-rubber, was invented in Paris, and is manufactured in London by Carson and Fink, in Bond-street.—*Gardener's Mag.*

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STATUE OF WASHINGTON. (BY CHANTREY.)

STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

THE magnificent colossal statue engraved upon the preceding page, is a *chef-d'œuvre* of the chisel of Sir Francis Chantrey; and is stated to be the first noble specimen of British sculpture seen in the United States. It is reputed to be a masterpiece of Chantrey's natural style: it is placed in the State House at Boston, the capital of the State of Massachusetts, which stands on an elevated spot, and commands an extensive view of the surrounding country. Boston is likewise interesting as the birth-place of Franklin, and the place of his burial: he was interred in the Granary ground, where the spot is marked by a cenotaph.

Of George Washington, it may be interesting to append a brief sketch; by an American hand. He was the first President of the United States, "the Father of his country," and one of the greatest men of modern times. "He was the third son of Augustine Washington, and was born at Bridges Creek, in the county of Westmoreland, Virginia, Feb. 22, 1732. The property of his father descending to an elder brother, at the age of fifteen, he made preparations to enter the British navy as a midshipman, but was persuaded to abandon the design by his mother. He devoted himself assiduously to study, particularly the mathematics and general science. At nineteen, he was appointed an Adjutant-general of militia; and soon after executed, with great coolness and fidelity, a difficult enterprise intrusted to him by the Governor of Virginia; that of communicating with the commanding officer of the French garrison on the Ohio, and exploring the intermediate country, with an eye to future military operations. In 1754, he commanded a new regiment raised against the French—was in the several skirmishes, and in the hottest of the sanguinary battle of Fort du Quesne, on the 9th July, 1754; but, at the close of the year, he resigned his command, and retired. His brother had died, and the paternal estate came into his possession.

"He married Martha Custis, a young widow lady, of large fortune, and superior accomplishments; and gave his attention to the cultivation of his farm, one of the most extensive in Virginia. His slaves and other persons employed at this time, were nearly 1,000. He became a member of the Legislature, and also a Judge. In 1774, he was elected a member of the first Congress, and took an active part in revolutionary measures. Soon after the battle of Lexington took place, Washington, at the suggestion of John

Adams, was elected Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United Colonies, and accepted the office. He repaired to Cambridge, then the head-quarters of the patriot army. From this period, through all the vicissitudes, difficulties, and perils of the revolutionary struggle, the genius of Washington was the directing spirit of the contest. Patient and sagacious, he never rushed headlong into battle—he was sparing of human life—courageous at all times, but humane, and never for a moment despairing of the glorious cause.

"After the surrender at Yorktown, and the close of the war, and the withdrawal of the troops of the enemy, he took leave of his brave comrades in arms, in New York, then assembled at Francis's tavern, (kept at what is now the corner of Franklin-square, and Cherry-street—the same old edifice is standing yet;) and on the 23rd of December, he resigned his commission to Congress. Washington now retired to Mount Vernon, again employing himself in domestic pursuits. But the country yet looked to him for guidance. He became, in 1787, a member of the Convention which formed the Constitution, and was President of that body. In 1789, he was unanimously elected the first President under the Constitution of the Republic; and remained eight years in that high office. He then retired to private life, but was again induced to accept the office of Commander-in-Chief of the army during the administration of the elder Adams. His death occurred before the restoration of peace with France. He died on the 14th December, 1799, at the age of sixty-eight, mourned by the whole American nation."

Washington is the idol of the American people; and there are few houses in the United States, wherein a *Life* of this illustrious man is not to be found. Still, his tomb at Mount Vernon, on the western shore of the Potomac, fifteen miles from Washington, is a simple excavation in the earth, walled with brick, and overgrown with cedars. "It is often," says an American work, "urged as a national reproach, that the remains of this great man do not repose in a sepulchre of suitable magnificence."

Still, Baltimore contains a monument to Washington, whereon has been placed a fine statue, from the chisel of the Italian sculptor, Causici, whom it is stated to have occupied for about two years. It cost 10,000 dollars, and required forty horses, for two months, to move it fourteen miles, when in its rough state. The whole expense of this monument has exceeded 200,000 dollars.

THE FIRST STEAM-BOAT.

[THE honour of this invaluable discovery has been re-claimed for Scotland, in a paper lately read by Sir John Robinson, to the Society of Arts for Scotland, containing * a Narrative of Experiments and Suggestions, by the late Mr. James Taylor (of Cumnock,) for the application of Steam to Navigation." The circumstances are briefly as follow:]

In the year 1785, the late Mr. Miller of Dalswinton, was engaged in speculations on the practicability of propelling vessels by paddle-wheels; and, in 1787, he constructed a double boat of sixty feet long, with paddle-wheels, in the space between the two vessels: these were worked by capstans, turned by men. The speed of this vessel was tried against a row-boat belonging to the Custom-House, which was distanced in the race.

The men at the capstans having had to make exertions which could not be maintained for any long period, Mr. Miller became desirous of substituting some other mechanical power for that of the men, and consulted Mr. Taylor (at that time the tutor of his sons) regarding it. On this, Mr. Taylor proposed that *a steam-engine should be applied to give motion to the paddle-wheels*. After making some objections, Mr. Miller consented to be at the expense of an experiment, and authorized Mr. Taylor to employ a clever mechanician, of the name of Symington, to make a small engine with a four-inch cylinder. This was accordingly done, and, on the 14th October, 1788, this engine having been erected on a twin-boat, *the first steam-boat voyage ever made,** was successfully performed on Dalswinton Lake.

Encouraged by the striking success of this trial, Mr. Miller agreed to make another on a larger scale, in consequence of which Mr. Taylor, and his engineer, Mr. Symington, proceeded to Carron Foundry, where an engine with a cylinder of eighteen inches diameter, was prepared and fitted to a vessel, which was tried on the Forth and Clyde Canal, for the first time, in November, 1789. This vessel moved at the rate of seven miles per hour—a rate which has hardly been exceeded by the most improved modern steamers in canal waters.

The expense of this experiment having exceeded the estimates, Mr. Miller became dissatisfied, and declined to proceed any farther, nor could he ever be induced to resume the subject.

In 1801, Lord Dundas, then Governor of the Forth and Clyde Canal Company,

employed Mr. Symington to make an engine for an experimental vessel for that Company. The vessel was soon after completed, and made many experimental trips on the canal, but being found to create a wave destructive to the banks, was, on that account, laid aside.

It was this latter vessel (the third in succession from the first trial,) which was visited and studied by Mr. Fulton, the American engineer, whose first steam-boat was launched in 1807, nineteen years after the successful trial at Dalswinton Lake. Mr. Henry Bell, of Helensburgh, who constructed the steam-boat *Cornet*, on the river Clyde, in 1812, accompanied Mr. Fulton in his visits to Lord Dundas's vessel.

The above noted facts are supported by vouchers from various persons, several of whom are still alive, and are fully corroborated by accounts published in the *Dumfries Journal*, and the *Scots Magazine*, of 1788, and in the Edinburgh newspapers of February, 1790.

It is not generally known that the engines fitted in Fulton's first steamer, on the Hudson, were furnished by Messrs. Boulton, Watt, and Co., of Soho, who were applied to by Mr. Fulton, in person, to undertake to construct them.

[Sir John Graham Dalyell, President of the Society of Arts, has introduced this Narrative, by a few Remarks which are as just as they are stringent, upon those to whom is intrusted the distribution of honorary rewards for their country's good; which becomes the prime duty of every patriotic Government. Sir John well observes:]

Of all modern inventions, that affording the highest practical utility, is navigation by the power of steam;—one which seems to bid defiance to the impediments of time and distance,—which, in conquering the element, conspires to human safety.

Yet not only was the author of this notable contrivance suffered to languish in obscurity,—to die unnoticed and unknown; but his widow and daughter have been hitherto overpassed in any adequate remuneration.

But we are no strangers to national rewards for useful projects. They have been conferred, of late, for improving the mode of inoculation in one department, and for improving the highways of the kingdom in another. Or the widows and children of those who have fallen in the public service, are recompensed with honours and with bounties, descending even to the second and third generation. Ought not the nearest and only relatives of the author of so important a discovery, now justly re-claimed by Scotland, to enjoy some due proportion of public favour?

* A claim has lately been made to the credit of this application of steam-power, by M. Jouffroy, in 1775 or 1776, on the Saône in France.—J. R.

NEW INDESTRUCTIBLE INK.

• Dr. COXE, of Pennsylvania, having gathered a fungus and placed it on a sheet of white paper, leaving it until the next day, found several drops of an inky fluid, slowly trickling from the inner surface, which had assumed a black appearance; and by placing the fungus in a glass, the whole, except the outer skin, liquefied. The colour of the fluid was rather of a deep bistre than black; and, being left in a glass, in a few hours it separated into a solid sediment, with a lighter coloured fluid swimming above. Having afterwards collected a considerable quantity of fluid from the same species, the Doctor dried an extract, of a pretty deep black colour, of both parts conjoined, which would otherwise have separated. This, on trial, formed an admirable bistre-like water-colour, well adapted for drawing when mixed with gum.

By diluting this substance with water, an ink was speedily made; and writing with it was exposed to the sun for several months with little change: chlorine and eucchlorine gas, muriatic acid, and ammoniacal gases were then tried; from these a trifling change ensued, except from the muriatic acid gas, which destroyed very considerably the dark tint of the writing.

From several experiments, Dr. Coxe infers that an excellent *India Ink* might be prepared as above for drawing: perhaps, its dried deposit, mixed with oil, might answer for engravings; and, as an ink, indestructible by any common agents, it might be well to try it in the filling up of bank-notes and other papers of importance; as the Doctor believes it cannot be extracted by any means without destroying the paper itself.*

MARGUERITE DE BOURGOGNE.

V.—THE DUNGEON.

If the crowd of gay butterflies and sober moths that, in the shape of courtiers and ministers, fluttered every morning about the Louvre, had been astonished at the passing events of the antechamber the day before, they were much more confounded at the changes which took place on the morning subsequent to the Queen's visit to Orsini's tavern. Marigni, the cautious and wily minister, had been arrested at the palace gates by Buridan, who was a comparative stranger to the majority of them; and, before his guard had left the court-yard with their prisoner, Gauthier Daulnay had ordered Buridan

to the dungeons of Vincennes, by the Queen's warrant, on the charge of murdering his brother. Savoisy in vain attempted to gain some information or elucidation of these strange changes; and, having questioned every one, from the *arbalétrier* at the gates to the page in the council-chamber, concluded by expressing a wish that Satan might invite him to a banquet at the Tour de Nesle, if he knew anything about it.

The castle of Vincennes, to whose safeguard Buridan had been condemned, was an irregular building, or, rather, a cluster of irregular buildings, surmounted by a number of tall, slender towers, situated about four miles east of Paris. The visitor to Père la Chasse may yet see its white walls glistening in the sun, as he stands on the level before the chapel of the cemetery, and turns his back upon the city. His guide will, perhaps, tell him that it was there Louis IX. administered justice to all, under an oak in its then fair park; and that there our own Henry V. breathed his last, and the ill-fated Henry VI. was born. Although not regularly used as a prison until the time of Louis XI., it became the occasional place of confinement for state prisoners, during the earlier reigns; and its low vaulted dungeons, encompassed by walls sixteen feet in thickness, which are still existing, fitted it for the purposes of torture and assassination.

In the deepest of one of these cells, bound, in darkness, and alone, 220 steps below the surface of the ground, lay the Captain Buridan. Although deprived of light and air, his bold, undaunted spirit was as free as ever; and he had still a well-lined purse in his girdle, which he had determined upon using to the best advantage. He was aware escape was next to impossible; but another plan presented itself, which, if carried out, would place his enemies once more comparatively in his power, and he accordingly employed the night in maturing it. The next morning, as the *guichetier* entered with his coarse allowance of daily food, he was surprised to find that honourable post filled by no less a person than Landry, whom he had before known as the drawer at Orsini's tavern, and as one of the Queen's creatures, liable to serve her in all situations, from the prison to the palace.

"It appears you have enough upon your hands," said Buridan; "yesterday assassin at the Tour de Nesle, and to-day gaoler at Vincennes."

"I am seldom unoccupied," returned Landry, drily.

"And yet, can you do nothing for me—can you not even procure me a certain confessor that I shall name to you?"

* The Fungi above referred to are *Agaricus fmetarius*, Linn. and Curtis; *A. cornutus*, Mull and Berkeley; *A. cylindricus*, Sowerby.—*Philosophical Magazine*.

"I dare not," returned the gaoler; "but I can listen to your confession, and repeat it to the priest, word for word; or, if you have a penitence to make, on the faith of a soldier, I will undergo it for you."

"Tush!" said Buridan, "this is but idle jesting. Can you feel in my girdle, and take out the purse of gold you will find there?"

An answer was not needed—in an instant, the purse was in Landry's hand.

"How much earn you a year in your present employment?" asked Buridan.

"But six poor livres," was the reply.

"And in that purse are 200. Now, listen, Landry. You must waste thirty-three years of your life in a prison, as the slave of Orsini, the hireling of a murderer, to gain an equal sum. Swear to me, on your eternal salvation, to do as I bid you, and it is all yours. 'Tis all that I possess—had I more, I would give it to you."

"But what will become of you, *mon capitaine*? I cannot save you."

"It is probable that they will hang me," replied Buridan, coolly. "If that is the case, the executioners will bury me at their own expense, and I shall have no need of money. On the contrary, if I am spared, you shall have four times that sum, and I a thousand."

"And what have I to do for this?" demanded Landry.

"That which will give you little trouble. You must leave Vincennes, and, once out of the prison walls, you must never again enter."

"I ask no better fate."

"You must go and lodge with Pierre le Bourgeois, the taverner, near the Innocents. You must ask him for the captain's chamber, and he will give you the one I inhabited."

"If that is all, there appears to be no great difficulty about it," said Landry, counting the money in his pocket.

"Listen," resumed Buridan. "When once installed in that chamber, you must carefully fasten the door, and count the small tiles which pave the floor, beginning at the corner where you will see a crucifix (Landry crossed himself). On the seventh square—mind now, the seventh—you will perceive a small cross. You must lift up the tile with your poniard, and, under a bed of sand, you will find a small iron box, of which the key is in that purse. There is no gold in it—you may open it, an' you please. And now, Landry, mark me; if, to-morrow, at the hour of the King's entry into Paris, you do not see me return safe and sound—if I have not said to you, 'Return me that box and its contents,' you will place them both in the hands of Louis X., King of France; and, if you do that, you will have avenged me."

"And do I run no other risk?"

"None."

"Then you may count on me:—by the name of our Lady, I swear this!"

"And now, Landry, adieu. You have the means of avoiding crime; be honest, if you can."

"I will do what lies in my power, *mon capitaine*," said the gaoler, departing; "*mais c'est bien difficile*."

"So," cried Buridan, as the door hoarsely closed upon Landry, and he heard his retiring footsteps, "it is accomplished. Now, let the torturer and his minions come, for vengeance is seated on the rack, and I shall die content. Vengeance! jeyous and sublime word, when uttered by a living mouth:—alas! how sonorous and vain it falls over the tomb of the senseless corpse that sleeps within its sepulchre!"

The day sluggishly wore on, and the captive, half unconscious of its progress, still remained in the same attitude, pondering on the chances of escape which circumstances might afford. The only means by which he was enabled to mark the progress of the hours, were the monotonous and deadened chimes of the rusty *donjon* turret-clock, which were conducted by the mass of brick-work to his deep vault, and which he was sensible of, rather by their vibration than their sound. No ray of daylight had ever entered that dungeon since the hour when its cells were first covered over by the builder's care; the faint, and sickly mould clung to its damp walls and ceiling, and its floor was moist with the oozing land-springs, and the slime of the noxious and loathsome reptiles that crawled about it. The lamp, which Landry had left on his departure, struggled to throw a feeble glimmering around, but it could scarcely contend with the heavily-laden atmosphere; and, after burning gradually with a dimmer and dimmer light, a faint halo of pale blue flame was all that remained at last to mark its situation.

For some hours, Buridan remained in deep thought; and then, wearied and overcome with fatigue, both of body and mind, his ideas became confused and indistinct, and he sank into a deep sleep. But his visions were not of his prison, for his persecutors could not restrain his spirit; and it wandered freely, once more, over the rich green pastures and sunny skies of his native Languedoc; and he was once more young, and guileless, and happy. Years of laughing misery and deep iniquity had passed since the beautiful accents of the south flowed in their natural and mellow richness from his tongue; and soft and gentle feelings, unclouded by remorse or interest, had long been strangers to his bosom; but, as he slept upon the damp

straw which formed his couch, the scenes of his innocent childhood rose up again, in smiling array before him, and he forgot all else of sadness and anxiety, in the beaming and happy visions of the past. ALBERT.

(To be continued.)

ASSAM TEA.—I.

CULTURE.

SOMEWHAT more than fourteen months have elapsed since the printing, by order of Parliament, of the "Papers received from India relating to the Measures adopted for introducing the Culture of the Tea-plant within the British Possessions in India." This document is certainly one of the most interesting which has, of late, been printed upon the Tea-plant, a subject of almost exhaustless interest to the English reader.

It will be remembered that, upon the discovery of the Tea-plant being indigenous in Upper Assam, Mr. C. A. Bruce was sent thither to explore the Tea-country, and was appointed Superintendent of its culture. He then proceeded to raise plantations, and, in the year 1838, transmitted to England eight chests of "Assam Tea," each containing 320lb. This success was very encouraging; and, we believe, that a considerably larger shipment of this new Tea is daily expected.

Of the progress of the culture in the past year, some notice will be found at page 4 of the present volume of the *Literary World*, date, October. It appears, also, that Mr. Bruce has drawn up his second Report,* which has been presented by the Tea Committee appointed by the Bengal Government; this document being printed in Calcutta, on Sept. 21; on which day it was despatched by overland mail to this country.

Notwithstanding the troubles in which the frontier of Assam has been involved, Mr. Bruce has altogether discovered 120 Tea-tracts, some of them very extensive, both on the hills and in the plains; whence a sufficient number of seeds and seedlings might be collected, in the course of a few years, to plant off the whole of Assam.†

* The first is printed with the Parliamentary documents above mentioned.

† Assam consists of a long valley, 700 miles in length, by about seventy in average breadth, divided through its whole extent by the Brahmapootra. On the north and east it is bounded by the mountains of Bhotan and Tibet, which rise abruptly like a wall from 5,000 to 6,000 feet above the plain. On the S. W., a less elevated range separates Assam from Sylhet, and, extending southward, forms the bold lofty sweep which marks the eastern boundary of Arracan. On the west, it joins Bengal, which it resembles in its physical character and productions. Seven-eighths of the country were supposed to be overgrown with jungle, previous to Mr. Bruce's visit. In the number of its rivers, it exceeds every

In 1838, on going over one of the hills behind Jaipore, about 300 feet high, Mr. Bruce discovered a Tea-tract between two and three miles in length; the trees were mostly as thick as they could grow, and the Tea-seeds, (smaller than he had seen before,) literally covered the ground: this was in the middle of November, when the trees had abundance of fruit and flower on them. One of the largest trees was two cubits in circumference, and full forty cubits in height. At the foot of the hill was another Tea-tract, and doubtless many of the Naga hills are covered with Tea. Mr. Bruce crossed the Dacca river at the old fort of Ghergong, and, walking towards the hills, almost immediately came upon Tea; and in two days' journey he saw thirteen tracts. Further south-west, the small hills adjoining Gabrew hill were covered with Tea-plants. "The flowers of the Tea on the hills are of a pleasant, delicate fragrance, unlike the smell of our other Tea-plants; but the leaves and fruit appear the same. This would be a delightful place for the manufacture of Tea, as the country is well-populated, has abundance of grain, and labour is cheap. There is a small stream, called the Jhaungy river, at a distance of two hours' walk: it is navigable all the year round for small canoes, which could carry down the Tea, and the place is only one and a half days' journey from Jorehaut, the capital of Upper Assam." South-west of Gabrew Purlut, (about two days' journey,) is a village inhabited by a race called Norahs, who came from the eastward, where Tea abounds. The oldest man in this village told Mr. Bruce, that when his father was a young man, he had emigrated, with many others, and settled at Tipum, opposite Jaipore; that they brought the Tea-plant with them, and planted it on the Tipum hill, where it exists to this day; and that when he was about sixteen years of age, he was compelled to leave Tipum, on account of wars and disturbances, and take shelter at the village where he now resides. This man said he was eighty years of age, and his father died a very old man. He was the only man met by Mr. Bruce in his journeys, who could give him any account of the Tea-plant; with the exception of an Ahum, who declared that it was Sooka, or the first Kacharry raja of Assam, who brought the Tea-plant from Munkum: he said it was written in his Putty, or history. Mr. Bruce found the old Norah man's story true; for the

other country of equal extent. Assam was conquered by the Burmese in 1817; but, in 1825, the fall of Rungpore led to its entire evacuation by the Burmese, and it is now in the full possession of the British.

Superintendent cleared the tract where it grew thickest, about 300 yards by 300: the old man said his father cut the plant down every third year, that he might get the young leaves.

The Report is accompanied by a map of Muttuck, Singpho, and the country west of the Boree Dibing river, shewing all the Tea-tracts that have been discovered: they are distributed all over the district. Mr. Bruce does not pretend to say how much Tea they would all produce if fully worked. Until lately, he had only two Chinese black Tea-makers. These men have twelve native assistants; each Chinaman, with six assistants, can only superintend one locality, and the Tea-leaves from the various other tracts, widely separated, must be brought to these two places for manufacture. Hence, additional labourers must be always employed to bring the leaves from so great a distance: the leaves, too, in the journey, soon begin to ferment, and the labour of only preparing them so far in process, that they may not spoil by the morning, is excessive. The men have often to work very late, and, consequently, the labour is not so well executed; the leaves last gathered, are also much larger than they ought to be, for want of being collected and manufactured earlier; consequently, the Tea is of inferior quality. This is mentioned to shew the inconvenience and expense of having so few Tea-makers; a disadvantage which may interfere with the success of the experiment. Mr. Bruce considers that it will not become sufficiently forward to be transferred to speculators until a proper number of native Tea-manufacturers have been taught to prepare both the black and green sorts; then, under one hundred available Tea-manufacturers, it would be worth while to take up the scheme on a large scale. Labourers must be introduced, in the first instance, to give a tone to the Assam opium-eaters; but the great fear is, that these latter would corrupt the new comers. If the cultivation of Tea were encouraged, and the poppy put a stop to in Assam, the Assamese would make a splendid set of Tea-manufacturers and Tea-cultivators.

In estimating the extent of the Tea-tracts, Mr. Bruce only refers to those patches of plants which grow thickly together; and does not reckon the straggling plants in the forest and jungle. The former are so thick as to impede each other's growth; and, by thinning them, a sufficient number of plants may be found to fill up the patches of jungle between the present tracts. Yet, many Tea-tracts have been cut down, in ignorance, by the natives, to make room for the rice-

field, for fire-wood, and fences. Many of these tracts have sprung up again, more vigorous than before.

Mr. Bruce considers that in Assam, as in China, the hilly tracts produce the *best* Teas. In the lowland, the plants seem to love and court moisture, not from stagnant pools, but running streams. The Kukung tracts have the water in and around them, and are all in heavy tree-jungles. An extent of 300 yards by 300 will cost from 200 to 300 rupees clearing; *i. e.* according to the manner in which the miserable opium-smoking Assamese work. They will not permit their women to come into the Tea-gardens; whereas, females and children might be profitably employed in plucking and sorting leaves. But the gathering is hard work: the standing in one position so many hours occasions swellings in the legs; as the Assamese plants are not like those of China, only three feet high, but double that size, so that one must stand upright to pluck the leaves. The Chinese gather theirs squatting down. The Assamese trees will, probably, become of a smaller and more convenient size after a few years' cultivation; from trimming the plants, taking all their young leaves as soon as they appear, and from the soil being poorer. Transplanting, also, helps to stunt and shorten their growth. The Chinese assured Mr. Bruce, that the China plants, now of Deenjoy, would never have attained half the present perfection under ten years in their own country.

The sun materially affects the leaves; for, as soon as the trees that shade the plants are removed, the leaf loses its fine deep green, and turns yellowish; but it, at length, changes to a healthy green, and becomes thicker than when in the shade. The more the leaves are plucked, the greater number of them are produced. The plants in the sun have flowers and fruit much earlier than those in the shade: flowers and seeds in July, and fruit in November. Some plants, by cold or rain, having lost all their flowers, throw out buds more abundantly than ever. Thus, plants may be seen in flower so late as March, (some of the China plants were in flower in April,) bearing the old and the new seeds, flower-buds, and full-blown flowers all at one and the same time. The rain, also, greatly affects the leaves, for some sorts of Tea cannot be made in a rainy day; for instance, the *Powchong* and *Mingehew*. The leaves for these ought to be collected about ten A. M., on a sunny morning, when the dew has evaporated. The *Powchong* can only be manufactured from the leaves of the first crop; but the *Mingehew*, although it requires the same care in making as the other, can yet be

made from any crop, provided the morning be sunny. The Chinese dislike gathering leaves on a rainy day for any description of Tea. Some pretend to distinguish the Tea made on a rainy from that made on a sunny day, much in the same manner as they can distinguish the shady from the sunny Teas, by their inferiority. If the large leaves for the black Tea were collected on a rainy day, about seven seers, or fourteen pounds, would be required to make one seer, or two pounds, of Tea; but if collected on a sunny day, about four seers, or eight pounds, of green leaves, would make one seer, or two pounds, of Tea; so the Chinamen told Mr. Bruce; and from experiment he found their statement correct. The season for Tea-making generally commences about the middle of March; the second crop in the middle of May; and the third about the middle of July; but the time varies, according to the rains setting in sooner or later.

We now arrive near the number of Tea-plants cultivated in Assam. The China black Tea-plants which were brought into Muttack in 1837, amounted to 1609, healthy and sickly; and they mostly flourish as well as if reared in China. Mr. Bruce collected about twenty-four pounds of the China seeds, and sowed some on the little hill of Tipum, in his Tea-garden, and others in the nursery-ground at Jaipore; about 3,000 of which have come up, are looking beautiful, and doing very well: but the China seedlings on Tipum hill have been destroyed by some insect.

The Assam and China seedlings are near each other; the latter have a much darker appearance: there may be about 10,000 of them. In June and July, 1837, 17,000 young plants were brought from Muttack, and planted out in thick tree jungles. Six or eight thousand had previously been planted there: many of these died in consequence of the buffaloes constantly breaking in among them; but the rest are doing well, though in jeopardy of the above enemies.

In 1838, 52,000 young Tea-plants were brought from about ten miles distance from Jaipore: a great portion of these have been sent to Calcutta, to be forwarded to Madras; should they thrive there, it is Mr. Bruce's opinion that they will never attain the height of the Assamese plants, but be dwarfish, like the Chinese. Transplantation should be done in the rains, when very few, if any, will die; provided, also, that they are removed from one sunny tract to another. Mr. Bruce believes the Tea-plant to be so hardy that it would almost live in any soil, if it were only planted in deep shade when taken to it. The roots should be well watered, but not inundated; when they have taken

hold, the shade should be removed. From moderately sized plants, removed from the jungle to a garden, a small crop of Tea may be gathered next year; from plants raised from seed, a crop may be expected the third year: they reach maturity in six years, and live forty or fifty.

LONDON STREET ARCHITECTURE.

VI.—BULL AND MOUTH INN, ST. MARTIN-LE-GRAND.

THE Engraving represents the central compartment of the Bull and Mouth Inn, erected about ten years since, on the west side of St. Martin-le-Grand, nearly opposite the northern wing of the General Post-



BULL AND MOUTH INN, ST. MARTIN-LE-GRAND.

office. The above portion is of stone; the wings being built with fine red brick. This central façade must, altogether, be considered a pleasing composition, making due allowance for the corrupt sign of the Bull

NEW RIVER IN EASTERN AUSTRALIA.

THE want of large navigable rivers in New South Wales, has been made the subject of observation by most of the writers who have adverted to the great advantages which, in other respects, that colony holds out to settlers from the mother country. In 1803, an eminent writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, (the Rev. Sydney Smith,) in an article upon Colonel Collins's *New South Wales*, remarks: "One of the most insuperable defects in New Holland, considered as the future country of a great people, is the want of large rivers penetrating very far into the interior, and navigable for small craft." Since that time, several rivers have been discovered. One of these, the *Brisbane*, is thus noticed in the *Quarterly Review* for October, 1825: "The discovery of this river may cause those to hesitate, who so positively assert that none of any magnitude fall into the sea from New Holland. Captain Cook discovered Moreton Bay: it was well-known to Captain Flinders, who anchored his vessel both above and below the mouth of this great river, and passed it twice in his boats; but it was concealed from him by two low islands. How, then, can it be affirmed that, in an extent of 6,000 geographical miles of coast, there is no river of any magnitude? We shall speedily see that another fine stream has been discovered on the southern coast, (by two persons of the names of Howell and Hume, on their way from Sydney to the coast, in Bass' Strait;) and we have no doubt many more will yet be found on all the coasts of this immense island."

[An addition to our geographical knowledge of Australia has very recently been made, of a nature which promises to be of considerable advantage to the colony of New South Wales. The preceding and following details of this important discovery, have been abridged from the *Times* journal:]

A river, called the *Big River*, lying in 29 deg. 30 min. south, in Eastern Australia, has been explored in the *King William* steamer, by Captain Perry; whose report, made to the Colonial Government, will, probably, be found among the earliest papers to be laid before Parliament in the ensuing session. The soil of the banks is of the richest alluvial quality for upwards of sixty miles from the entrance at the sea, where begins forest country, generally lightly timbered with apple-trees, (forest-trees so called,) at the foot of the mountains. The *King William* advanced ninety miles up the river, when her progress was put an end to by the fall, or

shallow, at that distance. About two miles above the fall is the entrance of a tributary stream, called the *Orura*, of good depth and width, with high fertile banks. It is stated to be a superior river to the *Hunter*, and to be thirty miles in extent to its source at the foot of the mountains. The native name of the *Big River* is *Oravallo*. Experienced graziers and agriculturists pronounce its banks, with its abundance of good fresh water, to be superior, both for pasture and agriculture, to any other portion of New South Wales. The available water frontage is calculated at 600 miles; and the alluvial banks, and rich undulating forest land, are capable of entertaining an agriculture equal in extent to the whole land now under tillage in the colony. There are three ranges of mountains; the most distant of which, on the north, cannot be far from Mount Lindesay, 5,700 feet high. At the back of these mountains is the New England country, joined in continuation with the Limestone Plains, terminating near Moreton Bay. The general impression is, that, in consequence of this discovery, the current of capital and enterprise will tend faster and more successfully to the north than it has to the southward during the last three years.

New Books.

THE LETTER-BAG OF THE GREAT WESTERN; OR, LIFE IN A STEAMER.

[We stake our two-and-forty Numbers of the *Literary World*, that the first bag of "Penny Postage" letters contained not a tithe of the humour of this volume of pleasantries, by the author of the *Sayings and Doings of Sam Slick*. The framework of the *Letter-bag of the Great Western* was a happy thought: of course, the book before us purports to be a selection of elegant epistles from the Post-Office bag of the steamer. First, after a pungent dedication and preface, we have the "Journal of an Actress;" a smart imitation of "dear Fanny's" enough-read, but never-enough-to-be-abused, Journal: of course, here can be no mistake:]

Journal of an Actress.

March 31st. Pottered on deck all day with General T. and my brother. The former talked of the Prairies till I dreamed all night of the fat bulls of Bashan, and the buffaloes of the plain.

April 2nd. My brother was so-so to-day after dinner, but wine makes him brilliant and witty; and why should I be ashamed to note it? It was the sons, and not the sisters of Noah, (dear old soul,) that

walked backwards and covered him, when he was too oblivious with the juice of the grape, to recollect such vulgar things as clothes. Read—Italianed—stitched a new chemisette.

3rd. How this glorious steamer wallops and gallops, and flounders along! She goes it like mad. Its motion is unlike that of any living thing I know—puffing like a porpoise, breasting the waves like a sea-horse, and, at times, skimming the surface like a bird. It possesses the joint powers of the tenants of the air, land, and water, and is superior to them all At night we had a glorious, 'splendent, silvery moon. The stars were bright, though feeble, hiding their diminished heads before their queen, enthroned in all her majesty. What an assemblage of the heavenly hosts! How grand—how sublime! It is a chaste beauty is the moon, beautiful but cold, inspiring respect, admiration, and so on, but not love, not breathing of passion. It is a melancholy feeling that it raises in the beholder, like a pale Grecian face, that calls up emotions of tenderness, but no ardour, and excites interest, but not transport. Which is the best, the inflammatory sun or the chilly moon? Midway, perhaps, "in medio tutissimus ibis," as dear Lord B. used to say, whenever he threaded my needle for me. I will potter with General T. about it. He looks moon-struck himself. Teu'd, suppered, champagne'd, tidied myself for bed, and I fear—snored.

[From the second letter—Cato Mignionette (the coloured steward) to Mr. Lavender:]

Steam-boat Wine.

Dey all make believe dat dey know wine, when dere isn't hardly none of 'em kuow him by name even. One buccra says, Steward, I can't drink dis wine, it is werry poor stuff; what de debil do you mean by giving me such trash as dis? he no fit to drink at all. Change him directly, and gib me some dat is fit for a gentleman. Well, I takes up de wine, and looks at um werry knowing, and den whisper in his ear not to speak so loud lest ebry body hear; and I put de finger on my nose and nods, and I goes and brings him anoder bottle of de werry identical same wine, and he taste him, smack his lip, and say, Ah, dat is de wine, steward, always bring me dat wine, and I remember you when I leab de ship. Hush, I say, massa not so loud, sir, if you please, for dere is only a werry few bottles of dat are wine, and I keep him for you, for I sees you knows de good wine when you sees him, which is more nor most gentlemen does. Dey is cussed stupid is dem whites, and werry conceited too, Mr. La-

bender; but dere is noting like letting him hab his own way.

Stealing Plate.

Den they holds me 'sponsible for all de plate, which is not fair by no manner o' means at all, in such a mob of scaley whites as we ab on board, and where ebry mah is taken what pays passage, and sometimes dem white fellers is no better nor him should be, I tell you. Toder day I sell some small ting to de outlandish Jew, who no speak werry good English, and I goes into his cabin, and I say, "Come, massa, I say, our voyage over now, him pilot on board, so you fork out, massa, if you please." Well, he stared like a shy horse. "What dat you say?" says he. "You fork out now, massa." I say. Den he goes round, and he bolt de door, and den he say, I give you one sovereign, steward, if you no mention it. "Oh," I say, "I neber mention him, massa, neber fear; and I's werry much obliged to you, sir, werry much indeed." Den he say, "Here is de forks," and he gives me back three silver forks; "I tookt um by mistake," he say, "and I hope you no mention him." Oh, ho, says I to myself, is dat de way de cat jump?—now I see how de land lay—I come Jew over you, my boy—my turn come now. Four sovereigns more, massa, and steward he keep mum, and if you no pay de money, I go bring captain, passenger, and ebry one. Well, him sovereign break um heart amost, but he show him out for all dat afore I go: one—two—three—four—five sovereigns. "All's right now, massa," I say; "dat is what I calls 'forking out.'"

[Next are letters from a soldier and sailor; from John Skinner (butcher,) to Mary Hide—from which is the following broad burlesque:]

Cattle, &c. on board.

He is stall-fed, like a prize ox; his fat is quite wonderful, which is more than I can say of our stock. One of my cows has gone dry, which comes of her being wet all the time, and not having room to lie down in. The salt-water has made corn-beef of her already. She is of the pole-breed, and the crossiest, contrariest beast I ever see. She have rubbed off her tail at last, a rubbin so the whole time. The other cow is a nice little bullock, but she had a calf a little too early, so she had; her mouth is as young as a baby's, though in another year she will be a good beast enough. The poultry, poor things, is very sickly, and would all die if I didn't kill the weakest for the cabin to save their lives, and so is the pigs; so much swimmyng don't agree with them; and when they stagger, and won't eat, I serve

them the same way ; for it stands to reason they can't thrive when they gives over eating that way.

The Engines.

The engines is wonderful, that's sertain. They work like a baker needing do for bred, and the digs it gives is surprising. The boilers are big enough to scald at one dip all the pigs in an Irish steamer, and would be a fortune to a butcher. The fire-places are large enough to roast a whole hog at once ; and if there is a thing I love its roast pork. The hard red crisp crunchy skin is beautiful, as much as to say, come stick it into me afore I am cold. It puts me in mind of your lips, dear Mary, both on 'em is so red, so plump, and so enticing, and both taken with a little sarce. Yes, I never see a pig I doesn't think of you, its cheeks so round and fat like yourn.

[No. 6. Quakeress to her Kinswoman ; 7. New Brunswick to his Friend ; 8. Abolitionist to an M.P. ; here are the blessings of

Emancipation.]

When I observe our friend Cassius receive, at his levees and balls in these islands, the coloured on an equal footing with their white brethren, and his amiable partner walking arm-in-arm with the sable female, (probably the descendant of a long line of African princes,) to the amazement and consternation of the whites, and in defiance of the odours which must be admitted to emanate from them, not only by those who espouse them, but by those who espouse their cause ; I bless him, I congratulate the world, and, above all, I felicitate the nobility, that the partition wall has been broken down, that colour and odour make no distinction, and that, instead of a few black legs, (the utmost advance that has hitherto been made in the higher circles,) we shall see numerous black peers among the new creations.

[9. A Cadet to his Mother ; 10. From a Lawyer's Clerk ; 11. From a Traveller before he had travelled. But, one of the gems, or, rather, live coals, is 12 ; the

Letter from a Stoker.]

No wun would no me now, for I am as black as the ace of spades as was, and so is my shurt, and for elene shetes, how long wood they be elene and me in them, and my skin is cracked like roastid pig, when there be not fat enough to baste it, or yu to lazy to du it, which was often your case, and well you cort it for it tuo when I was out of sorts, which was enuf to vex a man as risked his life to get it ; and then my eyes is soar with dust as comes from the cole, and so stiff, I arent

power to shute them, because they be so dry, and my mouth tastes sulfur always, as bad as them as go to the devil in earnest, as Sally Mander did. I have no peace at all, and will not be sorry when it's over ; if I survive it, blow me if I will. I smells like roste beaf, and the rats cum smelling round me as if they'd like to ave a cut and cum agin, but they will find it a tuf business and no gravy, as the Frenchman said who lived tuo hull weeks on his chuse, and dide wen he cum to the hells, which he said was rather tuo much. Then my shuse is baked so ard, they brake like pyerust, and my clothes wat with what cum'd out of me like rain at fust, and the steme that cums out like wise, which is oncredibill, and wat with the dust as cum out of the cole, is set like mortar, and as stiff as cement, and stand up of themselves as strate as a christian, so they do ; and if I ad your and in my and it wood melt like butter, and you that is so soft wood run away like a candle with a thief in it ; so you are better off where you be than here till I cool down agin and cum tuo ; for I'm blest if I woodn't sit a bed a fire, I'm so ort. I've got urted in my cheek with a stone that busted arter it got red ort in the grate, and flew out with an exploshun like a busted biler ; only I wish it had been water insted, for it would have been softer nor it was, for it was as ard as a cannon-ball ; it noked down to of my teeth, and then noked me down, and made a smell like searin a orses tail with red ort irn, which is the cause of its not bleeding much, tho' it swelled as big as a turnip, which accashuns me to keep wun eye shut, as it's no use to open it when its swelled all over it, for I can't see. My feet also looks like a tin cullindur or a sifter full of small oles, were the red ort sinders have burned into the bone. Them as node me wunce woodn't swear to me now, with a ole in my face as big as my mouth, that I adn't afore, and too back teeth out, as I had afore, and my skin as black as ink, and my flesh like dride codfish, and my hare dride wite and frizzled with the eat like neager's, or goose fethers in ort ashes to make quills, and me able to drink a gallon of porter without wunce taking breth, and not sele it for ewaporation, and my skin so kivered with dust and grit, you could shapen a knife on it, and my throte furred up like a ship's biler, and me that cood scarcely scroudge thro' a windur, that can now pass out of a kee ole, and not tear my clothes in the wards. Wun cumfit is, I was not see-sick, unless being sick of the see, for I have no licker in me, for watever I eat is baked into pot py and no gravy, which cums of the grate eat in the furniss, and bems raises no blisters.

for they ain't any watter inside to make wun, only leves a mark, as the ort poker does on the flore; and wen my turn cums to sleep, it's no longer trying this side and then that, and then rolling back again, a trying and not being able, for thinking and talking, but sleep cums on afore I can ly down, and all the pellise at Bo street woodn't wake me no more than a corps, wen I am wunce down in earnest.

[13. Stockholder of the Great Western to the Secretary; 14. From a

Servant in Search of a Place.]

DEAR TUMMUS—Curnel Rackitt having thort proper to stop sherry in the servants' hall, and give porter in stead, I give him warning that such improper conduct wouldn't do no longer, as I ad been always used to live with gentlemen, and to be treated as a footman ort; and besides, livery I won't wear no longer for no man breathing. It arn't fit one man should wear boudage cloths to another man, and so I go to Amerika, where there is no such word as servant, but assistance and helps, and where talents is rewarded as it deserves, and there is no distinctions to be found. I av engaged with captain Haltfront to help him during the voyage, and he is to pay my passage; but I didn't engage not to be sea-sick, which, of course, I av thort proper to be, whenever he is on deck, which is not often, and, consequently, av nothing to do but eat and drink my allowance, which, thank God, I can do very well, and he av the steward and ship's servants to wait upon him, which is enuf in all conscience without me. In Amerika, as I hear, servants is called misters, and wine and vegetables being on table, and the company handing dishes, helps has nothing to do but sit down on cheers and read the papers, unless it be to change a plate now and agin, which is only performer like; and is often taken into business, and marries into the family; and, wearing no livery, can dine at hotels at public tables, if not on duty, and has money to pay for it. Little offences aint thort nothing of where public officers do the like, as I hear, and where munny is so plenty people make a fortin sometimes by failing in business, which the steward says is not uncommon by no manner of means.

[15. From a French passenger, on

French-English.]

I find de English tonge vary tuff, and I am hard to understand it. De meaning of the words is so scattered, it is not easy for to gadare dem, all at de same time to chuse dat wot fits de best to de right place. Dere is "look out," which is to put out

your head and to see; and "look out," which is to haul in your head and not for to see, just contrairie. To-day steward took hold of de sky-light, and said, "Look out;" well, I put up my head for to "look out," and he shut down de sash on it and gave me a cut almost all over my face with pains of glass, and said, "Dat is not de way to 'look out,' you should have took your head in." Dat is beating de English into de head wid de devil to it likewise. It keeps me in de boiling watare all de time. In England, also, is one vary grpat ting wanted in de education of de houses commons of de people, is to have de knowledge of de art to cook de fare, so to make it fit to eat for de palate and stomach, and what is more, to de pokco^t, and to make de one half food dan the whole go furdare. It is de single ting necessaire to jenereale happiness, riches, and health, and widout it man is no more as a savage, who was waste more as he cats, and eats more as a pig den human being. Lord Brougham (who is more distinguished for what goes out of his mout den what goes into it) have gone boast "de schoolmaster is abroad." Vel, wate of all dat? De schoolmaster is not de right man astare all; but if will say "de cook is abroad," den he shall speak sense for once undeniable. De cook is de gentleman dat shall make von grand reform in de English nutione more better as ballot, or universal sufferage, or de Lord John Russell, all in one pile heap up togedare. [We must return to this *stick* volume.]

PRACTICAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE CAUSES AND TREATMENT OF CURVATURES OF THE SPINE. BY SAMUEL HARE, SURGEON.

[THIS is a well written book, and deserves an attentive reading from all interested in a species of disease which is, unfortunately, too prevalent amongst the more respectable classes of society. It was formerly the custom to treat cases of distorted spine with mechanical contrivances and supports of the most dangerous tendency; but now it seems that regular and well-applied excitants of the muscular power are all that is needed. Mr. Hare's work is illustrated with several interesting cases that have fallen under his hands, and his mode of treatment appears to be gentle and effective. We make the following extract from some admirable remarks on the causes of lateral curvature of the spine, as induced by the pernicious use of stays:]

There are, at the present time, thousands who, ignorant of the misery they are inconsiderately providing for themselves, are daily sacrificing health, and not unfre-

quently life, to the mere vanity of desiring to possess, what a vitiated taste calls, "a fine figure." That women should experience a feeling of support from the use of stays, after wearing them from early childhood, admits neither of doubt nor surprise; the only wonder is, that they should feel comfortable without them, during the hours of repose. Our promenades, public streets, and places of fashionable resort, afford abundant evidence of the sad effects resulting from the almost universal prevalence of this baneful practice. The absurd notion, that a woman is more beautiful with a remarkably small waist, ought long ago to have been exploded;—as well might we admire, as beauties, the flattened heads of some tribes of Indians, or the extremely contracted feet of the Chinese. Genuine taste admires no such eccentricities.

Modern stays are constructed with so little attention to the form of the body, that the pressure is the greatest upon the lower part of the chest, which is naturally the widest, whilst they have the most freedom at the upper part, where its diameter is the smallest; thus, in effect, inverting the order of nature, and causing a complete transformation of this important portion of the body, by making its base uppermost, and its apex downwards; they are also made so long as to cause injurious pressure on the pelvis, the crest of the ilium being, not unfrequently, turned inwards.

[The volume is produced in handsome style, and liberally illustrated with well-executed lithographs, which appear to possess painful accuracy.]

Periodicals.

SONG OF THE OAK.*

In the morning of life and light,
When the stars and the earth,
Ere man, had their birth,
And awoke in their beauty bright,—
My limbs were the first
That young Nature nurs'd,—
Her favourite child
In her forests so wild!
And often she said,
As I rear'd my green head,
That the Monarch of woods,
And even of Floods,†
Should I be when Time
Had render'd my strength in its beauty sublime!

* "I have sometimes considered it very seriously what should move *Pliny* to make a whole chapter of one only line: '*Glandiferi maximè generis omnes, quibus honos apud Romanos perpetuus.*'—(Lib. vi. cap. 3.) It is for the esteem which these wise and glorious people had of this tree, above all others, that I will fitly begin with the oak," saith Evelyn.
† The celebrated ship, built at Iolchos in Thessaly, for Jason, was formed of the oak of the Dodonæan forest.

To the "King of the Gods" alone*

My pride do I bend—
And his oracles send
Through Earth from his heavenly throne! †
His lightning *not* hurl'd,
The storms of this world
But rock me to sleep! ‡
While sweet-suckles creep, §,
And climb round my arms
With such innocent charms,
That I waken and say,
"Rest here while you may:
I joy in my power.
When guarding weak beauty in danger's dark hour!"

It is true that I'm rough and old;
But I've spirits within
That think it foul sin
To be either heartless or cold,—
Sweet *Dayads* that tend ||
My wants,—whom I lend
Sometimes to the Queen
Of Night's starry sheen,—
The Regent of hill,
Of forest and rill, ¶
Chaste Dian that laves
In a lonely lake's waves!
—And sometimes I give,

Through gratitude, *one* with a mortal to live! **

"My head has seen fifty score
Of years rolling by;
And I mean *not* to die
For another green thousand more!
In the home I love best,
This Isle of the West,
Still let my leaves spread
O'er the Patriot's head;
And my mistletoe be
A snare for each she
Who ventures beneath
Its kiss-snatching wreath!—
When at length I decline,

Let me lie where I fall—let my ivy still twine!
Bentley's Miscellany.

Obituary.

DIED, on December 30th, at the house of his father-in-law, Mr. De Wint, the water colourist, *William Hilton, Esq., R. A.*—To quote a gracefully written notice in the *Athenæum*, he was "one among the few British painters who bent his efforts to sustain Historical Art—efforts which could only deserve success, without being able to command it." Some of his most celebrated pictures are then enumerated, among which, probably, the most accessible is the altar-piece of St. Peter's Church, Belgrave-square; the

* The oak was sacred to Jupiter.

† For this see the classics, *passim*.

‡ ——— The oak

Thrives by the rude concussion of the storm!

§ With clasping tendrils they invest the branch,
Else unadorned, with many a gay festoon
And fragrant chaplet; recompensing well

The strength they borrow with the grace they lend!

|| *Dryads* and *Hamadryads*:—these latter so called from *ἀνδρ*, together, and *δρυς*, oak; because it was believed that they were co-eval and co-mortal with the trees intrusted to their care.

¶ *Montium custos nemorumque Virgo.*—*Hor.* lib. iii.

** *Arceas*, preserving an old oak by watering its roots, had the nymph who resided in it bestowed on him in marriage.

subject being *Christ crowned with Thorns*, which was exhibited at Somerset House in 1825, and purchased and presented to this church by the British Institution, in 1827. Hilton was born at Lincoln, and was first apprenticed to a mezzotinto-engraver: he was elected R. A. in 1820, and was keeper of the Academy till his demise. We lament to learn that his death was partly occasioned by the strength of his affections; "for he never recovered the loss of a beloved wife some years since. Though his frame was attenuated by sickness and sorrow, he retained the lustre of genius in his fine eye, and its brightness on his expansive forehead, to the last. His manners were singularly amiable and pleasing. It is more than the common cant of posthumous panegyric to add, that he died regretted, respected, and admired, by all who could appreciate mental and moral excellence in union." (*Athenæum*.) The fate of poor Hilton appears to be another amplification of the oft-quoted distich of the classic poet:

"Ingenuus didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores; nec sinit esse feros."

At Sydney, on June 27th, *Mr. Allan Cunningham*, the colonial botanist.—His death was in consequence of a series of colds caught during the rainy season, in his last unfortunate travels in New Zealand. Mr. London promises, in the *Gardener's Magazine*, a complete biography of this excellent man; the loss of whose scientific services will be severely felt in the old as well as the new world.

In Craven-street, Strand, on December 24th, *James Smith, Esq.*, one of the authors of the *Rejected Addresses*. Of this amiable and accomplished gentleman there is an admirable mezzotint portrait, engraved by Cousins, after Lonsdale.

In Lower Grosvenor-street, on the 6th inst., in her eighty-eighth year, *Madame D'Arblay*, the author of *Evelina* and *Cecilia*; widow of Lieutenant-General A. Piochard, Comte d'Arblay, and second daughter of the late Charles Burney, Mus. D. Of this ingenious novelist, whose productions are familiar to every British hearth, we hope to insert a biographical memoir in our next.

At Penzance, on the 5th inst., *Baldwin Duppa, Esq.*, honorary secretary and Chief supporter and founder of the Central Education Society. He edited their publications, and was, for many years, the disinterested and able advocate of liberal and extended education. He was, also, the originator of the scheme for agricultural colleges, one of which he established in Kent.—*Observer*.

Deaths in the year 1839.—During the

past year have died fourteen English peers; viz., three Dukes—Buckingham, Bedford, and Argyll; six Earls—Zetland, Caledon, Essex, Lauderdale, Mount Edgecombe, and Kingston; and five Barons—Howden, St. Helen's, De Ros, Walsingham, and Rendlesham. Of the above only one peerage is extinct—that of St. Helen's. Of the peerage of Ireland have died, the Earl of Carnwath, Lord Longford, and Viscount Dufferin. Only four members of the House of Commons have died during the above term—namely, Lord William Bentinck, Viscount Clements, Sir J. Dunlop, Bart., and Mr. W. M. Praed.—*Times*.

Varieties.

Penny Postage.—The number of letters posted in London for the General Post, on Friday the 10th, was 112,104. The estimated number for the 10th of January, 1839, was 27,877; so that the increase was between four and five-fold.—*Times*.

Servants' Scandal.—The valet and butler are always laughing at the way their mistress minces her words, and half shuts her eyes; and her rouge and pearl powder, and false braids, they say, make her look like "an old ewe dished up lamb fashion."—*Lady Blessington*.

Sir F. Chantrey has caused the necessary inquiries to be made respecting the state of education in the parish and neighbourhood of Norton, (his native place,) with the view of building and endowing a school for poor boys at his own expense.—*Sheffield Iris*.

Progress of Civilization.—The effects of the preponderating influence of monastic establishments are still visible in the habits of the people of South America; and at Cordova, though the ladies are not all nuns, their manners are a vast deal more reserved than those either of the capital or of the other principal provincial towns. As an instance of this, a fair lady of Buenos Ayres told Sir Woodbine Parish she had caused no little scandal whilst on a visit to some of her Cordova relations, by insisting on dancing at a ball with a male partner, instead of with one of her own sex, an innovation which greatly horrified the mammas. Captain Andrews, too, has given a lively account of the alarm he unwittingly occasioned by a like breach of decorum in offering his arm to a young lady on going to dinner. These scruples have, however, since been much modified; and ladies and gentlemen now dance country-dances together at Cordova, much as they do in other parts of the world, in spite of the fears of the mammas and the frowns of the priests.

Old Christmas.—An aged crone at our elbow well remembers, some forty years since, "old" Christmas being kept in Wiltshire to the neglect of "new" Christmas. On Old Christmas Day, (Epiphany, January 6,) a sermon was preached in the venerable church of Bromeham, to twice as numerous a congregation as had assembled on December 25, or "new" Christmas Day.

The *British Museum* re-opened on the 9th instant: hours, ten till four.

A good Samaritan.—In the autumn of 1837, Lady Basset suggested, whether if the miners, on their coming up from underground, in Dolcoath Mine, Cornwall, could be supplied with hot soup, on their reaching the surface, it would not materially lessen the danger arising from a checked perspiration—at the same time offering to be at all the expense attending the fitting up a room and apparatus, and, likewise, of the soup itself for two months, in order to make

the experiment. A column of old pumps passed over a stage in the shop in connexion with the stove, and served as a chimney, and also to dry the men's clothes, so that if the men were wet on coming to the mine, their clothes were quite dry on coming up from underground; and the underground clothes were dried for the next corps. The cost of 100 gallons of soup was about twenty-five shillings, or three-pence per gallon, including attendance. At the earnest request of the men, the agents continued the delivery from November, 1838, to the end of July, 1839. During the first season, the interest taken by her ladyship was very great. She often came to see how the work proceeded, and to taste the soup. It appeared that the doctors had recommended the skimming of the fat off, but her ladyship said, "Recollect this is to be no doctor's soup; I am sure it is best with the fat, and the men will like it all the better." The result proved her ladyship to have been quite correct, and at the end of the season she declared that she had never laid out money with greater satisfaction in her life. There is, in the above, an union of charity with economy, which it is truly delightful to record.

Mildness of Season.—Strawberries were gathered at Liege on the 2nd inst., and fine asparagus has since been cut at Charonne, just outside Paris, from beds in the open air.

Sympathy.—Blessed power of commiseration! that can steal from us the sense of our own trials, to sympathize with those of others—thou art a boon denied to the selfish, whose morbid indulgence of personal discontents shuts out the salutary influence of pity for aught save—self!—*Lady Blessington.*

Hungarian Etiquette.—Spitting upon the well-polished floors, is by no means uncommon in Hungary. At dinner, a guest will sometimes occupy a little spare time between the courses in scraping his nails with a table-knife, talking, at the same time, to the lady next to him, while his *vis-à-vis* is deliberately picking his teeth with a silver fork!

Love of Art.—Lord Ellenborough has completely renovated the ancient baronial hall at Southam, near Cheltenham; restoring all the fine tracery and other architectural characteristics. Southam will be remembered as one of the most entire specimens extant of domestic architecture in the reign of Henry VIII., usually termed "the late Tudor." It was erected by Sir John Huddleston; and, besides the curious antique decorations of its principal rooms, a few years since it contained a fine collection of old portraits. Southam is constructed with two stories only, without a parapet; the three principal apartments appear to have been finished, at first, as they still remain; one of the halls is partly paved with glazed or painted tiles brought from Hailes Abbey. We hope to see this magnificent old mansion hereafter drawn by Messrs. Nash, Richardson, or Boys, whose genius has already been so successfully employed in lithographic art. The renovation of Southam is complimentary to the taste and munificence of its noble owner, and merits pictorial commemoration.

Derby.—An arboretum is being laid out under the directions of Mr. Loudon, at Derby, at the expense of Mr. Strutt. When finished, that gentleman intends presenting it to the town.

The late Duchess of St. Albans.—The *Glasgow Chronicle* states there to be no truth in the story, that the late Duchess of St. Albans was the daughter of an officer in the army, and that her name was Mellon. She was the daughter of an Irish foot soldier, whose name was Melony.

Measurement of Light.—Such is the nicety with which investigations into the nature and properties of light have been conducted, that a wave of light can be measured to the *ten millionth*-part of an inch, and the *quadrillionth* of a second.

Beet-root Bread.—In Paris, excellent bread has been made from beet-root, mixed with a small portion of potato-flour; and sold at two sous per pound.—*Times.*

Mushroom-beds may be made with advantage in the common way; but a very simple mode of raising mushrooms may be adopted with little trouble. In an out-house, or shed, secured from frost, short dung may be placed upon shelves, to the thickness of a foot, and planted with spawn: excellent crops will be raised in a short time. We have breakfasted at Mr. Humber's, of Southall, off some excellent mushrooms grown in this way in his beer-cellar, without light. Another plan is, to fill pots with dung properly spawned, and place them in the houses, at a temperature from thirty-five to forty-five degrees; not more than fifty degrees, at any rate. Mr. Upright, of Morden Hall, has exhibited some excellent pots of mushrooms thus produced.—*Gardener's Gazette.*

Scottish Nobility.—When the Persian Ambassador visited the famous Gallery of Scottish Princes at Holyrood, "You paint all these yourself?" said his Excellency to the housekeeper. "Me, sir?—hoot, no, sir: I canna paint, please your honour." "You not know, ma'am—you try, ma'am. You do a great deal better, ma'am."—*Quarterly Review.*

Cathedral at Calcutta.—On October 8, last, the first stone of a church, to be named "St. Paul's Cathedral," was laid by the Bishop of Calcutta.

Sailors often superstitiously throw a poor luckless cat overboard, hoping thereby to prevent a squall, whereas a landsman would conceive it to be the best method of causing one. "A Saturday's Moon," as the proverb runs, is a sailor's dread; it being regarded as the token of rough weather.

Longevity.—The *Observer*, of Trieste, states there to be, at present, living at Hildgausen, in Silesia, a man named Hans Herz, in his 142nd year. He has not gone out of doors for the last twenty-seven years, but takes two or three turns in his chamber every day. When the weather is fine, he opens his window, and smokes three pipes. He has not been able to speak distinctly for six years, but utters a few inarticulate sounds, which his grandchildren, who attend him, (all his sons being dead,) understand. "This man," adds the *Observer*, "has lived in three different centuries, a thing never witnessed, perhaps, since the times of the patriarchs."

Fine Arts.—Few persons are, perhaps, aware that £100,000 were left to the University of Oxford, by Michael-Angelo Taylor, to build a Picture Gallery, and rooms for Lectures on the Arts and Sciences. A dispute having arisen between his relatives and the trustees respecting the will, the latter, rather than risk a Chancery suit, have agreed to take £75,000, and have begun clearing the foundation for the building. The old houses at the corner of Beaumont-street, have been removed for this purpose.—*Art. Union.* Her Majesty has been pleased to lend to the National Exhibition about to be opened, two of the most distinguished paintings of Wilkie—the *Guerilla Council of War*, and the *Maid of Saragossa*. The kindness will be, perhaps, the more fully appreciated, when it is known that these pictures were in the Queen's own private apartments.—*Observer.*

Cold.—The thermometer, which at seven o'clock on Tuesday evening, the 7th, stood at 20 deg. in the open air in Hyde Park, had, by twelve o'clock, fallen to only 10 deg., being 22 deg. below freezing point. At four o'clock, on Wednesday morning, it was 11 deg., and, by seven o'clock, it had fallen as low as 7 deg., (25 deg. below freezing point,) being the lowest degree of temperature this winter.—*Times.*

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[Price 2d.]

THE LATE PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S COTTAGE,



AT OLD WINDSOR.

Elizabeth
Sister of George IV
born Princess of
England

VOL. II. S

AUTOGRAPH OF THE LATE PRINCESS

THE LATE PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

THE preceding page bears two interesting memorials of one of the most benevolent personages that ever graced the Royal Family of England, namely, the late Princess Elizabeth, the second daughter of King George III. and Queen Charlotte, sister of the late King, and aunt of Queen Victoria. Her Royal Highness was born May 22, 1770; * married April 7, 1818, to Frederic Joseph Lewis, Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg, who died April 2, 1829.

Few persons in exalted stations have so exclusively enjoyed "the luxury of doing good" as the late Princess Elizabeth. Born of parents, whose unblemished moral character almost approached rigidity of discipline, the Princess may be considered as having the benefit of example, such as rarely falls to the lot of the scions of royal houses. The strict domestic attention which George III. and his Queen displayed in the education of their offspring, is almost proverbially known; and of the beneficial effects of such careful culture, the whole life of the Princess Elizabeth may be said to have presented one unvaried evidence. Her tastes were pure and simple; her mind of excellent religious and moral tone; her habits, quiet, unobtrusive, and retiring; and her manners kind and condescending: all which qualities are the best characteristics of the high-born Englishwoman. Two-thirds of her life-time appears to have been passed in the royal privacy of the Castle at Windsor; where she might often be seen enjoying the terrace-walk with her angust family. Nothing could be less encumbered with state than their mode of

life at this period. We remember an Alderman once declaring, how it gladdened him to witness Queen Charlotte and her daughters at needlework, in one of the private apartments of Windsor Castle; into which he was unceremoniously ushered, on having to attend the King as sheriff of London and Middlesex.

Of the tasteful pursuits of the Princess, the first of the prefixed engravings presents a picturesque illustration. It represents a cottage *ornée*, designed by the Princess, and built for her occasional residence, in the grounds formerly appertaining to Grove House, at Old Windsor.* Nor is this the only specimen of cottage architecture designed by the Princess; for, among the ornamental buildings in the grounds of Frogmore, is a Hermitage constructed from a design of Her Royal Highness, consisting of a small circular hut with a thatched roof, completely embowered in the luxuriant foliage of the surrounding wood.

The second engraving is a fac-simile of the autograph of Her Royal Highness, subsequent to her marriage with the Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg.† The signature is what collectors deem a splendid autograph, and has been obtained from the collection of a Correspondent.

Of the circumstances of the recent death of the Landgravine, we shall speak from a local authority, the *Journal de Francfort*, January 13:

"Left a widow in 1829, her Royal Highness never ceased to be dear to the family of the Prince, and to the inhabitants of Hesse-Homburg, whose veneration and attachment she possessed in the highest degree. She continued to reside at Homburg during the fine season, and passed the winter at Hanover, where her brother, King William IV., had given her a palace. It was only during the last three years that she passed the winter at Frankfurt. It was in this city that she sank under an inflammation of the intestines. This disorder, which had been long combated by the care and ability of Dr. Downie, her own physician, but strengthened by the advanced age of the Princess, ended in mortification, which carried her off in a very short time. So far back as last April, Dr. Downie had in vain entreated her Royal Highness to allow him to call in

* From Hakewill's *Views*.

* On May 30, the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London, on their procession to St. James's, with a complimentary address on the birth of the Princess, were strangely interrupted in their progress: only the chief magistrate, (Beckford,) and three of the Aldermen had passed through Temple-bar, when the mob shut the gates against Mr. Alderman Harley, whom they not only pelted with stones and dirt, but pulled out of his carriage; and it was with difficulty that he saved his life, by escaping into the Sun Tavern. The Lord Mayor sent back the city-marshal to open the gate, when the remainder of the procession passed through, and soon arrived at St. James's. Here they were doomed to fresh troubles; for, after waiting some time in the antechamber, the Lord Chamberlain came out, and read a paper, purporting:—"As your Lordship thought fit to speak to his Majesty after the late remonstrance, I am to acquaint your Lordship, as it was unusual, his Majesty desires that nothing of this kind may happen for the future." [This referred to Beckford's celebrated address, commemorated in the Guildhall monument.] The Lord Mayor then desired the paper might be handed to him, which the Lord Chamberlain refused to do. The Lord Mayor then desired a copy of the paper, when the Chamberlain withdrew to take the commands of the King, and did not return until the order was brought for the whole court to attend with the address.

† The ancient Principality of Hesse-Homburg was, at the Congress of Vienna, in 1815, enlarged, by the addition of the Lordship of Melsenheim, on the other side of the Rhine. The Landgrave then became a Sovereign Prince, and was unanimously received, in 1817, as a member of the German Confederation, and, as such, had one vote in the full council. Frederick Joseph dying without issue, in 1829, was succeeded by the reigning Landgrave, Louis William Frederick.

another physician. It was not till the disorder became more alarming that she consented to Dr. Downie's calling in Sir Charles Herbert, of London; but the progress of the disorder was so rapid, that her august relations, who hastened from Homburg, could not have the consolation of receiving her last farewell. The extreme weakness of the Princess gave reason to apprehend that she would not have been able to bear the effect of so painful an interview. However, she retained her faculties till the last moment, and at eight o'clock in the evening was able to write some lines—only two hours before she breathed her last sigh. Two precious qualities enhanced the splendour of her birth. If her mild and amiable disposition rendered her the idol of the companies which she honoured with her presence, her beneficence and charity made her a second Providence to the distressed. Independently of a gift of 5,000*l.* sterling, which she made annually to the municipality of the town of Homburg, a great number of families, both of that place and of Frankfurt, subsisted, in part, by her beneficence; and strict orders were given to all the domestics of her household never to send away unrelieved any poor person who should apply at the door of her palace. To her may be truly applied the divine precept—"Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth;" and the greater part of her numerous charities would have remained in unmerited oblivion, but for the affectionate indiscretion of her servants and her protégés. It may be imagined how painful her loss will be to her august relations, and how many benedictions will follow her to the tomb. She passed through the world doing good." [We believe that if any human being ever deserved this character, the deceased Princess was that one. There are hundreds of persons in this country who can bear testimony to its truth.—*Times.*]

LETTER BAROMETER.

MR. JOHN TAYLOR, F.R.S., has invented a very simple and ingenious instrument for accurately weighing letters; so as to determine what charge any letter or packet may be liable to, under the new system of rating the postage of papers by weight.

The instrument consists of a small tube, containing a portion of quicksilver, in which is immersed a rod, furnished on its top with a tablet, on which a letter, or even an unfolded sheet of paper, may be placed. The rod sinks into the mercury precisely in proportion to the weight placed upon it, and by a graduation on the stem, it is at once seen what the charge of postage will be.

EARLY NEWSPAPERS.

THE forgery of the reputed earliest English newspaper, in the British Museum, *The English Mercurie* of 1588, detailing particulars of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, being beyond doubt, it may be interesting to many of our readers to know, that the earliest newspaper extant is really in the library of that magnificent establishment; it is a Venetian Gazette, of the year 1570, and details full particulars of the defeat, by the Venetians, of the Turkish Armada, in the mouth of the Gulf of Lepanto. Its acquisition is, however, very recent, and is highly curious and interesting. The front of the *Gazetta*, a small quarto of eight pages, has wood-cuts of the arms of the Venetian State, and other insignia, to authenticate the publication. We consider it of such interest, as almost to justify a fac-simile reprint. Our appellation of Gazette, as applied to a paper of news, is derived from this species of newspaper, which was purchasable for the smallest piece of money current in the Venetian States, designated a *Gazetta*, not that the paper was so denominated; but was, in fact, called "A particular Relation," a title borne by many English papers of the seventeenth century. Till this moment, no Venetian newspaper has been referable in any depository, either public or private.

MARGUERITE DE BOURGOGNE.

•VI.—THE DISCOVERY.

THE evening of the day, subsequent to the arrest of Buridan, found Marguerite at the gates of the Château of Vincennes. With the exception of Orsini, she was unaccompanied; but, as there were few of her dark plots that the artful taverner had not some hand in, and, moreover, as he filled the not-to-be-coveted office of governor of the dungeons, she was fain to have his society on the present occasion. An indefinable curiosity had driven her to seek an interview with the prisoner, before the death which she had determined should await him: his mysterious conduct and strange intimacy had beaten her usually acute conjectures, and she had resolved upon having a final meeting with him.

It was with a mingled feeling of fear and expectancy, that she descended the rugged and uneven steps, that led to the dungeon; and the grating of each ancient door, as it was successively unlocked by Orsini, and closed behind them, did not tend to relieve her anxiety. On arriving at the portal of the *cage* where the prisoner lay, she hesitated an instant to collect her fortitude, and then bidding Orsini wait her return without, she advanced alone into the dungeon. Her victim had

just awoke from his slumber, probably aroused by the approach of the Queen; and, as he shaded his eyes from the light of the lamp which she carried, he quickly demanded "who went there?"

"One whom you have met before," replied Marguerite, as she placed the lamp upon the floor. "Did you not expect me?"

"I knew you would not let me die," was the answer of Buridan, as he recognised the Queen, "without enjoying your triumph—without letting me know how abjectly I was in your power. You are right—Marguerite—I *did* expect you."

"And without hope," returned the Queen, "was it not so? You knew me too well to think that, after you had brought life to your feet, and degraded me to entreaty, I should shew you mercy. Your measures were deeply planned, Buridan; but you forget, that when love once enters the heart it displaces all other sentiments, at the expense of honour and of life—that man's resolves melt as snow before the ardent breath of woman. Behold this precious page of the tablets—the last farewell from one brother to another, and which that brother has given to me! With its flames expire your last hope;" and, as she ignited the paper from the lamp, she added, "Now, imbecile, am I free? Can I do with you as I wish?"

"What wouldst thou do, Marguerite?"

"Are you not arrested as the murderer of Philippe Daulnay? What punishment do they, in general, assign to murderers?"

"The tribunal must hear me, before I am condemned."

"A tribunal! you are mad, Buridan. Think you that men, possessing secrets like your own, are ever brought to trial. There are poisons so violent that they destroy the vessel which contains them, and your secret is one of these. The walls of this dungeon can stifle cries of the sharpest agony: a priest and an executioner are at my bidding; and to-morrow morning, when the gaoler descends with your food, he will return affrighted, and say that you have strangled yourself: a proof that you were guilty."

"You are frank with me, Marguerite, and it is well," replied Buridan, with a sneer. "We are old friends, and concealment is unnecessary between us."

"You jest, insensate animal! or, rather, you wish to jest," returned the Queen. "Your pride is stung by my victory, and you would have me believe that you have yet some means to escape me. But no, Buridan, you are mistaken; I tell you again, it is impossible. You are firmly bound—these walls are thick and solid, and the doors firm;—you cannot thwart me now. Adieu! Buridan, and commend

yourself to our Lady. Have you aught else to speak of to me?"

"One thing only—'tis a solitary *souvenir* of my youth, which you will, perhaps, be interested in hearing: attend. Twenty years ago, in 1293, the rich vineyards and the golden hills of Burgundy were governed by our beloved Duke, Robert II. That gentle Prince had a daughter, young and beautiful, possessing the form of an angel, but with a demon's heart;—she was called Marguerite de Bourgogne. The Duke had also a page, equally young and handsome, with a more candid and confiding spirit: he was named Lyonnet de Bournonville. Ah! methinks you listen with more attention now."

"What mean you to recount?" demanded the Queen, eagerly.

"You shall see—it is a *bizarre* and curious history. The page and the daughter of the Duke loved each other dearly, and unknown to a soul but themselves. Each night, a ladder of silken rope conducted the lover to the bower of his young mistress, and each night they formed an appointment for the succeeding one. One day Marguerite announced, in weeping accents, to Lyonnet de Bournonville, that she was about to become a mother. Aid me to change my position, Marguerite; I am fatigued and cramped."

The Queen stooped and assisted Buridan to move, as he had desired; had she looked in his face, she would have seen a smile playing upon his lips.

"Thank you, Marguerite," said Buridan, as he changed his position. "Where was I?"

"You spoke of the Duke's daughter about to become a mother," returned the Queen, anxiously.

"Ay, 'twas so. Eight days afterwards, her father discovered her secret, through the medium of the domestics, and, in bitter wrath, he informed his child, that on the morrow the doors of a convent should close upon her as those of a tomb: never more to re-open in this world. That night the two young lovers met: it was a dreadful meeting—a night of curses and imprecations mingled with the terms of affection and endearment. Oh! how the young Marguerite then promised to be what she has since become."

"Go on—go on, I beseech you," exclaimed the Queen. "Yet stay, these cords bind your limbs too tightly; they will hurt you. There—they are loosened."

"She held a poniard," continued Buridan, composedly, without appearing to regard the Queen's exertions to relieve him. "She held a poniard, as you now hold one, to sever these cords; and she said, 'Lyonnet, if my father were to die before

to-morrow, I should not fear the convent: we should never more be separated, and we should live for love alone!"

"I know not how it happened; but the poniard passed from her hands into those of Lyonnet: her arm led him through the darkness to her father's chamber, and, when the curtains were raised, the armed page and the sleeping Duke were face to face. It was the fine head of a noble old man that Lyonnet gazed upon; but he was fascinated by the glance of his young Marguerite, as the bird is by the fabled serpent of the East, and he knew not what he did."

"He assassinated him!" interrupted the Queen.

"It is too true," replied Buridan; "and Marguerite, the young and beautiful Marguerite, escaped the convent, and she became Queen of France and of Navarre. On the following day, the page received a letter and a purse of gold, by a man named Orsini: Marguerite had written to beseech him to withdraw himself from Burgundy for ever, for, after their common crime, they could not meet again. 'Twas an imprudent act; for that letter, in her own writing, and signed by her own hand, could reproduce the crime in all its details."

"Well, Monsieur," replied the Queen, in a tremulous accent that too well betrayed her emotion, "and what then? Lyonnet departed, and he was never seen again; it is not known what became of him. What, then, has the Queen of France now to interest her in common with this history?"

"Lyonnet de Bournonville is not dead, Marguerite; and the letter is the first petition that will be offered to-morrow to Louis X., King of France, as he enters the city of Paris."

Pale and trembling, Marguerite sank from the stern glance of Buridan, and regarded him for a few seconds with quivering lips, and a bosom heaving with conflicting passions. "You say that to frighten me, Monsieur," she at length faltered out: "this is not true—it cannot be."

"Marguerite," returned Buridan, in a tone that thrilled through the inmost chambers of her soul, "you have told me the punishment of murderers; know you that of parricides? They will pluck off morsels of your white smooth flesh with red hot pincers; they will tear your heart from your warm and living bosom; they will burn it, and cast its ashes to the wind, and for three days your body will be dragged on a hurdle through the city."

"Mercy! mercy!" shrieked the agonized woman.

"To-morrow," continued Buridan,

"every one will be saying, at Paris—'Buridan, the murderer of Philippe Daulnay, has been strangled in his dungeon;' but another cry will answer from the Louvre—it will be, 'Marguerite de Bourgogne is condemned to the question as a parricide.'"

"Buridan, mercy! I implore you, speak not thus loudly."

"The walls of this dungeon can stifle cries of the keenest agony," said the other, ironically, repeating the Queen's words. "I am not Buridan," he continued, starting wildly on his feet, "I am the page of Marguerite—the assassin of her father!—I am Lyonnet de Bournonville!! You know it; for I saw you quail at the remembrance, as I recounted the history of your crime."

"What wish you? in the name of our Lady, what wish you?" asked the Queen, in a low stifled voice, as she leant against the damp wall for support, covering her rich habits with the mould of the dungeon.

"You will enter Paris to-morrow on the King's right hand: is it not so? I would ride with you on his left, and when this letter is presented I will receive it: shall I not be prime minister?"

"But Marigni still lives, and ——"

"Yesterday, at the tavern of Orsini, you swore that he should die, and you shall keep your oath. One more question, Marguerite. The children of our fatal intimacy—where are they?"

"I confided them to a dependant," returned the Queen; "but I forget his name."

"Think, Marguerite," said Buridan, sternly; "think, and you will recollect it."

"I believe," replied the Queen, hesitating, "that he was called Orsini; but he is not here."

"'Tis false!" exclaimed Buridan; "you never let him quit you when there is aught of crime upon the tapis. Summon him to my aid."

The Queen went to the door and called her minion: he had obeyed her instructions in waiting for her return, and he entered almost immediately.

"Orsini," said Buridan, "I have sent for you to know, by the Queen's order, in what way you obeyed the commands of Marguerite de Bourgogne, relative to two children that she committed to your charge."

"Pardon, Monseigneur," replied the taverner, falling on his knee, for he was awed by the stern manner of Buridan; "pardon me, that I did not kill them, as I was commanded to do."

"It was not I that gave that order, Lyonnet," said Marguerite.

"Silence!" exclaimed Buridan, in a

voice of thunder, "and heap not fresh perdition on your black and perjured soul by these weak lies. What did you with the children, Orsini?"

"I had not the courage to slay them," answered the taverner. They were two boys—so feeble, yet so handsome! . . . I gave them to one of my people to expose in the streets, and I said that they were dead."

"And this man——?"

"Is at present one of the gaolers of this prison; he is named Landry. Of what other service can I be to you, Monseigneur?"

"Take up your lamp, and go before us, for the steps are worn and difficult. My arm is at your service, Madame," he added, addressing the Queen.

"Whence go we, Lyonnet?" asked Marguerite, as they departed.

"To ride together in the *cortège* of Louis X., who will to-morrow enter his good city of Paris."

ALBERT.

(To be continued.)

The Rainbow.

THE BENIGAL LIGHT.

The following is the Ordnance receipt: Nitre, 3 lb.; sulphur, 13 oz.; sulphuret of antimony, 7 oz.; rub together, and light, in small quantities, with a match. It is perfectly harmless.

COLOURED PRINTS.

The plates to be printed in a bluish-grey ink, (which is the neutral tint for the light and shade of the landscape,) and the colourer to wash in the sky with blue or violet, &c., according to each sketch; also, going over the distances with each colour, wash the foregrounds and middle distances with red, orange, or yellow, copying the drawings; and, when dry, wash over with blue, to produce the green in the middle distances: this being done, as a dead colouring, a few touches with the hand of a master, and a harmonizing tint to soften the whole, will produce the effect expected from a coloured print.—*Fragment from Report; Civil Engin. and Arch. Jour.*

ELECTRO-MAGNETISM AS A MOTIVE POWER.

Prof. Forbes states, in a letter to Prof. Faraday, that Mr. R. Davidson, of Aberdeen, has, first, an arrangement, by which, with only two electro-magnets, and less than one square foot of zinc surface, (the negative metal being copper,) a lathe is driven with such velocity as to be capable of turning small articles. Secondly, he has another arrangement, by which, with the same small extent of galvanic power, a small carriage is driven on

which two persons were carried along a very coarse floor of a room. And he has a third arrangement, by which he expects to gain very considerably more force from the same extent of galvanic power than from either of the other two.

Prof. Forbes adds: "from what can be judged by that which is already done, it seems probable that a very great power, in no degree even inferior to that of steam, but much more manageable, much less expensive, and occupying less space, if the coals be taken into account, may be obtained."

WHAT IS THE NERVOUS FLUID?

Prof. Faraday replies: "though I am not yet convinced by facts, that the nervous fluid is only electricity, still, I think that the agent in the nervous system may be an inorganic force; and if there be reason for supposing that magnetism is a higher relation of force than electricity, so it may well be imagined, that the nervous power may be of a still more exalted character, and yet within the reach of experiment."

THE ELECTRIC CURRENT AROUND THE GYMNOTUS.

Prof. Faraday considers it not at all impossible that the Gymnotus may have the power of throwing each of its four electric organs separately into action, and so, to a certain degree, direct the shock, i.e. he may have the capability of causing the electric current to emanate from one side, and, at the same time, bring the other side of his body into such a condition that it shall be as a non-conductor in that direction. But Dr. Faraday thinks the appearances and results are such as to forbid the supposition that he has any control over the direction of the currents after they have entered the fluid and substances around him.

SYMPATHY OR INFLUENCE OF PENDULUMS ON EACH OTHER.

It is now nearly a century since it was known, that when two clocks are in action upon the same shelf, they will disturb each other; that the pendulum of the one will stop that of the other; and that the pendulum that was stopped, will, after a while, resume its vibrations, and, in its turn, stop that of the other clock. When two clocks are placed near one another, in cases very slightly fixed, or when they stand on the boards of a floor, it has been long known that they will affect, a little, each other's pendulum. Mr. Ellicott observed, that two clocks resting against the same rail, which agreed to a second for several days, varied one minute thirty-six seconds in twenty-four hours when separated. The slower, having a longer

pendulum, set the other in motion in 16½ minutes, and stopped itself in 36½ minutes.
—*Practical Engineer's Pocket Guide.*

HORSEMANSHIP OF THE GREEKS.

IN the *Sporting Review* for the current month, the accomplished Editor, "Craven," resumes his "History of the Turf," an illustrated specimen of which has been quoted in the *Literary World*, vol. i. p. 247. This series of papers, we take to be most ingeniously constructed; for, while it lacks not the classic lore, it abounds in happy conceits and illustrations, so that all who ride may read. The subject of equestrianism is altogether ably handled: the Editor is correct in his belief that "it is one of general interest, and peculiarly appropriate as an introduction to the history of the turf;" and we must congratulate him upon the excellent use he has made of his old and new materials, in the construction of the chapter before us—on the Horsemanship of the Greeks. In the opening page, the author presupposing "a meeting, on some neutral ground of history, between a dandy of the ninety-fifth Olympiad, or the Augustan age, and an exquisite of the present year, each mounted in the most approved fashion, or 'turning out' in the most unexceptionable style of his own day, it would be amusing to speculate on the wonder and curiosity with which each would regard the novel appointments of the other. It may be lawful to doubt whether the complicated conveniences of modern refinement would meet all that admiration which we are disposed to claim for them—whether they might not rather, as the equipments of Cæsar's cavalry with the hardy Germans, call up a sneer or a smile at our cowardice or effeminacy. The art of horsemanship, must, at all times, be substantially the same, and, however its appliances may be modified by time, or diversified by national peculiarity, the general principles, at least, by which it is regulated, admit of but little variation. Change the scene from Hyde-park to the Campus Martius,—from Bond-street to Herma, or the way of the Tripods,—for the subscription-room at Tattersall's, substitute some fashionable Hippodrome at Athens, (see the Engraving,) and, instead of the Derby or the Leger, suppose the prevailing topic some great match at the coming Olympic, and you will find, bating a few accidental details, the rest the same: the same passions—the same hopes—the same fears—the same interested speculations among the sordid—the same honourable hope of fame among the young

and ardent—the same, or, indeed, far deeper anxiety, in all; for to them the result was matter of historic record, instead of, as now, the passing topic of a newspaper paragraph, to be read to-day, and flung aside and forgotten for ever on the morrow!"

The author then proceeds with the horsemanship of the Greeks: he considers the custom of riding on horseback, at least in the field, to have been unknown at the time of the Trojan war, from Homer making but one allusion, and that an obscure one, to horseback in the whole of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.—"The fable of the Centaurs, too, would seem evidently to imply the priority of the chariot. It is, like most fables in the Greek mythology, an allegory, shadowing forth the first rise of equestrianism, or the wonder with which the attempt was viewed by an ignorant people; and it is ascertained that it had its origin in Greece at a time when the use of the chariot was long familiar.

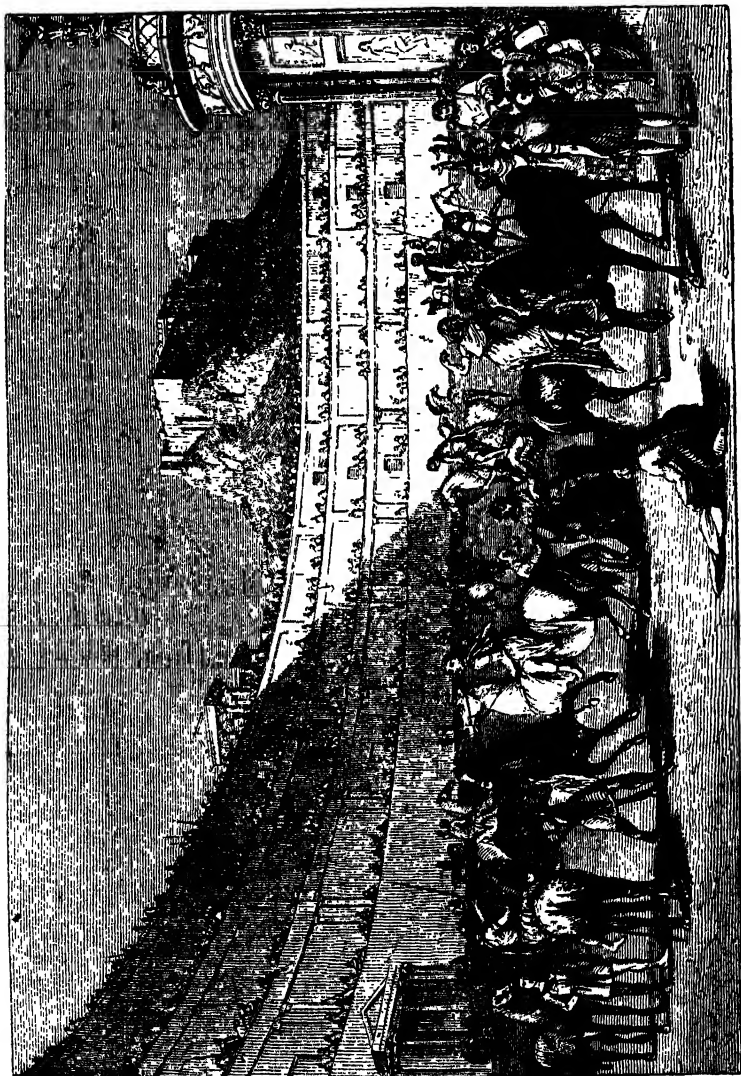
"In Greece, Thessaly, from the earliest period, was the most famous for its horses, and the skill and efficiency of its cavalry. It was the country of the fabled Centaurs; and how closely the practice of horsemanship was connected with all its institutions, we may collect from a traditionary custom, at the Thessalian wedding, of presenting the bride with a horse fully accounted for the journey."

The perfection of the Athenian cavalry bespeaks the height to which the study of horsemanship had been carried at Athens.—"Before the time of Xenophon, Simon had written an entire treatise on this subject; and Xenophon devoted two books, one to the art of horsemanship, the other to the duties of the Hipparchus, or Master of the Horse. Many of Pindar's finest odes are in praise of the victors in the horse-race; and the practice which is now so common, of painting the celebrated winners, was then, too, familiar at Athens. Pliny tells of the renowned Zeuxis, that, when a number of his rival artists challenged him to a trial of skill, the subject selected was a horse. The pieces of all were submitted to a regular judgment. The horses of the competitors of Zeuxis were admired; but the superiority of his production was established by a test from which there was no appeal. A number of horses, introduced into the hall where it stood, were deceived by the masterly execution of the painting, and neighed their recognition of their brother on the canvas!"

The equipments of the Greek horse are next reviewed, and due importance is attached to some of the figures on Tra-

jan's pillar, representing horses in full speed without bridles. The details from Xenophon become very amusing: thus, horse-jockeying is older than the Trojan

war; Laomedon was a notorious jockey of his day. The Greek bridle is shewn, by quotation, to have consisted, like our own, of reins, headstall, and bit; of the mar-



INTERIOR OF A GREEK HIPPODROME.

tingal, no trace is found either in Xenophon or Julius Pollyx. Touching the ancient bit, the translators appear to have

rendered Xenophon unintelligible, from their ignorance of the technicalities of the stable. Saddles were unknown to the

Greeks; but they used gorgeous cloths or furs; neither did they employ stirrups, or the regular horse-shoe; which latter, of iron, and nailed to the foot, is an invention of about the ninth century: the term brazen-footed merely indicated strength of hoof. The author adroitly refers to Persepolis, that Leger of the antique world, and finds that in the figures of the horses discovered on the ruins, there is not the slightest trace of any covering for the hoofs: the cavalry of Alexander were considered unserviceable by the *wearing away* of their hoofs. It is amusing to learn that the Greeks had their riding and hunting spurs and whips, and that the fashionables of Xenophon's day, like the young men at present, used a twisted cane, covered with fantastic knots. "The perfect dandy wore flowers in his ears, and a sort of shoe called 'Alcibiades's shoe,' from the celebrated inventor—the Brummell, no less than the Wellington, of his time."

The following curious illustrations of the prices of horses are next given:

"In the very amusing fourth act of Aristophanes's *Nubes*," the usurer demands from Strepsiades, for a race-horse which he had sold him, twelve minas, about £38.† But we may naturally suppose that, in this, there was some extortion. Pliny, however, mentions the inhabitants of an island on the coast of Africa, who ordinarily gave a talent (£193) for a horse; and there is one well-known steed of antiquity, whose price would not disgrace the catalogue of our choicest modern sales. The famous Bucephalus was purchased from Philonicus, a Thessalian, for *thirteen talents*, or £2,518: 15s.!

"What a contrast does this sale present to the price of horses in England during the twelfth century. We find fifteen brood mares sold together, and purchased by the reigning monarch, for the sum of *two pounds twelve shillings and sixpence*! and sold again, as a *money making transaction*, for the sum of *four shillings each*!!"

The details of the manege are very minute. It is delightful to learn that the Greeks were kind and considerate to their horse.

"To this judicious and humane treatment we may trace those remarkable instances of friendship between the master and his horse, scarcely equalled even among the modern Arabs, with which the ancient history of the horse abounds. The favourite horse of Nicomedes languished away and died, in grief for the loss of his master. Pliny tells of a single combat, in

which, upon the defeat of one of the combatants, his horse attacked and tore his antagonist to pieces; and when, after the death of Antiochus Pius, Centareus, a general in the Galatean army, attempted to ride his horse in the triumphal procession, the indignant animal, furious beyond all control, and disdaining to live when his master was slain, dashed headlong, with his enemy upon his back, down a precipice, and, at the forfeit of his own life, avenged the death of his master."

Here the narrative halts with an excellent remark:

"The refinement of modern art may have improved the speed, but it has not increased the enthusiastic love of this generous and exciting exercise. It were irreverent and ungrateful to speak lightly of that theme which inspired the undying muse of Pindar."

New Books.

SAM SLICK'S LETTER-BAG OF THE GREAT WESTERN.

(Concluded from page 253.)

[16. FROM an Old Hand, has a few smart *Hints for Steam Voyageurs.*]

1st. Call steward, inquire the number of your cabin; he will tell you it is No. 1, perhaps. Ah, very true, steward; here is half a sovereign to begin with; don't forget it is No. 1. This is the beginning of the voyage, I shall not forget the end of it. He never does lose sight of No. 1. and you continue to be No. 1 ever after;—best dish at dinner, by accident, is always placed before you, best attendance behind you, and so on. You can never say with the poor devil that was henpecked, "The first of the tea, and the last of the coffee for poor Jerry."—*I always do this.*

3rd. If the berths are over each other, let the young fellow climb up, and do you take the lowest one; it is better he should break his neck than you.—*I always do.*

9th. Keep no money in your pockets; when your clothes are brushed in the morning, it is apt—ahem—to fall out.—*I never do.*

10th. At table, see what wine the captain drinks; it is not the worst.—*I always do.*

[17. FROM an American Citizen; 18. FROM Elizabeth Figg to John Buggins:]

Cabin Miseries.

The doors are all painted so beautiful, and look so romantic, that they didn't like to number them for fear of spoiling the pictures on them, and it aint very easy to tell which is which, or whose is whose,

* V. 2225.

† Reckoning the *mina* at £3. 4s. 7d., the most received estimate of its value.

and there is a great German officer always opening my door by mistake, and sometimes won't be convinced till he looks into my face; and then it is, "Oh! I pegs portion, madam, I too indeed, I mishtookt it for mine own, so I tid." It frightens me so, I am afraid to do anything amost for fear of his great whiskered face come popping in upon me. 'Tis a dreadful life, dear John; no one knows what it is but them that's tried it, and them too that's sea-sick and is females. The partition, too, are so very thin, you can hear all kinds of noises just as plain as if it was in the same room, which is very inconvenient and disagreeable. My next neighbour is a Frenchman; he is very ill, and is always calling some Jew or another that never comes. It is pitiable to hear him crying all day, "O mon Jew, mon Jew!"

P. S.—If you see Mrs. Hobbs, tell her I am much beholden to her for her kindness, on saying Mr. Figg and me left England surreptitious, on account of a derangement of affairs, but ill health of Mr. Figg, from being kept at it from morning to night, was the sole cause; for, thank goodness, we can return when we please at any moment and enjoy ourselves, if he was only as able as he once was in bodily strength. As far as means goes, we have it, and enough to spare to purchase her and Mr. Hobbs out any day, and set them up again, and not miss it. I most wonder some people aint ashamed to shew their red faces, when it's well known that water never causes red noses; but I scorn to retuliate on people that's given to such low habits, only some folks had better see the brandy blossoms on their own faces, before they find beams in other people's characters. I hate such deceitful wretches as is so civil to your face, and the moment your back is turned, find nothing too bad to say of you; but she is not worth breath, and that's the truth.

E. Figg.

[19. From the Son of a Passenger; 20. The Clerk to the Directors; 21.

Moses Levy to Levi Moses:]

MI DEERSH FRENT,—Vell, hear I am on pord to Crate Weshtern, shet up liksh a toq, and so slick to ma shtomac as a pompsh to live longsh tay. Vare it all comsh from I don't know, shelp me Cot, for I can't shwallor notng at all, and have got notng in me dat I knowsh of, and yet it comsh and comsh as if tere wash no ent to it, like a shpring, dat runsh over all te time, ant never shstopsh for roneink. Ma trowsher ish too largh for ma, I have fell away shn, and looksh as if tery washn't made for ma, vitch is tru, for I bought em

from Bill Gubblinsh, but den tery fitted me ash well as if tery wash, and sho ma coat hanks ash loose ash a pursher's sbirt on a hantshpik; ant my tonke is all furred up vid nap lonker den vat is on ma hat, blow ma tight if it aint.

[22. From a Servant travelling to Astoria. But we have only space to mention the Letters from a Settler's Wife who cannot settle; and from

A Coachman on the Railroad Line:]

DEAR FRIEND,—Old England and I has parted for ever; I have thrown down the rains, and here I am on board the *Great Western*, old, thick in the wind, stiff in the joints, and tender in the feet—I am fairly done up—I couldn't stand it no longer. When you and me first know'd each other, the matter of twenty years ago, I druv the Red Rover, on the Liverpool line—you recollects the Red Rover, and a pretty turn out it was, with light green body, and wheels picked out with white, four smart bays, and did her ten miles an hour easy, without ever breaking into a gallop, and never turned a hair. Well, I was druv off of that by the rails, and a sad blow that was, for I liked the road, and pussengers liked me, and never a one that didn't tip his bob and a tizzy for the forty miles. Them was happy days for Old England, afore reforms and rails turned everything upside down, and men rode as natr intended they should, on pikes with coaches, and smart active cuttle, and not by machinery like bags of cotton and hardware.

[The following, from the non-settler's letter, are good:]

Texas, they say, is a perfect paradise, and land is so uncommonly cheap, that you can buy a farm for the price of a new bonnet; but earthquakes are very common, and the people so very cruel, they kill each other with bowie knives in the streets in open day, and so reckless, that they keep singing "Welcome to your gory bed," as if it was fine sport; so we have had to abandon all idea of it, as it would be mere madness to go there.

Bermuda seems, after all, a delightful place, where people have almost perpetual summer; only the roofs blow off like straw-hats, and makes housekeeping very difficult, and trees fly about in hurricanes like leaves, which must scatter families dreadfully, and must make separations that are so sudden, quite painful. The governor's name is Reid, and he has seen so many storms there, he has written a book about them. Dear Simson, who is very witty, says he is "the Reid shaken with the wind." I wish you knew dear Simson—he is full of fun. He says the

new theory of storms is, that instead of 'avaner," it takes a "pirouette." [The Author's letter winds up *Slick* as follows:]

And now, gentle reader, it is time for me to make my bow, as well as my sea legs will allow me, and retire. In doing so, permit me to express a wish that your voyage of life may be the very opposite of that of a steamer in point of duration, and resemble it, as nearly as possible, in the one grand essential,—namely, in making the best use of your time.

CAPTAIN MAPRYAT'S DIARY IN AMERICA.
SECOND PART.

(Concluded from page 223.)

[THESE narratives are very interesting, but somewhat too detailed for quotation. The account of the loss of the *Moselle* is written by Judge Hall, one of the best of the American writers.]

The American steam-boats are very different from ours, in appearance, in consequence of the engines being invariably on deck. The decks, also, are carried out many feet wider on each side than the hull of the vessel, to give space; these additions to the deck are called guards. The engine being on the first deck, there is a second deck for the passengers, state-rooms, and saloons; and above this deck there is another, covered with a white awning. They have something the appearance of two-deckers, and, when filled with company, the variety of colours worn by the ladies, have a very novel and pleasing effect. There is a recklessness—an indifference to life—shewn throughout all America, which is rather a singular feature, inasmuch as it extends East as well as West. It can only be accounted for by the insatiate pursuit of gain among a people who consider that time is money, and who are blinded by their eagerness in the race for it, added to that venturesome spirit so naturally imbibed in a new country at the commencement of its occupation. It is communicated to the other sex, who appear equally indifferent. The *Moselle* had not been blown up two hours, before the other steam-boats were crowded with women, who followed their relations on business or pleasure, up and down the river. "Go a-head," is the motto of the country; both sexes join in the cry; and they do go a-head—*that's a fact!**

* When the water in the rivers is low, the large steam-vessels very often run a-ground, and are obliged to discharge their cargoes and passengers. At those times, the smaller steam-boats ply up and down the rivers, to take advantage of these misfortunes, by picking up passengers, and making most exorbitant charges for taking them or the goods out, because you *must* pay them, or remain

At present, it certainly is more dangerous to travel one week in America, than to cross the Atlantic a dozen times. The number of lives lost in one year by accidents in steam-boats, railroads, and coaches, was estimated, in a periodical which I read in America, at *one thousand seven hundred and fifty*.

[The next chapter, on Travelling, relates to inns and hotels, in which there are more remains of the former American purity of manners, and primitive simplicity, than in any other portion of public or private life. We quote a few illustrative passages.]

The American Innkeeper.

The American innkeeper is still looked upon in the light of your host; he and his wife sit at the head of the *table-d'hôte* at meal times; when you arrive, he greets you with a welcome, shaking your hand; if you arrive in company with those who know him, you are introduced to him; he is considered on a level with you; you meet him in the most respectable companies, and it is but justice to say that, in most instances, they are a very respectable portion of society. Of course, his authority, like that of the captains of the steam-boats, is undisputed; indeed, the captains of these boats may be partly considered, as classed under the same head.

This is one of the most pleasing features in American society, and I think it is likely to last longer than most others in this land of change, because it is upheld by public opinion, which is so despotic. The mania for travelling, among the people of the United States, renders it most important that everything connected with locomotion, should be well arranged; society demands it, public opinion enforces it, and, therefore, with few exceptions, it is so. The respect shewn to the master of an hotel, induces people of the highest character to embark in the profession; the continual stream of travellers which pours through the country, gives sufficient support by moderate profits, to enable the innkeeper to abstain from excessive charges; the price of everything is known by all, and no more is charged to the President of the United States than to other people. Every one knows his expenses; there is no surcharge, and fees to waiters are voluntary, and never asked for. At first, I used to examine the bill when presented, but latterly, I looked only at the sum total at the bottom, and

where you are. This species of cruising they themselves designate as "*going a-pirating*." I will say this for the Americans, that if a person, who considers that he is not doing wrong, does *not* do wrong, they are a very honest people.

paid it at once, reserving the examination of it for my leisure, and I never in one instance found that I had been imposed upon. This is very remarkable, and shews the force of public opinion in America; for it can produce, when required, a very scarce article all over the world, and still more scarce in the profession referred to,—Honesty. Of course there will be exceptions, but they are very few, and chiefly confined to the cities.

He who is of the silver-fork school, will not find much comfort out of the American cities and large towns. There are no neat, quiet, little inns, as in England. It is all the "rough and tumble" system, and when you stop at humble inns, you must expect to eat peas with a two-pronged fork, and to sit down to meals with people whose exterior is anything but agreeable, to attend upon yourself, and to sleep in a room in which there are three or four other beds, (I have slept in one with nearly twenty,) most of them carrying double, even if you do not have a companion in your own.

A New York friend of mine, travelling in an Extra with his family, told me, that, at a western inn, he had particularly requested that he might not have a bed-fellow, and was promised that he should not. On his retiring, he found his bed already occupied, and he went down to the landlady, and expostulated. "Well," replied she, "its only your *own driver*; I thought you wouldn't mind 'him!'"

Another gentleman told me, that, having arrived at a place called Snake's Hollow, on the Mississippi, the bed was made on the kitchen-floor, and the whole family and travellers, amounting in all to seventeen, of all ages and both sexes, turned into the same bed altogether. Of course, this must be expected in a new country, and is a source of amusement, rather than of annoyance.

American Eating.

Of course, as you advance in the country, and population recedes, you run through all the scale of cookery, until you come to the "*corn bread, and common doings*," (*i. e.* bread made of Indian meal, and fat pork,) in the far West. In a new country, pork is more easily raised than any other meat, and the Americans eat a great deal of pork, which renders the cooking in the small taverns very greasy; with the exception of the Virginian farm taverns, where they fry chickens without grease in a way which would be admired by Ude himself; but this is a State recipe, handed down from generation to generation, and called *chicken fixings*. The meat in America is equal to the best in England;

Miss Martineau does, indeed, say that she never ate good beef during the whole time she was in the country; but she also says that an American stage-coach is the most delightful of all conveyances, and a great many other things, which I may hereafter quote, to prove the idiosyncrasy of the lady's disposition; so we will let that pass, with the observation that there is no accounting for taste. The American markets, in the cities, are well supplied. I have been in the game market, at New York, and seen, at one time, nearly three hundred head of deer, with quantities of bear, racoons, wild turkeys, geese, ducks, and every variety of bird in countless profusion. Bear I abominate; racoon is pretty good. The wild turkey is excellent; but, the great delicacies in America, are the terrapin, and the canvas-back ducks. To like the first, I consider as rather an acquired taste. I decidedly prefer the turtle, which are to be had in plenty, all the year round; but the canvas-back duck is certainly well worthy of its reputation. Fish is well supplied. They have the sheep's head, shad, and one or two others, which we have not. Their salmon is not equal to ours, and they have no turbot. Pine-apples, and almost all the tropical fruits, are hawked about in carts in the Eastern cities; but I consider the fruit of the temperate zone, such as grapes, peaches, &c., inferior to the English. Oysters are very plentiful, very large, and, to an English palate, rather insipid. As the Americans assert that the English and French oysters taste of copper, and that, therefore, they cannot eat them, I presume they do; and that's the reason why we do not like the American oysters, copper being better than no flavour at all.

I think, after this statement, that the English will agree with me, that there are plenty of good things for the table in America; but the old proverb says, "God sends meat, and the devil sends cooks;" and such is, and, unfortunately, must be the case, for a long while, in most of the houses in America, owing to the difficulty of obtaining, or keeping servants.

American Drinking.

To run up the whole catalogue of the indigenous compounds in America, from "iced water" to a "stone fence," or "streak of lightning," would fill a volume; I shall first speak of foreign importations.

The Port in America, is seldom good; the climate appears not to agree with the wine. The quantity of Champagne drunk, is enormous, and would absorb all the vintage of France, were it not

that many hundred thousand bottles are consumed more than are imported.

The small state of New Jersey, has the credit of supplying the *American* Champagne, which is said to be concocted out of turnip juice, mixed with brandy and honey. It is a pleasant and harmless drink, a very good imitation, and may be purchased at six or seven dollars a dozen. I do not know what we shall do when America fills up, if the demand for Champagne should increase in proportion to the population; we had better drink all we can now.

Claret, and the other French wines, do very well in America, but where the Americans beat us out of the field, is in their Madeira, which certainly is of a quality which we cannot procure in England. This is owing to the extreme heat and cold of the climate, which ripens this wine; indeed, I may almost say, that I never tasted good Madeira, until I arrived in the United States. The price of wines, generally speaking, is very high, considering what a trifling duty is paid, but the price of good Madeira is surprising. There are certain brands, which, if exposed to public auction, will be certain to fetch from twelve to twenty, and I have been told even forty dollars a bottle. In the list of wines at Astor House (a tavern), the reader will find that the best Madeira is as high as twelve dollars a bottle, and the list is curious from the variety which it offers.

London Exhibitions.

PANORAMA OF VERSAILLES.

MR. BURFORD has just painted, for his upper circle, a panoramic representation of the palace and park of Versailles, upon the fête-day of St. Louis. The spectator is supposed to be standing upon the magnificent terrace, facing the grand garden façade of the palace, which is very nicely executed. The extreme length and vastness of this symmetrical and grand mass are well maintained; whilst the characteristics of its enriched architecture—its superb Ionic pillars and pilasters, statues, its almost countless windows, and its handsome crowning balustrade—are alike admirably preserved. The numerous *paratonnerres* stand up against the bright summer sky, and the glazed roof is a nice bit of bright effect. Only the summit of the chapel tower is seen breaking the long line of balustrade, stated to be nearly half a mile in extent. To the left is the theatre, in detail, and in all its palace-like proportions. The breadth and massiveness of the

terrace, as an artificial contrivance unrivalled, are effectively given; as are, also, the *parterres d'eau*, with their architectural borders, and colossal bronze river deities, nymphs, naiades, and zephyrs. Nor should we forget that the vastness of the palace elevation is aided by the clever execution of the distant scenery to the right. For picturesque effect, the front towards the court, with its broken masses, would have been preferable to the symmetrical garden façade; but we should then have had only the brick and stone hunting-seat of Louis XIII., in place of the superb palace of Louis Quatorze.

By a single turn of the head, how changed is the scene. The eye, perchance tired with the bright architecture of the palace, gladly descends upon the refreshing green of the *tapis vert* and *bocage*, notwithstanding its trim artificiality. How shall we describe the vastness, and minuteness, and the uniform variety of the charming scene before us; aided as we may be by the remembrance of a few hours passed in this magnificent triumph of art over nature, somewhat cynically said to "exemplify only the folly of system, and the wondrous absurdity of man." The descent to the *parterre de Latone* is cleverly painted; as is, also, the basin, with its graceful group and stupendous frogs, throwing up countless jets; seen through the mist of the falling water, they appear literally in their own element. Beyond this and similar groups are miles of groves and alleys, parks and *parterres*, canals and basins; the vast scene being richly dight with minor palaces, known as *bosquets*, elaborately embellished with painting and sculpture, and constructed with the choicest marbles. In this paradise, Louis XVIII. contrived a retreat, which reminds one of the little circle sufficient to hold happiness for a monarch. Here, after the Restoration, Louis formed a small pleasure-ground on the plan of one at Hartwell, in Buckinghamshire, where the poor exiled King resided several years. This retreat was set with flowers and shrubs in tubs or pots, which the gardener could remove at pleasure, so that a faded flower or decayed plant was never seen. And this pretty conceit, was, doubtless, a welcome relief to the perturbed atmosphere of the court.

While gazing upon this *bizarre* scene, we remembered the two lines from *Rapin*:

"France in all her rural pomp appears
With numerous gardens stored."

But we are forgetting the animated perfection of the painting. It is the fête-day of St. Louis; and all the joyous expanse that we have attempted to sketch is peopled with holiday groups of all classes and ages—from graceful childhood to stiff old

age. The several figures are charmingly characteristic: one remembers to have seen scores of such persons in the streets, gardens, and environs of Paris, nay, in these very grounds. There is the Parisian exquisite, with his nicely-polished boots, his elegant *habit*, and air *abandonné*; then the groups of laughing, bonnetless girls, frolicking children, and tender lovers; with here and there a corpulent spectator, fixed as the Colossus of Rhodes, hands behind, and gazing at the fountains, &c. All is bright and sunny as the veriest holiday-seeker could wish it: the orange-trees have been wheeled out from their palace, the most chaste piece of architecture in Versailles, and there they stand, like so many guardians of the alleys, and *tapis*, and with their evergreen richness reminding one of the countless fêtes they have joined. Fine fellows are these patriarchs of plants; and such a veneration have we for them, that, in passing through the orangery, we could scarcely refrain from taking off our hat to the *grand Bourbon*, (orange-tree,) upwards of 400 years old: we know of many greater idolatrous sins than this tree-worship.

Reader, if you are in a gloomy vein, you should go and see this Panorama of Versailles: its beautiful life will, cheer "the winter of" your "discontent." If you delight in studies of character, the holiday groups and promenaders will be a feast for your reason: they are essentially French, are cleverly drawn, and attractively painted, without even a spice of caricature. The atmosphere is sunny enough for M. Daguerre; and some few of the *gentilhommes* have outspread their *parapluies* to protect their wizened skins. Still, these over-cautious folks are "few and far between;" so that we were mischievous enough to imagine, what an universal scampering a smart shower would occasion in the grounds at Versailles, just at the time of the painting before us.

By the way, here is a piece of information which will be acceptable in one sense yet not in another: the panorama of Ancient Rome, in the lower circle, will be closed in about three weeks. It is, certainly, one of the finest pictures that Mr. Burford has treated the town with for many a long year. What a holiday sight for schoolfolks!

THE GUIANA EXHIBITION.

THIS Exhibition, at 209, Regent-street, comprises a very interesting assemblage of objects in illustration of ethnography and natural history, collected, during three expeditions, by Mr. R. H. Schomburgk, into the interior of the colony

of British Guiana, popularly known as the El Dorado of Sir Walter Raleigh. These enterprises, we rejoice to find, have been encouraged by the Geographical Society, and assisted by her Majesty's Government. Mr. Schomburgk's explorations have extended to three of the largest rivers of Guiana—the Essequibo, Berbice, and Corentyne: he has crossed the hitherto unexamined range of mountains, which separate the basin of the Amazons on the south, from the Essequibo on the north; and, travelling thence eastward, in the parallel of three degrees north lat., he has explored the sources of the river Orinoco, and descended that stream as far as the former Spanish mission, Esmeralda; thus connecting his labours with those of Baron Humboldt, who reached that place from the westward in the year 1800.

The *Catalogue Raisonné* includes about 450 items, besides collections of mammalia, birds, reptiles, fishes, mollusca, and insects; with specimens in osteology, geology, &c.; the whole illustrating the economy, natural and social, of the Guianese. The animate attractions of the exhibition are three Indians, who were part of Mr. Schomburgk's crew on his last expedition, and who are the first of their tribes ever brought to Europe. They wear their native costume, and cut more picturesque figures than the best-dressed men among their visitors. The *salon* in which they are exhibited, is tastefully fitted up with a model of a Guianese hut; and specimens of organic life in *El Dorado* are ranged throughout the apartment. Upon the wall hangs a clever painting of the magnificent *Victoria Regia*, discovered by Mr. Schomburgk in 1837, and named after our beloved Queen. The tables are covered with specimens of the furniture, clothing, and other manufactures of the Guianese, from their *ajua*, or travelling pipkin, (indispensable as the Englishman's ten-kettle,) to the superb feather cap, tippet, and sceptre, which, in natural splendour, vie with the costliest manufactures in the *boutiques* of Regent-street. Then, we have the urari, the poisoned arrows, the blowpipe, and the bow, the aboriginal implements of the Guianese in "the mystery of murder." Here hang the native hammock and the bark shirt of these half-clad, but happy people; there lie the terrific boa, the gentle puma, and the wily ant-eater; on one side is a countless flock of birds, whose varied hues throw into the shade the dull-feathered tribes of our climes; there hangs a gigantic specimen of the *pirarucu*, a fresh-water fish, which is said to attain fifteen feet in length, and whose dried

tongue the Guianese use as a file, just as some of the more civilized are accustomed to employ their lingual member. Here is a glass-case of splendid rock manakins, in all their transitions of plumage, from dull brown to bright orange—from a seedy dandy to an exquisite in high feather. But, how can we describe a case of humming-birds, some fifty or sixty in number, whose brilliant breasts would make a superb suite for any court beauty. Nor must we forget the 450 species of the insect world—the Goliath beetle, the mystic monarch of the antique world; the huge moth, that spreads his glittering wings to the stifling breeze, and the centipede, that stealthily crawls upon the luxuriant pile that Nature herself has woven for him. Besides the vegetable Titan we have glanced at, there are many other specimens, with *scenic* palms, and exquisitely veined woods, which would grace any drawing-room in our palaces. Let the spectator imagine all these beautiful specimens of creative skill animated, and what a carnival of nature must their native country present to the wonder-struck traveller; as, perchance, he glides upon its mighty rivers, unconscious of the rapid he is approaching, or of the creatures upon their banks, that his own temerity may provoke to his annihilation.

But, in the *salon* of the Exhibition, as elsewhere, "last of all comes death;" and so, among the osteological specimens, we stumbled upon the skull of a Macusi Indian; of whom Mr. Schomburgk observes: "while we travelled over the Savannahs, we found the skeleton of a human being, and understood, afterwards, that a Macusi, who was blind, lost his way, and perished. The skull will be of interest to phrenologists, as the organs peculiar to the aborigines of Guiana are here strikingly developed." Alas! we could have borrowed from the philosophic Dane, and have moralized upon this same skull for half an hour; but the oddity of the Indian's dance upset our gravity, and so passed we on, with a promise to return; for the Exhibition is altogether a richly intellectual treat.

Obituary.

On December 31st., suddenly, at Rome, *Professor Nibi*, the distinguished antiquary. In his death, the Archaeological Academy have sustained an irreparable loss: he has left many learned works; but is said to have died extremely poor.

On January 15th., at Chiswick, *Charles Whittingham, Esq.*, aged 73. Mr. Whittingham ranked foremost among the printers of his day: his success in the working of wood-engravings may, indeed, be said to

have raised printing to an artistical character which it had never before attained. In conjunction with the late Mr. Arliss, a man of correct taste, and a practical printer, Mr. Whittingham was earliest among publishers to introduce, into juvenile works, wood-engravings of superior design and execution. Well do we remember their cheap miniature story-books, plentifully besprinkled with cuts, the delight of our boyhood and the admiration of our teens. Subsequently, Mr. Whittingham established "the Chiswick Press," whence, for many years past, have been issued some of the finest specimens of printing in Europe, or in the world. In his elegant and illustrated reprints of the old British novels, Mr. Whittingham may be considered as foremost in service to cheap literature. In typographical and pictorial excellence, the labours of "the Chiswick Press" have been unrivalled: witness, the hundred-volume edition of the *British Poets*, and Northcote's *Fables*; the illustrations of the latter ranking among the most elaborate engravings upon wood which have been produced in this country. Nor must be forgotten the two volumes of *The Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Society Illustrated*, in the fine printing of which ample justice has been rendered to the exquisite productions of Mr. Harvey's pencil. The majority of Mr. Britton's superbly illustrated publications have been worked at Chiswick; his *Cassidary*, in super-royal folio, being a superb specimen of embellished literature. In a department of printing, which may be termed *microscopic*, as in pearl and diamond editions, the Chiswick imprint is equally prized. In short, in every stage of book-printing, from the diamond 64mo. to the large letter folio, from the cheap novel to the costly historical volume, Mr. Whittingham was alike successful. In private life, he was an amiable man; and his estimable qualities endeared him to his friends as closely as his ingenuity has recommended him to the public.

Varieties.

Fossil Infusoria.—Of about eighty species of fossil infusoria, which have been discovered in various strata, almost the half are species which still exist in the waters: and thus, these forms of life, so long overlooked as invisible specks of brute matter, have a constancy and durability through the revolutions of the earth's surface which is denied to animals of a more conspicuous size and organization. In the Public Garden at Berlin, Prof. Ehrenberg found that workmen were employed for several days in removing, in wheelbarrows, masses which consisted entirely of fossil infusoria. He produced from the living animals, in masses so large as to be expressed in pounds, tripoli and polishing slate similar to the rocks from which he had originally obtained the remains of such animals; and he declares, that a

small rise in the price of tripoli would make it worth while to manufacture it from the living animals as an article of commerce. These animals, (for Ehrenberg has proved them to be animals, and not, as others had deemed them, plants) consist, in the greater number of examples, of a staff-like siliceous case, with a number of transverse markings; and these cases appear, in many instances, to make up vast masses by mere accumulation, without any change. Whole rocks are composed of these minute cuirasses of crystal heaped together.—*Prof. Whewell's Address to the Geological Society.*

Count Montlasier, the celebrated controversialist on the origin of basaltic rocks, was buried, in a spot previously selected by himself, in the crater of the extinct volcano in which his house was situated, in the middle of scenes which he had, from his earliest years, loved and studied, and taught others to feel a deep interest in.

The Republic of Science.—The sciences, like those who cultivate them, enjoy this happy privilege; that, in regard to them, there exist no national antipathies, nor even those kinds of intellectual frontiers which, under the influence of languages, become established between the literature of different nations. They form a true republic, whose peace nothing should ever disturb, and where merit alone leads to distinction, for the conferring of which there are needed no formal resolves, nor protecting regulations. The respect given to talent, like the esteem accorded to virtue, is so inherent in our nature, that it is not in our power to refuse it when it is really deserved.—*Quintet's Memoir of the late Prof. Moil.*

Salt Plain.—Our valuable correspondent, Dr. F. Lhotsky, describes an extensive level of travertine, about 300 miles from Sydney, which is covered with a white efflorescent salt; which, with the fragments of travertine strewn about, gives the whole locality the appearance as if some extensive building had been going on, and the plasterer just left off working.

Geology of New South Wales.—Geology being but a new science in Europe, has but very lately reached the newest continent of New South Wales. The burning mountain described by Mr. Wilson, the remains of a crater seen by Maj. Mitchell, and a mineral spring described by Dr. Lhotsky, are among the most interesting data in this department.

Photographic Phenomenon.—Sir John Herschel has notified a curious phenomenon respecting the action of light on nitrated paper; namely, its great increase of intensity, under a certain kind of glass strongly pressed in contact with it; an effect which cannot be explained either by the presence of light, or by the presence of moisture; but which may possibly be dependant on the evolution of heat.

Meteorite Stone.—On the morning of October 13, 1838, an aerolite fell in the Cold Bokkeveld, Cape of Good Hope. It was attended by a silvery meteor traversing the atmosphere, for a distance of about sixty miles, and then exploding with a noise like that of artillery, which was heard over an area of more than seventy miles in diameter; the air at the time being calm and sultry. The fragments were widely dispersed, and were, at first, so soft as to admit of being cut with a knife; but they afterwards spontaneously hardened. The entire mass of the aerolite is estimated at about five cubic feet.

Zoal for Science.—A few lovers of mineralogy were accustomed, many years since, to meet Dr. Babington at the hour of seven in the morning, the only time of the day which the Doctor's professional engagements allowed him to devote to social enjoyments of this nature.

Denmark Proper, or Jutland, covers a superficies of 1,032 square German miles, and its population may be estimated at 20,153,000. The islands of Denmark have an area of 684 square miles, with 324,000 inhabitants. Schleswig, 163 square miles, and has 335,000 inhabitants. Holstein, 156 square miles, and 455,000 inhabitants. Lauenburg, nine-

teen square miles, and 36,000 inhabitants. The Faroe Island, twenty-three square miles, and 6,900 inhabitants. Iceland, 1,400 square miles, and 56,900 inhabitants. Danish Green'and covers about 200 square miles; Danish West India Islands, eight square miles; Danish possessions on the Guinea coast, eleven square miles; Danish possessions in Asia, at Tranquebar, &c., surface unknown. The population of these transmarine possessions is calculated at 76,000. The German square mile is about nine English miles.—*French Paper.*

Religious Education.—Teach the lower orders in England to read and write, and, unless they are very narrowly watched, the first use they will make of their accomplishments will be to spell over the pages of a newspaper. Talk to them of the value of intellectual acquirements, and the odds are that you will only make them discontented with the lot in which Providence has placed them, and prone to listen to the first itinerant demagogue who may think fit to rail against the unequal distribution of wealth, or the recognised distinctions of society. It has been said that they will learn, in time, to understand the advantages of these distinctions; and perceive that the welfare of the community, themselves inclusive, is bound up with the institution of property; but our firm conviction is, that the time they are able to set apart for reading, is utterly inadequate to such a result, and that, whilst man is man, those who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, must be content to take political conclusions upon trust. In the case of monarchy, for example, you may always teach them to shake off the *procurde*, you will never teach them the value of the *principle*. It were well, therefore, if such topics of inquiry could be altogether excluded, but they cannot: all we can do is to make moral training go hand in hand with intellectual cultivation, and give the general superintendence to the body most interested in the preservation of order, and best qualified to instil a proper sense of religious duty—the Church.—*Quarterly Review.*

Revolutionary Disturbances and Disturbers have their use. In times of public corruption, (to borrow the beautiful simile of Lord Erskine,) they act like the winds, lashing before them the lazy elements, which, without the tempest, would stagnate into pestilence; in times of factitious excitement and unhealthy craving, like the present, (to borrow the equally beautiful illustration of Lord Mansfield,) the shock may serve to rouse the better part of the nation out of their lethargy, and bring the mad part back to their senses, as men intoxicated are sometimes stunned into sobriety.—*Quarterly Review.*

Petty Annoyances.—There are minor miseries in life much more difficult to be borne with patience than heavy trials, not being of a nature to call forth that resignation with which we must arm ourselves to support the misfortunes we know to be inevitable.—*Lady Blessington.*

Doing Right.—It requires not little heroism to act always in accordance with right principles; but it is the obstacles that present themselves to our doing so, which render the triumph to be achieved over them more meritorious.—*Ibid.*

The Voice is, perhaps, one of the organs most influenced by the mind.—*Ibid.*

To Polish Shells.—This may be done either by hand labour, or by being varnished; in both cases all the rough parts must be well rubbed down with emery and water. If they are to be polished by hand, (which is the best and most lasting way,) after they have received two and three courses of emery, of different degrees of fineness, they must be finished with buff leather dressed with rotten-stone and oil.—*From the Mechanic and Chemist.*

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THE GUIANA EXHIBITION, REGENT STREET.



THE THREE INDIANS.

THE GUIANA EXHIBITION.

WE promised to return to this very attractive Exhibition, noticed in detail, in our last Number, (see pp. 270, 271); and have now much pleasure in introducing personally to our readers the *three Indians* who have accompanied Mr. Schomburgk to Europe; and who formed part of his boat's crew, during the last of his three expeditions into the interior of Guiana.

Before proceeding to the most striking traits of these interesting individuals, it may be as well to remind the reader, that the American variety of man resembles, in several points, the Eastern race of the old Continent. Its principal characters are, the copper-colour; hair black, straight, stiff, and thin; forehead short; eyes sunk in; the nose almost flattened, and yet somewhat projecting; the cheek-bones, in general, prominent; the face large, without being flat or depressed. The features, viewed in profile, appear very marked, and of a bold outline. The form of the forehead, and the crown, is often the effect of art. It is only of late years that the study of the native races of America has been prosecuted in a manner likely to lead either to probable results, or to accurate knowledge of facts. Robertson, the historian, has said, that all the Americans have the same cast of countenance: to such a degree have the truths of physical geography been overlooked or disregarded, by those who have undertaken to write the history of man.

The human varieties in Guiana, the native country of the three Indians brought to England, have already been tolerably well defined. In British Guiana, there are six tribes of natives. The individuals just referred to belong to three different tribes; and, although there exists a great similarity in their manners and customs, they differ in their language. Their respective names are, 1. *Corrienow*. 2. *Saramang*. 3. *Sororeng*.

1. *Corrienow* belongs to the Warrows, who inhabit the coast along the rivers Orinoco, Pemeroon, and Corentyne, and are the Guaranos of the Spaniards. They are excellent boatmen, and famed for the construction of their canoes, which they hollow out of a single trunk of a tree, partly by the axe, partly by fire. Many of the pilots on the river Orinoco, and generally their boat's crews, are Warrows; they are also occasionally met with as sailors in the colonial craft.

Corrienow is about five feet in height, and twenty-one years of age: he is very slightly tattooed; he is the least ingenious of the three, having been almost exclusively employed upon his native rivers as a boatman.

2. *Saramang* is a Macusi: his tribe inhabits the vast plains which extend between the river Rupununy, a tributary of the Essequibo, and the Rio Branco, which falls into the Rio Negro and Amazonas. There were a few settlements of this tribe on the river Essequibo, but they have mostly retreated to the tracts just mentioned. The Macusi are one of the most powerful tribes who inhabit British Guiana, and are more industrious than the generality of Indians. They are noted for making cotton hammocks, which they barter to other tribes, or sell to the colonists. They inhabit the south-western part of the colony which borders on Brazil, and have been, from time immemorial, sufferers, from the atrocious system of carrying them away as slaves by the Brazilians. A mission was established at Pirara, a Macusi village, by the Church Missionary Society; but it failed, from the Brazilians claiming the ground as their territory, and ordering the missionaries peremptorily to quit the place.

Saramang is about five feet in height, and twenty-one years of age: his features are *sculptural*, pleasing, and intelligent, with a womanish expression, which is, doubtless, heightened by his feather cap: his features are not tattooed, but occasionally painted in lines: he excels in shooting with the blow-pipe, and is, altogether, the most ingenious of the trio.

3. *Sororeng* is a Paravilhano, or Parawano: his tribe was formerly powerful, and occupied that part of the Rio Branco which lies southward of Fort San Joaquim. They form, at present, only a few settlements on some of the smaller streams which fall into the Rio Branco, and are dispersed among the Rio Negro, and the Amazonas. There is much analogy between the language of the Paravilhano and the Macusi.

Sororeng is about five feet four inches in height, and is the senior, being thirty years of age; he uses the bow very expertly.

Each Indian is habited in what are technically termed *fleshings*; that is, a kind of knit shirt, fitting closely to the figure, and of the precise complexion of the individual, who wears the *perizoma*, or waistcloth, which forms the only garment of the savage Indian. Around the bust of each hangs a necklace, made of peccary teeth, from which, reaching down the back, is a piece of jaguar skin; and from the neck are suspended, upon the chest, two tiger's teeth, which these simple creatures wear as charms, just as persons formerly wore amulets in this country.

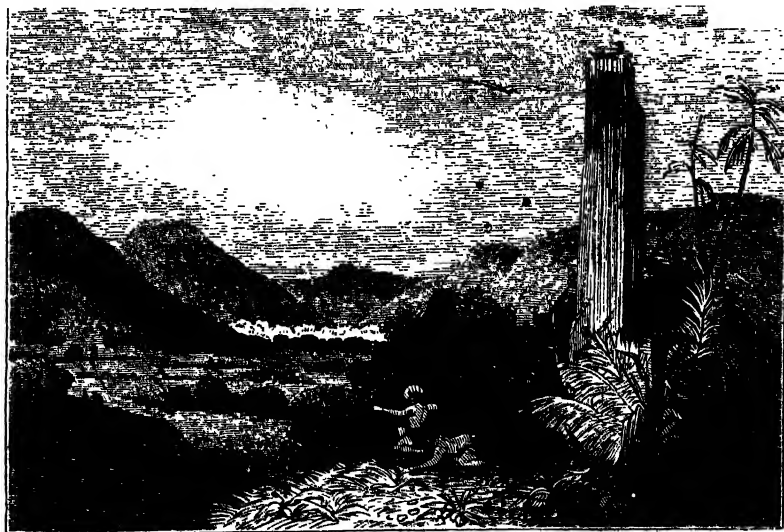
Mr. Schomburgk relates, that when one of the above Indians was a boy of eight or nine years of age, he was accompanying

his grandmother to the provision-field, and loitered a short distance behind, when a jaguar (South American tiger,) rushed from the bush and seized him. His grandmother, however, had the presence of mind to attack the jaguar with a cutlass which she had in her hand, and thus compelled the animal to drop its prey. Four large scars, near the poor fellow's collar-bone, will attest, to his last day, the fierceness of the jaguar; and serve as a practical refutation of all that naturalists have averred respecting the jaguar not attacking man, when unannoyed.

On approaching an Indian settlement, we may conclude, from the form of the huts, to which tribe the inhabitants belong; whether Caribbee, Macusi, or Warrow. The hut of the Macusi, and his kindred tribes, is dome-shaped, and thatched with palm-leaves; that of the Warrow and Arawaak is generally only an open shed all round; whilst the Caribbee has a hut of an oval shape, thatched to the ground.

The roof in all these huts is supported by beams, from which are suspended the hammocks, which alike serve as beds and chairs. The different implements of the kitchen and chase are usually ranged against the walls, or laid across the beams. The models of an Arawaak hut, manufactured by an Indian of the lower Essequibo, may be seen in the Exhibition-room; as may also a larger model of a Warrow hut, partly shewn in the Engraving.

The second Engraving is a view in the interior of British Guiana, with a remarkable natural shaft, or columnar rock of granite, in the foreground. It is a sparkling scene of wild and luxuriant beauty; and will form one of a series of Engravings announced, by Mr. Schomburgk, for publication by subscription. In the list already, are the illustrious names of the King of Prussia, the Dowager Queen Adelaide of England, and the Duke of Devonshire; with those of several distinguished naturalists, admirers of the arts, &c.



VIEW IN THE INTERIOR OF BRITISH GUIANA.

ELEGANT EPITAPHS.

The following epitaph, in memory of John Ayton Thomson, a youth of fifteen, buried at Chiswick, is from the pen of Arthur Murphy:—

"If in the morn of life each winning grace,
The converse sweet, the mind-illumined face,
The lively wit that charm'd with early art,
And mild affections streaming from the heart:
If these, lov'd youth, could check the hand of fate,
Thy matchless worth had claim'd a longer date,
But thou art blest, while here we heave the sigh;
Thy death is virtue wafted to the sky.
Yet still thy image fond affection keeps,
The sire remembers, and the mother weeps;

Still the friend grieves, who saw thy vernal bloom
And here, sad task, inscribes it on thy tomb."

A. Murphy.

From the same elegant pen is the following upon Dr. Rose, one of the earliest writers in the *Monthly Review*:

"Whoe'er thou art, with silent footsteps tread
The hallow'd mould where Rose reclines his head.
Ah! let not folly one kind tear deny,
But pensive pause, where truth and honour lie:
His, the gay wit that fond affection drew;
Oft heard, and oft admir'd, yet ever new;
The heart that melted at another's grief;
The hand in secret that bestow'd relief;

Science unfetter'd with the pride of schools,
And native goodness free from formal rules:
With zeal through life he toll'd in learning's cause,
But more, fair Virtue, to promote the laws:
His every action sought the noblest end;
The tender husband, father, brother, friend,
Perhaps e'en now, from yonder realms of day,
To his lov'd relatives he sends a ray;
Pleas'd to behold affections like his own,
With filial duty raise this votive stone."

BOYHOOD OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

THIS information is from a schoolfellow, whose accuracy may be relied on. When about ten years old, his Grace was under the tuition of the Rev. William Gower, at Chelsea. His health was indifferent, but improved as he grew up. Those occasional attacks of illness produced an indolent and careless manner, and often a great degree of heaviness. Unlike boys of his age, he was never seen to play, but generally came lagging out of the school-room into the play-ground; in the centre of it was a large walnut-tree, against which he used to lounge and lean, observing his schoolfellows, who were playing a variety of games around him. If any boy played unfairly the game he was engaged in, Arthur quickly gave intelligence to those engaged in the game; on the delinquent being turned out, it was generally wished that he should supply his place, but nothing could induce him to do so; and, when beset by a party of five or six, he would fight with the utmost courage and determination, until he freed himself from their grasp; he would then retire again to his tree, and look about him as quiet, dejected, and observant as he had been before.—*British and Foreign Review*.

WATERLOO.

One of the three letters written by the Duke of Wellington from the field of Waterloo, was a brief note, which, having enumerated some who had fallen, ended thus emphatically:—"I HAVE ESCAPED UNHURT; THE FINGER OF PROVIDENCE WAS ON ME." What the impulse was which dictated these extraordinary words, we leave to the opinion of those who read them. . . . When the dreadful fight was over, his feelings, kept so long at the highest tension, gave way, and, as he rode amid the groans of the wounded and the reeking carnage, and heard the rout of the vanquished and the shouts of the victors, fainter and fainter through the gloom of night, he wept, and soon after wrote the words we have quoted from his letter. It is in such trying hours that man feels his frail mortality, instinctively turns to God, and, referring his actions to the will of Him who guides and governs all things, with reverence says, "the finger of Providence was on me."—*Ibid*.

A HERMIT NEAR MOTHER LUDLAM'S CAVE.

THE recent death of an inoffensive individual in the neighbourhood of Farnham, in Surrey, has been attended with circumstances of so interesting a character as at once to enlist our sympathies, and induce us to record them in these pages.

It appears that, in September last, a poor man, named *Footes*, or *Foot*, "all in decay," (as Swift quaintly characterizes this unenviable phase of life,) took up his abode at the Seven Stars public-house, in the above neighbourhood. He stated himself to have been, about fifteen years previously, a brewer in London, "rich in this world's goods;" that, about twelve years since, his wife had died, and thence fell his prosperity. He lodged at the little inn until the 12th of October, when, taking with him his few spare clothes, *but no money*, he removed to the cavern, popularly known as "Mother Ludlam's Hole," in Moor Park. Its locality is just such as would feed a melancholy mind; lying about three-quarters of a mile from the Moor mansion, half way down the side of a sandstone rock, covered with wood, towards the southern extremity of the park. Since the days of Mother Ludlam, or Ludlow, and witchcraft, the excavation has been considerably enlarged: its greatest height is about twelve feet, and its breadth about twelve feet; but, at thirty feet from the entrance, it becomes impenetrable, save upon the hands and knees. From the bottom of the cave, "welleth forth away" a stream of clear water. It is, altogether, one of the most genuine relics of monastic life in the kingdom; for, according to the *Annals of Baverley*, the cavern was formed in the year 1216, for the purpose of collecting the several adjacent springs of water for the use of the monastery, about a quarter of a mile distant.* On each side of the spring is placed a stone seat, which seems, quoting *Grose*, "to invite the visitor to that meditation for which this place is admirably calculated. The gloomy and uncertain depth of the receding grotto, the gentle murmur of the rill, and the beauty of the prospect seen through the dark-arched entrance, shagged with weeds and the roots of trees, seem to conspire to excite solemn contemplation, and to fill the soul with rapturous admiration of the Creator."

Our "poor man" did not avail himself of this ready-made excavation, but chose his resting-place just above, upon a spot where a fox had been run to ground, and dug out not long since. He occasionally

* The first Cistercian convent in England, founded in the twelfth century. Its ivy-mantled ruins present, to this day, the most interesting spectacle of antiquity in the county of Surrey.

walked out, wearing a blue cloak; but, strange to say, was little noticed even by boys, who are proverbial for annoying eccentric persons: neither did he attract attention from the cottagers by Waverley Mill; although, from the bareness of the trees, his retreat was seen at a distance by all. He soon excavated for himself twenty-five feet in the sandstone, and about five feet in height; with a shaft to the summit of the hill for the admission of light and air. Here, in unbroken solitude, with fewer luxuries than the hermit of Parnell's brilliant muse—

"His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well"—

our Surrey hermit subsisted almost entirely upon *fern*, which abounds in this neighbourhood,* until Jan. 11, when he was met by three labourers, who described him as not having "two pounds of flesh on all his bones." He was carried to the nearest cottage, placed in a warm bath, next wrapped in blankets, and taken to the poorhouse of Farnham, where he soon died; his last words being: "*Do take me to the cave again.*" * * * * * Already, "Foot's Cave," as the excavation is named in contradistinction from Ludlam's, has been visited by hundreds of persons, curious to witness this eccentric abode of woe; and, perchance, to sympathize in the sorrows of one whose poor heart could neither bear the dispensations of Providence, nor "the whips and frowns" of fortune; which, indeed, have overthrown many a nobler mind.

The spot chosen by our hermit is, from its associations, one of the most attractive localities of Surrey. Who can forget the attachment of Sir William Temple to his dear Moor Park; or the intimacy of Swift, his secretary, with his beloved Stella, first contracted there. Temple's heart is buried in a silver box under a sun-dial in his garden, opposite to a window at which he delighted to sit and enjoy the beauties of the place. Even the churlish Cobbett, (who, by the way, was a native of Farnham), was charmed with this scene; and hear his simple record of it: "I have stood for hours to look at the canal, which the good-natured manners of those days had led the proprietor to make an opening in the outer wall, in order, that his neighbours might enjoy it as well as himself; I have stood for hours, when a little boy, looking at this object; I have tra-

velled far since, and have seen a great deal; but I have never seen anything of the gardening kind so beautiful in the whole course of my life."

SALIX BABYLONICA—THE WEEPING WILLOW.

[THE following verses, in Latin and English, were written by Lord Wellesley, at Ferne-hill, the other day. The Latin is good and elegant, so is the English. It is, at least, an innocent and even dignified amusement for an old prime Etonian, now in his eightieth year.—*Times*.]

The first of this race of willow was introduced into England in the last century; it was brought from the banks of the Euphrates, near the ruins of Babylon, where this willow abounds. This is the willow on which the Israelites "hunged their harps," according to the Psalm cxxvii—"Super flumina Babylonis." "How shall I sing the Lord's song in the land of a stranger!"

Passis mœsta comis, formosa doloris imago,
Quæ, sentit similis, pendet in amne Salix,
Euphratis nata in ripâ Babylonis sub altâ
Dicitur Hebræas sustinuisse lyras;
Cum, terrâ ignotâ, proles Solymæa refugit
Divinum patriæ, jussa, movere melos;
Suspensisque lyris, et luctu muta, sedebat,
In lacrymis memorans te, veneranda Sion!
Te, dilecta Sion! frustrâ sacrata Jehovah,
Te, præsentî edes irradiata Deo!
Nunc pede barbarico, et manibus temerata profanis,
Nunc orbata tois, et taciturna domus!
At tu, pulchra Salix, Thamesini litoris hospes,
Sis sacra, et nobis pignora sacra feras;
Quâ cecidit Judæa (mones) captiva sub irâ,
Victicrem stravit Quæ Babylonis manus;
Inde (doces) sacra et ritus servare parentum,
Juraque, et antiquâ vi stabilire fidem.
Me quocumque curas suadent lenire seniles
Umbrâ tua, et viridi ripa beata toro,
Sit mihi, priinitiasque meas, teneusque triumphos,
Sit, revocare tuos dulcis Etona! dies.
Auspice te, summæ mirari culmina famæ,
Et purum antiquæ lucis adire Jubar
Edidici puer, et, jam primo in limine vite,
Ingenuas veræ laudis amare vias:
O juncta Aonidium lauro præcepta salutis
Æternæ! et musis consociata fides!
O felix doctrinæ! et divinâ insita luce!
Quæ tuleras animo lumina fausta meo;
Incorrupta, precor, maneat, atque integra, neu te
Aura regat populi, neu novitatis amor:
Stet quoque prisca domus; (neque enim manus
impia tangat)
Floreat in mediis intemerata minui:
Dæd patribus patres, populique dæd inclyta cives,
Eloquiumque fore, judicisque decus,
Concilisque animos, magnæque dæd ordine genti
Immortalem alta cum pietate fidem;
Floreat, intactâ per postera secula famâ,
Cura diu patriæ, cura paterna Dei.
Ferne-hill, Windsor, Aug. 22, 1839.

THE WEEPING WILLOW OF BABYLON.

"Sacra, suosque Tibi commendat Troja Penates,
Hos cape Fatorum comites!"—*Virgilius*.
"Dii Majorum umbris tenuem et sine ponderè
terram!
Sprantesque crocos, et in urnâ perpetuum ver!"

* Whence *Farn-ham*. Ferns abound with a nauseous mucilaginous juice. The root of the common brake is, indeed, when ground to powder, and mixed with a little barley-meal, used as food by the Palma and Gomera; but this, as Humboldt justly observes, is only a proof of the extreme penury of the lower classes in the Canary Islands.

* A reform of Eton College, on the principles of the new system of education, has been menaced by high authority.

Qui Præceptorem sancti voluere parentis
Esse loco."—*Juvenalis*.

Dishevelled, mournful, beauteous type of Grief,
That seem'st in tears to bend o'er Thames's side,
And still to rue the day, when Babel's chief,
High on thy parent stream enthroned in pride,
Beheld, upon thy melancholy boughs,
The harps unstrung of Israel's captive band,
When heart, and voice, and orisons, and vows,
Refused the haughty victor's stern command,
To move great Sion's festal lay sublime,
To mingle heavenly strains of joy with tears,
To sing the Lord's song in a stranger's clime,
And chant the holy hymn to heathen ears.
Down by Euphrates' side they sat, and wept,
In sorrow mute, but not to memory dead;
Oh, Sion!—voice and harp in stillness slept,
But the pure mindful tear for thee was shed.
To thee, beloved Sion! vain were given
Blessing and honour, wealth and power—in vain
The glorious present majesty of Heaven
Irradiates thy chosen holy fane!
Fallen from thy God, the heathen's barbarous hand
Despoils thy temple, and thine altar stains;
† Reft of her children, mourns the parent land,
And in her dwellings deathlike silence reigns:
Rise, sacred tree! a monument to tell
How Vanity and Folly lead to Wo;
Under what wrath unfaithful Israel fell,
What mighty arm laid Babel's triumphs low.
Rise, sacred tree! on Thames's gorgeous shore,
To warn the people, and to guard the throne;
Teach them their pure religion to adore,
And foreign faiths, and rites, and pomps disown!
Teach them, that their forefathers' noble race,
With virtue, liberty, and truth combined,
And honest zeal, and piety, and grace,
The throne and altar's strength have intertwined:
The lofty glories of the land and main,
The stream of industry, and trade's proud course,
The majesty of empire to sustain,
God's blessing on sound faith is Britain's force.
Me, when thy shade and Thames's meads and
flowers
Invite to soothe the cares of waning age,*
May memory bring to me my long-past hours,
To calm my soul, and troubled thoughts assuage!
Come, parent Eton! turn the stream of time
Back to thy sacred fountain crowned with bays!
Recall my brightest, sweetest days of prime!
When all was hope and triumph, joy and praise.
Guided by thee, I raised my youthful sight
To the steep solid heights of lasting fame,
And hailed the beams of clear ethereal light
That brighten round the Greek and Roman
name.
O blest instruction! friend to generous youth!
Source of all good! you taught me to entwine
The muse's laurel with eternal truth,
And wake her lyre to strains of faith divine.
Firm, incorrupt, as in life's dawning morn,
Nor swayed by novelty, nor public breath,
Teach me false censure and false fame to scorn,
And guide my steps through honour's paths to
death.

And thou, time-honoured fabric, stand! A tower
Impregnable, a bulwark of the state!
Untouched by visionary folly's power,
Above the vain, and ignorant, and great!
The mighty race with cultured minds adorn
And piety, and faith: congenial pair!
And spread thy gifts through ages yet unborn,
Thy country's pride, and Heaven's parental care!

TYRIAN PURPLE.

WHAT the species was, from which the
ancients obtained the real Tyrian dye, is
now uncertain; but, in colouring cloth,
doubtless, many species of welcks, and,

perhaps, two or three genera, were used.
The *Muriceæ*, the *Buccina*, and the *Strombi*,
and, probably, most of the voluted uni-
valves, contain more or less colouring mat-
ter, and we may reasonably suppose that
they would not be neglected where there
was so great a demand for the purple dye.
By the old writers, however, they are all
described under one name. Pliny makes
mention of two species, from one of which
only the true colour was obtained; the
other (which he calls *Conchylum*), seems,
from his description, to have been a real
lucinum, and produced only a poor blue,
or greenish hue, like the sea in a storm,
while it emitted a strong rank smell, and
was, of course, less valuable. The shell
dye has been in use from the earliest
periods. Moses, B.C. 1491, makes mention
of it in several places, and he used much
wool of a purple colour in the works of the
tabernacle, and in the garments of the
high priest.* This the Israelites must have
brought out from Egypt with them, and,
from the quantity in their possession, it
cannot have been very scarce in that
country. It was used as royal robes by
the kings of Midian, B.C. 1249;† and B.C.
606, the Babylonians covered their idols
with garments of purple.‡ At the same time,
it was also the royal colour among these
people; and we find that Daniel, after
explaining the writing on the wall, as a
special mark of favour, was clothed in it.§
Alexander Balas, king of Syria, sent Jona-
than Maccabæus a crown of gold, and a
purple robe, allowing him to take the title
of king's friend.|| The band, or cydaris,
which formed the essential part in the old
Persian diadem, was composed of a twined
substance of purple and white; and any-
body below the royal dignity presuming
to wear these colours, unsanctioned by the
king, was guilty of a transgression of the
law, deemed equal to high-treason.¶

Although in aftertimes it was almost
exclusively known by the name of Tyrian
purple, yet it appears to have been only
on the decline of that great commercial
city that it was manufactured there. It is
mentioned by Ezekiel,** B.C. 588, as being
imported from the Isles of Elisha (Pelo-
ponnesus); and Aristotle,†† as late as B.C.
340, makes no mention of its being brought

* Exodus xxv. 14; xxviii. 5, 6. *Josephus, Ant.*
Jud. lib. iii. c. vii. sec. 7.

† Judges viii. 26.

‡ Jeremiah x. 9. *Baruch vi. 12.*

§ Daniel v. 7.

|| Maccabæus i. 20. These references are from
Calmét's Dictionary, art. Purple, where they are
distinctly understood to refer to the dye from the
shell.

¶ *Sir Robert Kerr Porter's Travels in Georgia*,
quoted in *Horne's Introduction to the Holy Scriptures*.

** Ezekiel xvii. 7.

†† *Aristot. de Hist. Anim. lib. v. cap. 15.*

from Phœnicia. In his time, the best and largest shells were from Sigæum and Lectum, on the promontory of Troas, and the smaller and inferior from Euripus and Caria. When, however, Tyre had lost its commerce, and become an inferior place, the chief supply of Europe was drawn from it, though we find it imported into Rome from Lacedæmon, and manufactures of it in various parts of Italy as late as A.D. 14.* During the earlier periods of the Roman republic, it was solely worn by the kings and patricians; but, in later times, Pliny† informs us that cloth of this colour was so common as to be employed as tapestry, and for the covering of furniture, by all the better class of citizens. He also remarks, that so great was its antiquity, that the introduction of it was unknown to him; and adds, from the chronicles then extant, that Romulus and his successors used it,—which was, perhaps, only the same as saying that the first invention of it could not be traced. The Grecian tradition (but which, of course, was merely a fable) was, that Hercules Tyrius was the first discoverer of it, his dog by chance having eaten the shell-fish, and returned to him with its lips tinged with the purple colour. Da Costa imagines that the dyeing qualities of the periwinkle (*Buccinum lapillus*, Linn.) were known to the ancient British, and quotes the authority of the venerable Bede, who lived (on the sea coast) in the early part of the eighth century.‡

Among the Greeks, Lycurgus ordered the Lacedæmonians to clothe their soldiers with scarlet, [*purple*,] the reason of which institution seems either to have been, because this colour is soonest imbibed by cloth, and most lasting and durable; or on the account of its brightness and splendour, which the lawgiver thought conducive to raise the men's spirits; or, lastly, because it was most proper to conceal the

stains of blood. In war, a purple garment was frequently placed on the end of a spear, and used as a flag or signal.*

And though Jesus Christ was clothed in purple before his crucifixion, as a mark of derision, yet, at this time, it does not appear to have been either universally or necessarily worn by princes. Herod, when giving audience to the ambassadors from Tyre and Sidon, is described as being dressed in "*royal apparel*," which was not purple, but, as Josephus tells us, was wholly of silver.

ILLUMINATED MAP PRINTING.

(From the Quarterly Review.)

IN one of the compartments of Messrs. Clowes' establishment, a few men are employed in fixing metal-type into the wooden-blocks of a most valuable and simple machine for impressing coloured maps, for which the inventor has lately taken out a patent.

The tedious process of drawing maps by hand, has long been superseded by copper engravings; but, besides the great expense attendant upon these impressions, there has also been added that of *colouring*, which it has hitherto been deemed impossible to perform but by the brush. The cost of maps, therefore, has not only operated, to a considerable degree, as a prohibition of their use among the poor, but, in general literature, it has very materially checked many geographical elucidations, which, though highly desirable, would have been too expensive to be inserted.

By his beautiful invention, the new artist has not only imparted to wood-cut blocks the advantages of impressing, by little metallic circles, and by actual type, the positions, as well as the various names, of cities, towns, rivers, &c., which it would be difficult as well as expensive to delineate in wood, but he has also, as we will endeavour to explain, succeeded in giving, by machinery, that bloom, or, in other words, those colours to his maps, which had hitherto been laboriously painted on by human hands.

On entering the small room of the house in which the inventor has placed his machine, the attention of the stranger is at once violently excited, by seeing several printer's rollers, which, though hitherto deemed to be as black and as unchangeable as an Ethiopian's skin, appear before him bright yellow, bright red, and beautiful blue! "*Tempora mutantur*," they exultingly seem to say, "*nos et mutantur in illis!*" In the middle of the chamber stands the machine, consisting of a sort

* Macpherson's *Annals of Commerce*. Juvenal *Sat.* viii. 101.

† *Plin. Hist. Nat.* lib. ix. cap. 36; lib. xxxi. cap. 10; from which all the information with respect to the Romans is drawn, where not otherwise pointed out.

‡ "*Sunt cochleæ, satis superabundantes, quibus tinctura coccinei coloris conficitur; cyprius rubor pulcherrimus nullo unquam solis ardore, nulla valet pluviarum injuria pallescere, sed quo velustior, eo solet esse venustior.*" Bede, *Hist. Eccles.* lib. i. cap. i. See Donovan's *British Shells*, in loco *B. lapillus*. It is to be remarked, that Bede lived at Jarrow, about five miles from the mouth of the river Tyne, which there divides the counties of Durham and Northumberland; and the rocks on that coast, at the present day, abound with this shell: indeed, so plentiful are they, that it may almost be said that acres of rocks are hidden from sight by the clustering of the fish, intermixed with the *Balanus elongatus* (Mont.) and young of the *Mytilus edulis*, and the supply is quite sufficient to have served for an extensive manufacture of the dye.

* Poller's *Archæologia Græca*.

of open box, which, instead of having, as is usual, one lid only, has one fixed to every side, by which means the box can evidently be shut or covered, by turning down either the lid on the north, on the south, on the east, or on the west.

The process of impressing with this engine is thus effected. A large sheet of pure white drawing paper is, by the chief superintendent, placed at the bottom of the box, where it lies, the emblem of innocence, perfectly unconscious of the impending fate that awaits it. Before, however, it has had any time for reflection, the north lid, upon which is embedded a metal plate, coloured *blue*, suddenly revolves over upon the paper, when, by the turn of a press underneath the whole apparatus, a severe pressure is instantaneously inflicted. The north lid is no sooner raised, than the south one, upon which is embedded a metal plate, coloured *yellow*, performs the same operation; which is immediately repeated by the eastern lid, the plates of which are coloured *red*; and, lastly, by the western lid, whose plates contain nothing but *black* lines, marks of cities, and names.

By these four operations, which are consecutively performed, quite as rapidly as we have detailed them, the sheet of white paper is seen successfully, and happily transformed into a most lovely and prolific picture, in seven colours, of oceans, empires, kingdoms, principalities, cities, flowing rivers, mountains, (the tops of which are left white,) lakes, &c., each not only pronouncing its own name, but declaring the lines of latitude and longitude under which it exists. The picture, or, as it terms itself, "The Patent Illuminated Map," proclaims to the world its own title: it gratefully avows the name of its ingenious parent to be *Charles Knight*.

A few details are yet wanting to fill up the rapid sketch, or outline, we have just given of the mode of imprinting these maps. On the northern block, which imparts the first impression, the oceans and lakes are cut in wavy lines, by which means, when the whole block is coloured *blue*, the wavy parts are impressed quite light, while principalities, kingdoms, &c., are deeply designated, and thus by one process, *two blues* are imprinted.

When the southern block, which is coloured *yellow*, descends, besides marking out the principalities, &c., which are to be permanently designated by that colour, a portion of it recovers countries, which, by the first process, had been marked *blue*, but which, by the admixture of the *yellow*, are beautifully coloured *green*. By this second process, therefore, *two colours* are again imprinted. When the eastern lid,

which is coloured *red*, turning upon its axis, impinges upon the paper, besides stamping the districts which are to be designated by its own colour, it intrudes upon a portion of the *blue* impression, which it instantly turns into *purple*, and upon a portion of the *yellow* impression, which it instantly changes into *brown*; and thus, by this single operation, *three colours* are imprinted.

But the three lids conjointly have performed another very necessary operation—namely, they have moistened the paper sufficiently to enable it to receive the typographical lines of longitude and latitude, the courses of rivers, the little round marks denoting cities, and the letter-press, all of which, by the last pressure, are imparted, in common black printer's ink, to a map, distinguishing under the beautiful process we have described, the various regions of the globe, by light blue, dark blue, yellow, green, red, brown, and purple.*

By Mr. Knight's patent machine, maps may be thus furnished, to our infant schools, at the astonishing low rate of 4½d. each.

Old Prose Writers.

FULLER.

[THE following characters have been drawn from the *Prophane and Holy State*,† by Dr. Thomas Fuller; a work not so well known as it deserves to be; no edition of it having been published, it is believed, from the year 1657 till 1814, when its substance was reprinted in a pocket volume of *Selections*, by the Rev. A. Broome, who observes that "to a modern reader the language of Fuller will often appear quaint and full of conceits; but this was rather

* We ought to observe, that an analogous invention has already been brought to great perfection, by Mr. Hulmandell, in the department of lithography. By using, consecutively, six, ten, or a dozen stones, each charged with its separate colour, the effect of a fine water-colour drawing is reproduced in most wonderful lightness and brilliancy, while (the colour used being all oil-colour,) a depth is given to the shadows which the cleverest master of the water-colour school cannot reach in his own original performance. A set of views of French scenery and architecture, done in this way, may now be seen in the shops; they are, in fact, beautiful pictures; and you get, we believe, twenty-six of them for eight guineas.

† A curious mistake, first noticed by an ingenious friend, occurs in Dr. Wordsworth's *Ecclesiastical Biography*, in the Life of one Nicholas Ferrar, to whose pen his biographer has thought proper to ascribe the above work. The mistake arose, it seems, from this circumstance: Ferrar used to employ the women of his family in transcribing many valuable publications, for the purpose of having them illuminated and bound in a choice manner; and, amongst others, a manuscript copy of the *Prophane and Holy State* was found amongst his papers after his decease.

the fault of the age, than of the writer. The characters, which are drawn with admirable beauty, are somewhat abridged; but the text, as well as the orthography throughout, have been carefully preserved."] *

The Good Wife.

St. Paul to the Colossians, chap. iii. ver. 18, first adviseth women to submit themselves to their husbands, and then counselleth men to love their wives. And sure it was fitting that women should first have their lesson given them, because it is hardest to be learned, and, therefore, they need have the more time to conue it. For the same reason we first begin with the character of a good wife.

She commandeth her husband, in any equal matter, by constant obeying him. It was always observed, that what the English gained of the French in battle by valor, the French regained of the English by enning in treaten. So if the husband should chance by his power in his passion to prejudice his wife's right, she wisely knoweth, by compounding and complying, to recover and rectify it again.

She never crosseth her husband in the spring tide of his anger, but stayes till it be ebbing water; and then mildly she argues the matter, not so much to condemn him, as to acquit herself. Surely men, contrary to iron, are worst to be wrought upon when they are hot; and are farre more tractable in cold blood. It is an observation of seamen, that if a single meteor or fire-ball falls on their mast, it portends ill luck; but if two come together (which they count Castor and Pollux) they pre-
sage good success. But sure in a family it bodeth most bad, when two fire-balls (husband's and wife's anger) come both together.

She keeps home, if she hath not her husband's company, or leave for her patent to go abroad. For the house is the woman's centre. It is written, Psalm civ. 2, "The sunne ariseth; man goeth forth unto his work, and to his labor untill the evening." But it is said of the good woman, Prov. xxxi. 15, "She riseth whiles it is yet night." For man, in the race of his work, starts from the rising of the sunne, because his businesse is without doors, and not to be done without the light of Heaven. But the woman hath her work within the house, and therefore can make the sun rise by lighting of a candle.

Her clothes are rather comely than costly, and she makes plain cloth to be velvet, by her handsome wearing it. She is none of our dainty dames, who love to appear in variety of suits every day new; as if a good gown, like a stratagem in warre, were to

be used but once. But our good wife sets up a suil, according to the keel of her husband's estate; and if of high parentage, she doth not so remember what she was by birth, that she forgets what she is by match.

Arrana imperii (her husband's secrets) she will not divulge. Especially she is careful to conceal his infirmities. If he be none of the wisest, she so orders it, that he appears on the publick stage, but sel-dome; and then he hath connd his part so well, that he comes off with great applause. If his *Fama informans* be but bad, she provides him better *formas assistentes*, gets him wise servants and secretaries.

In her husband's absence she is wife and deputy husband, which makes her double the files of her diligence. At his return, he finds all things so well, that he wonders to see himself at home, when he was abroad.

In her husband's sickness she feels more grief than she shews. Partly, that she may not dishearten him; and partly, because she is not at leisure to seem so sorrowful, that she may be the more serviceable.

Her children, though many in number, are none in noyse, steering them with a look whither she listeth. When they grow up, she teacheth them not pride, but painfulness, making their hands to clothe their backs, and them to wear the livery of their own industry. She makes not her daughters gentlewomen, before they be women, rather teaching them what they should pay to others, than receive from them.

The heaviest work of her servants she maketh light, by orderly and reasonable enjoinyng it. Wherefore her service is counted preferment, and her teaching better than her wages.

The Good Husband.

He will make a good husband, whose character we are now to present.

His love to his wife weakeneth not his ruling her, and his ruling lesseneth not his loving her. Wherefore he avoideth all fondnesse, (a sick love, to be praised in none, and pardoned only in the newly married,) whereby more have wilfully betrayed their command, then ever lost it by their wives' rebellion.

He is constant unto his wife, and confident of her; and sure where Jealousie is the jailour, many break the prison, it opening more wayes to wickednesse then it stoppeth; so that where it findeth one, it maketh ten dishonest.

He alloweth her meet maintenance, but measures it by his own estate; nor will he give lesse, nor can she ask more. Which allowance, if shorter than her deserts, and his desire, he lengtheneth out with his courteous carriage unto her, chiefly in her

sickness, then not so much word-pitying her, as providing necessaries for her.

That she may not intrench on his prerogative, he maintains her propriety in feminine affairs—yea, therein he follows her advice. Causes that are properly of feminine cognizance he suffers her finally to decide, not so much as permitting an appeal to himself, that their jurisdictions may not interfere.

He is careful that the wounds betwixt them take not ayre, and be publickly known: Jarres concealed are half reconciled; which, if generally known, 'tis a double task, to stop the breach at home, and men's mouths abroad. To this end, he never publickly reproves her. An open reproof puts her to do penance before all that are present; after which, many study rather revenge than reformation.

He keeps her in the wholesome ignorance of unnecessary secrets. They will not be starved with the ignorance, who perchance may surfeit with the knowledge of weighty counsells, too heavy for the weaker sex to bear. He knows little who will tell his wife all he knows.

He beats not his wife after his death. One having a shrewd wife, yet loth to use her hardly in his life-time, awed her with telling her that he would beat her when he was dead,—meaning, that he would leave her no maintenance. This humor is unworthy a worthy man, who will endeavour to provide her a competent estate; yet he that impoverisheth his children to enrich his widow, destroyes a quick hedge, to make a dead one.

The Good Widow.

Conceive her to have buried her husband decently, according to his quality and condition, and let us see how she behaveth herself afterwards.

Her grief for her husband, tho' real, is moderate. Excessive was the sorrow of King Richard the Second, be seeming him neither as king, man, nor Christian, who so fervently loved Anna of Bohemia, his queen, that when she died at Shean, in Surrey he both cursed the place, and also, out of madnesse, overthrew the whole house.

But our widow's sorrow is no storm, but a still rain. Indeed some foolishly discharge the surplussage of their passions on themselves, tearing their hair, so that their friends coming to the funérall, know not which most to bemoan, the dead husband or the dying widow. Yet commonly it comes to pass, that such widow's grief is quickly emptied, which streameth out at so large a vent; whilst their tears that but drop, will hold running a long time.

She continues a competent time in her

widow's estate. Anciently they were at least to live out their "*annum luctus*," their year of sorrow. But as some erroneously compute the long lives of the Patriarchs before the flood, not by solary, but lunary years, making a moeth a year; so many overhasty widows cut their years of mourning very short, and within a few weeks make post speed to a second marriage.

Though going abroad sometimes about her businesse, she never makes it her businesse to go abroad. Indeed man goeth forth to his labour, and a widow in civill affairs is often forced to act a double part of man and woman, and must go abroad to sollicite her businesse in person, what she cannot do by the proxie of her friends. Yet even then, she is most carefull of her credit, and tender of her modesty, not impudently thrusting into the society of men.

She loves to look on her husband's picture in the children he hath left her, not foolishly fond over them, for their father's sake, (this were to kill them in honour of the dead,) but giveth them careful education. Her husband's friends are ever her welcomest guests, whom she entertaineth with her best cheer, and with honourable mention of their friend's and her husband's memorie.

If she can speak but little good of him, she speaketh but little of him. So handsomely folding up her discourse, that his virtues are shewn outwards, and his vices wrapt up in silence.

She putteth her especiall confidence in God's providence. Surely, if he be a "*father to the fatherlesse*," it must needs follow, that he is an husband to the widow. And therefore she seeks to gain and keep his love unto her, by her constant prayer and religious life.

She will not mortgage her first husband's pawns, thereby to purchase the good will of a second. If she marrieth (for which she hath the apostle's licence, not to say mandate, "*I will that the younger widows marry*,") she will not abridge her children of that which justly belongs unto them. Surely a broken faith to the former is but a weak foundation to build thereon a loyall affection to a latter love. Yet, if she becomes a mother-in-law, there is no difference betwixt her carriage to her own and her second husband's children, save that she is severest to her own, over whom she hath the sole jurisdiction. And, if her second husband's children by a former wife commit a fault, she had rather bind them over to answer for it before their own father, than to correct them herself, to avoid all suspicion of hard using them.

New Books.

VISITS TO REMARKABLE PLACES. BY
WILLIAM HOWITT.

[THIS book belongs to a class of works which it would afford us much pleasure to see "increase and multiply," far beyond our present anticipation. Their influence upon every grade of readers must be extremely beneficial: they must encourage kindly feelings and interchanges of affection between the rich, the moderately wealthy, and the educated poor; which, after all the vapourings of scheming economists, are "the Roman cement" of social life, and the best security for its broad and almost universal happiness. In this strange age, when the quicksands of time fleet so fast, and one surprise succeeds another with such rapidity as to favour an electrical theory of society—the value of any work written with the object of endearing to us the glory of the past, must, therefore, prove an acceptable service: and to cherish respect for places hallowed by time and circumstance, or association with genius; "old halls, battle-fields, and scenes illustrative of striking passages in English history and poetry," such as Mr. Howitt describes it to be his aim to commemorate; is at once an amiable and pleasant exercise of ingenuity, which we hope to see repaid in other sense than in extent of fame; for, the volume before us is but the commencement of a series, upon the execution of which the author appears to have set his mind and heart.

The "Visits," in this volume, are to Penshurst, the Field of Culloden, Stratford-on-Avon, and the Haunts of Shakespeare; Combe Abbey, Lindisfarne, Flodden Field, and other scenery of Marmion; Bolton Priory, Hampton Court, Compton-Winyates, Tintagel, Staffa, and Iona; Edge-Hill, Stonyhurst, Winchester, Wotton Hall, and Kilmorac. The reader will, perchance, observe that, of many of these "places," enough is already known: but, strange to say, the information relating to places much frequented is generally faulty in proportion to its copiousness.

Of the design of the work we have sufficiently spoken. Its execution must be considered somewhat unequal: with considerable research for material, and taste, and judgment in their construction; with some neat criticism, and much of the philosophic spirit which the subjects naturally enkindle; there are occasional traces of haste and lax composition, which disfigure a work of lasting interest, such as we rank the *Visits to Remarkable Places*. The tone of the author is altogether liberal: the encomiums of the good are not grudgingly given, nor are reflections on the bad

sparingly withheld. There are bluntness, heartiness, and sincerity, and occasional pleasantries, which resuscitate, as it were, the interest of the places visited; and what with the author's acknowledged taste and verisimilitude in description, and the artist's (S. Williams's) graphic skill,—the volume has altogether that *renaissance* style which is just now so popular.

We proceed to a few extracts, which, from a work of such details as the present, must, necessarily, be "few and far between."]

• *The Sidneys of Penshurst.*

England, amongst her titled families, can point to none more illustrious than that of Sidney. It is a name which carries with it the attestation of its genuine nobility. Others are of older standing in the realm. It is not one of those to be found on the roll of Battle Abbey. The first who bore it in England is said to have come hither in the reign of Henry III. There are others, too, which have mounted much higher in the scale of mere rank; but it may be safely said that there is none of a truer dignity, nor more endeared to the spirits of Englishmen. In point of standing and alliance, there is hardly one of our old and most celebrated families with which it will not be found to be connected. Warwick, Leicester, Essex, Northumberland, Pembroke, Carlisle, Burleigh, Sutherland, Rutland, Strangford, Sunderland, are some of the families united by blood or marriage with the house and fortunes of the Sidneys. The royal blood of England runs in the veins of their children. But it is by a far higher nobility than that of ancient descent, or martial or political power, that the name of Sidney arrests the admiration of Englishmen. It is one of our great watchwords of liberty. It is one of the household words of English veneration. It is a name hallowed by some of our proudest historical and literary associations; identified in the very staple of our minds with a sense of high principle, magnanimity of sentiment, and generous and heroic devotion to the cause of our country and of man. When we would express, in a few magical syllables, all that we feel and comprehend of patriotism and genius, the names that rush involuntarily to our lips are those of Milton, Hampden, Sidney, and such men. It is a glorious distinction for one family to have given one such name to its country: but it is the happiness of the house of Sidney to number more than one such in its line, and to have enriched our literature with a brilliant constellation of names, both male and female, that have been themselves poets, or the admired theme of poets; literary, or the friends of all the literary

and learned of their times. They were not merely of the aristocracy of rank, but of the aristocracy of mind; and it is from that cause, and that alone, that their name is embedded like a jewel in the golden framework of the language.

The Field of Culloden.

The moment that our summer tourists enter the great Caledonian Canal, one of the most magnificent, and now one of the most accessible routes, which they can take, they are in the very cradle of the Rebellion of forty-five. Right and left of those beautiful lochs over which they sail, in the glens and recesses of the wild hills around them, dwell the clans that carried such alarm into England. The fastnesses of Lochaber, Moidart, and Badenoch, sent forth their mountaineers at the first summons of their Prince. Not a splintered mountain towers in view, nor a glen pours its waters into the Glen More nan Albin, or Great Glen of Scotland, but bears on it some trace or tradition of those times. Fort William, Fort Augustus, the shattered holds of Inverlochy, Invergarry, Glen Moriston, all call them to your remembrances. It was here that Lochiel called them around the standard of Charles; it was here they gathered in their strength, and drove out every Saxon, except the garrison of Fort William; and it was here that the troops of the bloody Duke of Cumberland came at his command, and blasted the whole region with fire and sword. It is wonderful how nature, in ninety years, can so completely have reclothed the valleys with wood, and turned once more that black region of the shadow of death into so smiling a paradise. When you ascend to the justly celebrated Fall of Foyers, you are again reminded of forty-five, by passing the house of Frazer of Foyers; and, as you approach Inverness, you only get nearer to the startling catastrophe of the drama. Your whole course has been through the haunts of the Camerons, the Macdonalds, the Grants, the Macphersons, and Frasers, the rebel clans of forty-five,—and it leads you, as it did them, to the Muir of Culloden.

Though ninety years have passed since the battle of Culloden, the field is covered with the marks of that day. The moment you set foot on the scene of action, you recognise every position of the contending armies, and the objects which surrounded them. The night before the battle, Prince Charles and his officers lodged in Culloden House. There stands Culloden, restored and beautified since then, but occupying the same site, and surrounded by the same wood. The battle took place between

this house and an extensive enclosure on the moor, the north wall of which screened the right flank of the Highland army. This wall the English troops partly pulled down, and raked the flank of the rebels with such a murderous fire of artillery as cut down almost every man, and caused the almost instantaneous rout of the right wing. The mouldering remains of that old and shattered wall still stretch across the moor in the very course laid down in the original plans of the battle. In the centre of the place of action the ground was hollow and boggy. The ground is now sound, but you see plainly the hollow extent of the morass.

Shakspeare and his Commentators.

The commentators on Shakspeare have puzzled themselves wonderfully about some of the plainest matters of his text, and about none more than the identity of the dewberry. In the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Titania tells the fairies to be kind to Bottom:

"Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees," &c.

These same dewberries have cost the expounders of his text a world of trouble. As apricocks, grapes, and figs are very good things, they could not bring their fancies to believe that the fairies would feed Bottom on aught less dainty, even though he yearned hungrily after good oats and a bundle of hay. All kinds of fruits were run over in the scale of delicacies, and not finding any of the finer sorts which ever bore the name of dewberry, they at last sagely concluded that it must be a gooseberry, because the gooseberry is only once mentioned as a gooseberry in all his dramas. A wise conclusion! What a pity that those laborious and ingenious commentators would but step occasionally out of their studies, and go into Shakspeare's own neighbourhood, and hear the peasantry there talk. They would not only have long ago discovered what a dewberry is, but might hear many a phrase and proverb that would have thrown more light on the text of Shakspeare, than will ever stream in through a library window in half a century. A dewberry is a species of blackberry, but of a larger grain, of a finer acid, and having upon it a purple bloom like the violet plum. It is a fruit well known by that name to botanists (*rubus cæsius*), and by that name it has always been well known by the common people in the midland counties. As I walked round the orchard of Ann Hathaway, I was quite amused to see it growing plentifully on the hanks; and, taking up a

sprig of it with some berries on it, I asked almost every countryman and countrywoman whom I met during the day, what they called that fruit. In every instance, they at once replied, "the dewberry." While I was in that neighbourhood I repeatedly asked the peasantry if they knew such a thing as a dewberry. In every case, they replied, "To be sure, it is like a blackberry, only its grains are larger, and it is more like a mulberry." A very good description. "Yes," said others, "it grows low on the banks; it grows plentifully all about this country." So much for all the critical nonsense about the dewberry.

Combe Abbey, Warwickshire.

This pleasant old mansion, the seat of the Earl of Craven, which lies about four miles from Coventry, besides its own particular attractions as a good specimen of an old monastic building, and containing a considerable number of valuable paintings, lying also in a pleasant park, and retaining its gardens in their primitive state—making it altogether a very agreeable spot to visit on a summer's day, with cheerful hearts and cheerful friends—has a great deal of interest attached to it, through its having been the scene of some of the earliest and latest fortunes of the Princess Elizabeth, the daughter of James I., and Queen of Bohemia. It was hence that the conspirators of the Gunpowder Plot endeavoured to seize and carry her off when a mere girl, and it was hither she returned, after all the troubles of her most troublesome and disastrous reign, and enjoyed the only peaceful days of her existence. Elizabeth was a Stuart, and, like the rest of her family, was doomed to drink deep of misfortunes; but, strictly virtuous and highly amiable, Providence seemed to concede to her what so few of her family were permitted, or, indeed, deserved, a quiet termination of a stormy life. If ever the finger of an ill fate, laid on evil deeds, was, however, manifest, it was not merely in her family, but in the families of those who were concerned in the attempt to carry her off from this place. Such were the singular fortunes connected with that circumstance, and its great cause, the Gunpowder Plot, that, perhaps, no other spot of the strangely eventful soil of England can shew more remarkable ones.

Perhaps so many portraits of the Stuart family are not to be met with in any one place besides, as these which were chiefly collected by the affection of Elizabeth. There is none, indeed, like the grand equestrian Vandykes of Charles I. at Warwick Castle, Windsor, and Hampton Court; but there are many of a high cha-

racter, and some nowhere else to be found. These render a visit to Combe well worth making; but, besides these, the Abbey contains many admirable subjects by first-rate masters. Vandyke, Rubens, Carravaggio, Lely, Kneller, Brughel, Teniers, Merelveldt, Paul Veronese, Rembrandt, Holbein, and Albert Durer. Amongst them I may particularly mention fine and characteristic portraits of Sir Kenelm Digby, Sir Thomas More, General Monk, Lord Stafford, Vandyke by himself, Honthorst by himself: heads of the Saxon Reformers, by a Saxon artist; Lot and his daughter, by Michael Angelo. There is, also, a very curious old picture of a lady with a golden drinking-horn in her hand, and a Latin Legend of Count Otto, who, hunting in the forest, and seeing this lady, asked to drink out of her horn, for he was dreadfully athirst; but, on looking into it, he was suspicious of the liquor, and pouring it behind him, part of it fell on his horse, and took off the hair like fire.

The Gallery is a fine old wainscoted room; the cloisters are now adorned with projecting antlers of stags, and black-jacks. There are old tapestry, old paintings, old cabinets, one made of ebony, tortoise-shell, and gold; and the house altogether has that air, and those vestiges of old times, which must, independent of its connexion with the Queen of Bohemia, give it great interest in the eyes of the lovers of old English houses, and of the traces of past generations.

THE COMIC LATIN GRAMMAR.

[As a relief to the recent disquietudes of Black Monday, we are induced to return to this sparkling educational burlesque; as the playbills say, "in consequence of repeated inquiries at the Box-office."]

Of an Adverb.

Cæsar multam conturbavit indigenas.
Cæsar much astonished the natives.

[The illustrative wood-cut is very smart—a nigger (Cæsar) in an oyster-room, beginning his fourth dozen of natives, p. 201.]

Conjunctions are thus used. *Ova et lardum*, eggs and bacon. *Dimidium dimidiumque*, half-and-half. *Amor et dementia*, love and madness.

Of a Preposition.—Sometimes a preposition is joined in composition with another word, as *prostratus*, knocked down—flooded.

Tullius ab aquario prostratus est.
Tully was knocked down by a waterman.

The Interrogative.—Remember, that the use of the interrogatives who? and what? however justifiable in grammar, is very impertinent in conversation. What, for example, can be more ill-bred than to

say, Who are you? Indeed, most questions are ill mannered. We do not speak of such expressions as, Has your mother sold her mangle? and the like, used only by persons who have never asked themselves where they expect to go to? but of all unnecessary demands whatever. "Sir," said the great Dr. Johnson, "it is uncivil to be continually asking, Why is a dog's tail short, or why is a cow's tail long?"

Nominative and Verb.—The nominative case of pronouns is rarely expressed, except for the sake of distinction or emphasis, as—

- Tu es exquisitus, tu es.*
 "You're a nice man, you are."

Sometimes an adverb with a genitive case stands in the place of the nominative, as—

- Partim astutorum mordebantur,*
 Part of the knowing ones were bit.

We must contend that the above is a *racy* observation.

Exception to the Rule.—A verb placed between two nominative cases of different numbers, is not like a donkey between two stacks of hay, it makes choice of one or the other, and agrees with it, as—

- Amygdalæ amaræ venenum est,*
 Bitter almonds is poison.

We have written the English beneath the Latin. Perhaps it may be imagined that we think good English *beneath* us.

Substantive and Adjective.—Sometimes a sentence supplies the place of a substantive; the adjective being placed in the neuter gender, as—

- Audito reginam leones cœnantes visisse:*
 It being heard that Her Majesty had gone to see the lions at supper.

Construction of Nouns Substantive.—When two substantives of a different signification meet together, the latter is put in the genitive case, as—

- Ulysses lumen Cyclopiæ extinxit:*
 Ulysses doused the glim of the Cyclops.

A genitive case is sometimes placed alone; the preceding substantive being understood by the figure ellipsis, as—

- Ubi ad magistrî veneris, cave verbum de porco:*
 When you are come to the master's (house), not a word about the pig.

Considering that a secret is a *pig*, it is singular that betraying one should be called letting the *cat* out of the bag.

Two substantives respecting the same thing are put in the same case, as—

- Telemachus, juvenem bonæ indolis, Calypso existimavit.*

Calypso thought Telemachus a nice young man.

By the way, what a nice young man Virgil makes out Marcellus to have been!

Praise, dispraise, or the quality of a

thing is placed in the ablative, and also in the genitive case, as—

- Vir paucorum verborum et magni appetitus:*
 A man of few words and large appetite.
Paterfamilias. Vir multis miseris:
 A father of a family. A man of many woes.

The man of most *woes*, however, is a hackney-coachman.

Opus, need, and usus, need, require an ablative case, as—

- Didoni marito opus erat;*
 Dido had need of a husband.
Æneæ cœnâ usus erat:
 Æneas had need of a dinner.

But opus appears to be sometimes placed like an adjective for necessarius, necessary, as—

- Regi Anthropophagorum coquus opus est:*
 The King of the Cannibal Islands wants a cook.

Which would serve his purpose best—a valet-de-chambre who *dresses* men, or a wit who *roasts* them?

Genitive Case after Adjective.—Adjectives which signify desire, knowledge, memory, fear, and the contrary to these, require a genitive case, as—

- Mens tempestatum præscia:*
 A mind foreknowing the weather.

A piece of *sea-weed* has often, heretofore, been used as a barometer; but it is only of late that this purpose has been answered by a *murphy*.

Nouns partitive, nouns of number, nouns comparative and superlative, and certain adjectives put partitively, require a genitive case, from which, also, they take their gender; as—

- Utrum horum mavis accipe:*
 Take which of those two things you had rather.

So Queen Eleanor gave Fair Rosamond her choice between the dagger and the bowl of poison. This, to our mind, would have been like choosing a tree to be hanged on.

[As an illustration, may be added the piece, "Take this, or this," from Barnett's opera of *Fair Rosamond*.]

Secundus sometimes requires a dative case, as—

- Haud ulli veterum virtute secundus;*
 Inferior to none of the ancients in valour.

Surely Virgil, in saying this, had an eye to a hero, whose fame has been perpetuated in the verses of a later poet.

"Some talk of Alexander, and some of Pericles,
 Of Conon and Lysander, and Alcibiades;
 But of all the gallant heroes, there's none for to compare,
 With my ri-fol-de-riddle-iddle-lol to the British grenadier!"

Nouns of Con.—You must *con* all such words attentively before you can *construe* well, or the consequence will be, that you will be considerably blown up, if not *confoundedly* flogged.

Periodicals.

THE ENGLISH BIJOU ALMANACK FOR 1840.

[To the untiring ingenuity of Mr. Schloss, are we indebted for the introduction of this tasteful exotic into our *parterre* of annuals. Its parental editor, however, was the highly-gifted L. E. L.: it was with her a pet *littéraire*, and she is known to have regarded it as "the prettiest of her tasks." With the Almanack for 1839, the series edited by L. E. L. has terminated; the volume for the present year being the first of a New Series, edited by Mr. Lover, author of *Rory O'More*, and, certainly, one of the most graceful lyrists of his day. One of his best pieces in the present Almanack is the following, to his lamented predecessor:—

To the Memory of L. E. L.

How many the tear will shed,
When on this page they look,
And thy cold doom is read
In thine own tiny book.

The little gem, while thine,
With graceful joy was bright,
The tearful task is mine,
With grief to dim its light.

Untimely was thy fall,
Embitter'd was thy fate—
Oh, that a leaf so small
Should tell of grief so great!

The portraits are those of the Duchess of Sutherland; Mrs. S. C. Hall, whose *Maid Marian* is just now rivetting some hundreds of readers to their fire-sides; Madame Persiani, whom Laporte assures us is to be with us "immediately after the first week in March;" Thomas Moore, Esq.; Sir Martin Archer Shee, P. R. A.; and W. C. Macready, Esq. By the way, is Mr. Lover aware of the neat witticism he has accomplished in the last line of his tribute to Persiani?

"That fairy fount was a type of thee:—"

the general reader not being aware that "fount" or "font" is the technical designation of any set or quantity of printing types. The allusion to Macready, our first *literary* tragedian, having

"Restored, the glory of the stage;
Redeem'd what stigmatized an age"—

may be somewhat anticipatory for prosy people, though not for the poetical. We have not space to quote from the remaining tributes, which are, at once, gracefully spirited and charmingly characteristic.

The Almanack is bound, as hitherto, in an illuminated case; and "reposest" within a morocco casket, upon a white velvet *lit*; whilst, to suit "all sights," as the spectacle-dealers say, a lilliputian reading-glass is here the "Companion to

the Almanack." It is altogether a very elegant trifle for the mantel, the console, the encoigneur, or the boudoir table. With each copy of the Almanack is presented a Miniature Portrait, engraved on steel, of Prince Albert—a tiny gem for an album.]

Obituary.

In *Galignani's Messenger*, January 4, we regret to find recorded the death of Mrs. Boddington, whose name has just become known to the world, by a volume of poems, lately published. Mrs. Boddington was likewise the author of *Slight Reminiscences*, and other prose works, which not only entitled her to the highest place in that class of literature to which these works belong, but stamp her as the originator of a style of descriptive narrative peculiarly her own; in which we admire a wonderful power of depicting nature, great originality, a variety and an endless flow of fancy, a happy mixture of pathos and sober thought, with delightful cheerfulness and enthusiasm, a sunniness of mind shining throughout, and a pen "thick-dropping with beauty and gladness." Those who delight in the simplicity, feeling, and quaintness of the earlier writers, must hail the volume of *Poems* just referred to, as a revival of a taste fast fading away, and, unfortunately, too often replaced by meretricious and affected extravagance.

Varieties.

Prince Esterhazy.—The house of Esterhazy is, probably, the most magnificent of non-regnant houses in the world. That jacket of jackets, which is said to cost the Prince £100 in wear and tear every time it is put on, has already impressed the English public with the extent of his possessions; but the impression falls short of the reality. His estates contain 130 villages, forty towns, and thirty-four castles. He has four country-houses as big as Chatsworth, within an hour's ride of one another; one of them, Esterházy, contains 360 rooms for visitors, and a theatre. The well-known story of the Prince's reply to the Lord of Holkham, who, after exhibiting a flock of 2,000 sheep, inquired if he could shew as many—"My shepherds are more numerous than your sheep"—turns out to be literally true: there are 2,500 shepherds on his estates. But, as a lady of the neighbourhood observed to Mr. Paget—"Les Esterhazy font tout en grand: le feu prince a doté deux cent madresses, et pensionné cent enfans illégitimes." They have a regular grenadier guard in their pay, and the right of life and death on their estates.—*Quarterly Review*.

Spotted Child.—"I am, perhaps, a little spoilt, but that is not to be wondered at, considering the fuss people make about me."—*Lady Blessington*.

Vanity full-blown.—"Any woman but me would have had her head turned by the homage I have received. Ever since my infancy, warriors, statesmen, poets, and men of letters, have joined in declaring me the most peerless of my sex. But I am not at all spoilt by it. No! I have never lost the beautiful simplicity of my character, that exquisite sensibility which has rendered me so popular. How you will love me when you know me better."—*Ibid*.

Ancient MSS.—M. Didron, during his recent archaeological tour in Greece and Turkey, discovered a Greek MS. about 900 years old, containing a series of religious monumental paintings. This document, found at Mount Athos, gives full instructions concerning all the subjects and persons appropriate to be painted in churches, with the proper age, costume, and attributes of each figure. Another MS., containing similar instructions, in religious architecture, is believed, by M. Didron, to exist at Adrianople.—*Times*.

Johnson's Lives of the Poets.—The proof-sheets of this charming work were read aloud by Mrs. Thrale to Dr. Johnson, at Streatham; and the discussions to which they led, were, in the highest degree, entertaining.

A Toast.—General Paoli, dining one day at Streatham, with Mrs. Thrale, obtained leave to give "one toast," and then, with smiling pomposity, proposed "The Great Vagabond," meaning to designate Dr. Johnson as "The Rambler."

Bas Bleu Societies.—The first of these Societies was instituted at Bath, by a few of the leading literati of the latter half of the last century. It owed its name to an apology made by Mr. Stillingfleet, in declining to accept an invitation to a literary meeting at Mrs. Vesey's, from not being, he said, in the habit of displaying a proper equipment for an evening assembly. "Pho, pho!" cried she, with her well known, yet always original, simplicity, while she looked inquisitively at him and his accoutrements; "don't mind dress! Come in your blue stockings!" With these words, humorously repeating them as he entered the apartment of the chosen coterie, Mr. Stillingfleet claimed permission for appearing according to order. And these words, ever after, were fixed, in playful stigma, upon Mrs. Vesey's associations.

Buying a title.—The price of the title of Baron in Hungary is £2,000, and that of Count £5,000; but Baron Styria was compelled to pay £10,000; which strikes us to be exceedingly unjust. According to the old adage, he ought to have paid nine times less.—*Quarterly Review*.

George III.—Madame D'Arblay describes George III. as a perfectly natural man, who had a true taste for what, in a court—or, in truth, out of one—is so rarely to be met with—an unsophisticated character.

Chelsea Air is proverbially salubrious; Doctors Arbuthnot, Sloane, Mead, Cadogan, Farquhar, &c. having given it medical celebrity, in making it their chosen residence.

Lichfield is celebrated for containing the house where Dr. Johnson was born, and his father kept a bookseller's shop; the house where Garrick lived, and his elder brother died; and the birth-place, or, at least, residence, of Dr. James, inventor of the fever powder. In the cathedral are two beautiful monuments; one to Garrick, put up by his widow; and another to Johnson, erected by his friends.

Argand Lamp.—Herschel calculated the difference between the light of an Argand lamp and a single candle to be as sixteen to one.

Prohibited Literature.—We are accustomed to read much abuse of the interdiction of Government, on certain books published upon the Continent; though, probably, without understanding the precise cause of such a step. Thus, in Austria—"Lord Byron's works are prohibited, chiefly on account of the notes and letters, in which the Austrian government is bitterly assailed; but every bookseller of note keeps a large number of copies amongst his stock, and has the implied sanction of the police for disposing of them. It is not information, inquiry, speculation, or philosophy, unsophisticated literature, or pure science, that the imperial cabinet is anxious to exclude; but the intemperate discussion of political questions—dangerous enough in any country, but useless, as well as dangerous, in one

where the people neither have, nor wish to have, any active or direct share whatever in the making of their laws, or the direction of their affairs."—*Quarterly Review*.

Pizarro.—Mr. Pitt was accustomed to relate, very pleasantly, an amusing anecdote, of a total breach of memory in some Mrs. Lloyd, a lady, or nominal housekeeper of Kensington Palace.—"Being in company," he said, "with Mr. Sheridan, without recollecting him, while *Pizarro* was the topic of discussion, she said to him, 'and so this fine *Pizarro* is printed?' 'Yes, so I hear,' said Sherry. 'And did you ever in your life read such stuff?' cried she. 'Why, I believe it's bad enough,' quoth Sherry; 'but, at least, Ma'am, you must allow it's very loyal!' 'Ah!' cried she, shaking her head 'loyal? you don't know its author so well as I do.'"

Literary Labour.—Dr. Burney wrote the musical articles of the enlarged edition of *Chambers's Cyclopædia*, and, to fulfil his engagement, generally rose at five or six o'clock every morning, in his seventy-sixth year.

Rewards of Genius.—Mr. Fox and Mr. Burke clearly held, that men of science and letters should, in all great states, be publicly encouraged, without wounding their feelings by shacking their opinions.

Bath Waters.—It is worthy of notice, and greatly in favour of the Bath waters, for paralytic affections, that Dr. Burney never had a return of his a seizure of the hand; and never, to the loss of his life, which was prolonged several years, and any other paralytic attack.

Ancient Epitaph at Edmonston.

"Erth goyth upon erth, as mold upon mold,
Erth goyth upon erth, all gyltetyrge in gold;
As thogh erth to erth ne't turn shold,
And yett must erth to erth some than he wold."

Penny Postage.—Here is a specimen of the working of the new system. A Correspondent has sent us, from Blandford, in Dorset, some lines upon this said *Penny Postage*, which appeared in the news-papers a few weeks since. The original Blandford postage was about 10d.; and, but for the reduction, the sheet of paper, the penny postage, and our time, would have been saved.

Chelsea Buns appear to have been manufactured upon the same spot for more than 150 years.

Mimic Volcanoes.—The volcanic exhibitions at "the Surrey Zoological Gardens," probably had their origin in the Ranelagh spectacles of the last century. For, in 1792, was shown in the above gardens a beautiful representation of Mount Etna, with the flowing of the lava. The height of the boarded work which represented the mountain, was about eighty feet; and the whole exhibited a very curious specimen of machinery and pyrotechnics.

Royal Marriages.—Bishop Compton exposed himself, by his zeal for the Protestant religion, to the resentment of King James, by whom he was suspended from his episcopal functions. He had, however, soon afterwards the satisfaction of placing the crown on the Prince of Orange's head, having, some years before, performed the marriage ceremony between him and his illustrious consort; whose sister, (afterwards Queen Anne,) he united also to Prince George of Denmark.

Love's Sorrow.—Pride may be called in as a useful auxiliary to assist a woman to bear up against the inconstancy or the injustice of her lover, but few can withstand his sorrow; for no weapon in the whole armory of love is so dangerous to a female breast.—*Lady Blessington*.

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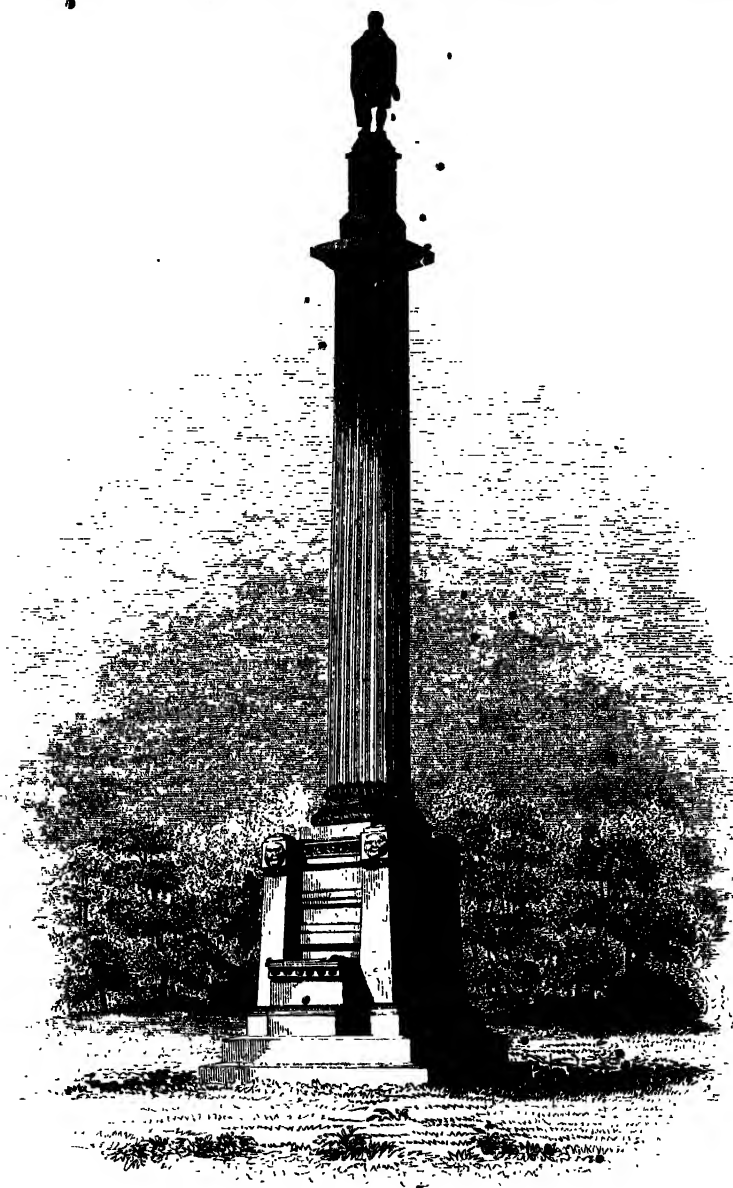
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[Price 2d.]



MONUMENT TO SIR WALTER SCOTT, AT GLASGOW

MONUMENT TO SIR WALTER SCOTT, GLASGOW.

VARIOUS meetings were held soon after the lamented death of Sir Walter Scott, with a view to the erection of monuments to his memory; and the records of those meetings, and their results, are adorned by many of the noblest and most distinguished names, both of England and of Scotland. In London, the Lord Bishop of Exeter, Sir Robert Peel, and Sir John Malcolm, took a prominent part as speakers: in Edinburgh, the Duke of Buccleuch, the Marquis of Lothian, the Earl of Dalhousie, the Earl of Rosebery, Lord Jeffrey, (then Lord Advocate for Scotland), and Professor Wilson.*

The subscription for a monument at Edinburgh reached the sum of £6,000; and a rich Gothic cross, with a statue in the interior, will soon be completed. This design, it will be recollected, illustrated the first Number of the *Literary World*.

In Glasgow the subscription amounted to about £1,200: the site chosen was the Square of St. George, in the heart of the city, wherein were already erected the bronze statues of two of its own most illustrious citizens, Sir John Moore and James Watt. The design of the monument to Scott, is a lofty triumphal Doric column, with his figure on the summit; by Mr. Burn. The base of the monument is of tasteful design, with ante decorated with sculptured masks: the torus is enriched, and the shaft fluted: the abacus is severely plain; but the acroter in its centre is chastely decorated, and serves as a pedestal for the statue to stand upon. The illustrious poet wears the dress of his time, which the sculptor has preferred to the anachronism of classic costume. "The foundation-stone of this column was laid in October, 1837, by the Lord Provost, the City authorities, and the principal members of the College. A prayer was delivered on the occasion; and the several spokesmen evinced all the patriotic warmth which a subject so fraught with every kindly feeling could scarcely fail to elicit. The subscription was exclusively defrayed by the Glasgowians and natives of the County of Lanark;" and their having taken precedence of the 'citizens of Edinburgh, has occasioned Dr. Dibdin to remark: "the Spartans have here shot ahead of the Athenians."†

"The noblemen and gentlemen who subscribed to the English fund, had adopted a suggestion—(which originated, I believe, with Lord Francis Egerton and the Honourable John Stuart Wortley)—that, in place of erecting a cenotaph in Westminster Abbey, or a statue or pillar

elsewhere, the most suitable and respectful tribute that could be paid to Sir Walter's memory, would be to discharge all the encumbrances upon Abbotsford, and entail the house, with its library and other articles of curiosity collected by him, together with the lands which he had planted and embellished, upon the heirs of his name for ever. The sum produced by the subscription, however, proved inadequate to the realization of such a scheme; and, after much consultation, it was at length settled that the money in the hands of the committee, (between £7,000 and £8,000,) should be employed to liquidate the debt upon the library and museum; and whatever is over, towards the mortgage on the lands. This arrangement has enabled the present Sir Walter Scott to secure, in the shape originally desired, the permanent preservation at least of the house and its immediate appurtenances, as a memorial of the tastes and habits of the founder. The poet's ambition to endow a family sleeps with him. But I still hope his successors may be, as long as any of his blood remains, the honoured guardians of that monument."*

Another interesting memorial remains to be mentioned. In the market-place of Selkirk, there has been set up, at the cost of local friends and neighbours, a statue in freestone by Mr. Alexander S. Ritchie, of Musselburgh, with this inscription:—

"ERECTED IN AUGUST, 1839.

IN PROUD AND AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE
OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BARONET,
SHERIFF OF THIS COUNTY,
from 1800 to 1832.

By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my withered cheek."

Nevertheless, it is to be regretted that no memorial of Scott has yet been placed in the shrine of our poets and men of genius at Westminster.

TYRAN PURPLE.

SINCE the appearance of the interesting notice of this attractive subject of inquiry, in the *Literary World*, (present volume, page 278,) we have ascertained that, in the course of last spring, Dr. Wilde read to the Royal Irish Academy a paper on some Discoveries he had made at Tyre, relating to the manufacture of the celebrated Purple Dye.

Dr. Wilde stated, that having been engaged in investigating the ruins of Tyre, he discovered several circular apertures, or reservoirs, cut in the solid sandstone rock, close to the waters' edge, along the southern shores of the Peninsula. These, in shape,

* Lockhart's Life of Scott, vol. x. p. 266

† Northern Tour, vol. ii. p. 667.

* Lockhart's Life of Scott, *ut ante*.

resembled a large pot, and varied in size from two to eight feet in diameter, and from four to five deep; some were in clusters, others isolated, and several were connected in pairs by a conduit about a foot deep. Many of those reservoirs were filled with a breccia solely composed of broken-up shells, bound together by carbonate of lime, and a small trace of strontian; large heaps of a similar breccia were found in the vicinity of the pots. This mass, a portion of which Dr. Wilde exhibited to the Academy, is exceedingly heavy, of adamantine hardness; and the shells of which it is composed appear to be all of *one* species, and, from the sharpness of their fracture, were evidently broken by art and not worn or water-washed. The portions of shell were examined by eminent naturalists, and are pronounced to be the *Murex tridaculus*, which most conchologists agree was one species from which the Tyrian dye was obtained; but until now, no proof could be given of its being the actual shell.

Dr. Wilde is of opinion, that the reservoirs he discovered were the vats or mortars in which the shells were broken up, in order to obtain the dye, (which lies in a sac in the neck of the mollusc inhabiting them,) and shewed that it accurately accords with the description of Pliny, who states, that the smaller shells (of which those in the specimen are examples) were broken in *certain mills*.

ALEXANDER WILSON.

[We regret to have forgotten the title of the publication whence we lately copied the following pleasing lines on Alexander Wilson, the celebrated and amiable naturalist, who desired that he should be buried where the birds might "sing over his grave."]

In some wild forest shade,
Under some spreading oak, or waving pine,
Or old elm, festooned with the gudding vine,
Let me be laid.

In this dim, lonely grot,
No foot, intrusive, will disturb my dust;
But o'er me songs of the wild birds shall burst,
Cheering the spot.

Not amid charnel stones,
Or coffins dark, and thick with ancient mould,
With tattered pall, and fringe of cankered gold,
May rest my bones;

But let the dewy rose,
The snowdrop, and the violet lend perfume
Above the spot, where, in my grassy tomb,
I take repose.

Year after year,
Within the silver birch tree o'er me hung,
The chirping wren shall rear her callow young,
Shall build her dwelling near.

And ever, at the purple dawning of the day,
The lark shall chant a pealing song above;
And the shrill quail, when eve grows dim and grey,
Shall pipe her hymn of love.

The blackbird and the thrush,
The golden oriole, shall flit around,
And waken, with a mellow gust of sound,
The forest's solemn hush.

Birds from the distant sea,
Shall sometimes hither flock, on snowy wings,
And soar above my dust in airy rings,
Singing a dirge to me.

MARGUERITE DE BOURGOGNE.

VII.—THE CHILDREN.

WERE we engaged in writing the chronicles of the pageants and processions of *la vieille France*, we could well devote one chapter to the account of Louis's gorgeous entry into Paris. But we have another task to perform—our tale is one of deep and fearful passions, and, as we approach its dark and impressive dénouement, we would not lengthen it by any comparatively extraneous detail. It will suffice to say, that the array of armed knights, and fair ladies, and snorting horses, was magnificent and imposing; and that the multitude, having jostled, and pushed, and shouted in the streets until they were quite hoarse and tired, betook themselves to the different *marchands de vin*, in the vicinity of the Louvre, to canvass over what fresh changes were likely to take place, and how it was that the stranger, Buridan, had ridden on the King's left hand, as prime minister, whilst Marigni had, that morning, exchanged places with him at Vincennes.*

On the evening subsequent to the King's opening council, Marguerite and Gaultier Daulnay encountered each other, by accident, in the gardens of the palace. The favourite was chafed and irritated; he had gained no clue towards the discovery of his brother's assassin; but, on the contrary, had seen his reputed murderer raised from the dungeons of a prison to one of the highest powers in the realm. Letters-patent from the King, had likewise been conveyed to Gaultier, at the close of the council, by an officer of the court, conferring on him the government of Franche Comté, with an order annexed, that he should quit Paris on the morrow to take possession. He had indignantly torn the document to pieces, and its morsels were scattered about the walk. Little passed between the Queen and her courtier, but discontented and angry speeches; and she was not sorry when the trumpets summoned Gaultier, as captain of the guard,

* Enguerraud de Marigni was finally executed on the famous gibbet of Montfaucon, which he had himself constructed, and of which he was the first victim—the last was the good Coligni. He was condemned "par ordre du Roi Louis-le-Hutin, à l'instigation d'un de ses courtisans."—*Épilogue Historial des grandes Chroniques de France*, fol. 63.

to his duty: more especially as she perceived the new premier advancing towards the area of their conference by another *allée*.

"I crave your pardon, Marguerite, for interrupting your farewell," said Buridan; for his quick eye had detected Gauthier in conversation with the Queen, from the windows of the palace, and had led him towards them.

"They were no farewell speeches that passed between us, Lyonnet," replied the Queen. "There is no occasion for them." "How so, Marguerite?" "Because he is not going to leave us."

"But the King has ordered it in council."

"And I forbid it. I promised that you should be minister, and I have kept my word; on the other hand, you swore to leave Gauthier with me, and now you require his exile. He shall stay."

"Have you forgotten then," inquired Buridan, "how deeply you are in my power?"

"You cannot crush me, without falling by the same blow," returned the Queen, coldly.

"And yet that thought would not have stayed me yesterday," was the reply.

"Yesterday," said Marguerite, "you had all to gain, and nothing to lose but life. To day, with your existence, you would lose rank—fortune—power. Listen, Lyonnet: we are arrived together at the edge of a deep and fearful precipice—we should sustain, rather than threaten, each other."

"You love this boy, then?"

"More than my life; but my love for him is pure, and chaste as the Alpine snow."

"A pure love in the heart of the Queen of France!" said Buridan, with asperity. "I had thought that you might wring it, without pressing out one human sentiment."

"If it is not love," replied Marguerite, "invent some other name for my weakness; but I beseech you, let him not depart."

The prime minister returned no answer, but stood with folded arms and downcast eyes, impatiently beating the ground with his foot.

"What say you, Lyonnet?" demanded the Queen; "you answer not."

"Marguerite!" returned Buridan, with warmth; "if the remembrance of what I once was to you, renders intolerable the thought that you love another; if what you have mistaken for love, or vengeance, or hatred, was but an affection which I could not stifle, but which reproduced itself under all these forms; if I can prove this—nay more, if I can prove that all my

endeavours have had but one end, and if I deliver up to you those proofs; tell me, if you find this devoted love still resting in my heart, will you not consent that Gauthier Daulnay departs?"

"Do you speak sincerely, Lyonnet, or are you jesting with me?"

"You must give me a rendezvous to-night, Marguerite, and to-night I will return you those letters. But let it not be a rendezvous of threats or hatred, as those of the tavern and the dungeon. It must be a meeting of love and trust, and to-morrow you may deal with me as you choose, for I shall be in your power."

"Supposing that I consent; even then I cannot see you in the palace."

"But you can quit it as you please, and the Tour de Nesle is still your property."

"I will meet you, then, Lyonnet," returned the Queen, after a minute's reflection. "It is a strange emotion—a feeling you might deem me incapable of knowing; but the sight of you has recalled so many moments of bygone happiness—the sound of your voice has awakened the vibrations of so many chords of love in my heart, which I thought long since stilled for ever, that I cannot refuse you. I will come."

"And will Gauthier depart to-morrow, Marguerite?"

"I will tell you all anon; but we must now separate. Here is the key of the staircase of the tower: until this evening, then, farewell." And the Queen and minister returned by different avenues to the palace.

Let not the reader think, from the dialogue we have just recorded, that a better feeling was arising in the breast of either party. Each had departed, firmly bent upon destroying the other; and while Marguerite summoned Orsini to her own apartment, and bade him attend, with four armed assassins, at the Tour de Nesle that evening, Buridan and Savoisy met in the council-chamber, and the courtier received orders from the minister to repair, at nightfall, to the tower with his guard, and arrest all whom he might find there, whatever might be their rank or title.

The ruddy and mysterious twilight of an autumnal evening, had begun to creep over the city, when Buridan, as we shall still call him, left the palace, and proceeded to the tavern of Pierre de Bourges, where he had appointed Landry to meet him and restore his precious box. He had previously dispatched a billet to Gauthier Daulnay, requesting that he would come to the same spot before curfew, upon some urgent business; and he now hurried along the darkening and narrow streets of Paris towards the tavern. Upon

entering his old lodging, he found the worthy ex-gaoler of Vincennes true to his appointment; and, with a stoup of wine before him, and the box on the table; he was counting a few coins in his hand, and ruminating on the probability of his being able to lead an honest life in future.

"We are well met, Landry," said Buridan, "and you have kept your word. In return, here are your twelve marks of gold," he continued, laying the purse upon the table.

"And here is your box, *mon capitaine*. I have done well to sell an old iron case for so much, and now I can safely lead a reputable and joyous life. I should say my salvation is certain, provided that I can occasionally burn a Jew, or strangle a Bohemian, to accomplish my duties faithfully."

"I have given a rendezvous," said Buridan, "to a young man at this tavern, and I expect him every moment. You must leave this room for a short period, and as soon as you have seen him depart you may return, as I have yet need of your services."

"*Par Dieu!*" said Landry, as a noise was heard upon the landing, "he has followed you pretty closely, for he is now endeavouring to break his neck upon the staircase;" and, as he quitted the chamber, Gauthier Daulnay entered by another door.

A cold and haughty salute passed between the rivals; and then the favourite, in a formal tone, requested to know for what purpose Buridan had required his presence.

"I bear a message to you from the Queen," replied the other: "She is unwilling you should give up the command of Franche Comte, by remaining in Paris out of respect to her, for she appears to have but little regard now left towards you."

"Explain yourself, Buridan," replied Gauthier, staggered at the announcement.

"I should have thought you knew my real name and title by this time," said Buridan. "You are aware it is Lyonnet de Bournonville, who is prime minister of France."

"I care little what name they have given you, or by what title you call yourself. I demanded an explanation of your dark hints, and I await it."

"Calm yourself, *enfant*," returned Buridan, "and torment not your sword in its sheath, in that fashion." He continued, in taunting irony, "Marguerite is a beautiful and impassioned creature, is she not, monsieur? What said she, when you demanded of her how she came by that wound in her forehead? Without doubt she has written to you since concerning it?"

"What mean these presuming queries?" demanded Gauthier, angrily.

"She can paint love and passion in, burning and endearing terms, can she not?" continued Buridan, in the same style.

"Your accursed eyes have never gazed upon the sacred writing of the Queen—you are mad."

"Do these remind you of her," said Buridan, opening the box, and taking out the letter and the lock of hair. "When you linger near her—when you inspire the air which she breathes—when you forget all others but yourselves, is it not thrilling to pass your hand amongst the long soft tresses that flow so voluptuously on her warm and rounded shoulders, and cut off a lock like this."

"It is her writing!" exclaimed Gauthier, almost involuntarily, as he gazed upon the evidences Buridan was displaying: "the very colour of her hair, too! you have stolen this letter, villain: you have snatched that tress by surprise."

"Ask her concerning it yourself, deduced one," said the minister. "She has given a rendezvous this evening to one of the Court—will you meet and confound her?"

"The place? Tell me, that I may confirm your falsehood or her disgrace."

"At the Tour de Nesle," said Buridan: "the hour of meeting has arrived, and the key is in my possession. Take it, and be speedy:—yet stay; one word more."

"Speak!"

"Marguerite de Bourgogne is the murderer of your brother!"

An exclamation of mingled agony and surprise, which resembled the howl of a tortured animal, rather than the voice of a human being, burst from Gauthier's lips, as he hurriedly quitted the room, and in two minutes more he was hastening wildly along the banks of the river towards the tower.

"So," thought Buridan, as he departed: "go, rash fool! rejoin your ladye-love, and perish with her together. Savois will make strange prisoners to-night, if he is as punctual as they be. And now but one sole object remains to interest me—it is to discover some clue to my unfortunate children. What, ho! Landry!"

The ex-gaoler of Vincennes entered the room immediately—without doubt, he had been employed at the key-hole during the past interview.

"How long would it take a young man to go from here to the Tour de Nesle?" he inquired.

"Provided he cannot get a boat," returned Landry, "he must go up to the Pont-aux-Moulins, and that will be half an hour's journey."

"*C'est bien,*" replied Buridan. "Put the hour-glass on the table, and seat yourself before that flask of wine. I would talk to you about your old campaigns in Italy."

"Ah, captain!" said Landry, as he took his place at the table, and filled his goblet; "they were rude wars, but glorious days for a young soldier, nevertheless. I remember well the wine of the rich prior of Gênes, that we drank to the last drop; and the convent of young girls, that we carried off to the last nun. All those things are joyous souvenirs, but they are terrible sins, captain."

"On the last day," said Buridan, "they will put your sins on one side of the balance, and your good deeds on the other. I hope you will have enough of the latter to outweigh the former."

"I have done many good actions—very many;" said Landry, as he finished a cup of wine.

"Recount them to me for my edification," said Buridan.

"At the trial of the Templars," said Landry, gravely, "which was held at the commencement of this year, they wanted a witness to help the side of the godly to triumph, and to condemn Jacques de Molay, the grand master.* A worthy Benedictine taught me a false testimony, which, for a marc of gold, I repeated word for word; and on the following day the heretics were burned, to the great glory of our holy religion."

"Continue, *mon brave*: have you not some story about two infants that Orsini—"

"I know what you are about to say," interrupted Landry. "Ay, ay; they were two little things that Orsini told me to throw into the water, as if they had been blind kittens; but I could not wait until nightfall, having other affairs, so I exposed them on the Parvis-Nôtre-Dame, where they generally place these little creatures."

"And know you not what became of them?"

"No, I faith not, but I know that somebody took them, because at night they were gone. I marked them, too, to know them again in case I should ever see them. They cried a great deal, to be sure, but it was for their good."

"And this sign—?"

"I scratched a red cross on their left arms with my poniard!"

"A red cross!" exclaimed Buridan,

* "Philippe le Bel pour faire condamner les Templiers, employa des formes qui outragent également la justice et l'humanité. Le 1^{er} Mars, 1314, Jacques Molay, grand maître, et Guy, commandeur de Normandie, en protestant de leur innocence furent brûlés vifs à Paris."—*Duclaux*. P. 8.

starting up; "a cross on the left arm, and alike on each? Landry! for our Lady's sake, tell me it was not a cross you made—that it was not on the arm—that it was some other sign!"

"It was a red cross," said Landry gravely. "I have told you so."

"*Justice de Dieu!*" cried Buridan, in accents of piercing agony. "They are my children! Philippe! Gauthier! One assassinated by her, and the other about to fall by my hands! Landry, where can we get a boat, that we may arrive at the Tour de Nesle before that young man? Quick, quick—there is life and death upon our speed."

"You shall have one instantly;" replied Landry, alarmed at the consternation he had caused. "There is a fisherman close to the tavern, who will lend us his craft."

"Hasten then, Landry, and there is my purse for you, if we arrive before him. Yet stay—procure a ladder, some ropes, and a torch, for we may want all."

"Whence go you, captain?" demanded the astonished vassal, as he followed Buridan from the room.

"To the Tour de Nesle!" was the reply.

The required articles were speedily procured from the master of the tavern; the boat was unmoored, and the minister and the gaoler were soon whirling, in their frail craft, down the rapid waters of the Seine.

ALBERT.

(To be continued.)

ROYAL MARRIAGE IN 1736.

THE following quaint account of the marriage of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and Augusta, Princess of Saxe-Gotha, (great grandfather and great grandmother of her Majesty,) and the ceremony and etiquette observed on that occasion, will, no doubt, be read with interest. This event occurred in 1736, and the account is extracted from a journal of that period:—

"This day (25th of April) her Highness (the Princess of Saxe-Gotha) arrived at Greenwich, attended by several ladies of her brother's Court, and her own retinue; and was conducted in one of his Majesty's (George II.) coaches to the Queen's house in the Park, amidst the acclamations of thousands of spectators. Her Highness seemed highly delighted with the joy the people expressed at her arrival, and had the goodness to shew herself for above half an hour from the gallery. The Prince of Wales came to pay her a visit; and their Majesties, the Duke (Prince William Augustus, of Cumberland) and Princesses sent their compliments. On Monday, the 26th, the Prince of Wales dined with her Highness at Greenwich, in

one of the rooms towards the Park, the windows being thrown open to oblige the curiosity of the people. His Royal Highness afterwards gave her the diversion of passing on the water, as far as the Tower and back again, in his barge, finely adorned, and preceded by a concert of music. Their Highnesses afterwards supped in public. On Tuesday, the 27th, her Highness came in his Majesty's coach from Greenwich to Lambeth, and was brought from Whitehall to St. James's in the Queen's chair, where was a numerous and splendid Court beyond expression. The Prince of Wales received her at the garden door; and upon her sinking on her knee to kiss his hand, he affectionately raised her up and twice saluted her. His Royal Highness led her up stairs to their Majesties' apartments, where, presenting her to the King, her Highness fell on her knee to kiss his hand, but was gently taken up and saluted by him. Her Highness was then presented to the Queen, in like manner, and afterwards to the Duke and Princesses, who congratulated her on her arrival. Her Highness dined with the Prince of Wales and the Princesses. At eight, the procession began to proceed to the chapel, and the joining of hands was proclaimed to the people by firing of guns. Her Highness was in her hair, wearing a crown with one bar, as Princess of Wales, set all over with diamonds; her robe likewise, as Princess of Wales, being of crimson velvet, turned back with several rows of ermine, and having her train supported by Lady Caroline Lennox, Lady Caroline Fitzroy, Lady Caroline Cavendish, and Lady Sophia Fennur, all of whom were in virgin habits of silver, like the Princess, adorned with diamonds not less in value than from £20,000 to £30,000 each. Her Highness was led by his Royal Highness the Duke, and conducted by the Duke of Grafton, Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Hervey, Vice-Chamberlain, and attended by the Countess of Effingham and other ladies of her household. The marriage service was read by the Bishop of London, Dean of the Chapel; and, after the same was over, a fine anthem was performed by a great number of voices and instruments. When the procession returned, his Royal Highness led his bride, and, coming into the drawing-room, their Royal Highnesses kneeled down and received their Majesties' blessing. At half an hour after ten, their Majesties sat down to supper in *ambigu*, the Prince and Duke being on the King's right hand, and the Princess of Wales and the four Princesses on the Queen's left. Their Majesties retiring to the apartments of the

Prince of Wales, the bride was conducted to her bedchamber, and the bridegroom to his dressing-room, where the Duke undressed him, and his Majesty did his, Royal Highness the honour to put on his shirt. The bride was undressed by the Princesses, and, being in bed in a rich undress, his Majesty came into the room, and the Prince following soon after in a night-gown of silver stuff and a cap of the finest lace, afterwards the quality were admitted to see the bride and bridegroom sitting up in the bed, surrounded by all the royal family. His Majesty was dressed in a gold brocade turned up with silk, embroidered with large flowers, in silver and colours, as was the waistcoat; the buttons and stars were diamonds. Her Majesty was in a plain yellow silk robe, faced with pearl, diamonds, and other jewels of immense value. The Dukes of Grafton, Newcastle, St. Albans, the Earl of Albemarle, Colonel Pelham, and many other noblemen, were in gold brocade of from £300 to £500 a suit. The Duke of Marlborough was in a white velvet and gold brocade. It was observed that most of the rich clothes were the manufacture of England; and, in honour of our own artists, the few that were French did not come up to these in richness, goodness, or fancy, as was seen by the clothes worn by the royal family, which were all of British manufacture."

At the time of this marriage, the Prince of Wales was twenty-nine years of age, and the Princess seventeen. They had issue nine children, the second of whom was George III. The Princess was a maternal ancestor of Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg of Saalfeld and Gotha.

LONDON STREET ARCHITECTURE.

VII.—NO. 31, OLD BOND STREET.

THIS façade presents a pleasing combination of Grecian and Italianized decoration; and has a handsome entresol story.

Still, this front, in consistency of character, can scarcely be compared with that of the house No. 21, in the same street, from the design of Messrs. Inwood, architects of the new church of St. Pancras. To quote an able critic, in *Fraser's Magazine*, who has taken up the subject of architectural house-fronts, the last-named is almost "the only instance in which the whole of such a front is consistently designed and decorated throughout, so as to be altogether of a piece, from bottom to top; for the shop, and the house above it, are, we may say, invariably treated as distinct from each other, instead of being combined, as far as their inevitable difference of character will permit, into one

uniform composition. This is more or less the case, even where architectural embellishment is liberally bestowed on the upper part of the front, the superstructure having so little architectural connexion with the basement on which it stands, that the effect is quite incongruous."



NO. 31, OLD BOND STREET.

New Books.

THE NEW ZOOLOGICAL WORK.

[AMONG the literary novelties of the month, of primary importance, in design, at least, must be ranked *A Natural History of Quadrupeds, and other Mammiferous Animals*; by William Charles Linnaeus Martin, formerly one of the officers in the scientific department of the Zoological

Society's Museum. Much expectation has been raised among naturalists by the announcement of this work; but, we think, not more than will be realized. Mr. Martin brings to his task scientific acquirements of the first order; which, with the aid of method and taste, can scarcely fail in producing a work that shall at once satisfy the naturalist and the general reader, who, in these days of universal acquirement, is expected to be acquainted with Zoology. In short, with such appliances as the above, a work must become popular in the soundest sense of the term. Still, from the contents of Part I., it is evident that Mr. Martin will not step out of his way to court popularity, by setting off his work with extrinsic embellishment at the expense of propriety; else the Part before us would have been richly dight with pictorial illustrations *ad captandas*. On the other hand, the author very properly begins with the primary formation—the grammar—of his subject, and duly proceeds from generalization to detail. Thus, we have a few pages of preliminary observations on the study of Natural History, pleasingly, yet acutely written, and teeming with familiar philosophy; in just the *lively* vein that the subject demands. Next are sketched the divisions of the animal kingdom; the arrangements of Grant and Owen being quoted in a note, and serving as a fair specimen of the novelty as well as the soundness of the illustrative details of the work. To these succeed the characters of Mammalia, commencing with the brain. The osseous system of Mammalia is then commenced, and continued to the lumbar vertebrae. From this portion of the work, it will not be difficult to select a few illustrated passages, which shall at once shew the style in which the work is executed, and the completeness of character with which it is illustrated, as regards the anatomical, osteological, and structural evidences. Thus, of the

Ossous System of Mammalia.]

The following sketches may be taken as representations of the osseous framework, as modified in Mammalia, birds, reptiles,* and fishes. In each example, the skull encases the brain; and the vertebral column, the spinal chord. The organs of sight, smell, taste, and hearing, have, in each, the same respective situation; but the modification of the bones of the skull, vertebral column, and organs of locomotion, is greatly varied: in the fish, indeed, the bones of the cranium, in particular,

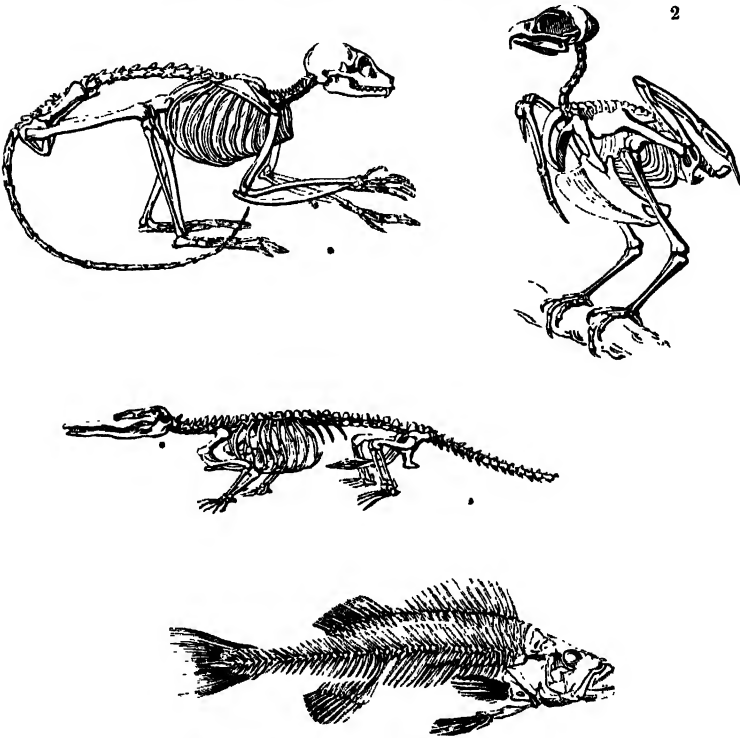
* The reptiles of Cuvier are now usually divided into *Reptilia* and *Amphibia*; the latter corresponding to his order of "*Batrachians*."

present what, in reference to Mammalia, may be termed an elementary condition.

Of the figures below, 1, is the skeleton of the Lemur; 2, that of the Eagle; 3, that of the Alligator; 4, that of the Carp. In all the above examples of the vertebrata, the essentials of the osseous framework are present: it is easy, however, to see how the extremities are modified in each; and how, from the almost human limbs of the

Lemur, they merge into the swimming organs of the fish;—the modification of the ribs and sternum is, also, no less remarkable.

[The human skeleton is next examined more in detail than is usually adopted in works of the present nature; and is illustrated with whole page views, anterior, lateral, and posterior; and two fine cuts of the skull.



(SKELETONS OF MAMMAL, BIRD, REPTILE, AND FISH.)

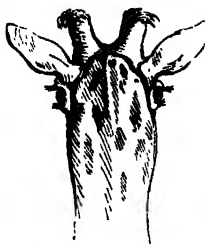
Our next quotation illustrates the

Vision of the Giraffe.]

In some Mammalia, as the Hare, the Deer, the Horse, &c., the orbits are, more or less, lateral, so that the eyes, instead of seeing only such objects as are in front, have a wide sphere of vision, comprehending at least three parts of the horizon, or of a circle drawn around. The design of Nature in this arrangement is very evident: the animals whose eyes are most completely lateral, are those whose food is placed under them, and whose structure unfits them for a life of rapine: quiet and timid, they have not, with eyes intent upon their victim, to keep up a perse-

vering chase,—nor have they, by the concentrated fierceness of their look, to paralyze the awestruck victim, and render it an easy prey; on the contrary, they themselves are the sufferers: ordained by Nature's law to become the food of the carnivorous, without weapons of resistance, or active defence, they have to maintain a continual watch. Hence, in order to preserve the race from extinction, one mode, at least, by which the design of Nature is accomplished, and it is one of passive defence, results from the wide scope permitted to their organs of vision, which affords them timely notice of approaching danger. In these animals, the eyes are generally large, full, and protuberant.

The eye of the Giraffe, for example, is remarkable for its beauty. It is ample, and beams with an expression of gentleness, in accordance with the creature's character: one of the most striking circumstances connected with it is its prominence; and, so much so is this the case, that the eye-ball is perfectly apparent to any one standing in a right line behind the animal, while the person, occupying such a position, is equally visible to the Giraffe. A native of the hills and plains of Africa, abounding in ferocious beasts of prey, among which the Lion is its most formidable enemy, the Giraffe takes in the horizon at a glance, almost without moving; and, thus enabled to discern an



enemy at a considerable distance, he may browse at ease on the foliage of the mimosa.

The annexed sketch represents a posterior view of the head of this singular and interesting animal; the lateral posi-

tion and prominence of the eyes are very conspicuous.

[We pass on to a pleasing illustration of the

Height of Forehead.] •

A well-developed skull and forehead, and an expanded intellect, have been regarded as co-existent in every age: a forehead "villanous low" is Shakspeare's expression, with reference to the Ape (see *Tempest*); and in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Julia, drawing a comparison betwixt herself and Silvia, says "Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high." Again, if we turn to the statues of antiquity, we find that the unrivalled artists of Greece regarded an advanced forehead as one of the characteristics of dignity and beauty, and the indication of a refined and exalted nature. Hence, in their personifications of ideal sublimity, with the boldness of genius, acting on the indications of Nature, they overstepped her boundary, and, feeling that a facial angle of eighty-five would fail in embodying their conceptions, they advanced it to 100 degrees,—and thus impressed the statues of their gods and heroes with an air of superhuman grandeur. This is the maximum to which the facial line can be raised without falling from the sublime to the distorted. "If the facial line," says Camper, "be more advanced, the head appears monstrous and hydrocephalic. But, it is

remarkable that the most ancient Greek artists have adopted precisely this maximum, while the Romans have been contented with an angle of ninety-five degrees, which is not so agreeable. The two extremes, then, of the human facial angle, are seventy degrees and 100 degrees: they comprise all the gradations, from the Negro to the sublime beauty of the ancient Greek. If we descend below seventy degrees we have an Orang; if still lower, a Dog; then a Bird." &c. The ancient standard of beauty, however, "does not exist in nature, but is purely imaginary, and what Winckelman calls the beau-ideal."

Progression of Quadrupeds.

Professor Owen observes, that "the relation which the structure of the vertebral column bears to the mode of progression of a quadruped is extremely interesting, and enables us to judge, in some degree, from the spine alone, of the locomotive faculties of a fossil species." If we attend to the progressive motion of any heavy animal, as the Ox, we shall find the flexibility of the vertebral column (at least of its dorsal and lumbar portions) to be very restricted, and its centre of motion indefinite: it seems destitute of that suppleness which we see so marked in the Weasel, or the Cat. Now, if the dorsal and lumbar vertebrae be examined, they will be found short, and with only a thin layer of elastic cartilage intervening between their bodies; while their large, strong, spinous processes have no point between them, to which they definitely converge. In animals endowed with great flexibility of body, as the Cat, the Leopard, &c., this converging point is clearly marked, and the oblique bearing, in a direction opposing that of the dorsal and lumbar vertebrae, is very decided: added to which, the bodies of the vertebrae are, comparatively, longer, and the layer of cartilage, interposing between each, is, relatively, of greater thickness than in the Ox. Some animals have no centre of motion in the back, as the Armadillo, the Chlamyphorus, &c.; and in these the spinous processes are all equally directed backward. The progressive motion of such animals is automaton-like: their legs seem to go by means of machinery, the action of which affects no other part of the body. No inflexions of the spine accompany the movements of the limbs: the two extremities of the vertebral column are not alternately raised and lowered as in the bounding Leopard; but the back preserves its uniform level, however rapid may be the motion of the limbs. It is from this circumstance that the rapid movements of the Armadillos.

in the gardens of the Zoological Society of London, have never failed to excite surprise.

[Of the illustrations of this work, the present Part bears but scanty evidence. The wrapper is a tasteful design from the pencil of William Harvey, by whom the principal pictorial subjects, about 500 in number, have been, in every practicable instance, drawn from the life. Of these illustrations, two specimens are subjoined—the Indian Elephant and the Wild Bull of Chillingham Park: they are exquisitely worked in tints, and have the delicacy and softness of India-paper proofs. The huge, unwieldy awkwardness of the Elephant is very characteristic; and the accessories of the picture are cleverly kept under, (though consistent with the Indian vegetation,) to give breadth and massiveness to the gigantic animal; the engraver is Thompson. The brilliant white of the Bull against the dark vegetation, (of a much stronger description than that in the companion print,) is likewise well managed. Indeed, the working of these engravings has received a degree of artistic attention, of which few persons have conception: the adjustment of the lights and shadows in this nice department of printing, involves great outlay of time; which, however, is amply repaid by superiority of effect. The incidental illustrations in this first Part are no fewer than sixty-three in number.]

HOWITT'S VISITS TO REMARKABLE PLACES.

(Continued from page 285.)

[We are anxious to return to this fascinating volume: its tastes and subjects are purely literary, and properly belong to our little world. The several scenes visited by the author are so many green spots upon the scarred face of this time-worn world—so many oases of delightful reflection for the contemplative philosopher, who can “hang a thought on every thorn.” Did our limits allow of such detail, we would give the reader an abstract of each of our author’s pilgrimages; at the same time shewing with what a halo of poetic interest he has contrived to invest every point, be it starting or resting place; how he carries the reader with him through thorny paths, lost trackways, and neglected roads, such as usually lead to the “moated grange,” the baronial mansion, noble in decay, or the crumbling ruin fast mingling with parent dust. The narrative is never tedious: with it you mount many a tottering stair and half-lit tower; wherein each footstep raises an atmosphere of antiquity—a

cloud of dust in which you are proud to be enveloped. But, we have wandered, and so return to book.

Throughout the volume are some charming trails of thought upon topics that, we grant, have few attractions for the common clay of mankind, but possess an undying interest for the man of intellectual tastes. “The ‘Visit to Bolton Abbey,’” and the Scenery of the White Doe of Rylston, is a fitting occasion for the introduction of some delightful disquisitional writing upon a school of Poetry, which even this iron age is hastening to appreciate—perchance the reaction of shame at a few caustic wits having, in their saturnal, clamoured down the natural and truly beautiful for the sake of exalting, in their place, the cobweb creations of their own weak brain. Here is an anecdotal opening page.]

Fortunes of Poets.

The man of genius is often looked upon as a being that shuts himself up, and knows little of what is going on in the real world around him. He is supposed to live in a fairylane of his own creation—often a very barren and profitless one—full of all manner of enchantments and magical delusions. In reference to him, men of arts and sciences, the men of spinning-jennies and steam-engines—nay, the naturalists, and many other writers—talk of themselves as practical men. They often smile at the poet and the romance-writer, as men of the world affect to do, and say—“O! a very clever, a very clever fellow, indeed; but as ignorant of actual life as a child.” But the poets and romancers of late have proved themselves both to be profitable fellows and practical ones. To say nothing of vast sums coined from the brain of Scott and of Byron; look at the comfortable nest which Moore has feathered for himself. Very pretty sums he has fobbed now and then. See old George Crabbe going down to his parsonage with 3000*l.* in his saddle-bags at one time. Look at the poet’s house at Keswick: it has a library in it which has cost a fortune; and the poet and historian sits there now, what with salaries, pensions, *Quarterly Review* articles, and residuary legacies, as no inconsiderable man of substance. There is that “old man cloggett” too, his neighbour, at Rydal Mount, who, if he have not amassed a mount of gold on which to build his palace, has got a poet’s bower on one of the most delicious little knolls in Europe, warmed by as much affection and domestic peace as ever crowned one man’s hearth; and having no mark or stamp of poverty about it. Yes, and spite of *Edin-*

burgh and Quarterly, and a host of lower critics who echoed their owl-notes, his poetry is become *fashionable*! Only think of that—"The Idiot Boy" and "Betty Foy," "The Old Wanderer" in his worsted stockings, and "Michael" and "The Wagoner," become fashionable, so that every critic who knows no more of poetry than he did ten years ago, now cries "glorious! divine! inimitable!" at every new edition of his poems. Yes, and so they shall cry—for such is the ultimate triumph of general sense and taste over professional stupidity. His poetry is become golden in all senses; and if Government only act in the matter of copyright as a British Government ought to act,* it will flow on in a golden stream to his children's children, to the third and fourth—ay, to the fortieth and four hundredth generation.

[The Visit to Hampton Court is somewhat lengthy, even for that neglected depository of art. The following observations are in excellent taste.]

Cartoons, &c. at Hampton Court.

A short time ago a violent cry was raised in the London journals for the removal of these splendid works of art to the metropolis. It was curious to see some of the most zealous of these journalists menacing them with destruction, both from fire and water. They were represented as perishing from damp in a rotting and neglected old palace; and the palace as in danger of being burnt down. Every one, after this, must be surprised to find the palace a firm and compact brick building, not very liable, either from material or situation, to fire, and remarkably dry, in excellent preservation, and kept in the neatest order. The reasons urged would have been equally good for stripping the palace of the Beauties, and of any other valuable painting. But the zealous advocates for their removal forgot that London has no place fit to receive them, either in point of size or in means of protecting them from the effects of a London atmosphere. Here they are in a pure air, and there is no reason to believe that they have suffered materially since they have been finally deposited in this gallery; and the facility of a railroad has made them nearly as accessible to all persons in the metropolis, as if they were in some part of the great Babel itself; while 32,000 visitors, in one month, prove they offer an additional inducement to a country trip. Were a new gallery built for their reception, it should be much larger

than the present one, in fact, nearly as wide as this is long. In this, we are too near all those hung on the side of the gallery, as, by looking on either of those at the ends from the centre of the gallery, you instantly perceive. It is only there that you see them in the full strength of their relief, and comprehend the beauty of the whole group.

Here we must quit the presence of these noblest of the conceptions of the divine Raffaele,—rejoicing, however, that they are now free to our contemplation as the very landscape around them, and that we can, at our pleasure, walk into this fine old palace, linger before these sacred creations at our will, and return to them again and again.

Quitting them, we shall now hastily quit the palace of Hampton Court; for though there is a small room adjoining, containing Cassanova's drawing of Raffaele's celebrated picture of the Transfiguration, and several other interesting paintings; and yet, another long Portrait Gallery, filled from end to end with the forms and faces of celebrated persons by celebrated artists, we can but gaze and pass on: and yet who would not delight to have that one room to himself, to haunt day after day, and to ponder over the features and costumes of Locke, Newton, Sheridan, Boyle, Charles XII. of Sweden, Caroline, the Queen of George II., made interesting to all the world by the author of *Waverley*, in the interview of Jeannie Deans? Who would not pass a moment before even the little Geoffrey Hudson, and think of all that diminutive knight's wrath, his duel, and his adventure in the pie? Lord Falkland's fine and characteristic face is a sight worth a long hour's walk on a winter's morning; and the Earl of Surrey, flaming in his scarlet dress, scarlet from head to foot,—who would not stop and pay homage to the memory of his bravery, his poetry, and his Geraldine? But there are Rosamond Clifford and Jane Shore. Lely had not brought the Graces into England in their day, and therefore, instead of those wondrous beauties which we expect them, we find them—ghosts.

Here, too, is another portrait of Queen Elizabeth, a full-length by Zuccherro, where "stout Queen Bess" is not in one of her masculine moods of laconic command—when she looked "every inch a queen"—but in a most melancholy and romantic one indeed. She is clad in a sort of Armenian dress—a loose figured robe, without shape, without sleeves, and trimmed with fur; a sort of high cap, and eastern slippers. She is represented in a wood, with a stag near her; and on a tree are cut, one below the other, after the fashion of

* Not, however, by passing Mr. Serjeant Talbot's present bill, with his retrospective clause, to smooth the bristled manes of the booksellers.

the old romances, the following sentences: *INJUSTI JUSTA QUERELA.—MEA SIC MIHI. —DOLOR EST MEDICINA DOLORI.* And at the foot of the tree, on a scroll, these verses, supposed to be of the royal manufacture :

The restless swallow fits my restless mind,
In still reviving, still renewing wrongs;
Her just complaints of cruelly unkind
Are all the musique that my life prolongs.
With pensive thoughts my weeping stag I crown,
Whose melancholy teares my cares expresse;
His teares in sylence, and my sighes unknowne,
Are all the physicke that my harmes redresse.
My onely hopes was in this goodly tree,
Which I did plant in love, bring up in care,
But all in vaine, for now to late I see
The shales be mine, the kernels others are,
My musique may be plaintes, my musique teares,
If this be all the fruits my love-tree beares.

We step through the door on which Jane Shore's spectral visage is hung; and lo! we are on the Queen's Staircase, and descend once more to the courts of Wolsey. Long as we have lingered in this old palace, we have had but a glimpse of it. Its antiquities, its pleasantness, and its host of paintings, cannot be comprehended in a Visit; they require a volume; and a most delicious volume that would be, which should take us leisurely through the whole, giving us the spirit and the history, in a hearty and congenial tone, of its towers and gardens, and all the renowned persons who have figured in its courts, or whose limned shapes now figure on its walls.

Periodicals.

THE FEBRUARY MAGAZINES.

THE etiquette of criticism, as of the dinner-table, enjoins that we first direct attention to the strangers—the new comers, to whom we bid a hearty welcome to the republic of periodical literature. We have no misgivings about the redundant population of letters, but are anti-Malthusians in the matter: the more the merrier—and *the wiser*; and long, very long may it be before we sing,

"The force of *Numbers* can no further go,"

—as witty Mr. Peake once replied to an application from the editor of a magazine to be placed upon the free list. Mr. Dickens, we perceive, is to come forth at the close of the month with *Master Humphrey's Clock*, which, of course, will strike, and, we trust, go long before it is wound up. His brief prospectus runs in his usual *talky* line; with quiet humour, effecting much with little pretension. The clock is to be an eight-day one, or, rather, a face or sheet weekly: Cattermole is to cater with illustrations, and Phiz will, doubtless, make the work go off as heretofore: Boz has

been fortunate in his coadjutors: his Pickwick has been a "flare-up;" his *Oliver Twist*, a profitable yarn; and his *Nickelby* anything but German silver to the publishers. We hope the clock will strike and go equally well.

The new *Natural History of Quadrupeds* will be found noticed elsewhere. Zoology is popular, and, moreover, fashionable; so that with the chances which this work has it will surely succeed.

We see little of narrative works in their first number; which is, indeed, a kind of field-day for the characters to shew out. No. 1, of the *Comic Novel; or Downing Street and the Days of Victoria*, by *Lynx*, promises abundance of pun, patter, and sly humour. The "silent adoration of the Company of Stationers, gazing at the cathedral of *Rheims*," would have made the Colossus of printers, Andrew Strahan, shake his sides, in and out. Ministerial hacks, money-lenders, poor-law officials, bill-discounters, *bizarre* authors, opera dangles, court beauties, and *canaille*, are alike shewn up; little escapes *Lynx*, who, of course, is not "*lumen ademptum*." Of Sir Kant Mulbrain, whose bills the public do not over-value as they do his books, and Tulip, "*dat* count who has quarrelled with *dis* count," there can be no mistake. The leading peg, the sun about which the characters are to revolve, in this jovial system, is a Mr. Polipot, "one of a class which is continually to be met with in London. Did you never, reader, walk in Hyde Park, *par accident*, with a man whose previous history you knew, who was alike without chance of good education or high acquaintances; who was a slider through the world rather than a bustling; whose means of existence not even yourself, who knew him well, could do more than surmise at, but who, nevertheless, had the appearance of beating you hollow in a knowledge of your own society, who knew everybody that you knew, and hundreds whom you did not," &c. &c. All this is shrewd, smart, knowing, and clever in its way; and set off with wood-cut sketches—characteristic—although of a character-less class, is very gossipy and amusing. Besides these embellishments, there are two steel plates—Court Day in St. James's Street, and the Parish Inquest; the Coroner's portrait is good: and so, for the present, "*finis coronat opus*."

Poor Jack.—No. 2.—The yarn is finished; Jack's father and mother separate. The Captain does not forget his friends (?)—"Virginia, my love, don't spit—that's not genteel. It's only sailors and Yankees who spit.—Nasty little brute." In this chapter, Jack has two fights, becomes cock of the beach, and, consequently, "the

acknowledged, true, lawful, and legitimate 'Poor Jack of Greenwich.' " In the next chapter, old Ben spins a yarn, and a terrific one, of cannibalism and murder, and of a man *who had eaten up his own mother*. A few admirable remarks proceed from this said old Ben, who is recommending Jack to read the Bible: "Don't I feel ashamed at not being able to read, and ought not they to feel proud who can;—no, not proud, but thankful.* We don't think of the Bible much in our younger days, boy; but when we are tripping our anchor for the other world, we long to read away our doubts and misgivings; and it's the only chart you can navigate by safely. I think a parent has much to answer for that don't teach its child to read." The illustrations, whole page designs, by Stanfield, are clever.

The Tower of London, No. 2, "owing to an accident," contains but half its modicum of letter-press, and three chapters, the last of which has "a mysterious appearance," in a dungeon near the Devilin Tower. We do not consider Mr. Ainsworth to be most successful in pathos; but the following sketch of Lady Jane at prayer is good: "While Jane was thus devoutly occupied, (in St. John's Chapel,) her sisters, who stood behind her, could scarcely control their uneasiness, but glanced ever and anon timorously round, as if in expectation of some fearful interruption. Their fears were speedily communicated to the ushers; and though nothing occurred to occasion fresh alarm, the few minutes spent by the Queen in prayer seemed an age to her companions. There was something in the hour—it was past midnight—and the place, calculated to awaken superstitious terrors. The lights borne by the attendants only illumined a portion of the chapel; rendering that which was left in shadow yet more sombre; while the columned aisles on either side, and the deeply recessed arches of the gallery above, were shrouded in gloom. Even in broad day, St. John's Chapel is a solemn and a striking spot, but at midnight, with its heavy, hoary pillars, reared around like phantoms, its effect upon the imagination will be readily conceived to be far greater." After describing the painted windows, &c. of the chapel, the narrative proceeds:—"These fair images, the cross, the rood, and the splendid illuminated window, are gone—most of them, indeed, were gone in Queen Jane's time—the royal worshippers are gone with them, but enough re-

mains in its noble arcades, its vaulted aisles, and matchless columns, to place St. John's Chapel foremost in beauty of its class of architecture. Her devotions over, Jane arose with a lighter heart, and, accompanied by her little train, quitted the chapel. On reaching her own apartments, she dismissed her attendants, with renewed injunctions of secrecy; and as Lord Guilford Dudley had not returned from the council, and she felt too much disturbed in mind to think of repose, she took from among the books on her table, a volume of the divine Plato, whose Phædo, in the original tongue, she was wont, in the words of her famous instructor, Roger Ascham, 'to read with as much delight as some gentlemen would take in a merry tale of Boccace,' and was speedily lost in his profound and philosophic speculations. In this way, the greater part of the night was consumed; nor was it till near daybreak that she was aroused from her studies by the entrance of her husband." Of the illustrative plates, the most successful is the "mysterious appearance," in which the lights are managed with a very Rembrandt-like effect. Again, what a spirited composition is the wrapper.

Obituary.

DIED, on Jan. 3rd, at Darnford-street, Stonehouse, Devon, *Alexander Cuthbert Hutchinson, M.D., F.R.S., &c.* Dr. Hutchinson has contributed various papers to the medical and scientific journals of the metropolis, and to the *Transactions of the Royal Society*, of which he was, for many years, a distinguished Fellow. Dr. Hutchinson was likewise one of the five Commissioners of Inquiry appointed by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, in 1835, to investigate the merits of the application of Kyan's patent process to the preparation of timber for ship-building; in which difficult position the Doctor maintained his well known character for the strictest impartiality, and exhibited inflexible attention in his duty to the public, and his total disregard of private interests. This circumstance merits especial mention, at a time when the integrity of scientific men is often severely tested in their investigation of patented and proprietary inventions. In private life, Dr. Hutchinson was amiable, kind, and generous: of his professional services he was liberal to those whose circumstances would not allow them to avail themselves of first-rate abilities otherwise than by eleemosynary means; and, to such men of genius as Dr. Hutchinson was in habits of

* Ben's observations were true at the time he spoke; but this is no longer the case. So much more general has education become, that now, in a ship's company, at least five out of seven can read.

intercourse with, his gratuitous aid was unsparing: he tenderly sympathized with the many afflictions incident to a professional life: he even visited this class of patients—the toiling author in his attic chambers, and the needy artist in his comfortable home—yet he would not listen to fee or reward, save in grateful feelings. And his house in Duchess-street, contained many evidences of such kindly nature. Perchance, the convalescent son of genius presented a print or a volume as a humble tribute to the skill that had restored his drooping energies and exhausted frame to health and vigour. This inefficient testimony is penned, in gratitude, by one whose sad experience is the best authority for its truth.—*Ed. Lit. World.*

At Göttingen, aged eighty-eight, Dr. Blumenbach, the celebrated Philosopher and Professor of Natural History in the University of the above city. John Frederick Blumenbach was born in 1752, studied at Göttingen, and, after attaining several academic honours, was appointed Professor Extraordinary and Inspector of Natural History, at the University wherein he was educated. In 1788, he obtained from his Britannic Majesty the title of Counsellor of the Court. His works are too numerous to mention here; the principal being *A Manual of the Elements of Natural History; the Medical Library; Osteology of the Human Body; a work on Comparative Anatomy; Physiological Institutions; and Memoirs on Objects of Natural History.* The most popular of the above is the first mentioned *Manual*, a translation of the tenth German edition of which, by R. T. Gore, M. R. C. S., was published in 1825.* It is certainly one of the best text-books to Academical prælections: "It is remarkable," says Mr. Lawrence, "for its clear arrangement, and for the immense quantity of interesting and valuable information it contains, condensed into a small compass. It is altogether the best elementary book on Natural History in any language." In this work, Blumenbach divides mankind into five races, the Caucasian, the Mongol, the Ethiopian, the American, and the Malay; admitting, however, that they may all have been derived from one common stock. Blumenbach has discarded many artificial names, and substituted legitimate ones. Thus, he has restored to the armadillos their original name, *Tatu*, as being generally known and long since adopted by classical zoologists; whilst, by a strange error, these nearly hairless creatures had been designated by the term *Dasyphus* (hairy-footed); a name which the ancient Greeks had, in strict con-

formity with nature, assigned to the hare genus. For similar reasons, he gave the nephrite from New Zealand, *Punamurstone*, its native name, in preference to *Axe-stone*, from hooks and other implements, but not axes, being seen made of it in collections of South Sea curiosities. So, also, he named that species of the bat genus, *Vampyre*, which really sucks the blood of sleeping animals; whilst Linnæus, on the contrary, applied this name to the roussette, which never sucks blood, and lives exclusively on fruits. M. Blumenbach has also contributed copiously to many scientific works; and was one of the editors of the *Gotha and Göttingen Almanacks.* He was also a Fellow of the Royal Society of London, of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, &c.

* *The late Princess Elizabeth*, before leaving England for Hesse-Homburg, drew and engraved six designs, which were poetically illustrated by Mr. Coombe (?), author of *Dr. Syntax.* Her Royal Highness likewise etched, *The Power and Progress of Genius*, in twenty-one plates; and the designs, which were illustrated by Sir J. B. Burges and Mr. Park, under the titles of *The Birth and Triumph of Love*, and *Cupid turned Volunteer.* The latter H.R.H. presented to the engraver, who was bold enough, in return, to write to her, requesting she would compose verses to accompany them; to which the Princess good-naturedly replied, that the gods had not made her poetical, or she would willingly oblige him.

Varieties.

English Society.—Even Isaac Tomkins admits that the best English society is the best. Why? Because everybody is at his or her ease; because everybody's position is fixed; because there is nothing to struggle for; because everybody is, therefore, free to pursue the true objects of society; because everybody is sure of being treated with politeness, in the true acceptation of the term—"La politesse est l'art de rendre à chacun sans effort ce qui lui est socialement dû."—*Quarterly Review.*

High Temperature of Ancient Europe.—The fossil floras of France, England, Germany, and Scandinavia, exhibit ferns nearly fifty feet high, and with branches three feet in diameter, or nine feet in circumference. The lycopodiums, which, at the present time, in cold or temperate regions, are creeping plants, scarcely rising above the surface; which, even at the equator, under the most favourable circumstances, do not rise to more than three feet; reached in Europe, in the ancient world, to the height of eighty feet. One must be blind not to see, in these enormous dimensions, a new proof of the high temperature formerly possessed by our country before the last irruption of the ocean.—*Arago's Eloge of Fourier.*

Copper in Silver Coin.—The silver coin of this, as well as of most other countries, is alloyed with copper; and the two metals may be separated by the following means:—Dissolve a sixpence, or shilling, in nitric acid, diluted with two or three times its

* Printed for W. Simpkin and R. Marshall, 1825.

weight of water: dip into this solution a smooth piece of zinc, four inches long, and the eighth of an inch thick, when the silver will be precipitated, in a brilliant metallic state, upon the zinc, from which it may be collected, while the copper will remain dissolved. If to the solution be added a few drops of liquid ammonia, a most beautiful deep blue colour will be the result.

Coalition.—Mr. Burke, in one of his unpublished letters, says, "Coalition is the condition of mankind."

Exclusiveness.—The decline of Almack's is a clear proof that the palmy days of exclusiveness are gone by in England; and though it is obviously impossible to prevent any given number of persons from congregating and attempting to re-establish an oligarchy, we are quite sure that the attempt would be ineffectual, and that the sense of their importance would extend very little beyond the set. "I banish you from Sinope."—"And I condemn you to stay in it."—*Quarterly Review.*

Singular Epitaph.—There was formerly a singular epitaph in Edmonton churchyard, (on a head-stone now removed,) to the memory of one William-Newberry, who died in 1695. He is said to have been a hostler at one of the inns, and to have lost his life in consequence of some improper medicines administered by an ignorant fellow-servant. The following is the epitaph:—

"Hic jacet Newberry Will,
Vitam finivit cum Cochleæ Pill;
Quis administravit? Bellamy Sue;
Quantum quantitat?—nescio—
Sciens tu t
Ne auctor ultra crepidam."

In the chancel of Enfield church, is the tomb of Ann, daughter of Richard Gary, Esq., of Buchmead, Beds, with the following epitaph inscribed upon a brass plate:—

"Here lies interr'd,
One that scarce err'd;
A virgin modest, free from folly;
A virgin knowing, patient, holy;
A virgin blest with beauty here;
A virgin crown'd with glory there.
Holy virgins, read, and say,
We shall hither all one day.
Live well, ye must
Be turn'd to dust."

In Enfield churchyard, on the tomb of John White, surveyor to the New River Company:—

"Here lies John White, who, day by day,
On river works did use much clay,
Is now himself turning that way:
If not to clay, yet dust will come,
Which to preserve, takes little room,
Although enclos'd in this great tomb."

Education in 1616.—The old vestry-books of Hackney, record that, in the above year, there was appointed for the free-school a master, who was to take no more than fourpence a week for parishioners' children learning grammar, writing, or accounts; twopence if learning English only. In the year 1665, one Shingle, the schoolmaster, was dismissed for not having qualified any of the scholars "for the University, Inns of Court, or other good employment."

Lock Hospital.—A lock was formerly used as a synonymous term with a lazar, or poor-house; it being derived from *loques*, an obsolete French word, signifying rags.

A Cold appears to be, comparatively, a modern nomenclature of disease; for, about the year 1780, one John Chandler, an apothecary in Cheapside, and F.R.S., wrote a treatise "On the Disease called a Cold."

Adulteration of Tea.—Dr. Traill, of Edinburgh, having examined some dark-coloured sand found among Teas imported from China, reports it to be magnesian iron-sand, apparently sprinkled over the leaves for the purpose of increasing the weight of the Tea.

Sea Pens.—The multitude of animals, and of organic parts composing them, surpass belief. On a specimen of the *Virgularia*, seven inches long, have been computed 130 leaves; on each leaf twenty hydræ, each with eight tentacula, and twenty primæ on each tentaculum; thus affording 416,000 organic parts belonging to the specimen, all subject to volition. But, it is probable that, in a larger specimen, the parts under control exceed 1,000,000.

Wooden Roads.—In Buenos Ayres, no iron is used in the construction of the carts: the wheels are unshod, the trams being made of hard Algaroba wood, which lasts a long time, even several years, on the stoneless roads of that country.

Kohutck-hutu.—A beautiful fuchsia, with this native name, grows luxuriantly in New Zealand, bearing abundance of berries, which emit a delicious perfume, and are produced in great abundance during the summer months. They contain a large portion of sugar, and, on that account, are eaten with avidity both by the natives and birds of the islands of New Zealand.

Brazilian Fruits.—Mr. Gardner, during his recent journey in Brazil, purchased oranges at one penny; the dozen, pine-apples at double that price, and a remarkably fine-flavoured melon, as big as a man's head, for twopence.

Invention.—A daughter of the late Samuel Crompton, sole inventor of the "mule," is compelled to apply for parochial relief; while the family of Arkwright, who, in the first instance, merely copied an invention, or machine, ranks among the wealthiest in the kingdom. [Surely, this is a fit claim for "the Inventor's Advocate."]

Geese.—Expeditions are sometimes sent from Nova Zembla to the island of Kolguev, to kill and salt geese. A merchant of Archangel has been heard to declare that 15,000 geese have been thus killed here in two hunts.

Two at a time.—Mr. Tweedle, on his journey across the pampas of Buenos Ayres, was accompanied, for some time, by a young couple, on their way to be married at Tucuman, no clergyman living nearer to perform the ceremony, for which they had to travel fifty-seven miles. However, there was a saving of trouble in this case, as the double object was answered, of getting their child baptized, a fine boy nearly two years old.

The Ant-Bear.—It has been generally thought that the ant-bear lives exclusively on ants; which, however, is not the case; as, in one which Mr. Schomburgk dissected, a species of *Julus* was found; and a live ant-bear, which Mr. S. has, swallows with avidity fresh meat.

Natural Carpet.—Extensive conflagrations of shrubs are common in the pampas of Buenos Ayres and Tucuman, making a splendid appearance by night. With the first shower that falls on the scorched ground, a lovely crop springs up, consisting of *Oxalis*, red, yellow, and rose-coloured, mingled with different kinds of *Amyrillis*, which spread a carpet of bloom resembling a richly-stocked flower-garden. Peaches grow fine and healthy by the roadside; but all the natives care to rear are a few pompons and maize.

Beautiful Precept.—An all-wise Creator has ordained, that as parents watch over the helpless infancy of their children, so the children are to nurse the declining days of their parents, support the tottering steps, and administer to the weakness, of second childhood in those who administered to their wants.

•• Mr. Catlin's interesting Indian Exhibition shall be noticed in our next.

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[Price 2d.]

LONDON STREET ARCHITECTURE.



No. 45. REGENT STREET.

LONDON STREET ARCHITECTURE.

VIII.—NO. 45, REGENT-STREET.

THIS superb *façade* has recently been constructed at the house, No. 45, Regent-street, at the angle of the junction of Regent-circus with the Quadrant. It presents, therefore, two frontages, and occupies a height corresponding with that of the ground and *entresol* floors in the adjoining houses. The whole has been erected by Mr. Stevenson; from the design of Mr. F. Hering, architect, Duke-street, Portland-place, and the suggestion of Mr. Parkhill, the proprietor.

The general design presents an elaborate adaptation of the Elizabethan style to the purposes of a shop-front; with certain requisite deviations, which have led to some defects in the architectural proportions. Such is generally the result in making any addition to an original construction, and in obtaining the peculiar accommodation required: thus, in the present instance, the low situation of the stall-board, rendered necessary for the exhibition of the goods inside, (principally shawls, cloaks, and mantles, of costly manufacture,) prevents a greater and more appropriate height to the pedestal of the order, and is altogether objectionable. The introduction of the iron railing above the entablature, considerably in front of the frieze, so as to afford the accommodation of a balcony to the upper story, also interferes with the due proportion and effect which would have been produced by an open and ornamental parapet, or balustrade, of more architectural character than the present iron-work. The openings above the entrance doors, too, are filled with plate-glass, and thus resemble fan-lights; whereas, had they been occupied by ornamental panels, with inscriptions, such detail would have been in better accordance with the decorations of the style.

It may be urged that, in the above *façade*, the Elizabethan character has not been strictly adhered to: indeed, the design partakes rather of the taste of the times of James I. and Charles I., and of the style denominated "the Revival." Thus, we have fluted Ionic columns supporting Italianized arches; enriched pediment heads, spandrels, escutcheons, cognizances, and panels; and a series of labyrinthine ornament, formed of fillets, disposed in vertical, horizontal, and diagonal positions, elaborately interlaced, being of composition laid upon wood. Were the whole finished in rich ground colours, and the decorations and enrichments relieved in gold, the effect would be truly superb; and such a completion we believe to be contemplated by the proprietor, who has already shewn a taste

and feeling for the arts which it is hoped may be followed throughout the metropolis.

It should be added, that the decorations are not exclusively out-door; the elaborate design being continued throughout the interior, which is relieved with large silvered plates of glass: the whole apartment has the air of a palatial drawing-room, carpeted, and furnished with a suite of crimson and gold: the lights are by far the largest plates of glass ever fixed in a window, each measuring 140 inches by eighty-two inches, at a cost of £160: across each window, at the springing of the arch, is a slight bar, making together fifteen feet two inches height of glass. These plates, together with the silvered plates of the interior, have been furnished by Mr. Cribb, of King-street, Covent-garden, for whom they were cast by the Thames Plate Glass Company: they possess that clearness, whiteness, and brilliancy, which are the first *desiderata* in the casting of plate-glass: and they have none of the blackness or opacity so objectionable in old plates.

Altogether, this *façade* is a magnificent affair. The cost of the glass has exceeded £1,000; and the completion of the design will involve an outlay of nearly £4,000.

LITERATURE AND THE ARTS AT MANCHESTER.

THE ATHENÆUM.

WE rejoice to record the prosperity of this infant Institution; notwithstanding the extraordinary expenses of the past year. The Society have removed into their superb new building, erected by Mr. Charles Barry, the architect of the new Houses of Parliament; to which they contemplate the addition of accommodation for writing letters, similar to that possessed by other clubs in the town. The number of members of the Athenæum already amounts to 1,350; the library contains 4,360 volumes. The lectures delivered, during the past year, have been—twelve on Phrenology; five on the Fine Arts; one on the poet Körner; six on Chemical Science; three on Music; eight on Organic Chemistry; six on Acoustics; one on Carbonic Acid; six on Dramatic Poetry; six on Landscape Painting, Dramatic Poetry, &c.; and six on Vocal Harmony. The several classes consist of 380 students; the most numerous being those of the Junior French and Vocal Music classes. The societies are the Essay and Discussion Club, 158 members; the Amateur Musical Society; the Chess Club, forty-five members; and the Fencing and Gymnastic Club, forty members. The new building was opened

on October 28, being the fourth anniversary of the establishment of the institution. The receipts, in 1839, amounted to 1,841*l.* 7*s.*, being equal to the average of the two preceding years. All the above luxuries, for such they really are, are enjoyed in one of the most splendid club-houses in Manchester, at a cost less than a penny per day.

The Fine Arts appear to be flourishing in Manchester. The committee of the Useful Knowledge Society, appointed to carry out the exhibition of paintings, models, works of art, &c., have opened spacious apartments in the commercial buildings; and there is every prospect of the exhibition being the finest yet seen in Lancashire. The Messrs. Jordan, two ingenious mechanics, have proffered the use of a splendid working model of a steam-engine, and other articles. The exhibition at the Salford Mechanics' Institution has been visited by 64,026 persons during the past season; and the proceeds, after paying heavy expenses, are to be appropriated to the education of the children of the working classes. In the *Manchester Times*, it is well observed: "When we bear in mind the numerous attractions that are, at this time of day, adopted to seduce the working man to spend his short leisure time at the alehouse or the gin-palace, we think such a place of resort as this is worthy the support of every friend to temperance, of morality, or religion."

MARGUERITE DE BOURGOGNE.

VIII.—THE DENOUEMENT.

FROM the busy haunts of the city, and the crowded and glittering halls of the palace, we will once more change the scene of our tradition to the lonely precincts of the Tour de Nesle. The time is an hour after curfew, and the place is one of the circular interiors of the building; but the apartment had not the bare and dismantled appearance of the other chambers of the tower; on the contrary, the sides were covered with gorgeous tapestry; furniture of the most rare and costly made decorated the room; and luxurious couches, covered with the richest velvet of Genoa, were ranged against the walls.

On one of these last, pale and anxious, with her hands clasped together to form a pillow for her head, reclined Marguerite de Bourgogne. Every wave of the angry Seine, as it threw its troubled waters against the base of the tower, aroused her, for an instant, from the position she had assumed; and the occasional sighing of the wind, sweeping in its melancholy course through the unglazed windows of the upper stories of the building, appeared,

to her imagination, fraught with fresh scenes of strife and bloodshed. Her usual attendant, the taverner, Orsini, was at his old post at the casement of the apartment; and he was intently gazing along the river, or endeavouring to detect the sound of the splash of oars amid its angry chafings.

"Can you see aught in the darkness, Orsini?" inquired the Queen, in a low broken voice, as if she feared the response.

"There is nothing," replied the taverner, in his usual short, gruff tone; "nothing. It appears there will be no blood shed here to-night, and, in sooth, there has been enough."

"It is a last necessity, Orsini," returned Marguerite: "it is, I know, another murder; but it is the last."

"Has this man a demon at his command, that he is thus apprized of all our actions?"

"It matters little how he has learnt it; it is sufficient that he knows all. He has brought me on my knees before him like a slave: he has seen me loosen the thongs that bound him, one by one; and he has had the imprudence, after all his boasted power over us, to demand an interview at the Tour de Nesle."

"He has invited himself to his own funeral," said Orsini, inspecting the point of his dagger. "And yet, I hope, 'twill be the last; for I tire of this perpetual bloodshed."

"It will be the last," replied the Queen; "but our tranquillity in this world demands the sacrifice. While he breathes I am neither mistress of my power or my life; but once dead—I swear to you there shall be no more nights of orgies in the tower, nor shall they find more bodies in the Seine. I will give you gold enough to buy a province, and you shall return free and wealthy to your beautiful Italy: I will rase the tower to the ground: I will build a monastery on its site; and I will endow a community of monks to pass their lives kneeling on the cold pavement, and praying for me and for thee."

"By what means will he arrive here?" said the taverner, coldly, in answer to the Queen's rapid speech.

"He will come by the great staircase of the tower."

"And there are no others to follow him?"

"I swear it. Hark! hear you nothing on the river?"

"There is a boat containing two men, at the bottom of the tower," replied Orsini, looking from the window.

"One of those must be he," returned Marguerite, hurriedly. "Quick! place your hirelings, for you have no time to lose; and fasten the door after you, that he

may not enter here. I would not see him again alive, or his life might yet be saved by some fresh secret."

The taverner departed; and, as the heavy bolts closed the door upon his egress, Marguerite sank back upon her gilded couch, overcome by her intense emotions. But her solitude was of short duration: the instant that Orsini quitted the room, she heard a low grating noise at the window; directly afterwards, a shadow appeared on the outside, and a heavy blow was dealt against its thick mullions, that shook the very room. Another and another succeeded; the frame gave way; the casement shivered into a thousand pieces upon the floor, and Buridan leapt through the breach, thus formed, into the chamber.

"Marguerite!" he exclaimed, as he advanced towards her; "and still alone: our Lady be praised!"

"*A moi!*" cried the Queen, as she retreated towards the door, in the hope of summoning Orsini to her assistance.

"Fear nothing," said Buridan, hastily; "you shall know all directly; but I must first speak with you. Every instant that we are losing is a treasure cast into a bottomless gulf."

"Have you come to utter some new threat, or to impose some new condition on me?" gasped Marguerite.

"I tell you, you have nought to fear. I have no sword or poniard, and your letters are beneath my vest. You may kill me if you please—you may burn the evidences, and you may then sleep calmly on my tomb. No, Marguerite; I come not to menace you: I come to tell you that there are days of happiness yet in store for us: *even for us*, who thought each other cursed for ever."

"Speak, Lyonnet: I know not what you mean."

"Marguerite, remains there nothing of the woman in your heart—nothing of the mother? You, whom I once knew so pure—have you nothing left that is held sacred by God or man?"

"Hast thou come to talk to me of virtue or of purity?" asked the Queen, with bitterness.

"Suppose that nothing has passed between us for these last three days. Forget all, except your ancient trust and confidence towards me:—have you no wish to confide to any one all that you have since suffered?"

"Oh! yes, yes," replied the Queen, speaking rapidly, and in impassioned accents; "it is not to a confessor that the like secrets are told. I had but one accomplice in all my crimes—it was yourself!"

"I, Marguerite?"

"Yes, Lyonnet, yes; all my sins are in my first error. If you had not seduced the young and thoughtless girl, the first and most horrible crime would not have been committed; for, lest they should suspect me of the murder of my father, I destroyed my children. Followed by remorse, I again flew to crime for refuge: I tried to stifle, in blood and revelry, that voice that whispered 'Parricide!' incessantly in my ear. There was not one thing around to recall me to virtue. The mouths of my courtiers smiled, and said that I was beautiful; that the world was made for me, and that I might destroy it for a momentary pleasure. Yes, you are right, Lyonnet; it is but to an accomplice that things like these can be confessed."

"Yet, tell me, Marguerite, if your children were near you —?"

"My children! I dare not pronounce those words. Amidst the pale and ghastly apparitions that have nightly stood around my couch, I have not seen my children, and I tremble now to name them, lest I should invoke their shades."

"And yet, when they were near you, did nothing tell you that they were your offspring? Wretched mother: you saw one of them begging for mercy against the poniard of the assassin. You were there, you heard his entreaties, and you did not save him!"

"Lyonnet! what mean you?"

"You saw him bleeding at your feet—at the place where we now are, but three nights since."

"Philippe Daulnay!" shrieked the Queen. "*L'engeance de Dieu!*"

"Marguerite," said Buridan, sternly, "behold the fate of one. Where is the other? the lover of the Queen of France!"

"Oh! no, no!" exclaimed his agonized companion; "thanks to Heaven I can still call Gauthier my son. By the blood of his martyred brother, that flowed where we now stand, I swear it."

"Is this true, woman?"

"Oh! yes; it is the hand of God that hath directed all this—that infused this strange affection for Gauthier into my heart. It was a mother's love, Lyonnet, and that alone: I feel it all now, and we may still be happy. See, Lyonnet, I am in tears—it is long since I have thus wept. Holy Virgin! I thank thee;" and the Queen covered her face with her hands, and, sinking on her knees, poured out her gratitude to Heaven for its intervening power.

"Do you still look upon me as an enemy?" said Buridan, as he gently raised her in his arms. "Do you forgive me now? Think you that we can still be happy?"

"Can I be happy, Lyonnet?" returned Marguerite, clasping her arms with impassioned energy around his neck: "need you ask it? all the affection I had for you, when I was still a pure and guileless girl, has returned, and we will once more live for each other as in old and happier times. Whom want we now to witness our attachment but our child—our Gauthier?"

"And he is coming. I sent him the key of the tower which you gave me, and he will arrive here by the great staircase."

"Malediction!" exclaimed Marguerite, starting from the embrace of her lover. I have placed assassins at the door, for I expected you would ascend by that passage!"

As she yet spoke, the clash of swords resounded from the landing, and a piercing cry, succeeded by a confused struggle followed. The sounds approached nearer and nearer. Marguerite shrieked, and ran wildly towards the door. "They are murdering him!" she exclaimed.

"Who has thus closed this entrance?" said Buridan, as he shook the door violently, on withdrawing the bolts. "It is fastened on either side."

"I ordered it," cried the agonized Queen, as she vainly beat her white hand against the oaken panels. "Orsini! Orsini! strike him not, I command you. It is I—Marguerite!"

"*Porte d'enfer!*" shouted Buridan, as he hurled the massive slab of a marble table against the door. "Demon! Orsini! it is my child!" With a loud crash, the door yielded to the missile, and, as it burst open, Gauthier Daulnay, covered with blood and dying, his dress torn, and the hilt of a sword in his hand, staggered into the room and fell at the Queen's feet.

"Gauthier!" cried Marguerite, falling on her knees beside him, and raising his head in her lap; "speak to me—I am your mother!"

But it was too late—there was a slight motion of the arm—a convulsive distortion of the features, and her child was lying dead before her.

The assassins had collected on the landing, astonished at the strange spectacle they were witnessing. Buridan was standing near the door, with his hands crossed on his breast, horror-stricken and confounded; and Marguerite had fainted on the body of her victim, when the heavy and measured tramp of armed men sounded on the staircase. Immediately, Savoisy and his guards entered the room.

"Monseigneur," said the crafty Orsini, stepping forward, "we have arrived too late to save this gentleman; but we can seize his murderers," pointing to Marguerite and Buridan.

"You are my prisoners," said Savoisy, advancing towards them.

"Prisoners!" exclaimed Buridan, vacantly. "I am prime minister, and this is the Queen—you can arrest neither of us."

Savoisy removed his hat, and addressed them with stern respect: "My business here, Monsieur, is neither with the Queen, nor with her minister. The body of Gauthier Daulnay is still bleeding at my feet; his murderers are before me, and I have the order, signed by the King's own hand, to arrest all, whatever may be their rank or station, that I may find this night in the Tour de Nesle; although one of those prisoners is Marguerite de Bourgogne."

ALBERT.

Periodicals.

SCIENTIFIC MAGAZINES.

The *Polytechnic Journal* appears to be parting company with science, and taking up subjects of art and literature; the only novelties, purely scientific, in this Number, being a plan for deepening rivers; galvanic engraving; and Prof. Schenkein's account of his New Voltaic Battery. The opening paper is on Wood Engraving, with eight specimens: when will the periodicals have done with these *repetita* illustrations?

We trust that the cheapness of this magazine will not lead to the disparagement of its literary worth; for some of the papers in the present Number are equal to any in the half-crown and three-shilling-and-sixpenny journals. Dr. Millingen's nine closely-packed pages on Homicidal Monomania are full as good as his lightly-printed volumes of *Curiosities of Medical Experience*; and Mr. Hogarth's paper on the Acting of the Musical Stage, and a sketchy article entitled Behind the Scenes, are both as entertaining as if printed in the large letter and high-priced periodicals. The paper on the British Mercantile Marine is full of interesting detail; but we could spare that on Animal Magnetism, a threadbare folly; and some eight pages upon Aerostation are rather too much for our attachment to *terra firma*; especially as the writer comes to this conclusion, in which, by the way, we entirely agree: "All persons who have ever taken any part in the concerns of aerostation, are aware of the paramount influence which the wind, even in its most ordinary moods, is capable of exerting over the position of the balloon, when restrained by a fixed attachment to the earth, and will admit that the maintenance of its perpendicularity, or even of a moderate degree of elevation, except under such a favourable state of the weather as

we have no right to count upon for a continuance, is a circumstance of too much uncertainty to authorize us in believing that the balloon could ever be rendered subservient to the ends in view, so far as to supply the place of those means at present in use for the same purposes." Then, why, in the name of "everything upon earth," expend so much time and consideration upon the subject? Of more practical worth are Colonel Jackson's paper on the Whitehall Wood Pavement; and the Scientific Miscellany, from the Continent. From the latter we learn that, in Galvanic Engraving, Dr. Boettiger, of Frankfurt, has succeeded in separating the newly-formed copper plate from the normal plate, the most important part of the whole process, but upon which Prof. Jacobi has hitherto been silent. "Dr. Boettiger attains this object in the simplest manner, by coating with gold or silver leaf, the normal plate, which serves as a negative electrode, and which, besides, need not be made of metal. Thus, the copper, as it is precipitated by the galvanic process, comes not directly on the normal plate, but on the infinitely thin interposed metallic body: the normal plate is, therefore, secure against the risk of being defaced, and can afterwards easily be separated from the newly-produced plate." As we take some interest in the success of this journal, we venture to recommend closer attention to the minor details of "getting up," &c.—as the reduction of foreign to English measures, and general method: for example, we do not expect to read "Canalietti" in an artistical critique. With due care, this work will, doubtless, take a foremost place among the useful periodicals of the day.

The Surveyor, Engineer, and Architect, is a new work upon the plan of the *Civil Engineer and Architect's Journal*, the success of which is very extensive. The new competitor professes to be "by a Committee of Practical Surveyors, Engineers, and Architects, of much experience, and in active employment;" but the latter condition is somewhat negative to the prospects of the present undertaking. The "literary conductor" is Mr. R. Mudie, whose peculiar handling we recognise in the "Preliminary Address" of five quarto pages. In this paper, which bears but partially on the object of the Journal, the author falls into the old error of attributing all the ancient roads in South Britain to the Romans; whereas, this portion of our island was undoubtedly traversed by roads made by the Britons, long before the arrival of the Romans in Britain. The Watling-street, for example, was one of

these roads. (See *Literary World*, present volume, p. 50.) This error, by the way, reminds us of our popular histories of England commencing with the invasion of Cæsar, just as if he had been the creator of the country, instead of its benefactor; for, assuredly, the Roman dominion in Britain must have been the most brilliant period of its early history, as the remains of Roman magnificence attest to our own time. Such passages as the following, in the above "Address," however, evince better intelligence: "Formerly, men lived in the hut, the hamlet, or other comparatively small locality, in proportion to the extent to which they could command the assistance of their fellows. But now, an inhabitant of England, if a man of any ordinary intelligence, may be said to live in and enjoy all England—and not all England merely, but the whole civilized world." The power of steam, by land and water, is then referred to, with the addition: "Steam travelling is much more safe, because the command of the director over the power is complete: and, therefore, for an equal number of miles and travellers, the accidents by steam are probably not one-tenth of those by horse-power." Again: "While we enjoy the oak, we must not forget the acorn; while we luxuriate on the apple, we must not forget the pip. England is now justly ranked at the head of the nations, in all that surveying, engineering, and architecture, and every useful and ornamental art, and every practical science can do, to accommodate, to refine, and to elevate the human race. This is, in great part, owing to physical circumstances; but, in part, also, to the energetic spirit of the people, which has been hammered upon the anvil of wars and contests, foreign and domestic, until it has acquired a high degree of spring and elasticity, and this has rebounded and caused unprecedented activity and improvement in all the arts of peace; so that there is not a country, a city, a town, or even a village—nay, almost even a field, except in the very remotest parts of the country, which has not felt, in some degree or other, the renovating power of improvement, both in its appearance and in its usefulness." We admire the spirit rather than the method of this paper: it is very striking in parts. The architectural features of this Number are a steel-plate elevation of the Reform Club-house, with an essay on its construction; an article upon Competitions; and Correspondence upon the stone for the New Houses of Parliament. Next is a paper of valuable suggestions on Branch Railways, especially as regards the conveyance by them of agricultural produce to large

towns.* We have not space to enumerate the remaining contents, which comprise much valuable intelligence in general science and the economic arts. Among the inventions is a new apparatus for soldering, consisting of a chamber containing hydrogen gas, which, issuing therefrom, passes through a long elastic tube, and terminates in a curved pipe; but, before it escapes, a small portion of air is mixed with the gas, through another elastic tube, worked by the hand or foot of the workman. To solder anything, it is sufficient to direct the flame on the object, and the metal melting will solder the fracture. Besides the recent landslip in Dorset, (which a correspondent considers to have been an earthquake,) the conductor mentions slips as having taken place near Ventnor, and at Headon Hill, in the Isle of Wight; and that Black-gang-Chine is threatened. Altogether, the *Surveyor, Engineer, and Architect* is a promising first Number: better will, doubtless, follow.

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

[In the Number for the current month, the Editor resumes his striking historical romance of *Guy Fawkes*; of which, as our limits will not allow us to follow the thread of the narrative, we shall quote a flying specimen:

Catesby, and the Gunpowder Plot.]

Throwing the bridle over his horse's neck, and allowing him to drink his fill from the water of the moat, and afterwards to pluck a few mouthfuls of the long grass that fringed its brink, Catesby abandoned himself to reflection. In a few moments, as the steward did not return, he raised his eyes, and fixed them upon the ancient habitation before him,—ancient, indeed, it was not at this time, having been, in a great measure, rebuilt by its possessor, Sir William Radcliffe, during the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth, in the rich and picturesque style of that period. Little could be distinguished of its projecting and retiring wings, its walls decorated with black and white chequer-work, the characteristic of the class of architecture to which it belonged, or of its magnificent embayed windows, filled with stained glass; but the outline of its heavy roof, with its numerous gables, and groups of tall and elaborately-ornamented chimneys, might be distinctly traced, in strong relief, against the warm and still glowing western sky.

* The advantages of the London and Southampton Railway are already felt in the neighbourhood of the principal station, at Vauxhall, where milk is sold twenty-five per cent. cheaper than in the metropolis, in consequence of its more economical conveyance by railway.—*Ed. L. W.*

Though much gone to decay, grievously neglected, and divided into three separate dwelling-houses, Ordsall Hall still retains much of its original character and beauty, and viewed at the magic hour above described, when the changes which years have produced cannot be detected, it presents much the same striking appearance that it offered to the gaze of Catesby. Situated on the north bank of the Irwell, which supplies the moat with a constant stream of fresh water, it commands, on the south-west, a beautiful view of the winding course of the river, here almost forming an island, of Trafford Park and its hall, of the woody uplands beyond it, and of the distant hills of Cheshire. The mansion itself is an irregular quadrangle, covering a considerable tract of ground. The gardens, once exquisitely laid out in the formal taste of Elizabeth's days, are also enclosed by the moat, which surrounds (except in the intervals where it is filled up) a space of some acres in extent. At the period of this history, it was approached, on the north-east, by a noble avenue of sycamores, leading to within a short distance of its gates.

As Catesby surveyed this stately structure, and pondered upon the wealth and power of its owner, his meditations thus found vent in words:—"If I could but link Radcliffe to our cause, or win the hand of his fair daughter, and so bind him to me, the great attempt could not fail. She has refused me once. No matter:—I will persevere till she yields. With Father Oldcorn to back my suit, I am assured of success. She is necessary to my purpose, and shall be mine."

Descended from an ancient Northamptonshire family, and numbering among his ancestry the well-known minister of the same name, who flourished in the reign of Richard III., Robert Catesby—at this time about forty—had, in his youth, led a wild and dissolute life; and, though bred in the faith of Rome, he had, for some years, abandoned its worship. In 1580, when the Jesuits, Campion and Parsons, visited England, he was reconciled to the church he had quitted; and, thenceforth, became as zealous a supporter and promoter of its doctrines as he had, heretofore, been their bitter opponent. He was now actively engaged in all the Popish plots of the period, and was even supposed to be connected with those designs of a darker dye which were set on foot for Elizabeth's destruction,—with Somerville's conspiracy,—with that of Arden and Throckmorton, the latter of whom was his uncle on the maternal side,—with the plots of Bury and Savage,—of Ballard,—and of Babington. After the execution of

the unfortunate Queen of Scots, he devoted himself to what was termed the Spanish faction, and endeavoured to carry out the schemes of a party, who, distrusting the vague promises of James, were anxious to secure the succession to a Catholic,—the Infanta of Spain, or the Duke of Parma. On the insurrection of the Earl of Essex, he took part with that ill-fated nobleman, and, though he escaped condign punishment for the offence, he was imprisoned and heavily fined.

From this time his career ran in darker channels. "Hunger-starved for innovation," as he is finely described by Camden, —imbued with the fiercest religious fanaticism, —eloquent, wily, resolute, —able alike to delude the powerful and intimidate the weak, —he possessed all the ingredients of a conspirator. Associating with men like himself, of desperate character and broken fortunes, he was ever on the look out for some means of retrieving his own condition, and redressing the wrongs of his church. Well informed of the actual state of James's sentiments, when, on that monarch's accession, confident hopes were entertained by the Romanists of greater toleration for their religion, Catesby was the first to point out their mistake, and to foretell the season of terrible persecution that was at hand. It was on this persecution that he grounded his hopes—hopes, never realized, for the sufferers, amid all the grievances they endured, remained constant in their fidelity to the throne—of creating a general rebellion among the Catholics.

Disappointed in this expectation,—disappointed, also, in his hopes of Spain, of France, and of aid from Rome, he fell back upon himself, and resolved upon the execution of a dark and dreadful project, which he had long conceived, and which he could execute almost single-handed, without aid from foreign powers, and without the co-operation of his own party. The nature of this project, which, if it succeeded, would, he imagined, accomplish all or more than his wildest dreams of ambition or fanaticism had ever conceived, it will be the business of this history to develop.

Among the Popish party of that period, as in our own time, were ranked many of the oldest and most illustrious families in the kingdom.—families not less remarkable for their zeal for their religion than, as has before been observed, for their loyalty;—a loyalty afterwards approved in the disastrous reign of James II., by their firm adherence to what they considered the indefeasible right of inheritance. Plots, indeed, were constantly hatched throughout the reigns of Elizabeth

and James, by persons professing the religion of Rome. But in these the mass of the Catholics had no share. And even in the seasons of the bitterest persecution, when every fresh act of treason, perpetrated by some lawless and disaffected individual, was visited with additional rigour on their heads,—when the scaffold reeked with their blood, and the stake smoked with their ashes,—when their quarters were blackening on the gates and market-crosses of every city in the realm,—when their hearths were invaded, their religion proscribed, and the very name of Papist had become a by-word,—even in those terrible seasons, as in the season under consideration, they remained constant in their fidelity to the crown.

From the troubled elements at work, some fierce and turbulent spirits were sure to arise,—some gloomy fanatics, who, having brooded over their wrongs, real or imaginary, till they had lost all scruples of conscience, hesitated at no means of procuring redress. But it would be unjust to hold up such persons as representatives of the whole body of Catholics. Among the conspirators themselves there were redeeming shades. All were not actuated by the same atrocious motives. Mixed feelings induced Catesby to adopt the measure. Not so Guy Fawkes, who had already been leagued with the design. One idea alone ruled him. A soldier of fortune, but a stern religious enthusiast, he supposed himself chosen by Heaven for the redemption of his church, and cared not what happened to himself, provided he accomplished his (as he conceived) holy design.

(To be continued.)

LUTHER'S HOUSE, AT HEIDELBERG.

(From a Sketch by a Correspondent.)

EVERY site associated with the personal or public history of the illustrious champion of Protestantism, may be regarded as hallowed ground. There are many such spots, which are identified with the leading circumstances of the eventful life of Luther, whose moral courage, undaunted firmness, strong conviction, and the great revolution which he effected in society, place him in the first rank of historical characters. "The form of the monk of Wittenburg, emerging from the receding gloom of the middle ages, appears towering above the sovereigns and warriors, statesmen and divines, of the sixteenth century, who were his contemporaries, his antagonists, or his disciples."

The relic represented in the Engraving is one of the *curiosities* of Heidelberg, in

the grand-duchy of Baden, situated in one of the most beautiful parts of Germany, on the left bank of the Neckar. Next in interest to the ruins of the Castle, celebrated as the most picturesque scene of mouldering magnificence in Europe, is the house of Luther, in the village of Neuenheim, in the environs of the town of Heidelberg. This ruined dwelling was formerly part of a monastery, the farm-buildings of which may also be traced in the neighbourhood, which was not then so rural as at the present date. A fosse, filled with water, which was dug opposite, or around the monastery,—a tree, which overshadowed the fosse, and a small bridge

which crossed it,—have all disappeared. "The house" is a mere cottage; but is remarkable as the place of Luther's concealment for several months, after he had quitted the Diet at Worms, convoked in the year 1521, by the Emperor Charles V. The two windows on the first story are reputed to be those of the chamber wherein Luther concealed himself from the close pursuit of his persecutors. Upon the left gable of a small building adjoining the cottage, may be read the figures 1525, which are supposed to relate to the date of Luther's sojourn here, or to denote the age of the building, or some repairs of the monastery.



LUTHER'S HOUSE, IN HEIDELBERG.

New Books.

PRINCE ALBERT, HIS COUNTRY AND
KINDRED.

[THIS handsome brochure is a kind of *mémoire pour servir* of the consort of our beloved Queen. The author has taken for his motto a passage from the speech of the Duke of Wellington, on January 16

last,—*viz.*: "It appears to me that we ought to know something beyond the name of the Prince;" and, judging from a hasty glance of these ninety-six large pages, their details must surely satisfy the most sturdy oppositionist; notwithstanding, they do not convey information in so direct a manner as it has been asked. Of personal history we expected little, and we

have less than we looked for; the work being almost exclusively occupied with details of "country" and "kindred."

Chapter I. exhibits the close alliance of 'England and Germany in ages long past:'] "To the land of Hengist and Horsa, England traces back the origin of her sons, whom many of their neighbours and fellow-subjects still address by the name of 'Saxons.' To Germany, Protestant Europe owes the glorious Reformation; and to her, our own country is indebted for some of its most advantageous and prosperous alliances. As the birth-place of Luther—as the great theatre of that trying, but successful, because 'good fight,' which established the Protestant faith on a basis so firm as to defy the efforts of its most malignant enemies, Germany puts forth the strongest claims, even if they stood alone, to the gratitude of every loyal Englishman.

"To make intelligible a detailed description of the principality of which Prince Albert's father is the ruling Duke, a sketch must be given of the political circumstances which attach it to the great Germanic Empire. A rapid glance, also, must be taken at the whole of Saxony, before we shall be able to descend to those particulars of Coburg and Gotha which belong to our main purpose of describing Prince Albert's country."

The second chapter describes the principality of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, and shews the territory of the Duke to equal, in size our county of Dorset, (not Dorsetshire, as the author vulgarly states,) having a surface of 1,000 square miles, and being in size below the average of the English counties. The whole district lies in the landgraviate of Thuringia, of which it is one of the most thickly peopled duchies in the empire. The details of its government are then quoted from Dr. Bisset Hawkins's recent work on Germany; and the description of the town of Gotha is borrowed from Dr. Granville's *Sic. Petersburg*, &c.

The third chapter, on Prince Albert's countrymen, appears to consist of various travellers' views of the German character: De Staël is not forgotten; and a parallel is drawn between the literature of England and of Germany, which has little aptitude and less novelty of illustration. The characteristics of the German people are then pressed in from various books of travels; and we are told that, of their amusements, "even dancing forms a principal ingredient." The *Old Man's Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau*, and Mr. Murray's well-filled *Handbook*, supply the remaining details; and the chapter winds up with—"such are the characteristics of

the mass, from the highest rank and most estimable portion of which the future Prince Consort of England has been chosen."

Chapter IV., extending through some forty pages, details, historically, the electoral ancestors of the Prince, and shews the important part acted by those princes of the house of Saxony who were contemporary with Luther in the great work of the Reformation.

Chapter V. is occupied with the genealogical details of the Prince's ducal ancestors; and the succeeding chapter contains biographical sketches of the Prince's father, aunts, uncles, and brother—members of the Coburg family. This portion of the work is very vaguely put together. Thus, we are told that Anna Feodorowna, second aunt of the Prince, was, in 1820, separated from the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, "through gross cruelty on his part, and other circumstances on her own, not necessary to advert to. The death of that prince, in 1831, left her a widow. She resides, and since her separation and widowhood has resided, in Switzerland. She and two of her sisters were sent, previous to the marriage, to St. Petersburg, for choice of that barbarian Constantine." Again, we learn that the Prince of Leiningen was old enough to be his "bride's father, and entirely devoted to the sports of the field." Here, too, is confusion worse confounded: "two children were the fruit of this union; a son, who died in 1814, and her Serene Highness the Princess Anne Feodora Augusta Charlotte Wilhelmina, who was born in 1807. Her Serene Highness became a widow in a few years." Of course, the widowhood intended to be referred to, is that of the Princess of Leiningen. The Duke of Kent is then described as "weighed down by unmerited unpopularity," and as retiring to Germany, "as much for the sake of relieving his overlaid mind by change of scene, as to economize his embarrassed resources." Again: "considerations of a weighty and political nature, urged that His Royal Highness should take unto himself a wife. The demise of the much-mourned Princess Charlotte made a failure of the succession much to be dreaded, a fear that even the few years that have elapsed since 1816 have proved well founded, and which calamity was judiciously and happily provided against."

[Her present Majesty is next styled "Victoria the First!" Who ever heard of Elizabeth or Anne the First? The early life of Prince Leopold is stated to have been passed "amidst the most trying family troubles;" the Princess Charlotte

is said to have died November 6, 1818, and to have been interred "on the 19th of November following!"

Our author is a loose chronicler of events: thus, he tells us:]

After the revolution which took place in the French capital in July, 1830, the Belgians determined to profit by the example, and shake off the yoke of Holland. A revolt took place, the Dutch were defeated at the siege of Antwerp by a Belgio-French army, and their (whose?) country was erected into a separate kingdom.

[The concluding Chapter, VII., professes to relate the personal history of the Prince; in which is the droll remark, that "the German student stands out in as high relief from the general picture of mankind, as the Mongol does, in Cuvier's arrangement of the human species." The details of the marriage arrangements have been taken from the newspapers of the last few weeks, with the exception of the felicitous observation on "the benefits and happiness which the approaching nuptials will confer on the English nation, and on her who is its beloved Sovereign;" and this we take to be a very fair specimen of the author's own portion of the work before us. It is beautifully printed, and illustrated with several wood-cuts, of better design than execution. Thus, we have portraits of the Queen, the Princes Albert and Ernest, the Duchess of Kent, and their ancestors; with landscape views of Gotha, Palace of Rhenard's Brun; Ehrenburg, the birth-place of Prince Albert; Kensington Palace, and Bonn. The chapter on the ancestors, with the Reformation details, we take to be a heavy, dull affair, notwithstanding its illustration with the Lutheran medal. The publishers have produced the work in handsome style; still, fine paper and printing are but poor soil for such a literary cargo as the present—with a superabundance of ballast. It is hard to soil against time, as may have been the lot of him who has piloted this work before the public; but, in such an extremity the vessel should be lightened by throwing overboard, &c.]

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

CELEBRATION OF THE MARRIAGE OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA, WITH HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT OF SAXE-COBURG AND GOTHA.

Or this brilliant national event, which took place on Monday, February 10th, it becomes our pleasing duty to record the leading circumstances in the columns of the *Literary World*. Although not professedly "the abstract and brief chronicles of the time," the important and interesting

character of this marriage, and its influence upon the future history of our country, are more than sufficient justification of the present departure from the general plan of our Miscellany. The individuality of the pageant, as well as the details of festal celebration, we are compelled to leave to the folio of eight, (no longer four,) pages; and content ourselves with placing on record,—from authorized sources, the comparison of various reports, and the result of our own observation,—such a memoir of this magnificent event as shall gratify the reader by its graphic interest, and become to him of permanent value for reference hereafter.

Nearly eighty years had elapsed since the marriage of a sovereign had been celebrated in this country, when, on September 7th, 1761, King George III. was united to Queen Charlotte. The public excitement upon this occasion could, however, have scarcely exceeded that upon the announcement of the marriage of Queen Victoria with Prince Albert, which has been an union of sincere affection; whereas, the marriage of George III. with Queen Charlotte was a matter of policy, the King having sacrificed a private attachment to what were deemed considerations of political expediency. With more propriety may the recent nuptials be compared with the marriage of the Princess Charlotte of Wales with Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, in the year 1816; since which date, no occurrence connected with the Royal family of England has excited a paramount interest.

Hitherto, Royal marriages had been solemnized in the evening; probably, from the circumstance of artificial light adding extrinsic splendour to the pageantry of the ceremonial.* Waiving this precedent, it was resolved to celebrate the marriage of Queen Victoria at noon; probably, in consideration of thus affording a much greater number of her Majesty's loyal subjects an opportunity of witnessing a portion of the procession. This announcement drew into London many thousands of persons at daybreak on Monday; the point of attraction being the mall of St. James's Park, through which her Majesty was to pass from Buckingham Palace to St. James's, in the chapel of which palace the solemnization was to take place. "Never," says the *Times*, (and newspaper authorities are best for estimate of numbers,) "did St. James's Park present such an extraordinary display—never was such an immense multitude assembled there since the rejoicings at the visit of the allied sove-

* The Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold were married on May 2, 1816, at nine o'clock in the evening, at Carlton House.

reigns in 1814." At nine o'clock, the crowd between the palaces was very considerable; and at eleven o'clock, the pressure was distressing; the carriage-way being, with great difficulty, kept open, by Horse Guards and the police, from the marble arch of Buckingham Palace to the garden entrance of St. James's.

The ladies of her Majesty's suite, and the gentlemen composing the suites of Prince Albert, and of his father, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, were first conveyed in carriages to St. James's Palace, there to be in readiness to receive the Royal Bride and Bridegroom. The latter next left Buckingham Palace. His Royal Highness wore the uniform of a British Field Marshal, with no other decoration than the insignia of the Order of the Garter,—*viz.*, the collar, surmounted with two white rosettes on the shoulders, with the George appended, set in precious stones; the star of the Order, set in diamonds; and the Garter itself, embroidered in diamonds, round his knee. The Prince was supported on one side by his father, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and on the other, by his brother, Prince Ernest. The Duke was dressed in a dark-blue uniform, turned up with red, and military boots; he wore the collar of the Order of the Garter, and the star; and the star of the Order of Coburg-Gotha. Prince Ernest wore a light-blue cavalry uniform, with silver appointments, carrying a light helmet in his hand; and was decorated with the insignia of a Grand Cross of an Order of Knighthood. Prince Albert was preceded by the Lord Chamberlain, the Vice-Chamberlain, and other officers of the household, the remaining portion of the foreign suite bringing up the rear. On descending the grand staircase, the favoured few, occupying the Grand Hall behind the Yeoman Guard, received the Prince with a loud clapping of hands, which his Royal Highness acknowledged in the most gracious manner. The Prince, with his father and brother, entered the carriage amid the sound of trumpets, the lowering of colours, the presenting of arms, and all the honours paid to the Queen herself; the escort being a squadron of Life Guards. On the return of the Lord Chamberlain from St. James's, the Queen left her apartments, leaning on the arm of the Earl of Uxbridge, as Lord Chamberlain, supported by the Duchess of Kent, followed by a Page of Honour, and preceded by the Earl of Belfast, the Earl of Surrey, Lord Forington, the Earl of Albemarle, and several other officers of the household. Her Majesty carried her train over her arm. The Royal Bride was greeted with loud acclamations on de-

scending to the Grand Hall, but her eye was bent principally on the ground; and a hurried glance around, and a slight inclination of the head, was all the acknowledgment returned. Her Majesty wore no diamonds on her head, but a simple wreath of orange blossoms. The magnificent veil did not cover her face, but hung down on each shoulder. A pair of very large diamond earrings, a diamond necklace, and the insignia of the Order of the Garter, were the principal ornaments worn by the Queen. The Duchess of Kent and the Duchess of Sutherland rode in the same carriage with Her Majesty, and the Royal *cortège* left the Palace, at a slow pace, under a strong escort of the household cavalry. The Queen's carriage was preceded by six others, conveying the officers of her household; and each carriage was only drawn by two horses, without the rich stute caparisoning. The Queen was enthusiastically cheered, and graciously acknowledged the loyalty of the people: one or two ludicrous incidents among them excited her smile; but her countenance was extremely pale, and betokened considerable anxiety.

By a few minutes after twelve o'clock, the several carriages, with their respective occupants, had reached

St. James's Palace.

Here the fine suite of apartments, perhaps the best arranged in Europe for state purposes, was made available for the procession. The Queen, upon her arrival, was conducted to her closet behind the Throne-room, attended by her maids of honour and train-bearers. The procession was then formed in the Throne-room; and, being joined by the Queen and Prince Albert, advanced through the Ball-room, (or Queen Anne's Drawing-room,) the Guard or Armoury-room, thence into the Vestibule, and from that down the Grand Staircase, through the Colonnade in the Colour Quadrangle leading into the Chapel. In the several apartments through which the procession passed, were erected seats for about 1,760 visitors, including those in the Chapel. The greater portion of the company consisted of elegantly, and, in some instances, brilliantly, dressed ladies: the most conspicuous colours were light blue and green, relieved with white; amber, crimson, purple, fawn, stone, and a considerable number of white robes. Each lady wore a "wedding favour," of white satin ribbon, mixed with silver lace, or sprigs of orange-blossom; or massive silver bullion, and a profusion of orange-blossoms. Many of the gentlemen also wore "favours;" but this distinction was not general.

The Colonnade through which the procession passed to the Chapel, was lit from lanterns above, and windows behind. The seats which were separated from the pillared Colonnade by a dwarf railing, were covered with crimson cushions with gold-coloured borders and fringe. All the remainder of this temporary structure had the semblance of having been constructed of solid masonry. The floor, throughout the line of procession, was covered with rich scarlet Brussels carpet. In the Colonnade paraded "the burly Yeomen of the Guard, with their massive halberds; and the slim gentlemen-at-arms, with their lighter partizans. Here were also elderly pages of state; and almost infantine pages of honour; the Lord Chamberlain's officers, and those of 'the Woods and Forests;' embroidered heralds and steel-clad cuirassiers; robed prelates, stoled priests, and surpliced singing-boys; in picturesque *melée*, such as carried the mind's eye back to many a brighter age of chivalry and court costume.

The Chapel.

The palace chapel is an oblong building, sixty-two feet by twenty-five feet: at the upper or eastern end, is the altar, on a *dais*, or *haut-pas*; above which is a large window; and, at the lower end, abutting over the main entrance, is the Royal Gallery, or closet, which was assigned to the foreign ambassadors and their ladies. Two galleries extended the entire length of the chapel; the upper ends of which, above the altar, were occupied, on the right, by the Cabinet ministers and their ladies, and, on the left, by the ladies and officers of the Queen's household; the opposite ends of the galleries being appropriated to peers and peeresses, and other distinguished spectators. On the floor were pews set apart for the chief nobility, and those who took part in the procession. On the altar, was a profusion of gold plate; including six salvers, a pair of massive vases, four flagons, four altarcups, and two lofty candelabra. Above the altar was a carved cornice richly gilt, whence hung superb and ample velvet draperies. The altar railing was likewise richly hung with velvet: stools were placed on the right of the altar for the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and on the left for the Bishop of London, Dean of the Chapel. In front of the altar were placed four gilt state chairs, with corresponding footstools, varying in elevation, according to the dignity of those by whom they were to be occupied. There were also fald-stools for Her Majesty and Prince Albert, on which to kneel at the altar. The highest chair, appropriated to

the Queen, was placed somewhat to the right of the centre; the second chair on Her Majesty's right hand, was set apart for Prince Albert; the third chair, on her Majesty's left, was placed for the Duchess of Kent; and, on the opposite side, on the Prince's right, was placed the fourth chair, for the Queen Dowager. On the Queen's extreme left were seats for the Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge; and on Prince Albert's extreme right, for the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Prince Ernest; for the Duchess, Prince George, and Princess Mary, of Cambridge; and the Princess Augusta. The colour of the draperies throughout, and of the seats, was rich crimson, velvet and cloth, trimmed with gold. The floor was covered with rich purple and gold carpeting, the Norman rose being prominent in the design, or pattern. The closet, gallery seats, and pews are of oak, with panels, scrolls, and mouldings; and the arrangement and decoration of the whole interior, (lit by the large altar window, and smaller windows at the sides,) harmonized with the original chaste architecture of the chapel. The ceiling will be recollected as a *chef-d'œuvre* of Hans Holbein: on its multiform panels are emblazoned the heraldic distinctions of the different members of the Royal Family of England, from the time of its erection to that of William IV. and Queen Adelaide.

The Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Bishop of London, and the Queen Dowager, having arrived, and taken their respective seats, (already specified,) a flourish of trumpets and drums, at twenty-five minutes past twelve, intimated that the procession of the Royal Bridegroom had commenced moving; and, shortly after, it entered the Colonnade, in the following order:

THE PROCESSION OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

Drums and Trumpets.

Sergeant Trumpeter.

Master of the Ceremonies.

The Bridegroom's Gentlemen of Honour, between two Heralds.

Vice-Chamberlain
of Her Majesty's
Household.

Lord Chamberlain
of Her Majesty's
Household.

THE BRIDEGROOM:

Wearing the Collar of the Order of the Garter;
Supported by their Serene Highnesses the reigning
Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha,
And the Hereditary Prince of Saxe Coburg & Gotha,
Each attended by Officers of their Suite, namely,
Count Kolowrath, Baron Alvensleben, and Baron d.
Lowenfels.

On reaching the chapel, the drums and trumpets filed off without the doors, and the procession advancing, Prince Albert was conducted to his seat: His Royal Highness carried a book, and repeatedly bowed to the peers in the body of the chapel: his personal characteristics are thus described in *The Times*, in the language of Scott:

"Shaped in proportions fair,
Hazel was his eagle eye,
And auburn, of the darkest dye,
His short mustache and hair."

On reaching the *haut-pas*, the Prince affectionately kissed the hand of the Queen Dowager, and then bowed to the Archbishops and Bishop. The Prince and his supporters then took their seats; a voluntary was played on the organ; the Officers of the bridegroom stood near him; and the Lord Chamberlain and Vice-Chamberlain, preceded by drums and trumpets, then returned to attend Her Majesty, who advanced to the chapel in the following order:

THE QUEEN'S PROCESSION.

Drums and Trumpets.
Sergeant Trumpeter.
Knight Marshal.
Pursuivants.
Heralds.
Pages of Honour.
Equerry in Waiting. Clerk Marshal.
Groom in Waiting. Lord in Waiting.
Comptroller of Her Majesty's Household. Treasurer of Her Majesty's Household.
The Lord Steward of Her Majesty's Household.
Norroy King of Arms. Clarenceux King of Arms.
Lord Privy Seal. Lord President of the Council.
Two Sergeants-at-Arms. Two Sergeants-at-Arms.
Lord High Chancellor.
Senior Gentleman Usher Quarterly Waiter.
Gentleman Usher Daily Waiter, Gentleman Usher and to the Sword of State. of the Black Rod.
Garter King of Arms.
The Earl Marshal.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Sophia Matilda of Gloucester.

Princess Mary of Cambridge.

Princess Augusta of Cambridge.

Prince George of Cambridge.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge, attended by a Lady of her Royal Highness' Household.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, attended by a Lady of her Royal Highness' Household.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, attended by a Lady of her Royal Highness' Household.

Her Royal Highness Princess Augusta, attended by a Lady of her Royal Highness' Household.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex.

Each attended by a Gentleman of their Royal Highnesses' Household.

Vice-Chamberlain of her Majesty's Household. The Sword of State, borne by Lord Chamberlain of her Majesty's Household. Lord Viscount Melbourne. Majesty's Household.

THE QUEEN:

Wearing the Collars of her Orders.

Her Majesty's train borne by the following twelve unmarried Ladies, viz.:

Lady Adelaide Paget. Lady Caroline Amelia Gordon Lennox.
Lady Sarah Frederica Caroline Villiers. Lady Eliz Anne Georgiana Dorothea Howard.
Lady Frances Elizabeth Cowper. Lady Ida Hay.
Lady Elizabeth West. Lady Catherine Lucy Wilhelmina Stanhope.
Lady Mary Augusta Frederica Grimston. Lady Jane Harriet Bouverie.
Lady Eleanora Caroline Paget. Lady Mary Charlotte Howard.

Assisted by the Groom of the Robes.

Master of the Horse, Mistress of the Robes,
the Earl of Albemarle, the Duchess of Sutherland.
G.C.H.

Ladies of the Bedchamber:—

The Marchioness of Nor- The Duchess of Bedford.
manby.
The Countess of Charle- The Countess of Sand-
mont. wich.
The Dowager Lady Lyt- The Countess of Bur-
telton. ington.
The Lady Portman. The Lady Barham.
Majors of Honour:—
The Hon. Amelia Murray. The Hon. Harriet Pitt.
The Hon. Caroline Cocks. The Hon. Henrietta An-
son.
The Hon. Matilda Paget. The Hon. Harriet Lister.
The Hon. Sarah Mary Cavendish.
Women of the Bedchamber:—
Lady Harriet Clive. Viscountess Forbes.
Lady Charlotte Copley. Lady Caroline Barrington.
Mrs. Brand. The Hon. Mrs. Campbell. Lady Gardiner.
Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard. Captain of the Band of Gentlemen-at-Arms.
Lieutenant of the Yeomen. Lieutenant of the Gentlemen-at-Arms.
Harbinger, Standard Bearer, Clerk of the Cheque, of the Gentlemen-at-Arms.
Six Gentlemen-at-Arms.

The Ministers were cordially received; and the members of the Royal Family were generally cheered. The Duke of Sussex appeared to be in high spirits: "Every sympathy," says *The Times*, "was awakened on behalf of the Duchess of Kent; but she appeared somewhat disconsolate and distressed."* Her Majesty appeared anxious, and was paler even than usual. Her attendants were dressed with uniform simplicity; and, altogether, the ladies, by their beauty and gracefulness, did high honour to the Court, and to their places in the procession.

The Service.†

"As Her Majesty approached the Chapel, the national anthem was performed by the instrumental band. Her Majesty walked up the aisle, followed by her train-bearers and attendants, without noticing or bowing to any of the peers. On reaching the *haut pas*, Her Majesty knelt on her fall-stool, and having performed her private devotions, sat down in her chair of state. The different officers of state having now taken their seats in the body of the chapel, the *coup d'ail* was splendid beyond description:

'Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, and priests,
Their choice nobility and flower; embassies
From regions far remote,
In various habits,
Met from all parts to celebrate the day.'

After the lapse of a few seconds, Her Majesty rose and advanced with his Royal Highness Prince Albert to the communion table, where the Archbishop of Canterbury immediately commenced reading the service.

"The rubric was rigidly adhered to throughout.

* This circumstance is remarkable. in connexion with an omission, to be presently noticed, in the congratulations which followed the conclusion of the solemnization.

† Abridged from *The Times* Report.

"The Archbishop of Canterbury read the service with great appropriateness and much feeling, the Bishop of London repeating the responses.

"When His Grace came to the words—'Albert, wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honour, and keep her in sickness and in health; and forsaking all other, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?'

"His Royal Highness, in a firm tone, replied—

'I will.'

"And when His Grace said—

'Victoria, wilt thou have Albert to thy wedded husband, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou obey him, and serve him; love, honour, and keep him in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all other, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live?' Her Majesty, in a firm voice, and a tone audible in all parts of the Chapel, replied—

'I will.'

"The Archbishop of Canterbury then said—

'Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?'

"His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, who occupied a seat on the left of Her Majesty, now advanced, and, taking Her Majesty's hand, said—

'I do.'

The Archbishop of Canterbury then laid hold of Her Majesty's hand, and placing it in that of Prince Albert, pronounced these words, His Royal Highness repeating them after His Grace:—

'I, Albert, take thee, Victoria, to my wedded wife, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I plight thee my troth.'

"Her Majesty repeated the words, *mutatis mutandis*,

'I, Victoria, take thee, Albert, to my wedded husband, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, cherish, and to obey, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I give thee my troth.'

"The Archbishop of Canterbury then took the ring, a plain gold ring, from his Royal Highness, and, placing it to the fourth finger of Her Majesty, returned it to his Royal Highness. Prince Albert put it on, repeating, after his Grace, these words:—

'With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow; in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.'

"The Archbishop then proceeded with the service as follows, Her Majesty and Prince Albert still remaining standing at the altar:—

'O Eternal God, Creator and Preserver of all mankind, Giver of all spiritual grace, the Author of everlasting life, send thy blessing upon these thy servants, Victoria and Albert, whom we bless in thy name, &c. Amen.'

'Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder.'

"The Park and Tower guns then fired a Royal salute.

"The Archbishop of Canterbury then proceeded:—

'Forasmuch as Albert and Victoria have consented together in holy wedlock, and have witnessed the same before God and this company, and thereto have given and pledged their troth either to other, and have declared the same by giving and receiving of a ring, and by joining of hands, I pronounce that they be man and wife together. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.'

'God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost, bless, preserve, and keep you; the Lord mercifully with his favour look upon you; and so fill you with all spiritual benediction and grace, that ye may so live together in this life, that in the world to come ye may have life everlasting. Amen.'

"The choir then performed the *Veni misereatur*, (King's in B flat,) the verse parts being doubled by the choir and sung by Messrs. Knyvett, Wyld, Neil, Vaughan, Sale, and Bradbury, on the *decani* side; and on the *cantoris*, by Evans, Salmon, Horncastle, Roberts, Welsh, and Clarke. Sir George Smart presided at the organ. The gentlemen of the Chapel Royal executed this service in the most effective and spirit-stirring manner.

"The Archbishop of Canterbury proceeded to the end with the remainder of the service, as prescribed in the Book of Common Prayer, Her Majesty and Prince Albert still standing before the communion table.

"The service having concluded, the several members of the Royal Family who had occupied places around the altar, returned to take their positions in the procession. On passing Her Majesty, they all paid their congratulations, and the Duke of Sussex, after shaking her by the hand in a manner which appeared to have little ceremony, but with cordiality in it, affectionately kissed her cheek. After all had passed, with the exception of the Royal bride and bridegroom, Her Majesty stepped hastily across to the other side of the altar, where the Queen Dowager was standing, and kissed her.

"Prince Albert then took Her Majesty's hand, and the Royal pair left the Chapel; all the spectators standing.

"While the procession was proceeding down the aisle, Her Majesty spoke frequently to the Earl of Uxbridge, (Lord Chamberlain,) who was on her right hand, apparently giving directions as to the order of the procession.

"We have found it impossible, in our short description, to do justice either to the demeanour of the 'happy, happy pair,' which was firm, self-possessed, and dignified throughout, or to the various groups who gave interest and animation to the scene. The spectacle in the Chapel, from first to last, was gorgeous in the extreme: 'Premier, prelate, potentate, and peer,' giving lustre and brilliancy to the whole."

(To be concluded in our next.)

Varieties.

Lord Kaimen.—After a witness on a capital trial had given his evidence, his lordship said to him, "Sir, I have one more question to ask you, and remember you are upon your oath. You say you are from Brechin?" "Yes, my lord." "When do you return thither?" "To-morrow, my lord." "Do you know Colin Gillies?" "Yes, my lord, I know him very well." "Then tell him that I shall breakfast with him on Tuesday morning."

Masks.—Ladies originally wore masks, as the sole substitute known to our ancestors for the modern parasol; a fact, perhaps, now first noticed.—*Blackwood's Mag.*

Cause and Effect.—Probably, there are no two words which more distinctly point out cause and consequence than these—*gin and bitters!*

An Irish Town.—Ballinahinch, like most towns laid down in the maps of Conunemara, is a *single house*, the residence of the Martin of Galway for the time being, a man possessing land sufficient for a German principality. It is a pleasant spot, surrounded by the wildest scenery that can be imagined.—*Mag. Nat. Hist.*

Pine Forest.—The magnificent forest in the Sierra de Segura, in the South of Spain, in 1804, contained 62,000,000 of trees. It was traversed by Capt. S. E. Cook in its greatest extent, and from it the cones (*Pinus Hispanica*) were brought, which, through the Horticultural Society and other channels, have been circulated through England.

Lord Kenyon, indignant at the artifice of a party desiring to gain time, once exclaimed, "This is the last hair to the tail of procrastination."—*Law and Lawyers.*

Irresolution.—Some travellers have more shrunk at the map, than at the way: between both, how many stand with folded arms!—*Bishop Hall.*

"*Prudens qui patiens*" was the motto of the great Coke; which the negro pitifully paraphrases—"Softly, softly, catch monkey."—*Law and Lawyers.*

Diligence.—Dr. Williams once asked Dr. Abraham Rees, how, amidst his numerous avocations, he found time for the compilation of so vast a work as his *Cyclopædia*? He replied, "by rising early."—*Ibid.*

Gigantic Cactus.—One of the largest specimens of this Titanic tribe, has white strong spines, measuring from six to nine inches in length; and the tree itself, of a conical shape, with its huge body of bushy and numerous flat branches, cannot be of less weight than from ten to twelve tons.

Locusts.—Mr. Tweedie, in his journey across the pampas of Buenos Ayres, to Tucumán, observed a red cloud rising to the S. W., that proved to be an immense flight of red locusts, which, passing over him, made the sun appear like blood. Next day, the wind having shifted, these insects were driven again on the line of road, where they were mostly resting on the tops of trees, which looked as if huffed with red blossoms.

The Turtle-tiger has not been known to attack man in Guiana, but will go boldly to his habitation, and even enter the houses and carry away the dogs from the fireside.

Benefit of Dinner.—One day, when some one objected to the practice of having dinners for parish or public purposes, "Sir," said Lord Stowell, "I approve of the dining system: it puts people in a good humour, and makes them agree when they otherwise might not: a dinner lubricates business."

Brazilian Sugar.—From the juice of the cane, a kind of sugar is prepared, called *rapa dura*, and made into hard cakes about the size of half bricks. This substance is used all over the Sertão as a substitute for sugar, and forms the great article of commerce between Ciato and Ico.

Making it up.—An attorney being informed by his cook that there was not dinner enough provided, upon one occasion, when company were expected, he asked if she had *brothed* the clerks. She replied, that she had done so. "Well, then," said he, "broth 'em again."

Primitive Illumination.—At Tucuman, on occasions of public rejoicing, square thick pieces of agave leaves are hollowed out, filled with tallow, then set on fire, and placed on the window-sills, in place of lamps and lanterns.

Women walking.—The tiptoe mode of progression, although decidedly tending to a fine development of the calf, naturally produces, in the same ratio, an undue increase of breadth in the forepart of the foot; which, indeed, is conspicuously displayed in the Parisian females, as compared with the more plantigrade women of the British metropolis.—*Martin's Natural History of Mammalia.*

Remedy for Intoxication.—In India, when, on great festivals, elephants are intoxicated with brandy for the purpose of fighting them, they are rendered sober, as soon as desired, by swallowing about three pounds of fluid butter (*ghie*), which the elephant gulps down greedily. Dromedaries and camels, when *most*, or intoxicated, are similarly sobered. This is an important secret; for many a valuable elephant has been killed by its own when in a state of madness. Our readers will remember the fate of Mr. Cross' elephant at Exeter Change. A short time since, from a similar cause, a fine elephant, belonging to M. Tournaïe, at Berlin, was poisoned with prussic acid.

Special pleading.—When a very eminent special pleader was asked by a country gentleman if he considered that his son was likely to succeed as a special pleader, he replied: "Pray, sir, can your son eat saw-dust without butter?"

The Study of the Law is generally ridiculed as dry and uninteresting; but a mind anxious for the discovery of truth and information, will be amply gratified for the toil in investigating the origin and progress of a jurisprudence which has the good of the people for its basis, and the accumulated wisdom of ages for its improvement.—*Dennung.*

Arranging the Hair.—An eminent French statistical writer once took his station near the staircase, at a London ball, for the purpose of ascertaining the proportion of gentlemen who arranged their hair with their fingers before entering the room, and found them to average about twenty-nine out of thirty; those who had least, or most hair, occupying most time upon the average.—*Quarterly Review.*

An Opera Beauty.—Her dress, always *outré*, had now become more so, by her having indulged in a *siesta* in her box, the consequences of which were but too visible in her flattened turban, wig away, the loss of one eyebrow, and the undue altitude of the other; the rouge totally rubbed off one cheek by its friction against the side of the box, and the glaring red of its fellow.—*The Governess.*

Taste for Music.—The infamous Duke of Lauderdale used to say that he had rather hear a cat mew than the best music in the world; and the better the music the more sick it made him.

Rising in the Law.—Lord Kenyon once spoke of Mr. Molroyd, when in his forty-seventh year, as "a rising young man."

Religion and Law.—When Sir E. Coke was made Solicitor-General, Whitgift, the Archbishop of Canterbury, sent him a Greek Testament, with a message, "that he had studied the common law long enough, and that he ought hereafter to study the law of God."—*Law and Lawyers.*

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[Price 2d.

BORDER MARRIAGES.



GRETN GREEN, NEAR ANNAN.



LAMBERTON TOLL-BAR, NEAR BERWICK.

BORDER MARRIAGES.

The very undefined state of the law relative to the solemnization of marriage in England, previous to the year 1754, will serve to explain certain practices which may have been regarded, by some persons, as vulgar eccentricities, rather than as valid proceedings. Dr. Lushington, in the House of Commons, March 17, 1835, stated: "By the ancient law of this country, as to marriages, a marriage was good, if celebrated in the presence of two witnesses, though without the intervention of a priest. But then came the decision of the Council of Trent, rendering the solemnization by a priest necessary. At the Reformation, we refused to accept the provision of the Council of Trent; and, in consequence, the question was reduced to this state—that a marriage by civil contract was valid; but, there was this extraordinary anomaly in the law, that the practice of some of our civil courts required, in certain instances, and for some purposes, that the marriage should be celebrated in a particular form. It turned out that a marriage by civil contract was valid for some purposes, while for others—such as the descent of the real property to the heirs of the marriage—it was invalid. Thus, a man in the presence of witnesses, accepting a woman for his wife, *per verba de presenti*, the marriage was valid, as I have said, for some purposes; but for others, to make it valid, it was necessary that it should be celebrated in *facie ecclesiæ*. This was the state of the law till the passing of the Marriage Act in 1754." It may be added, that a common notion prevailed, that the solemnization of a marriage by a person in holy orders, rendered it sacred and indissoluble. This belief was one cause of the Fleet and other marriages in London, to repress the scandals and indecencies of which, the Act of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke was passed in 1754. But this Act, in abolishing all clandestine and irregular marriages, compelled all persons, except Jews and Quakers, to be married according to the ritual of the Church of England; so that, in curing one evil, it created another, by laying a restraint on those who differed from the Established Church; which was only remedied by the law passed during the Session of Parliament, 1836.*

* Such has been the condition of the Marriage Law in England; which, from 1754 to 1836, must be regarded as a rigid and illiberal system. It might, therefore, be expected that some loophole would be

sought for escape from such stringent enactments. This was soon found in the state of the law in Scotland, in regard to matrimony. In that part of the kingdom, nothing further is necessary in order to constitute a man and woman husband and wife, than a declaration of consent by the parties before witnesses, or even such a declaration in writing, without any witnesses; a marriage which is considered binding in all respects. Still, a marriage in Scotland, not celebrated by a clergyman, (with the exceptions we are about to mention,) is rarely or never heard of; a result of the nearly universal feeling which is in favour of a religious celebration of the contract, and which would look upon the neglect of that solemnity as disreputable. What the Scottish people, however, eschewed as evil, the more lax English, under certain circumstances, did not fail to avail themselves of; and the rigid Marriage Act of 1754 had not been many years in force, before "love found out the way" of evading its enactments, and still, to a certain extent, playing propriety. It was only requisite that the knot should be tied in Scotland, to set at defiance all parents and guardians; for matches so made, appear to have been almost exclusively "stolen," or "runaway," and the parties all English. To enter Scotland was sufficient; hence the title prefixed to this paper, of "Border Marriages."

GREYNA GREEN.

The first of these illicit stations, *Gretna*, or *Graitney Green*, is the name of a village or parish in Scotland, on the west bank of the Sark, near its junction with the sea, in the county of Dumfries. The village of Gretna is situated nine miles north-west of Carlisle, is the first stage in going from Longtown, in England, to Annan in Scotland, and is built on each side of the road. The state of the trade of this place, in 1771, is thus delineated by the masterly hand of Pennant:—"It is the resort of all amorous couples, whose union the prudence of parents or guardians prohibits. Here the young couple may be instantly united by a fisherman, a joiner, or a blacksmith, who marry from two guineas a job to a dram of whiskey; but the price is generally adjusted by the information of the postillions from Carlisle, who are in pay of one or other of the above worthies; but even the drivers, in case of necessity, have been known to undertake the sacerdotal office.

"This place is distinguished from afar by a small plantation of firs, the Cyprian grove of the place—a sort of land-mark

* From a popular digest of the Registration and Marriage Acts: Companion to the Almanac for 1837

for fugitive lovers. As I had a great desire to see the high priest, by stratagem I succeeded: he appeared in the form of a fisherman; a stout fellow, in a blue coat, rolling round his solemn chops a quid of tobacco of no common size. One of our party was supposed to come to explore the coast: we questioned him about his price, which, after eyeing us attentively, he left to our honour. The Church of Scotland does what it can to prevent these clandestine matches; but in vain; for those infamous couplers despise the fulmination of the kirk, as excommunication is the only penalty it can inflict."

Mr. McDiarmid, of the *Dumfries Courier*, has given the following still livelier picture of the recent state of the trade: "There are," says he, "two rival practitioners at Springfield, one of whom married Paisley's granddaughter, and fell heir to his office, in much the same way that some persons acquire the right of vending quack medicines. Still, the other gets a good deal of custom; and here, as in everything else, competition has been favourable to the interests of the public. Though a bargain is generally made beforehand, a marriage-monger, who has no rival to fear, might fix his fee at any sum he pleased; and instances have occurred, in which the parties complained that they had been too heavily taxed. Not long before my visit to Springfield, a young English clergyman, who had failed to procure his father's consent, arrived for the purpose of being married without it. The fee demanded was thirty guineas, a demand at which his reverence demurred; at the same time stating, that, though he had married many a couple, his highest fee never exceeded half-a-guinea. The clergyman, in fact, had not so much money about him; but it was agreed that he should pay ten pounds in hand, and grant a promissory note for the balance; and the bill, certainly a curiosity of its kind, was regularly negotiated through a Carlisle banking-house, and as regularly retired at the time appointed. And here I must mention a circumstance which has not been provided for in the late bill anent combinations, though it manifestly tends to augment the tax on irregular marriages. At Springfield there are two inns, as well as two priests, one of which each of the latter patronises exclusively. More than this, the house at which a lover arrives at Springfield depends entirely at what inn he starts from at Carlisle. Though he may wish to give a preference, and issue positive orders on the subject, these orders are uniformly disobeyed. The postboys will only stop at one house; and that for the best of all reasons—that the priest, knowing the value of their patronage,

goes snacks with them in the proceeds. Except in cases of sickness or absence the priests never desert their colours. All the guests of the one house are married by Mr. —, and of the other by Mr. Elliot; so that those who are most deeply concerned have very little to say in the matter.—(From first to last, indeed, it may be said that the fond pair are, as it were, passively transported from their own homes of single blessedness, at once into a foreign country and a state of matrimony, without any pains on their part, but simply what consists in 'paying as they go along.') In this way, something like a monopoly still exists; and what is more strange still, not only the postboy who drives a couple, but his companions, and the whole litter of the inn-yard, are permitted to share in the profits of the day. The thing is viewed in the light of a windfall, and the proceeds are placed in a sort of *foe-fund*, to be afterwards shared in such proportions as the parties see fit. Altogether, the marrying business must bring a large sum annually into Springfield: indeed, an inhabitant confessed that it is 'the principal benefit and support of the place,' although he might have added that smuggling has lately become a rising and rival means of subsistence. Upon an average, 300 couples are married in the year; and half-a-guinea is the lowest fee that is ever charged. But a trifle like that is only levied from poor and pedestrian couples; and persons even in the middle ranks of life are compelled to pay much more handsomely. Not long before I visited Springfield, a gentleman had given forty pounds; and, independently of the money that is spent in the inns, many hundreds must annually find their way into the pockets of the priests, and their concurrents the postboys. In its legal effect, the ceremony performed at Gretna merely amounts to a confession before witnesses that certain persons are man and wife; and the reader is aware that little more is required to constitute a marriage in Scotland; a marriage which may be censured by church courts, but which is perfectly binding in regard to property and the legitimacy of children. Still, a formula has a considerable value in the eyes of the fair; and the priests, I believe, read a considerable part of the English marriage service, offer up a prayer or two, require the parties to join hands, sign a record, and so forth. At my request, Mr. Elliot produced his marriage record, which, as a public document, is regularly kept, and which, to say the truth, would require to be so, seeing that it is sometimes tendered as evidence in court."

The name of "Gretna Green" remains for explanation. The man named Elliot, resid-

ing at the village of Springfield, about a mile from the church and village of Graitney, is, or was, a few years since, the principal person employed to profane the sacred function of priest. The trade was founded by a tobacconist, (not a blacksmith, as is generally believed,) named Joseph Paisley, who, after leading a long life of profanity and drunkenness, died so lately as 1814. The common phrase "Gretna Green" arose from his first residence, which was at Meggs Hill, on the common, or green, between Graitney and Springfield, to the lust of which villages, of modern erection, he removed in 1791.² In 1815, the number of marriages celebrated at Gretna was calculated, in Brewster's *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, at sixty-five, which produced an annual income of about £1,000, at the rate of fifteen guineas each; fashion having, in some degree, taken under its shelter the knots tied here.

Dr. Dibdin, in his *Northern Tour*, (already quoted in this Miscellany,) gives the following entertaining account of his visit to Gretna: "Yon," said the postboy—"yon is Gretna Green." We heard it without any extravagant emotion: and, although *January* and *May* may be often seen hastening thither in the same conveyance, with countenances not quite so composed as were our own, yet a father and a daughter would necessarily approach that far-famed spot—or rather, mansion—impelled by curiosity alone—to hear of unions which are at once a disgrace to our laws, and a scandal upon the moral character of both countries. The spot is as the smuggler's cave, where no officer dare enter to seize the purloined property: it is the too frequent receptacle of passion without principle, and of cajolery without one spark of common sympathy. It furnishes the knave with a cloak, and the assassin with a dagger. . . which may not be wrested from him till the death of his victim or himself. Of all species of daggers, *speaking daggers* are the most terrible. Every day may receive a wound from its point; and every day may induce the wish or the prayer, that such wound may prove mortal: but years succeed to years of bitter taunt and inhuman reproach. Here, peradventure, if anywhere, is the fountain-head, the *Marah*, of the bitterest waters that flow! Behold this far-famed mansion, which, at least, has nothing in its exterior that can be called seductive. Its attractiveness is, unquestionless, from *within*. It must, however, be borne in mind, that the following, (the original of the prefixed engraving,) is 'the old original shop of matrimony.'

"No particular curiosity seemed to be excited, as, on turning a little out of our way, to the right, we alighted at the door. The waiter's movements were measured and gaded. The 'cunning man' had had no *intimation* of our arrival. No messenger, mounted on quadruped, breathless from the swiftness of his pace, and dust and pebbles whirled around him, had *preceded*, to announce the almost instant arrival of the principal figurantes in the hymeneal scene. Nothing, necessarily, of this kind could precede our approach. As we had no *business* to transact, the man quickly left us to ourselves, and to our own unassisted meditations: not, however, without telling us to enter the apartment in which the nuptials of the Prince of Capna with Miss Smyth—and of Mr. Sheridan with Miss Grant*—had been solemnized. The room had a very commonplace aspect, in paper and decoration. There should have been a print of Wilkie's *Penny Wedding*; instead of one of *Tam O'Shanter*, and another of *Two Tigers fighting*!—the latter, methinks, in many instances, too metaphorically true!"

It only remains to be added, that an attempt was made in the General Assembly, of 1826, to have this shameful system of fraud and profanity abolished, but without effect. Chambers is inclined to consider it as "a sort of safety-valve to the rigid system of the English church, in regard to matrimony. But, it is impossible to use terms of sufficient reprobation and abhorrence in alluding to the base panders, from the inn-keepers of Carlisle to the kennel-boys of Springfield, who make it the means of supporting their villainous and contemptible existence."† Dr. Dibdin observes: "Surely, the only available and effectual remedy would be, a statutable declaration against the legality or validity of such matches: and then the *fisherman's* 'occupation is gone.'" The recent liberalization of the English marriage law has, probably, rendered Gretna a dead letter. For Scotsmen, such latitude is not requisite; since, their facility of marriage startles a Southern. "I remember," relates Dr. Dibdin, "when partaking of the hospitalities of Mr. David Laing, at Edinburgh, that Dr. Lee, towards eight o'clock, seemed to leave the room abruptly—after looking at his watch. He returned without twenty minutes. 'What have you been about?' observed the host. 'Only marrying a couple on the third flat, in High-street,' was the Doctor's reply. This, with us, would have been a *special licence* matter, at the cost of, at least, thirty pounds."

* This statement is taken from Chambers's *Picture of Scotland*.

† Two nuptials, remarkable for their positive and relative circumstances.

‡ *Picture of Scotland*.

LAMBERTON TOLL-BAR.

The second illustration, (from a sketch by a Correspondent,) is of less popular notoriety than Gretna: both are situated nearly upon the border; Gretna being at the southern, and Lamberton at the south-eastern, extremity of Scotland; and the latter at about a mile north of Berwick-upon-Tweed. The Bar is a small alehouse; but, doubtless, sufficiently capacious for its purpose. Upon the wall has been scribbled the following doggerel:

"My fluttering breast bespeaks a hope,
A wish for happy days;
May Hymen bless our vows,
And prosper all our ways."

This is a sad hobbling muse; but "*nemo mortalium*," &c.

THE TOWER OF NESLE.

As an appendix to our tradition of Marguerite de Bourgogne, the following historical particulars, connected with the chief scene of the incidents, may not be without interest to the reader.

The Tower of Nesle was, as we have described it, a lofty circular building, formerly occupying the site of the pavement between the Pont des Arts and the Institute. It was exactly opposite the Louvre, and corresponded to a similar tower, on the other bank of the river, called *La Tour qui fait le coin*.

The vivacious Brantôme tells us an anecdote of a certain Queen of France, whose name he does not mention, and who was accustomed to inhabit the tower occasionally — "*Laquelle faisant le guet aux passants et ceux qui lui revenaient et agréaient le plus de quelque sorte de gens que ce fussent, les faisait appeler et venir à soy, et, après avoir tiré ce qu'elle en voulait, les faisait précipiter du haut de la Tour en bas, en l'eau, et les faisait noyer.*" He afterwards adds, "*Je ne veux pas assurer que cela soit vrai, mais le vulgaire, au moins la plupart de Paris l'affirme.*"

The poet, Jean Second, in some verses he wrote upon the Hôtel de Nesle, refers to Brantôme's story as true. Villon, who wrote in the fifteenth century, at an epoch less distant from the events, informs us, that the victims of these gallantries were enclosed in a sack, and then cast into the Seine. One of them, Jean Buridan, (who subsequently gained a name in the universities of Paris, by publishing a thesis, which we will speak of presently,) had the good fortune to escape; and on this subject Villon wrote as follows:

"*Semblablement où est la Reine
Qui commanda que Buridan
Fût jeté en un sac en Seine.*"

* Femmes, Galantes. Discours 2. Art. 1.

This Queen, of whom Brantôme, Jean Second, and Villon make equal mention, passed successively for Jeanne de Navarre, wife of Philippe-le-Bel; then for Marguerite de Bourgogne, first wife of Louis X.; and, also, for Blanche and Jeanne de Bourgogne, all three the daughters-in-law of Philippe-le-Bel.

Robert Gaguin, a writer of the fifteenth century, takes upon himself to defend the reputation of Jeanne de Navarre, from the circumstance that she was not living at the same period as Buridan, although he speaks of his (Buridan's) adventures as true; and states his escape to have suggested the thesis written by that person, which bore the title: *Ne craignez pas de tuer une Reine: cela est quelquefois bon.*

As for Marguerite de Bourgogne, and her sisters, Jeanne and Blanche, there is little doubt concerning their fate. Arrested and convicted of their lawless gallantries, they were imprisoned at Châteaue-Gaillard, and Marguerite was there strangled in 1315. Jeanne was detained a prisoner at the Châteaue-de-Dourdan for some time: she was subsequently liberated, with her sister Blanche, and became the wife of Philippe V., called "the Tall." She founded the College de Bourgogne from the proceeds of the sale of the Hôtel de Nesle.

ALBERT.

London Exhibitions.

* CATLIN'S INDIAN GALLERY.

THIS Exhibition, in conjunction with Mr. Schomburgk's collection, already noticed, will convey to the curious inquirer a very minute idea of the social economy of the American Indians, North and South; the manners and customs of their respective countries and tribes. It is a fortunate circumstance that both Exhibitions are simultaneously open to the public; since it will enable the sight-seer to enjoy an unique as well as rational picture of the aboriginal population of the least known portion of the earth's surface.

"The Indian Gallery," like "the Guiana Exhibition," is the result of individual enterprise and generous enthusiasm, which it is perfectly delightful to witness in this age of mechanical calculation. The origin of the former is truly romantic. It appears that some years since, Mr. George Catlin, seeing the rapid decline, and anticipating the certain extinction of the numerous tribes of North American Indians, projected a full *pictorial history* of these interesting people, so as to rescue from immediate extermination their habits and peculiarities, their physiognomy

* Histoire des Reines et Régentes, par Dreux de Radier.

and manners, by such glowing record as canvas and colour, and nice perceptive genius, would afford. To the accomplishment of this design, Mr. Catlin has already devoted seven years of his time. With great difficulty, and some hazard of life, he has visited forty-eight tribes, (residing within the United States, and British and Mexican territories,) containing about 300,000 souls. He has paddled his canoe through restless waters, or led his pack-horse over trackless wilds; and, taking with him canvas and colour, has painted his portraits beneath the primitive shelter of the wigwam—amidst the deep-seated melancholy, and the wild joy, of savage time. The collection thus made, contains, (besides an immense number of costumes and other manufactures,) 310 portraits of distinguished men and women of the different tribes, and 200 other paintings, descriptive of Indian countries, their ceremonies, games, and customs; comprising, in all, above 3,000 figures. The entire assemblage covers the walls of a saloon, 106 feet in length, in "the Egyptian Hall," Piccadilly, and is altogether arranged with effective taste. The nucleus, or centre, is a Crow Lodge, or Wigwam, brought from the foot of the Rocky Mountains: it is constructed with thirty pine-poles, twenty-five feet in height, which are covered with buffalo-skins, garnished and painted in less rude style than might be expected; and capable of sheltering eighty or more persons. Upon the surrounding walls are hung the portraits and landscapes, war-weapons, costumes, and domestic manufactures, already referred to; in attractive ingenuity rivalling any exhibition of the schools of refined art, or any pictorial collection of the silken barons of civilization.

The *Indian Portraits* are 310 in number: they are, generally, half-lengths; but, occasionally, a few extra feet of canvas are given to "illustrious personages," just as in our own collections. The tribes are, of course, too numerous to mention; but each individual is illustrious otherwise than by courtesy. Their characteristics are very amusing: some shave the head, leaving only a small tuft on the top, which is called the "scalp-lock," and which matches the forelock of Time; another wears a necklace of grisly bears' claws, over the skin of a white wolf. Vanity peeps out here, as elsewhere, in the chase of fame; for universal is this passion: a favourite wife is allowed the distinguished honour of being painted and hung up with the chiefs, so that the much-abused committee of the Royal Academy is not the only hanging tribunal in the world: even these poor Indians, (we hate the term

"savages," though there is even savagery in civilized society,)—even these poor people, are sticklers for their position. Thus, the eldest son of Black Hawk is described as "a very handsome man;" *Wa-ho-béck-ee*, a brave Osage, is said to be the handsomest man in the nation, with a profusion of wampum on his neck, and a fan in his hand, made of the eagle's tail; rivalling our Skeffingtons, Brummels, and D'Orsays. One chief desires to be painted with a white flag in his hand; three young warriors pray to be put upon one canvas; and, "*Há-hón-ga-shee*, No Fool," a very great top, used half the day in painting his face, preparing to sit for his picture. No. 44 is an Adonis—"Shun-ga-wás-sa, the Handsome Bird;" a splendid-looking fellow, six feet eight inches high; with war-club and quiver. Criminals enjoy notoriety here, as elsewhere; perchance every tribe has its Greenacre, just as some of our Sunday newspapers had. No. 41 is a portrait of *Tch-tó-ga*, Mad Buffalo, who was tried and convicted for murder of two white men, under Mr. Adams's administration; and was afterwards pardoned, but has been since held in disgrace by his tribe. Now, here are redeeming fellows: No. 56 is a remarkably shrewd and intelligent man; and No. 72 is one of the most noted and dignified, as well as graceful, chiefs of the Sioux tribe. Some wear ermine, as well as their betters, and have the battles of their life emblazoned on their robes. Quackery, too, flourishes here, as in more refined communities. No. 73 is *Tch-ta-wah-kón-da-pre*, the Blue (pill?) Medicine, a noted medicine-man, or doctor,—with his advertisement? no—but his *medicine* or mystery drum and rattle in his hands, his looking-glass on his breast, his rattle of antelope's hoofs, and drum of deer skins: these medicine-men are conjurers as well as physicians, paying their dernier visits to the sick, with their mysteries, endeavouring and pretending to cure by a charm. Nos. 74 and 75 are a pair of ball-players, in their ball-play dress, with their ball-sticks: in this healthy and favourite game, each player wears an embroidered belt, and a tail of beautiful quills, or horsehair; the arms, legs, and feet being always naked, and curiously painted. No. 82 is *Tch-ki-e-to*, (talk he too?) principal orator of the nation, his body curiously tattooed; and No. 83 is a name of eight syllables—"the Grisly Bear that runs without regard." No. 94, *Te-o-kún-ko*, the *Swift*, is an ill-visaged and ill-natured fellow; as some folks think our own Dean. Of Nos. 84, 85, and 86, Mr. Catlin tells this strange anecdote:

"These three distinguished men were all killed

in a private quarrel, (while I was in the country,) occasioned by my painting only *one half* of the face of the first, (No. 84); ridicule followed, and resort to fire-arms, in which that side of the face which I had left out was blown off in a few moments after I had finished the portrait; and sudden and violent revenge for the offence soon laid the other two in the dust, and imminently endangered my own life."

—These fellows are very properly named Little Bear and Bad Arrow.

In travelling through Mr. Catlin's elaborate Catalogue, the reader will not fail to be struck with the pestilential mortality among certain tribes, and its exterminating results. Thus, we are told that the Mandans, a small tribe of 2,000 souls, living in two permanent villages on the Missouri, 1,800 miles above its junction with the Mississippi—all perished by the small-pox and suicide, (three years after Mr. Catlin lived amongst them,) excepting about forty individuals, who have since been destroyed by their enemy; rendering the tribe entirely extinct, and their language lost, in the short space of a few months: the disease was carried amongst them by the traders, and destroyed, in six months, of different tribes, 25,000. Again, 12,000 of the Black Feet were destroyed by small-pox within the year 1838! No. 134 is a portrait of *Sha-kó-ka*, Mint; a very pretty girl, twelve years of age, with grey hair, peculiar to the Mandans; about one in twelve, of both sexes, and of all ages, having the hair of a bright silvery grey, and exceedingly coarse and harsh, somewhat like a horse's mane.

The tribe of Crows, (*Bel-au't-sea*), on the Yellow Stone River, are described as "tall, fine-limbed men, graceful and gentlemanly in deportment, and the most richly and tastefully-clad of any Indians on the Continent." No. 179, *Wi-jún-jon*, the Pigeon's Egg Head, was taken to Washington in 1832, by Major Sanford: after his return home, he was condemned as a liar, and killed, in consequence of the incredible stories which he told of the whites. The *Ottawas*, on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, are agricultural and dissipated; and the portrait of one of them, a blind chief, shews the effects of whiskey and civilization: the *Winnebagoes*, on the western shores of the same lake, have also been greatly reduced by the vices of their civilized neighbours! in short, small-pox and whiskey appear to be the strongest enemies of many tribes. Vanity again: No. 223, *Mash-kee-uet*, is a great beau, or dandy; and No. 253, *Kee-mo-rá-nia*, No English, a bean, has his face curiously painted, and a looking-glass in his hand. But here is a high-priest of hypocrisy, No. 240, *Kee-án-ne-kuk*, the Foremost Man, called "the Prophet," chief of the *Kickapoos*, in the attitude of prayer; of whom Mr. Catlin notes:—

"This very shrewd fellow engraved on a maple stick, in characters, a prayer which was taught him by a methodist missionary; and, by introducing it into the hands of every one of his tribe, who are enjoined to read it over every morning and evening as service, has acquired great celebrity and respect, as well as a good store of worldly goods, for he manufactures the prayer-sticks, and gets well paid for them."

No. 263 is really a striking portrait of *Red Jacket*, head chief of the *Senecas*; full length, life size, standing on the Table Rock, Niagara Falls: perhaps, no Indian Sachem has ever lived on our frontier, whose name and history are better known, than those of Red Jacket; he was equally great in council and in war.

We now take leave of the Portraits, and proceed to the *Landscapes*, which are nearly 400 in number; including beautiful prairies, picturesque bluffs, river towns, and islands, savannahs and pine-woods, rocky mountains, and magnificent river scenery. The *Sporting Scenes* comprise the buffalo chase, the bear hunt, and antelope and grouse shooting. The *Amusements and Customs* consist of nearly eighty paintings of ball-play, dancing; horse, foot, and canoe-races; archery, in which the strife is to get the greatest number of arrows flying in the air at one time; sham fights, &c. No. 462 is a Prairie Dog Village, on which Mr. Catlin notes:—

"Myriads of these curious little animals, (prairie dogs,) are sometimes found in one village, which will extend several miles. They are about twice the size of a rat, and not unlike it in appearance and habits. They dig holes in the ground, and the dirt which is thrown up, makes a little mound, on which they sit and bark, when danger approaches."

No. 474 is a double portrait of *Wi-jún-jon*, (an Assinehon chief,) going to, and returning from, Washington:—

"This man was taken to the above city in 1832, in a beautiful Indian dress, by Major Sanford, the Indian agent; and returned to his country the next spring, in a colonel's uniform."

The picture represents him in each costume; reminding us of one of Charles Matthews's monopolylogical metamorphoses.

He lectured awhile to his people on the customs of the whites, when he was denounced by them for telling lies, which he had learned of the whites, and was, by his own people, put to death, at the mouth of the Yellow Stone.

No. 476 is "*Rain-making*" among the Mandans: medicine-men perform these mysteries inside the lodge, and young men volunteer to stand upon the lodge from sun-rise until sun-down, in turn, commanding it to rain:—

"Each one has to hazard the disgrace which attaches, (when he descends at sun-down,) to a fruitless attempt; and he who succeeds, acquires a lasting reputation as a mystery or medicine man. They never fail to make it rain! as this ceremony continues from day to day, until rain comes!"—a prognostication as safe as the "now or now about" of our almanacs.

No. 478, is the *Thunder's Nest*, a little

clump of bushes, wherein, say the Sioux, thunder is hatched out by a bird about the size of the end of a man's thumb: she sits on her eggs, and they send forth claps of thunder in hatching; whilst no one approaches within several rods of the place!

Four large paintings illustrate the Religious Ceremonies of the Mandans: as, 1. The interior of a Mystery Lodge, with the commemoration of the subsiding of the Flood. 2. The Buffalo Dance. 3. The

Cutting Scene—terrible torture. 4. The Last Race—young men running with willow boughs around the tortured ones.

The Descriptive Catalogue, whence we have quoted a few details, is enthusiastically written; and is attested by the certificates of travellers, and several agents and others, resident among the tribes represented; so that the veracity of the statements is as unquestionable as their novel attraction.



WELL AT OBERWESEL, ON THE RHINE.

OUR FATHER'S WELL.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

COME, let's go back, my brother,
And by our father's well,
Sit down beside each other
Life's little dreams to tell.

For there we played together,
In childhood's sunny hours,
Before life's stormy weather
Had killed its storming flowers.

And since no draught we've tasted,
In all life's journey through,
As we so far have hated,
Like that our father drew;

I feel as at a mountain
I cannot pass nor climb,
'Till from that distant fountain
I drink as in my prime.

My spirit's longing, thirsting,
No waters else can quell,
My heart seems near to bursting
To reach that good old well.

Though all be changed around it,
And though so changed are we,
Just where our father found it,
(That pure well spring will be.

In earth when deeply going,
He reached and smote the rock,
He set his fount to flowing—
It opened at his knock.

The way he smoothed and stoned it,
A close, round, shadowy cell;
Whoever since has owned it,
It is our father's well!

His prattling son and daughter,
With each an infant's cup,
We waited for the water
His steady hand drew up.

When we had paused and listened,
 'Till down the bucket dashed,
 O, how it rising glistened,
 And to the sunlight flashed!

And since that moment, never
 Has that cool deep been dry,
 Its fount is living ever,
 While man and seasons die.

Around its mouth is growing
 The moss of many a year,
 But from its heart is flowing
 The water sweet and clear.

Fond memory near it lingers,
 And, like a happy child,
 She plucks with busy fingers,
 And wreathes the roses wild.

Yet many a lip, whose burning
 Its limpid drops allayed,
 Has since, to ashes turning,
 Been veiled in silent shade.

Still we are here, and telling
 About our infant play,
 Where that free spring is welling
 So true and far away.

But O, the change, my brother!
 Our father's head is hoar;
 The tender name of mother
 Is ours to call no more.

And now around thee gather,
 Such little ones as we
 Were there, beside our father,
 And look to theirs in thee.

While fast our years are wasting
 Their numbers none can tell;
 So let us hence be hasting
 To find our Father's well.

Come, we will speed us thither,
 And from its mossy brink,
 To flowers that ne'er shall wither
 Look up to heaven and drink.

They spring beside the waters,
 Our Father there will give,
 To all his sons and daughters,
 Where they shall drink and live.

New Books.

LAW AND LAWYERS.

[THIS work consists of two volumes of "Sketches and Illustrations of Legal History and Biography;" or, in fewer words, *Anecdotes of Law and Lawyers*. It has, however, the merit of classification; in which respect it differs from three volumes of similar anecdotes published by Mr. H. Roscoe and his brother, about fourteen years since, with the taking title of *Westminster Hall*. Thus, the contents of the first volume of the work before us, are law education; early struggles of eminent men; legal eccentricity; the bar; advocates and advocacy; sketches of former chancellors and judges. The second volume comprises lawyers in parliament; law literature; sketches of eminent lawyers; literary lawyers; the bench and the woolsack; comments on conveyancing; morality of law and lawyers. These heads promise abundance of wit, humour, and entertainment, all which are realized.

Of course, there are many old acquaintances, such as the wag recognised when he often touched his hat to his friend's jokes; but they are neatly told, and, after all, a critic's plumb-line is a very uncertain measure for the depth of his readers' memory: he, (the critic,) is a dealer in such wares, whilst the reader is comparatively a tyro in such matters. However, it will be the safest side to select the novelties, so as to suit the greatest possible number. We perceive, by the preface, that the author acknowledges his obligations to the little work just alluded to.]

Literary Lawyers.

[Of the eminent men now amongst us, how many might we name who have acquired reputation elsewhere than in Westminster Hall. Lord Denman's beautiful translation of the song of Harmodius in the *Anthology*, and Mr. Justice Coleridge's admirable paraphrases of many portions of the Greek tragedians, are well known:—Lord Abinger does not, less efficiently perform his duties, because, last year, he made his literary *début* in the *Book of Beauty*:—we doubt if the author of *Ion* has found the composition of that charming play render him less capable as an advocate; nor do we suppose that Mr. Justice Williams's well-known command of Greek versification, has in any way disqualified him for his post. Dr. Philip Williams, the present Vinerian professor, has published a continuation of Dryden's *Hind and Panther*; while his brother professor at Cambridge, has brought philosophy to illustrate law, and given to the profession a work of greater value than any mere lawyer, however deeply read, could ever produce. If Fearn or Jones had been mere lawyers, would the *Essays on Contingent Remainders* and on *Bailment* have been the masterpieces that they are.*

Law Education.

There have been men, indeed, who have risen to the very highest honours of the profession without the advantages of a classical education; but it would be as prudent to imitate their conduct as it would be to obtain for a son a lieutenancy in the French artillery, under the expectation that he would, therefore, become emperor of the French. Lord Erskine was a soldier before he was chancellor; but he became chancellor in spite of his having been a soldier, for certainly the parade of the Horse Guards is not the nearest cut to the Woolsack. Lord Hardwicke never received a classical education, nor did Lord Gifford,

* Lord Chancellor Cyprien used to declare, that he owed all the powers of reasoning that he possessed, to the study of Chillingworth.

nor did Sir Edward Sugden; but these form the exceptions—they do not make the rule. Lord Hardwicke, who, according to Dr. King, did not learn Latin until after he was chancellor, was once haranguing the House of Lords, with some warmth, on the subject of a war with Spain: in the course of his speech, he used the expression, *pendente bello*. “*Flagrante bello*, you mean, my Lord,” interposed Lord Carteret, whose correct ear was offended with the unclassical expression. A learned counsel in the Exchequer, the other day, spoke of a *nolle prosequi*: “Consider, sir,” said Mr. Baron Alderson, “that this is the last day of term, and don’t make things unnecessarily long.” But bad Latin is not confined to the lawyers. One of the most eminent anatomists of our day has been heard to condemn *a priori* reasonings.* This is not quite so bad as an anecdote we have heard (we vouch not for its authenticity) of a “Johnian,” at his examination, construing a well known line in Horace thus:—“*Exegi, I have ate up, monumentum, a monument, perennius, harder, ære, than brass*,” “Have you so?” exclaimed the examiner; “then you will not be able to live here, for we have no nutriment strong enough for such a digestion.”

Ludicrous Blunders.

General knowledge, too, is unquestionably necessary for the lawyer. Ludicrous mistakes have frequently occurred through the deficiencies of some of them in this respect. We have heard an anecdote somewhere, of an eminent barrister examining a witness in a trial, the subject of which was a ship. He asked, amongst other questions, “Where the ship was at a particular time?” “Oh!” replied the witness, “the ship was then in quarantine.” “In Quarantine was she? And pray, sir, *where* is Quarantine?”† Another

* Sir Robert Walpole was not much versed in classical literature. When Mr. Hardinge was clerk of the House of Commons, a situation he owed to Walpole’s influence, the minister, in addressing the House, misquoted Horace thus:—

“— Hic muus athenus esto

Nili conscire sibi nulli pallescere culpa.”

On which Poulteney observed, that the honourable gentleman’s Latin was as bad as his politics. Sir Robert adhered to his version, and offered to bet his opponent a guinea that he was right, proposing Mr. Hardinge as arbiter. The bet being accepted, Hardinge rose with ludicrous solemnity, and gave his decision against his patron. The guinea was thrown across the House, and when Poulteney stooped to pick it up, he observed, that it was the first *public money* he had touched for a long time. After his death, the guinea was found wrapped up in a piece of paper, on which the circumstance was recorded.

† A friend of ours once asked an American merchant if he had any correspondence with Berberice. “Berberice! Berberice!” he replied; “no! who is he?”

instance, given by Mr. Chitty, of the value of general knowledge to the lawyer, is worth citing. It is well known that a judge was so entirely ignorant of insurance causes, that, after having been occupied for six hours in trying an action “on a policy of insurance upon goods (Russia ducks) from Russia, he, in his address to the jury, complained that no evidence had been given to shew how Russia ducks (mistaking the cloth of that name for the bird) could be damaged by sea water, and to what extent!”

An anecdote has been told of a learned barrister once quoting some Latin verses to a brother “wig,” who did not appear to understand them. “Don’t you know the lines,” said he; “they are in Martial. ‘Marshall,’ replied his friend, ‘Marshall—oh! I know—the Marshall who wrote on *underwriting*.’” When this anecdote was related to a certain judge of the Court of Review, he is reported to have said, “Why, after all, there is not much difference between an *underwriter* and a *minor poet*.”

Quick Wits.

A celebrated ambassador of the last age, when told what a clever boy his son was, exclaimed, “I would rather you had told me how *industrious* he was.” Sir Henry Wotton, the famous provost of Henry College, we are told by Aubrey, “could not abide wits. When any young scholar was commended to him as a wit, he would say, ‘Out upon him! I will have nothing to do with him; give me the plodding student: if I would look for wits, I would go to Newgate for them; there be the wits.’” Something similar was the opinion of Hogarth: “I know of no such thing as genius,” said he to Mr. Gilbert Cooper; “genius is nothing but labour and diligence.” The well-known Judge Dodderidge declares that he found, by experience, that, “among a number of quick wits in youth, few are found in the end very fortunate for themselves, or very profitable to the commonwealth.”

Number of Points of Law.

Mr. Park, writing in 1828, computes the number of points in a moderate law library, at about two millions and half. Rejecting a half for criminal and parish law, and points of practice and pleading, a million and a quarter would remain, which relate to property and civil rights. Making the most liberal allowance for such cases as were repeated, a million still would remain, with which the lawyer would have to be conversant. This computation was made eleven years ago. Since then the “points” have multiplied

* Marshall on Insurance.

and are multiplying—the changes in the law contributing to this result.

Hard-reading Lawyers.

Lord Eldon used to read law before his call, with so much application, as to excite the apprehensions of his medical friends. He would debar himself of his needful rest—rising as early as four o'clock in the morning, and often sitting up late at night with a wet towel tied round his head. Amongst our hard-reading lawyers, Mr. Butler deserves mention. He has communicated the system of study he pursued, in these words:—"Very early rising—a systematic division of his time—abstinence from all company, and from all diversions not likely to amuse him highly—from reading, writing, or even thinking on modern party politics—and, above all, never permitting a bit or scrap of time to be unemployed—have supplied him with an abundance of literary hours. His literary acquisitions are principally owing to the rigid observance of four rules:—To direct his attention to one literary object only at a time; to read the best book on each side; to find out men of information; and, when in their society, to listen, not to talk." These are rules of universal application.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

(Concluded from page 319.)

Return of the Procession.

At a few minutes past one o'clock, the procession began to remarshal itself for its return, in the same order as before; save that the Queen walked hand-in-hand with her royal husband, who placed Her Majesty's hand in his own so as to display the wedding-ring, which appeared somewhat more massive than such rings usually are made.

The Queen next proceeded to the Throne Room, where Her Majesty and Prince Albert signed the marriage-register, which was attested by certain members of the Royal Family and officers of state; the book being signed upon a handsome table prepared for the purpose. This signing was one of the most striking incidents of the day.

By ten minutes before two o'clock, the last carriage, in which rode the Prince and the Queen, attended by the Duchess of Sutherland,* had reached Buckingham Palace. His Royal Highness assisted Her Majesty to alight; and "the Royal bride entered her own hall, with an open and joyous countenance, flushed, perhaps, in the slightest degree, and in the most smiling and condescending manner acknowledging the loud and cordial cheers which rang through the apartment." The whole party

shortly after partook of a sumptuous *déjeuner* at the palace; the centre of the table being occupied by a magnificent cake three yards in circumference, about fourteen inches in thickness, and weighing nearly 300 lb.—the manufacture of the yeoman-confectioner of the royal household.

At the conclusion of the breakfast, at a quarter, before four o'clock, the Royal pair left the palace for Windsor, amidst the festive acclamations of a vast multitude. The first carriage was occupied only by Her Majesty and Prince Albert; both of whom appeared in high spirits, and acknowledged the cheers of the crowd in the Park with much earnestness of manner. Four carriages followed; in which were Prince Ernest, and the attendants of Her Majesty and Prince Albert.

Eton and Windsor.

Throughout the road to Windsor, the happy event was variously celebrated. At Kensington, the birth-place of the Queen, an arch of evergreens was erected across the road; the children of the public schools were feasted; and in the evening the town was illuminated. Similar festive commemorations were prepared at Hammersmith, Brentford, Hounslow, &c. At Eton and Windsor, the preparations were upon a more ambitious scale. Fronting the college at Eton, was erected a portion of Grecian design, sixty feet in height, which was covered with 5,000 lamps; among its decorations sparkled the classic legend: "*Gratulatur Etone Victorie et Alberto.*" The interior quadrangle of the college was brilliantly illuminated; and above the principal gateway glittered, "*Floreat Etone.*" There was also an arch of laurels and lamps thrown across the public road. The Etonians, to the number of 550, wore bridal favours; most of the houses were illumined, and "the loud festivity of mirth" was protracted to a late hour. The same joyous feeling animated all classes of the good people of Windsor: the great were feasted in their "Hall," and the humbler classes in their cottages; whilst all joined heart and voice in "Health and Happiness to Victoria and Albert." A brilliant shower of rockets, from Eton, announced the arrival of the Royal party; and at twenty minutes before seven o'clock, the Royal carriage arrived in the High-street, Windsor. Every house was illuminated, or decorated with flags, laurels, mottoes, &c.; and the applause was loud and deafening. Within a few minutes, the Royal carriage drew up at the grand entrance to the Castle; the Queen was handed from the carriage by the Prince; she immediately took his arm, and entered their magnificent home.

London Celebrations.

Meanwhile, the metropolis was rife with festivity—from the sumptuousness of the palace-hall to the hearty enjoyment of the charitable dole: none were “sent empty away.” At St. James’s, a state banquet was given to 100 royal and noble guests, and their suites; all the company wearing court dresses, and the knights their insignia. The finest gold plate in the Royal collection was piled upon the sideboard; and shields, vases, urns, tankards and cups were grouped with infinite taste, and illuminated with candelabra, or *bras de cheminée*. Here glittered many an antique trophy; and the pile was lit up with many a costly gem, crystal, and enamel. Among these exquisite treasures of art, the genius of England, in commemorating her own valour, stood pre-eminent: here were the shield of Achilles, and the national cup, by Flaxman; and many a graceful design, by Stothard and others. As at the *déjeuner*, the table bore a stupendous wedding-cake, upwards of 200 lbs. weight, and three feet and a half in height, by Gunter.* At the close of this banquet, the whole of the guests went to a magnificent assembly at Sutherland House; the north front and gardens being tastefully illuminated. Here, likewise, was a vast and superb presentation cake, by Waud; and the company were but conveyed from one palace to another. The Queen Dowager also entertained certain members of the Royal Family; the Ministers gave full-dress dinners; many of the Societies of the Inns of Court feasted in their noble halls; † the clubs in their palatial mansions; and in every grade of society there was a festal celebration:

“With ale irriguous, or champagne.”

The proprietors of many manufacturing establishments regaled the several persons in their employment. At the tannery of Messrs. Keasly, in Bermondsey, nearly 400 persons were thus feasted, under a marquee 240 feet long and fifty feet in breadth; the good cheer being an ox-roasted whole, a plum-pudding of 168 pounds weight, seven butts of ale and porter, and a hogshead of cold punch.

The inmates of the public institutions, as the schools and hospitals, were not forgotten: the sick were comforted in their sufferings; and, in the enthusiasm of the day, the invaluable lesson of *Fear God and honour the Queen* was imprinted upon

* At this banquet was served a very fine sturgeon, the first caught in the present mayoralty in the river Thames, off Greenwich, and sent, as a present, to Her Majesty by the Lord Mayor.

† The benches of the Inner Temple, Lincoln’s Inn, and Gray’s Inn, had handsome entertainments. The hall of the Middle Temple was, meanly, closed

many thousands of joyous and grateful hearts. The 600 children of the parochial schools of St. Martin-in-the-fields, were feasted at the expense of the benevolent Queen Dowager. Even the inmates of the much-abused union workhouses, in many parishes, fared sumptuously.

Throughout the country, the day appears to have been kept by incorporated and individual generosity, as a holiday of the olden time; but, happily, with a holier object than any dearly-bought victory, such as has been a common occasion of rejoicing in our time.

Illuminations.

The illuminations in the metropolis were more brilliant than numerous; their increased splendour being a consequence of their irregularity. Still, they were neither few nor far between; but the dark intervals, doubtless, added to their effect, somewhat in the ratio of the half empty theatre making Handel’s music sound the better. Again, the substitution, in many cases, of gas for oil lamps, was an improvement; for, much as we admire the rich and many-hued light of oil lamp wicks within cut glass, the white light of coal gas is decidedly of superior brilliancy. At nightfall, crowns, stars, initials, and devices glittered and blazed in every direction: the streets presented an atmosphere of bright light: in the view from the bridges, this same brilliancy appeared to hover over the vast town; and occasionally might be witnessed fine effects of light and shade, that would gladden the artistical eye: thus, from Blackfriars Bridge might be seen the strong glare whitening the campanile towers and western front of St. Paul’s Cathedral, and throwing into deep shadow the nobly-swelling dome, and other massive proportions of this stately edifice. The Government offices presented the most elaborate displays: from the Admiralty to Downing-street was an uninterrupted succession of glittering devices; and the National Gallery, in the distance, shone in appropriate splendour of design. The Ordnance Office, in Pall Mall, was light with (65,000 lamps), a characteristic brilliancy; at Marlborough House, flambeaux flared upon the wall, notwithstanding the Park front of the mansion presented a much better opportunity for effective illumination. The club-houses of Pall Mall and St. James’s-street came forth superbly with their myriads of lamps and gas jets: the lamp-lit window-cases at the Travellers’ were admirably in keeping with the architectural character of the edifice. The walls of Gloucester, Cambridge, and Devonshire Houses were thickly studded with blazing flambeaux. In Regent-street, the devices were very numerous: Messrs. Howell and James’s long *façade*, with countless jets of gas, attracted such a crowd as even Londoners term “terrific.” In the western squares, several private houses were handsomely illuminated: in Manchester-square, the mansion of the French ambassador displayed, on a large scale, the national arms of France, with the initials of Louis Philippe in the centre, surmounted by “V. and A.,” the whole having the effect of a strongly illuminated transparency. In Lower Grosvenor-street, at Duval’s, the metal gilder’s two knights in full armour stood in niches, surrounded with intense gas-light; Mivart’s Hotel, in Lower Brook-street, was literally covered with gas devices. The line of the Strand and Fleet-street resembled high carnivals, save in the dark dresses of the vast living river that poured through it. Messrs. Ackermann exhibited cleverly painted transparent whole-length portraits of the Queen and Prince Albert. Somerset House was handsomely lit in the centre of the Strand front. The newspaper offices were tastefully brilliant. In Holborn, Day and Martin’s front almost

eclipsed the other illuminations in the neighbourhood: and a gas star at Brett's Hotel, lit the street on either side for nearly a quarter of a mile. In Bridge-street, Blackfriars, the Hand-in-Hand Insurance Office displayed the motto "Hand-in-Hand," in gas jets, across the front—a very brilliant conceit. Ludgate Hill and Cheapside were resplendent with stars, crowns, and Royal initials. The General Post Office, (notwithstanding its reduced revenue,) had its central front covered with crowns, initials, and a magnificent star surrounded by a wreath of flowers. The Mansion House was similarly lit; and, with the Bank and other large establishments, all handsomely illuminated, poured a rich flood of light over this portion of the city. The Guildhall, like the Travelers' Club-house, was architecturally lit.

A more novel mode of illumination excited special wonder. This was the application of the Drummond Light to illuminating the turrets of Vanbrough Castle, the residence of L. H. Potts, Esq., at the eastern entrance to Greenwich Park, at the top of Maize Hill.

The columns and pediment of Apsley House were covered with a gas crown and initials: but the long *façade* of Northumberland House was a gloomy and cheerless blank.

Theatres.

Every playhouse in the metropolis, (except Her Majesty's and the Haymarket,) was gratuitously opened to the public, who were admitted by tickets obtained in the forenoon of Monday.* This royal boon detained some thousands of persons from witnessing the illuminations until the close of the performances; so that the concourse in the streets was necessarily protracted till daybreak. Not only were the theatres thus freely opened, but the Royal command extended to the large taverns in the metropolis and suburbs, whereat there are evening musical performances.

At the national theatres of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, two emblematical spectacles, or masques, were produced in honour of the event. The Drury Lane piece was a *pour servir* affair, of renovated scenery, dingy dresses, and ineffective pantomime; with little ingenuity of construction, and less merit in enactment: it was, indeed, altogether unworthy of "Her Majesty's servants." The Covent Garden masque is, however, of a better class of productions, and has been *mis en scène* by Mr. Planche, who is the *Inigo* of his day in the higher department of stage costume and characteristic appointments: he is, in the theatre, what Inigo was at court, the inventor of the machinery and decorations of the costly masques and pageants then in vogue. Mr. Planche's piece is entitled the *Fortunate Isles*; the design of which is to illustrate, in pantomime, the leading events of the history of England. Thus, we have the allegorical personages of Britannia and Liberty, the latter leading ancient British warriors and Druids to

battle. Britannia is successively captured by representatives of Saxons, Danes, and Normans; the latter of whom enchain her, when Liberty enters, and, striking off her fetters, the scene changes to a magnificent *tableau* of the signing of Magna Charta. To this succeeds "the Hall of Chivalry," hung with escutcheons of the most celebrated military heroes; and impersonations of Edward III., the Black Prince, and Henry V., occupying the foreground. In the rear, are the tutelary saints of England, Scotland, and Ireland; and, at the command of Honour, (the representative of which is much too stalwart for our days,) the names of Marlborough, Abercromby, and Wellington appear upon their pedestals. This addition is a stage anachronism, and had better been reserved for its proper date and place. Victory, with her laurel wreath, hovers over the *tableau*, and the scene *drops*. It rises again to discover a landscape in Kent; with a Maypole dance: a moving panorama represents Queen Elizabeth at Tilbury Fort, the arrival of the armada, and an engagement between the English and Spanish fleets; the management of which is highly creditable to the machinist. The civil wars are next allegorized by Ate, and three attendant fiends; but her reign is short, (as that of "the Mother of Debate" ever ought to be,) and is succeeded by a *tableau* of the landing of Charles II. "The licentiousness of the times following the Puritan days, is portrayed by the entrance of a number of Bacchanals, who make Britannia drunk. She is roused to her senses by Liberty and Honour, and the date '1688' appears as the remedy for all her evils. The scene next represents the ocean, (as at the opening, when the gods christened our isle 'Britannia,') out of which rises the Star of Brunswick, an elaborate (but not peculiarly novel) piece of mechanism; which opens as it enlarges, and discovers the word 'Victoria' in brilliant letters, surrounded by smaller revolving stars. A hymeneal altar rises, heraldic cupids fly about the air, and the piece terminates."† As a spectacle, this production is almost faultless; and does equal credit to the taste of Mr. Planche; the artists of the scenes, Messrs. Grieve; the machinists and property-men, the dressers, and ballet-master. The incidental music is the least effective performance: the flourishes, or *soundings*, in our early theatres, as at Blackfriars, were, doubtless, as appropriate.‡ The tasteful

* Complaints have been made that some of the tickets were unfairly issued upon the previous Saturday. Some of the managers, too, meanly withdrew their new pieces, and substituted old, threadbare performances.

• Times Report.

† Formerly, the music of masques was very costly. Thus, at a splendid masque given by the four Inns of Court, in London, in 1633, we read of

liberality of the management must not be forgotten by ourselves, or the public; for, in quick perception of effect, and nice attention to keeping the time in joint, there is scarcely one rival near the Covent Garden throne.

Presentation Rings.

Rings appear to have been formerly given away at weddings in great number.* Thus, Antony Wood notes, that Killey, in 1589, at Trebona, "was openly profuse beyond the limits of a sober philosopher, and did give away, in gold wire rings, (or rings twisted with thin gold wires,) at the marriage of one of his maid-servants, to the value of 4,000/."

Upon the present occasion, Queen Victoria has followed the above amiable old custom. Mr. Wyon, chief engraver of Her Majesty's seals, was commissioned to execute her likeness in profile: it is in pure gold, bright upon a mat ground; the legend being "Victoria Regina:" the whole is less than a quarter of an inch in diameter; but, with the aid of a powerful magnifying glass, the features are seen beautifully delineated. The Queen was so pleased with this microscopic work of art, that Her Majesty ordered six dozen impressions to be struck, and set by the Royal jewellers, (Messrs. Rundell and Bridge,) in gold rings, for presentation to distinguished persons. Similar rings are likewise on sale to the public; and we know not a more elegant, unique, or economical commemoration of the Royal nuptials than this tasteful personal ornament. The ring is of fine plain gold, with a lover's knot on each side of the medallion. Another, and somewhat more costly ring, also containing the medallion, is variegated with rich purple enamel.

"Accounts" of the Marriage.

The fullest descriptive details of the

the Blackfriars band, (which became more numerous after Shakspeare's death,) receiving £1,000 for their services.

* In an old Latin work, ascribing the invention of the ring to Tubal Cain, we find this pretty conceit: "The form of the ring being circular, that is, round and without end, importeth thus much; that their mutual love and hearty affection should roundly flow from one to the other, as in a circle; and that continually and for ever." Herrick has versified this quaintness with great felicity.

"And as this round
Is nowhere found
To flaw or else to sever;
So let our love
As endless prove,
And pure as gold for ever."

Mr. Brand notes: "This allusion, both to the form and metal of which the ring is composed, is elegant. Were it not too long, it would be the best *poesie* for a wedding-ring that was ever devised."—See *Knowledge for the People*. Part II. Curious Customs, p. 12.

ceremony and celebration appeared in the newspapers of Monday evening and Tuesday morning. Four of the eight folios of *The Times* were thus occupied, and published within twenty hours of the solemnity itself. The following minutiae of this journal will, doubtless, be acceptable:

"*The Times* of Tuesday, Feb. 11, containing an account of the royal nuptials, sold, we are informed, 30,000 copies. The length of a column of *The Times* is twenty-two inches: If every copy of *The Times* then printed could be cut into forty-eight single columns, and if those forty-eight columns were tacked to each other, they would extend 494 miles, and 1,593 yards. To give some idea of the extent of that distance, it may be sufficient to say, that one of the wheels of the mail which runs from Falmouth to London, and again from London to Easingwold, a small town, twelve miles below York, might run all the way on the letter-press so printed, except the last 167 yards. The same extent of letter-press would reach from London to Paris, and back again from Paris to Canterbury, and a little further. The 30,000 papers, if opened and joined together, would cover a length of twenty-two miles and 1,280 yards; or, in other words, would reach from the *Times* office in Printing-house Square, to the entrance hall in Windsor Castle, leaving a few yards for stair-carpets. Nothing can illustrate more forcibly than this statement, the great utility of the machinery employed in multiplying, with so marvellous a rapidity, such an immense number of copies."

The increased rapidity of wood engraving has enabled certain of the Sunday newspapers to illustrate their "accounts" with views of the marriage ceremony, the celebration, &c. As this has been accomplished under circumstances of almost insurmountable difficulty, in obtaining access to the scenes to be sketched, accuracy will not be looked for in these illustrations. The details of the buildings must have been sketched some days previous to Monday the 10th; but neither the fittings, appliances, nor the procession could be drawn before the above day, and then only from hasty glances. Nevertheless, facilities appear to have been partially afforded to some journalists, who state themselves to have enjoyed a glimpse of the Attestation through the folding-doors of the Throne-room at St. James's; and, by permission of the Lord Steward, a "transient peep" at the Wedding Banquet, of only 100 guests.

Foreseeing, therefore, such difficulties as above referred to, we resolved to omit altogether engravings of this national event, rather than, in unavoidable haste, disfigure the pages of the *Literary World* with a caricature representation, which could neither possess accuracy of portraiture, numbers, or position; and little or no artistic merit. The accomplishment of such embellishments we confess ourselves content to leave to less scrupulous heads and hands. Meanwhile, it is gratifying to learn, that an accredited pictorial record of the Royal Marriage may be expected; Mr. Hayter having, by command of Her

Majesty, witnessed the whole of the ceremony, and sketched for this object.

The Chapel Royal and state apartments of St. James's Palace, with the fittings undisturbed, have since been visited by 50,000 of the public, who passed through the Chapel at the average rate of fifty per minute.

SONG:

Composed by LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY,
set to music by Miss TATE, and sung at Belvoir
Castle, on Her Majesty's Nuptial Day.

Break, earth, into gladness,
Bright sun, brighter shine,
For this day is auspicious
To Brunswick's proud line!
She comes forth majestic,
With maidenly mien,
Crown'd with blushes and beauty,
God bless thee, fair Queen! (*Da capo*.)
Bright daughter of England!
How glorious thy sway!
O'er thine empire sits never
The glad orb of day!
Million hearts, brave and loyal,
Thy champions have been;
One, worth millions and empires—
Thy husband's fair Queen!

Varieties.

German Literature.—The progress of literary production in Germany during the last two centuries and a half has been truly surprising. In the year 1589, there were published in that country 362 works, mostly of such a nature and quality that the best thing one can do is to say nothing about them. In 1614, the Bibliography exhibits 731; one hundred years later, 628; in 1750, about 1,080; in 1780, 2,115; in 1814, above 2,500; in 1816, 3,000; in 1822, upwards of 4,000; and in 1827, more than 5,000 new works. In 1814 to 1831, Germany produced 84,000 new works, among which were 6,000 novels; and from 1830 to 1837, the total amount is 55,318; namely, in 1830, 5,920; in 1831, 6,389; in 1832, 6,929; in 1833, 6,320; in 1834, 7,202; in 1835, 7,146; in 1836, 7,529; in 1837, 7,891. Divided according to states, there were published in the last-mentioned year in Austria, 491; in Prussia, 2,169; in Saxony, 1,342; in Bavaria, 889; in Wurttemberg, 609; in Hanover, 177; in Baden, 263; in the two Hesses, 263; in Holstein, sixty-eight; in the four Saxon duchies, 309; in Brunswick, sixty-five; in Oldenburg, twelve; in Mecklenburg, forty-six; in Anhalt, eleven; in Schwarzburg, thirty-seven; in Reuss, Waldeck, and Lippe, sixteen; in Lübeck, seven; in Bremen, thirty-three; in Frankfurt on the Mayn, 128; and in Hamburg, 185 new works.—*Bent's List.*

An Architect's wages formerly.—In 1544, John of Padua was "devizour of His Majestie's works," and his payment was twoshillings a day!—*Times.*

The Author of Junius.—The question as to the authorship of *Junius* will, it is said, be fully set at rest by the forthcoming *Life and Correspondence and Literary Remains of the late Sir Philip Francis*, to whom the remarkable production has been so frequently attributed. This important work is to proceed from the pen of H. R. Francis, Esq., to whom the entire correspondence of his late grandfather devolved: a host of letters of the highest value and interest, from the most distinguished characters, including the Earl of Chatham, Lord North, Burke, Locke, &c.; Diaries kept at various periods; Speeches and Opinions on great political Questions.

• Observer Report.

Royal Munificence.—The King of the French, having received from Mr. Boys, the new beautiful work of *Picturesque Architecture in Paris, Ghent, &c.*, just published by him, has most handsomely presented to him a splendid brilliant ring, with his cipher, L. P., in diamonds, on a blue enamel shield, bordered with brilliants, and surmounted by a crown of the same precious gems. It was accompanied by a letter, expressing his Majesty's desire that the gift should be received as a *souvenir* of the gratification which the work has afforded him.—*Morning Post.*

• *Geology.*—A Dictionary of Geology and Mineralogy is in the press, under the superintendence of Mr. Huddle. Every author who has written on these sciences will be quoted.

Rubens.—In the possession of the Demoiselles Kniff, at Antwerp, is a Rubens, which has never been out of the hands of their family since it quitted the artist's easel; perhaps it is now the only one in existence under such circumstances. It is of a nymph bathing, overlooked by a satyr. The nymph is in a crouching position. Its value is estimated at 3,000 guineas, but no sum would induce its possessors to part with it; although, perhaps, at their death (and they are aged) it will be offered for sale. It is a work of the highest and rarest merit, and is in the best state of preservation, having been always kept in a case.—*Bent's List.*

Polite Correction.—Sir Robert Cham, upon one occasion, when passing sentence upon a batch of convicted criminals, is said, by accident, to have pronounced sentence of transportation on one who it was intended should be hanged. Shocked beyond measure, when apprized of this mistake, he desired the culprit to be again placed in the dock, and hastily putting on the black cap, he addressed him: "Prisoner at the bar, I beg your pardon!" and then proceeded to pass on him the awful sentence of the law.—*Law and Lawyers.*

Venerable Yew-tree.—There is at present an ancient yew-tree growing in Darley churchyard, near Matlock, of the enormous girth of thirty-three feet. This evergreen is surrounded by wooden benches, which it is customary for those who attend divine service in that church to sit upon, especially during summer, previous to their entering the sacred edifice. It is supposed to be upwards of 300 years old, and is considered one of the largest trees of this kind, and, perhaps, one of the oldest in England.—*Liverpool Chronicle.*

Satisfaction.—Lord William Poulet was said to be the author of a pamphlet called *The Snake in the Grass*. A gentleman abused in it sent him a challenge. Lord William protested his innocence, but the gentleman insisted upon a denial under his hand. Lord William took a pen and began—"This is to scratify that the buk called *The Snake*!" "Oh! my lord," said the person, "I am satisfied: your lordship has already convinced me you did not write the book."—*Times.*

An honest Lawyer.—Ben Jonson "going through a church in Surrey, seeing poore people weeping over a grave, asked one of the women why they wept? "Oh! said shee, 'we have lost our pretious lawyer, Justice Randall, he kept us all in peace, and always was so good as to keep us from going to law; the best man that ever lived.'" "Well," said Ben Jonson, "I will send you an epitaph to write upon his tomb," which was—

"God works wonders now and then,
Here lyes a lawyer, an honest man."

Consolations in Travel.—Mr. Tweedie, in his account of a recent journey across the pampas of Buenos Ayres to Tucuman, notes: "While here, I entered my sixtieth year, and falling into a sort of melancholy fit, at remembering that I was now 9,000 miles distant from my native country, and, at the present time, surrounded with a class of people more barbarous than the worst tribe of savages, men who rejoice in the difficulties and dangers of

others, nothing affording them more delight than seeing a person fall from his horse, or attacked by an infuriated bull; these being, I say, the prevailing sentiments of my mind on the anniversary of my birth, my fellow-traveller, a Dr. Mernoz, recommended me, as a cordial to the spirits, a drop of wine; so extracting the cork of, alas! my last bottle of Madeira, he and I sat down to enjoy it, and soon drained the flask."

"*The Mitre*."—Lord Stowell, when young, was in the habit of joining the literary parties at the Mitre, where some of the highest ornaments of our literature used to assemble. He would endeavour to induce his brother John (Lord Eldon) to accompany him to these symposia, but was invariably refused with the constant phrase, "Brother, I sup with Coke to-night."

Appeals.—Lord Cathcart, who had spent his life in courts and camps, said, that he could form a clear opinion upon most of the cases that came before the House of Lords.—*Law and Lawyers*.

An upright Judge.—It has been related of Mr Justice Lawrence, a most excellent man, and able judge, that at a trial at York, he summed up decidedly in favour of the defendant; but having given the case further consideration, it appeared to him that he had altogether mistaken the law. A verdict having been recorded against the plaintiff, he had no redress; but it is generally understood, that the judge, feeling the weakness of his situation, left him, in his will, a sum of money sufficient to indemnify him for the loss he had thus sustained.—*Law and Lawyers*.

Legal Courtship.—Mr. Chitty relates an anecdote of a young attorney who had been carrying on a correspondence with a young lady, in which he had always, as he thought, expressed himself with the greatest caution. Finding, however, that he did not perform what he had led the lady to believe that he would, she brought an action for breach of promise of marriage against him. When his letters were produced on the trial, it appeared that he had always concluded—"this, without prejudice, from your faithfully, C. D." The judge facetiously left it to the jury to determine whether these concluding words, being from an attorney, did not mean that he did not intend any prejudice to the lady, and the jury found accordingly.—*Law and Lawyers*.

New Work on the Interior of New Holland.—Dr. Lhotsky announces for publication his *Journey from Sydney to the Australian Alps*, a work full of new facts respecting the geographical and natural relations of this important country, its aborigines, &c. As a specimen, we subjoin a few of the Doctor's general remarks on the subject of the *paths of the aborigines of New Holland*. "Our savages know of no rule, no system, except where they are absolutely forced to resort to it. In their wanderings through open places, they follow, even if their number be considerable, their own fancy; but, if any locality, which they have to pass in their hunting excursions, or for obtaining water, presents any particular feature,—for instance, is encompassed by swamps, or if there be a barrier which cannot be avoided—then, as a matter of course, a certain direction is given, and it must be followed. This is the reason why regular paths of the Papuas are rather frequently met with. I saw them first between Botany Bay and Port Hacking, exactly in a locality confirming my above remark; and the path which appeared in some places of Byron's Valley, was of the same nature. These paths are almost the only historical monuments which the Papuas leave behind, if we except, perhaps, large accumulations of oyster and cockle shells, near the sea-shore; which, as some instruments to open them have been found amongst the heaps, might have been collected by these people frequenting such places for a series of years. However, as there is in the habits of the Papuas always a great approximation to brutes, the reader will observe, that the kangaroos,

also, make, with their large tails, similar tracks, of which I found some, very large, in Tasman Peninsula."

The following is worthy of note.—The great similitude of New Holland and Van Diemen's Land plants in general, and far more, the identity of the species of the Australian Alps with those of Van Diemen's Land, is one of the facts shewing, clearly, that these two countries were only discovered at so late an age of the globe, when the germs of present vegetation have been already laid,—an age which, comparatively speaking, cannot be but recent.

Very Original Correspondence. (To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.)

Dear Sir,—The following account of the present state and prospects of the Insect World may prove highly acceptable to such of my brother naturalists as are enthusiastic lovers of entomology, and are longing for the bright and flowery days of spring, when they may again go forth and chase the insects over hill and dale, in philosophic carelessness of all treacherous bogs, prickly bushes, man-traps, and spring-guns. My information may be implicitly relied on, as I am (now that the postage is reduced) in perpetual correspondence with all the first entomologists in and out of the universe,—including Count Kokshafur, of Berlin; Count Katchumail, of Siberia; Baron von Kriehz, of the North Pole; and Alderman Squeers, of Whitechapel, Massachusetts. The fleas have gone out of town in their buggies; the ticks are gone to the dogs; the spiders have hung themselves in their own webs; there is a scarcity of all sorts of grub in the market; the blue-bottles are all cracked; the lice have been destroyed by the military in their head-quarters; the grasshoppers have ceased to cricket; and the bees wax wroth, and vow they will give us no honey, unless we make an allowance for their queen's husband. Indeed, the insects are becoming very flighty, and threaten to create such a buzz as will deafen the very ear-wigs; and we naturalists expect to be called out to capture them, and place them in safe custody in the cabinet of the British Museum. As for the once respectable cheese-hoppers, I regret to say they have changed their religion, and all turned jumpers; and the glow-worms are all converts to the new light—Bude's, I mean. The ants have become so troublesome, that even the entomologists declare they are sick of ants (sycophants). Lord Brougham intends to bring in a bill for the abolition of niggers in turnips, and Lady Byron is about to publish a bulletin respecting the health of the sick Ada. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the season, I still find the butterfly flies: for, if I buy a pound of it in the morning, it's all gone before night.

Ever happy to contribute my mite to your excellent journal, I remain, &c.

JAMES H. FENNEL, P. X. Z.

No Judge.—A certain judge of our time having somewhat hastily delivered judgment in a particular case, a king's counsel observed, in a tone loud enough to reach the bench, "Good Heavens! every judgment of this court is a mere toss up." "But heads seldom win," observed a learned barrister, sitting behind him. On another occasion, this wit proposed the following riddle for solution: "Why does — (the judge in question) commit an act of bankruptcy every day?" The answer was, "Because he daily gives a judgment without consideration."

Have you heard of the man who drove a tandem, and called his first horse *Xerxes*, and the second, *Arter-serxes*?—ALBERT.

Con.—Why is a race-horse like a lollipop? Because, the more it is licked, the faster it goes.

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OF
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FORTRESS OF KELAT, BEOLOCHISTAN: (North face,) captured by the British Troops, November 13. 1839

FORTRESS OF KELAT, BELOOCHISTAN.

The picturesque locality engraved upon the preceding page, has recently been the scene of a brilliant achievement of British arms; the result of which is the addition of an important territory to our vast possessions in India.

Beloochistan, or, the country of the Belooches, (of which Kelat is a principal district,) extends along the coast of the Indian Ocean, from the river Indus nearly to the straits of Ormuz: its average length is stated at 600 miles, and 300 miles breadth, which will give an area of 180,000 square miles, or about the surface of the British island, and one half more. This country was formerly considered as constituting part of Persia, and afterwards as belonging to Afghanistan; but it has been since ascertained that its dependance on Cabul was merely nominal; and at the date of the above conquest, it was considered as a separate country.

The district of Kelat lies in an upland country, at the northern angle of Beloochistan; in its parallel, and about fifty miles to the north and south of it, the whole surface is covered with a succession of high mountains and narrow valleys, with only small levels between them. The highest part of this mountain tract is about Kelat, where the elevation of the whole country is not much less than 8,000 feet above the sea. To the south, as well as the north, of it, are some plains of considerable extent; which, like a succession of terraces, seem to decrease in elevation as they recede from the central mass.

Kelat, or Kelant-e-Nausseer, was, until recently, the residence of a Khan, whose dominion extended over the country larger than England. The town is enclosed with a wall of mud, and stands partly on the acclivity of a hill, on which the palace of the Khan is built. It contains 3,750 houses, and about 20,000 inhabitants. In the eastern upland country to the north and south of Kelat, are settled, in considerable numbers, the Nharooes, the most distinguished tribe of the Belooches. They consider private theft disgraceful; but the plunder and devastation of a country are viewed as highly honourable actions. Their manners are pastoral: they usually reside in ghedans, or tents, made of black felt, or coarse blankets, stretched over a frame of wicker-work. They are hospitable, indolent, and fond of hunting. The Braheoes, a wandering tribe, on the plains to the south of Kelat, are, however, more quiet and industrious: they till large tracts of land, and sell grain, cheese, and

ghee, with a few coarse blankets, carpets, and felts.

About Kelat, the country is highly cultivated: the vegetables and fruits common in England, (except the potato,) are raised in abundance; to which are to be added, almonds, figs, pomegranates, pistachio-nuts, plantains, and guavas; and the water-melons attain such a size, that one man is unable to lift them: madder is grown with great care in the northern and eastern districts; salt-petre is dug; and, to the south, the horses are strong, well-boned, and large.

The government of Kelat was despotic, but limited by a feudal system. The sirdars, or chiefs, were bound to furnish their quota of soldiers, and to attend the court. They were partly hereditary, and partly chosen by the tribes themselves. In the western districts, the authority of the Khan was only nominal; and the government was in the hands of the sirdars, who were commonly chosen by the people, but did not enjoy extensive authority. The tribes here were, properly speaking, a number of petty republics, in which every member felt that he had a right of revenging his own wrongs, and of giving his vote on all matters of public interest.

The late Khan of Kelat, Muerab, appears to have avowed determined hostility to the British army now in occupation of the banks of the Indus. Accordingly, Major-General Sir T. Willshire, C. B., commanding the Bombay column, was appointed by the Commander-in-Chief of the army of the Indus, and envoy and minister to Shah Soojah, under date Cabool, September 17, 1839, to the duty of deposing the refractory Khan. In the Major's march to Kelat, Muerab, so far from acceding to the terms offered to him by the British, threatened resistance if the troops approached his capital: they, therefore, proceeded, and arrived at the village of Giranee, within eight miles of Kelat, on the 12th of November. Next morning, a body of Belooches horse fired on the British advanced guard, and skirmishing ensued, until the respective troops advanced within a mile of Kelat. The three heights on the north-western face of the fort, and parallel to the north, were now seen to be covered with infantry; with five guns in position, protected by small parapet walls. Major Willshire and his brave companions in arms, succeeded in storming and carrying these heights at midnight, in fine style. The grand point of resistance appears to have been the gate in the north face of the fortress, half of which was knocked in by the fire of the British artillery, when within 200 yards; then the storming columns entered, under a heavy fire from the works

and from the interior, the enemy making a most gallant and determined resistance, disputing every inch of ground, up to the walls of the inner citadel. The troops having, for some time, held possession of the town, next made a forcible entrance into the citadel, where a desperate resistance was made by Muerab Khan, at the head of his people, he himself, with many of his principal chiefs, being killed sword in hand; several others, however, kept up a fire upon the British troops, from detached buildings, difficult of access; and it was not until late in the afternoon, that the survivors surrendered, upon a promise of their lives being spared. The garrison consisted of 2,000 Belooches, the élite of the nation, all fighting men; and the son of Muerab Khan had been expected to join him with a further reinforcement. The defences of the fort far exceeded in strength what Major Willshire had been led to suppose, from previous report; and the towering height of the citadel was most formidable, both in appearance and reality. The loss in killed of British, was, one lieutenant, H.M. second, or Queen's Royal Regiment, and thirty rank and file: wounded, 108; being about one-fifth of the number actually engaged. The loss on the part of the enemy must have been great; including eight Beloochee chiefs, besides Muerab Khan.

Captain Ontram, acting as extra aid-de-camp to Major Willshire, left the camp before Kelat, on November 15, with despatches for the Governor-General of India, announcing this important capture. The Captain made his way through Beloochistan, in disguise, from Kelat to Somnana, a distance of upwards of 350 miles, which he accomplished in seven days and a half; but he subsequently had a tedious passage by sea. From these official despatches, the above details of the action have been selected.* For the original of the engraving, a lithograph, executed in India, our acknowledgments are due to the kindness of the conductors of the *Morning Post*.

MIDNIGHT.

SCENE—*The Banqueting Hall of a Castle in the olden times.*

Housed is the steed within his stall; •
The hound lies sleeping in the hall;
Hush'd are the minstrel's warlike lays,
That told of other times and days:
The harp upon the wall is hung,
To whose soft strains he oft had sung:
E'en now, it breathes a lonely lay,

* On the 21st inst., upon the motion of Viscount Melbourne, the thanks of the House of Lords were voted to General Sir T. Willshire, C. B., and his brave companions in arms, for their signal services at Kelat.

When o'er its strings the soft winds play;
As if the spirit of some former lord
Still lingered there, and struck the chord;
Perchance returned, for a brief time to dwell
Among those scenes of youth he lov'd so well.
I. E.

THE AUTHOR OF "DR. SYNTAX."

(To the Editor.)

IN the notice of the late Princess Elizabeth's works, inserted in the *Literary World*, No. 46, p. 303, you allude to the Sketches which were illustrated in verse by the late William Combe, author of *Dr. Syntax*; but the note of interrogation, added by you, induces me to think that you were in doubt as to the fact of Combe's being the author of the illustrations. I can set you right, in that respect, for I possess a complete list of all Combe's works, in his own handwriting; and in it mention is made of *Illustrations, in Verse, of Sketches by the Princess Elizabeth*. In another list, also in Combe's handwriting, he describes the work as *Poetical Illustrations of Drawings by the Princess Elizabeth*. I have a letter from Ackermann to Combe, asking for permission to publish a list of his works; but it was written a short time only before Combe died, and the lists which I possess, were, no doubt, prepared for publication in consequence of that request, though never published. I have also much MS. in Combe's writing, whether or not published, I am unable to say.

ROBERT COLE.

A SCENE IN A STUDIO.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

ONE evening, at Venice, a man entered the studio of Marc Antonio Raimondi, the famous engraver. The stranger seemed in some agitation; but he seated himself, and addressing a young disciple, who was busily employed, asked if Marc Antonio was at home.

The young man looked up and smiled with an expression of surprise. "At home—and the hour nine? Oh, you are jesting! Marc Antonio went out two hours ago, according to his custom, with Signor Pietro Aretino; they will not return, of course, till near day-break."

The next day the stranger returned. Marc Antonio was within. "*Salute!*" he said dryly, on entering. The elegant engraver answered with his wonted courtesy. "I am a German, Signore"—resumed his visitor. "I purchased at Nuremberg a collection of Albrecht Durer's engravings. I want some of those last published. I have been informed you could procure them for me."

"I can serve you, indeed," replied Marc

Antonio; "but I do not trouble myself about such things. Go to that young man there."

"To procure such beautiful proofs of the works of Albrecht Durer," remarked the stranger, "you must have close relations with Germany—nay—with Durer himself."

"O certainly!" said Marc Antonio. "I exchange proofs of my engravings with those of Durer. He is my friend. You must be aware that between rivals such as we are, there must exist a good understanding."

"Heavens!" interrupted the stranger, as he looked over the prints: "what are these? signore! Albrecht Durer is quite unworthy of your friendship."

"Ha!"

"He is a rascal!"

"But—signore—"

"A despicable fellow!"

"Signore, Albrecht Durer is my friend. I cannot permit him to be spoken ill of in my presence."

"He is a rascal, I tell you! You think you receive from him his best proofs; you are deceived! He sends you only miserable copies, carelessly made by the worst of his pupils!"

Marc Antonio started at these words, and coloured deeply.

"How! an engraver of his genius, suffer himself to be disgraced in such a manner! Look at this *L'engine della scimia*! Contrast it with the proof I brought from Nuremberg. Tell me, yourself, if the engravings you have from Albrecht Durer can compare with mine? Do you find equal grace, purity, and force, in both? That water, you see, has no transparency; that perspective is bad; that madonna has no grace—the child no nature. How harsh and incorrect those outlines! I could almost say this proof of yours had been wrought with a blunted graver! In the other you find all the freedom and energy of the master."

"'Tis true!" faltered Marc Antonio; "you say well. Albrecht Durer has deceived me!"

"False villain!"—cried the stranger in a terrible voice—"false villain! it is not Durer who has deceived you! It is you who have cheated the public; the imbecile public, that cannot distinguish between the works of an artist who labours for posterity, and that of a dissolute wretch who sells his genius to the indecencies of Arcetino and Julio Romano! Yes; Marc Antonio, you are the impostor! You have usurped the name of others—*my* name! for know that *I am Albrecht Durer!*"

Pale and struck, Marc Antonio sank back upon the seat from which he had started.

"I will have justice. All Europe shall know your perfidy. Your name shall indeed be inseparable from mine, Fame shall proclaim—" This is he who usurped the name of Durer—who degraded his talents to the task of perpetuating the vile sketches of Julio Romano, and the infamous libels of Arcetino!" So saying, the stranger rushed out.

From the studio he repaired to the Venetian Senate, where he entered his complaint. The Senate passed a decree, forbidding Marc Antonio, under severe penalties, to counterfeit again the signature or the cipher of Albrecht Durer, and ordering all the falsified engravings to be committed to the flames. All Italy took part with the German artist. Clement VII. threw Marc Antonio into prison for engraving scandalous prints. Durer, revenged, and full of honours, returned to Germany, after a sojourn of three months in Venice and Rome. Marc Antonio, despite his splendid genius, could never wipe out that disgrace, whence, by many historians, his name is never mentioned without the addition of the epithet *ladrone* (robber).—From the *Magazzino Pittorico*.

THE HYSSOP OF SCRIPTURE.

The Scriptures have taught every one that there is such a plant as Hyssop; but it should be known that the Hyssop, or *Esob*, of Scripture is certainly a distinct species from our common Hyssop (*Hyssopus officinalis*), which was introduced into England, from the south of Europe, about the year 1548.

Solomon is said to have spoken of "the cedar that groweth on Lebanon," to the "hyssop, springing out of the wall." Hence, it seems to be meant that he spoke of trees from the largest to the least; but, surely, our Hyssop is not the *minimus* among plants. An exceedingly minute plant, the *Gynnostomum truncatulum*, was observed, by Hasselquist, growing in abundance upon the walls of Jerusalem; and he conjectures that this is the Hyssop of Solomon.

But, it appears that there was yet some other plant, a shrub, alluded to in Scripture, under the name of Hyssop, or *Esob*; since it is said—"The soldiers having filled a sponge with vinegar, they put it upon a stick of Hyssop, and presented it to our Saviour's mouth, who *exsors* upon the cross."

JAMES H. FENNELL.

ASSAM TEA.—II.

MANUFACTURE.

[We next come to a very interesting division of our subject, namely, the mode of preparing the different varieties of the new Tea. This is, certainly, not the least important branch of the Report; the pos-

sibility of the growth of Tea elsewhere than in China, not having been questioned; whereas the manufacture, or preparation, is a craft, or art, which has to be learned by Europeans. We, therefore, take leave to introduce Mr. Bruce's details.]

Sychee Black Tea.—The leaves of this are the *Souchong* and *Powchong*. After they have been gathered and dried in the sun, in the usual way, (see the former account of Black Tea,) they are beaten and put away four different times; they are then put into baskets, pressed down, and a cloth put over them. When the leaves become of a brownish colour by the heat, they throw out and have a peculiar smell, and are then ready for the pan, the bottom of which is made red-hot. This pan is fixed in masonry breast high, and in a sloping position, forming an angle of forty degrees. Thus the pan being placed on an inclined plane, the leaves, when tossed about in it, cannot escape behind, or on the sides, as it is built high up, but fall out near the edge close to the manufacturer, and always into his hands, so as to be swept out easily. When the bottom of this pan has been made red-hot by a wood fire, the operator puts a cloth to his mouth, to prevent inhaling any of the hot vapour. A man on the left of him stands ready with a basket of prepared leaves; one or two men stand on his right with dollahs, or shallow baskets, to receive the leaves from the pan, and another keeps lifting the hot leaves thrown out of the pan into the dollah, that they may quickly cool. At a given signal from the Chinaman, the person with the basket of prepared leaves seizes a handful and dashes it, as quick as thought, into the red-hot pan. The Chinaman tosses and turns the crackling leaves in the pan for half a minute, then draws them all out by seizing a few leaves in each hand, using them by way of a brush, not one being left behind. They are all caught by the man with the dollah, or basket, who, with his disengaged hand, continues lifting the leaves and letting them fall again, that they may quickly cool. Should a leaf be left behind in the pan by any accident, the cloth that is held ready in the mouth is applied to brush it out; but all this is done as quick as lightning. The man that holds the basket of leaves watches the process sharply; for no sooner is the last leaf out of the pan, than he dashes in another handful, so that, to an observer at a little distance, it appears as if one man was dashing the leaves in, and the other as fast dashing them out again—so quickly and dexterously is this managed. As soon as one basket has received about four handfuls of the hot leaves from the pan, it is removed, and

another basket placed to receive the leaves; and so on, until all is finished. A roaring wood-fire is kept up under the pan, to keep the bottom red-hot, as the succession of fresh leaves tends greatly to cool the pan, which ought always to be scrubbed and washed out after the process is over. In China these pans are made of cast-iron, and if great care is not taken, they will crack in the cooling; to prevent which, one man keeps tapping the inside of the edge of the pan briskly with a wet broom, used in the cleaning of the vessel, while another pours cold water in gently; thus it cools in a few seconds, and is ready for another batch of Tea. The leaves are rolled and tatched the same as the other Teas, and put into the drying basket for about ten minutes. When a little dry, people are employed to work and press the leaves in the hands in small quantities, of about one and a half to two rupees' weight at a time, for about half a minute; they are then put into small square pieces of paper, and rolled up; after this they are put into the drying basket, and permitted to dry slowly over a gentle fire for some hours, until the whole is thoroughly dry. This Tea is not sold in the China market; it is used principally as offerings to the priests, or kept for high days and holidays. It is said to be a very fine Tea, and there is not one man in a hundred who can make it properly. The *Powchong* Tea is made in the same way as the *Sychee*, with this exception, that it is not formed into balls.

Mungeew Black Tea.—The leaves (*Powchong*) are plucked and dried in the sun, and are then beaten and dried in the shade for half an hour; this is done three successive times, and the leaves are very much shaken by a circular motion given to them in a sieve, so as to keep them rolling and tumbling about in the centre of it. This treatment continues until they are very soft; they are then allowed to remain for a short time; the contents of the first sieve are then placed in the centre of a close-worked bamboo basket, with a narrow edge, and the leaves are divided into four equal parts. The contents of the second sieve are placed in another bamboo basket like the former, and this basket is placed on the top of the first, and so on, piling one basket upon another, until all is finished;—there may be about two pounds of leaves in each basket. The red-hot pan is used the same as in *Sychee*, only now the men cast in one division of the leaves into the basket, and this is tumbled and tossed about in the red-hot pan, like a plaything, for about thirty seconds, and then swept out; another division is cast in, and so on, until all the prepared baskets

have been emptied. The contents of each basket are still kept separate, by placing the leaves, when they come out of the pan, in separate baskets. The whole is a brisk and lively scene, and quite methodical, every one knowing his station, and the part he has to perform. The baskets are then arranged on shelves to air; the contents are afterwards tatted, the same as our black Teas, and fired in the drying baskets, but with this difference, that each division is placed on paper and dried. When it is half dry, (the same as our Teas,) it is put away for the night, and the next morning it is picked, and put into the drying baskets over gentle, deadened fires, and gradually dried there; it is then packed hot. This Tea is a difficult sort to make.

Shung Paho Black Tea.—Pluck the young (*Paho*) leaf that has not yet blown or expanded, and has the down on it, and the next one that has blown, with a part of the stalk; put it into the sun for half an hour, then into the shade; tatch over a gentle fire, and in tatching roll the leaves occasionally in the pan, and spread them all round the sides of the same; again roll them until they begin to have a withered and soft appearance, then spread them on large sieves, and put them in the shade to air for the night; next morning pick, and then fire them well. Some Teamakers do not keep them all night, but manufacture and pack the Tea the same day. This Tea is valued in China as it is very scarce; but the Chinamen acknowledge that it is not a good sort. They prefer the Teas the leaves of which are come to maturity.

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[Speech of LORD MAHON upon the Second Reading of MR. SERGEANT TALFOURD'S COPYRIGHT BILL, in the House of Commons, Feb. 19, 1839: reported in the Times.]

WAS it not evident that the literary genius of the country required some fostering measure? How many great works must have been lost to the nation through the *res angustæ domi*, which fettered the energies of those who otherwise would and could have transmitted greater and more enduring memorials of their genius, than these which we were now possessed of. Dryden himself had left on record, that the necessity of writing for his daily bread, prevented him from undertaking a great national poem, which he had long contemplated, but which his necessities compelled him to forego; for the purpose of procuring a subsistence by "writing lewd plays for a profligate court." What was the fate of him, of whose name every Englishman should be

prond—of him of whom it might well be said—

"Into the heaven of heavens he has presumed,
An earthly guest, and drawn empyrean air!"

WAS not that the universal feeling towards Milton in the House, and in this country? Well, then, would the House wish to know how this admiring country had rewarded that illustrious poet? Would they wish to know the fate of Milton's last female descendant? Let them hear the account of his granddaughter, as given by Dr. Johnson, in his *Life of Milton*:—"She kept a petty grocer's, or chandler's shop, near Shoreditch. In 1750, *Comus* was played for her benefit. She has so little acquaintance with diversion or gaiety, that she did not know what was intended when a benefit was offered her. The profits of the night were only £130. She and her husband then augmented their little stock of grocery, with which they removed to Islington;" "and this," adds Dr. Johnson, with natural feeling, "this was the greatest benefaction that *Paradise Lost* ever procured the author's descendants!" "It was beautifully said by him, whose genius shed its beams on an humble country churchyard—

"Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest."

The object of this bill was to obviate the calamity hinted in the poet's reflection—to provide that no future Milton should pass away mute and inglorious; that such an one should be rescued from the daily drudgery of providing in some other profession for his children's bread; that he should be supplied with the natural motive and natural reward for exertion, and that the harvest of his toil should hereafter be reaped by his children. It had been argued, that successful writers were paid by the reputations which they acquired; but why should they be the exception to a general rule? In every other department rich rewards were reaped. In the army, there was the Duke of Marlborough; in science, there was Arkwright; in statesmanship, Canning. Why, then, should literary men, and literary men only, be confined to the empty honour of literary celebrity? He would mention a fact, which proved that the existence of copyright did not enhance the price of standard works. A beautifully printed edition of Lord Byron's poems might be bought in this country for twenty shillings; while a similar edition published in France, where there was no copyright in the work, cost twenty-five francs. If a work were illustrated with many expensive plates, it might be published at a cheaper rate by a bookseller who had the exclusive right of issuing it.

than by several, who would, each of them be obliged to incur the expense of having a separate set of plates engraved. It was, therefore, not clear that the price of works was enhanced by the existence of copyright; and, if it were, a small increase for the benefit of those eminent men to whom the public were so largely indebted, would never be objected to by the people. An insufficient degree of protection promoted the growth of light and ephemeral productions, to the exclusion of those deeper and more scientific works which looked forth, from the present day, to futurity for due appreciation.

It was important to consider, also, what had been the recent legislation of foreign states with respect to copyright; for if it appeared that their legislation had, for the most part, been tending to the same point, and running in the same direction, as were urged in the present bill, it would surely be a strong proof, or, at least, presumption, that these principles were the most conformable to the general growth of knowledge, and to the present spirit of the age. Now, on this foreign legislation, a great deal of information had lately been acquired and collected in a valuable pamphlet by Mr. Lowndes—a pamphlet worthy of the greatest attention. To begin with the northern states, it appeared, from Mr. Lowndes' book, that, in Denmark and in Sweden, the copyright of works had been made perpetual. In Russia, the law of 1830, granted a copyright for the term of twenty-five years after the author's decease; and, for a further term of ten years, if an edition should be called for within five years before the expiration of the first term. Therefore, it being admitted that the legislation on copyright was intended only for works of merit and of growing reputation, this was the same as granting copyright absolutely for thirty-five years. It appeared, then, that the three northern powers, which we generally considered so far behind us in literary eminence, had yet very far outstripped us in their zeal for literary protection and endowment. To pass from Russia to a country which had latterly grown into favour with members opposite—liberal Spain, it would be found that the law was very uncertain as to its meaning; because, as might be presumed, no works of permanent interest were now produced to try it; but, according to the opinion of M. Victor Foucher, on a law of 1805, in the *Nuevissima Recopilacion*, copyright was thereby made perpetual. In Prussia, a law had very recently been passed for a considerable extension of copyright. The law of July 11, 1837, secured it for the author's life,

and for thirty years to be reckoned from his death. Formerly, in that country, copyright did not descend to the author's heirs, except by an express agreement. Austria had done little more, than to declare, by an imperial edict, of 1835, that she would adhere to the proceedings of the whole Germanic Diet on this subject. What, then, had been the proceedings of the German Diet? As might be expected, from the composition of that body, slow, perplexed, and inconclusive. So early as June 8, 1815, it was resolved: "The Diet shall take into consideration, at its first meeting, some plan for uniform legislation on the liberty of the press; and also what steps are necessary to be taken to secure authors and publishers from invasion of their copyrights." But the fruits of this "first meeting" were still to come. There had only been, after twenty-two years, (November 9, 1837,) a sort of convention for international copyright amongst the different states, and for a period of copyright to authors of two years, or, in some rare cases, of twenty. But this was admitted to be merely a temporary regulation. The whole subject was to be again discussed, and decided upon by the Diet in 1842. With regard to France, the law now in force was a decree of Napoleon, dated February 5, 1810, which granted copyright to an author for his life, to his widow for her life, and, after their death, to their children for twenty years. Where an author left a widow and family, this law was, probably, more advantageous to him than our English term of twenty-eight years absolutely. But the French law, like ours, was considered unsatisfactory, on account of the shortness of the term. A commission was appointed in 1825, headed by M. Delarochefoucauld, and another in 1837, headed by the Comte de Segur: both recommended an extension of copyright to fifty years after the death of the author; and it was probable that the subject would speedily be brought under the consideration of the Chambers. Lastly, the example of the United States was not to be passed over. Legislation on that subject, in Congress, began in 1790; but the act now in force passed on the 3rd of February, 1831. It gave a copyright to an author for the term of twenty-eight years; and if he survived that period, for a further term of fourteen. But it was very remarkable, that the report of the Judiciary Committee, appointed in that year, pointed to a further and very considerable extension of this boon to authors. The report stated:—"Your committee believe that the just claims of authors require from our legislation a protection not less than what is proposed

in the bill reported. Upon the first principles of proprietorship in property, an author has an exclusive and perpetual—observe the word perpetual—"right, in preference to any other, to the fruits of his labour. If labour and effort in producing what before was not possessed or known will give title, then the literary man has title perfect and absolute. We ought to present every reasonable inducement to influence men to consecrate their talents to the advantage of science." Mr. Lowndes added: "An amendment of the law of 1831, by a further extension of the term of copyright, is much talked of in America." These facts shewed what was the state of public opinion throughout Europe on this question, and furnished strong reasons to induce the House to pass the measure now proposed.

The following statement of the produce of various copyrights, or "remuneration of authors," has been drawn up by Mr. Tegg, the publisher, and appended to a letter addressed by him to *The Times* journal, on the proposed alterations in the law of copyright:—

Fragments of History, by Charles James Fox, sold by Lord Holland, 5,000 guineas.

Fragments of History, by Sir James Mackintosh, £5,000.

Lingard's *History of England*, £4,683.

Sir W. Scott's *Bonaparte* was sold with the printed books for £18,000; the net receipt of copyright, on the two first editions only, must have been above £10,000.

Life of Wilberforce, by his sons, 4,000 guineas.

Life of Byron, by Moore, £4,000.

Life of Sheridan, by Moore, either £2,000 or £3,000.

Life of Hannah More, £2,000.

Life of Coleridge, by Southey, £1,000.

Life and Times of George IV., by Lady C. Bury, £1,000.

Life of Scott, by Lockhart. I understand above 50,000 volumes have already been sold at 10s. 6d. per volume, and by my calculation a publisher's net profit of five shillings must have been derived from it, equal to £12,500 in the first two years of copyright.

Byron's *Works*, according to Mr. Murray's advertisement, £20,000.

Lord of the Isles, half share, £1,500.

Lallah Rookh, by Moore, £3,000.

Rejected Addresses, by the Smiths, £1,000.

Crabbe's *Works*, republication of, by Mr. Murray, £3,000.

Wordsworth's *Works*, republication of, by Mr. Moxon, £1,050.

Bulwer's *Novels*, from £1,200 to £1,500 each.

Bulwer's *Rienzi*, £1,600.

Capt. Marryat's *Novels*, £1,000 to £1,200 each.

Mrs. Trollope's *Factory Boy*, £1,800. *

Sir W. Scott's *Waverley* (see Lockhart's *Life*, vol. iii. p. 296), 22,500 copies, sold previous to the sale of the current edition, must have netted, seven shillings per copy, £7,500, and this one out of twenty-two novels by the same author! The great collective edition, in forty-eight volumes, called by Mr. Lockhart, *The Magnum*, is understood to have reached an average sale of 25,000 per volume. Mr. Lockhart says that the sale of *Waverley*, in that edition, has reached 40,000! The total number of five-shilling volumes sold, must, therefore, be 1,200,000, and the publisher's profit on these being at least two shillings per volume, the gain on the edition must be already £120,000 over and above that on the former publications of each novel, and the copyright of the first of these novels does not yet expire for some years.

I was at considerable pains to ascertain what Sir Walter Scott had gained by his writings, now comprised in eighty volumes, before I stated in my pamphlet, in answer to Sergeant Talfourd's published speech, that it amounted to a quarter of a million sterling, and, if the matter be properly inquired into, will be found below the mark.

Editorial Payment.

Mr. Lockhart, *Quarterly Review*.

Professor Wilson, *Blackwood's Magazine*.

Professor Napier, *Edinburgh Review*.

Theodore Hooke, *New Monthly*.

Certainly not less than £1,000 a year on the average.

Mr. Macauley, Dr. Southey, Mr. Barrow, and other eminent men, 100 guineas for a single article in the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviews*.

Hannah More derived £3,000 per annum from her copyrights during many of the latter years of her life.

Randell's *Domestic Cookery*, £2,000.

Nicholas Nickleby, £3,000.

Eustace's *Classical Tour*, £2,100.

Heber's Journal.—I have understood that Sir R. Inglis obtained for the beautiful and interesting widow of Bishop Heber, by the sale of this work, £5,000.

Murphy's *Almanac*, £3,000.

The copyright of *Marmion* expired in 1836, and since that time we "pioneers" have disseminated much more than 200,000 copies at a very low rate—viz., two shillings, one shilling and sixpence, and tenpence, among the humble classes of the public. The copyright of the beautiful poem, *The Lady of the Lake*, expired in 1838, since when, different publishers have brought out editions, and sold the poem at one-tenth of the price it had ever been sold at during the existence of the copyright.

NUPTIAL AUTOGRAPHS.

FORMERLY, it was the fashion for monarchs, sometimes, to attend the marriages, and witness the settlements, of their upper and favourite servants. Mr. Macdonald, of the Register Office, Edinburgh, has published a curious document; (found in that office,) of the marriage of Alexander Ogilvy and Mary Bethune. (or Beton.) which took place

on May 3, 1556; and which was graced, also, by the presence of Darnley, then King-consort of Mary, Queen of Scots. This lady was one of the "four pretty Maries" in attendance upon the Queen's person. Her beauty and her accomplishments have elicited the poetical commendations of no less a man than Buchanan. To this marriage contract, the names of the Queen, Darnley, Bothwell, and several others, are attached. As Darnley's name, from the shortness of his regal life, is necessarily scarce, the reader may not object to a fac-simile of it, with that of Mary, and her third husband, the infamous Bothwell.—*Dr. Dibdin's Northern Tour.*

AUTOGRAPH OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Is one of the bundles of the *Balcarras Papers*, preserved in the Advocates' Library, at Edinburgh, is the original letter of Mary, Queen of Scots, in her own handwriting—when about fifteen years of age—to her aunt: petitioning for

a "groom of the chamber." A neatly lithographed fac-simile to this letter forms one of the many *recherché* illustrations of Dr. Dibdin's *Northern Tour*; the signature follows:

Votre tres humble & tres obeissantefille
MARYE

HISTORICAL AUTOGRAPH.

A SORT of fortified line of coast, against the marauding incursions of moss-troopers, wild Northumbrians, and yet wilder Scots, was constantly maintained, especially during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The command of this fortification was entrusted to a "Guardian of the Marches;" and, in some cases, this officer exercised his authority in the most severe and unrelenting manner. Take the following instance from Sir Cuthbert Sharp's *Memorials of the Rebellion of 1567-9, in Northumberland*, instigated by the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Westmoreland, in the attempt to marry the Queen of Scots to Norfolk. It is an order from the Earl of Sussex to Sir George Bowes, Warden of the Marches, to shoot about 200 wretched Borderers . . . with the exception mentioned in the notice: and this emanating from her most gracious Majesty the Queen Elizabeth! Sir Cuthbert Sharp has a lithographed fac-simile of the origi-

nal, which is written in an almost undecipherable hand: "Sir George Bowes, I have set the numbers to be execute in every towne under the names of every towne, as I did in your other book, which draweth near to two hundred; where-upon you may use your discretion in taking more or less in every towne, as you shall see just cause for their offences and fitness for example; . . . in the whole you pass not of all kind of such the number of two hundred, amongst which you may not execute any that hath frehold, or are noted wealthy: for (such) is the Queen's Majesty's pleasure, by her special commandment."

T. S. Jones

TYRIAN PURPLE.

(Concluded from page 279.)

THE shells inhabit all the shores of the Mediterranean, but the best were procured at Tyre, the island of the Mininx, the coasts of Gætulia and Laconia, and the island of Coa in the *Ægean Sea*.^{*} The real murex was fished for and caught with small and delicate nets; a bait was put in them, consisting of cockles; or other bivalves, which had been so long kept out of water, that, on being thrown in again, they gaped widely. The murex attacked them as food, and was drawn up with them. The other species were found adhering to rocks, on mud-banks, &c. The season for catching them was in the spring, when the dye was the deepest and best. It is contained in a small white vein, which lies in the neck of the fish, and in its natural state is a thin and almost colourless liquor. The shell was carefully broken off, and, as the dye loses its value when the fish is dead, they were obliged to cut it out alive. The veins were then laid in salt, and left to settle for three days; after which the whole was boiled for ten days more, and the fleshy parts skimmed off as they rose to the surface, till the whole liquid was clear, bright, and red. The longer it was boiled, the deeper, of course, the colour became. After this, the wool, well scoured, was steeped in it for some hours; then cleaned and carded, and put in again, to remain till it could absorb no more. Nitre was employed in fixing the colour. The hue of the Tyrian dye was of a very deep red, soft and shining; the colour of a rose, but approaching to black, or like a very deep shade of the colour now called *lake*; of course, the word *purple*, as at present understood, conveys a wrong impression. When the smaller and inferior species were used, the process was the same, with the exception of their being crushed in the shell, instead of the vein being cut from them. The two were occasionally mixed to produce a variety of shade, according to the fashion.† No mention is made of linen being so dyed, and it seems to have been confined to woollen fabrics, and perhaps, as some think, to cotton. A writer in the *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London*,‡ anno 1684, mentions a person at Mintheadd, on the Bristol Channel, who made it his business to mark linen with the liquor from shells. From the descrip-

tion and plate given, he appears to have made use of the periwinkle for this purpose. On making the experiment himself, the writer found the colour to vary much, and frequently, before attaining its final hue. At first it was pellucid and nearly colourless, then became a light green, and, if placed in the sun, immediately much darker; in a few minutes it changed to a full sea green, and after that into a watchet blue; in a few minutes more it was a purplish red, and, after lying an hour or two, became a very deep purple. Farther than this, the sun did not affect it; but, on being washed in soap and water, it changed to a very bright and brilliant crimson. When the article dyed with it lay in the sun, it emitted a very strong and fetid smell, as if garlic and *asafetida* were mixed together. More lately, a species of shell was used by the Spanish Americans at Nicoya, also for dyeing with; but the cloth thus prepared was so expensive, as only to be worn by the nobles.* Among the Romans, the royal edicts were frequently signed with this liquor, and it was used by artists.

In common with the rest of the genus, the fish is carnivorous and locomotive, living sometimes in deep water, and sometimes burying itself in the shore, while it is constantly searching for food. The colouring liquor is probably provided as a means of defence to the animal, as the ink of the cuttle-fish, or the saliva of the snail; and, although we have never observed the fact in any American or British species, the fish, when touched, is said to have the power of voluntarily emitting it;† in which case it comes out purple, and of a very rank and offensive odour. If this be so, it must undergo some change in passing through the vein, as when cut out it is white, and long in attaining its purple and final hue. Since the discovery of America, and the introduction of cochineal into Europe, the fish dye has been entirely neglected as an article of merchandize, and is not, that we are aware of, anywhere used in the present day.

Another species of murex (?) was used by the Greeks in preparing a pigment for painters; but the colour was obtained from the outside of the shell, and not from the fish, as was the purple dye.

THE TRUMPET SHELL.

THIS fine univalve is indigenous to most warm climates; it inhabits the African, American, and Asiatic seas, and is found on the coasts of the islands of the Southern Pacific. The only use it appears to be

* *Plin. Hist. Nat. and Juvenal Sat.* ut supra.

† This appears to be the *diaphos* and *distinctus* of the Latin writers, and which does not imply that the wool had been twice dyed in the same liquor to produce a deeper shade, as some suppose, but that it was of an entirely different hue. Pliny says such was the most fashionable and most expensive.

‡ *Trans. of the Royal Society, abridged*, vol. ii.

* *Rees's Cyclopædia*, art. Purple Fish.

† *Aristot. de Hist. Animal.* lib. v. cap. 15. *Hughes' Nat. Hist. of Barbadoes*.

put to, is the making of musical horns or trumpets of it; and for this purpose it has long been used by the natives of Africa and India, and even long before the Christian era it was thus employed by the inhabitants of the countries bordering on the Mediterranean. By the ancient Greeks it was universally used for giving signals in war. On the discovery of the Society Islands, it was found to be used in war, by the native priests on solemn occasions, and by the heralds in their ships; it was, in fact, the royal and religious instrument of music, and only made use of as such. The largest shells were selected for the purpose, which, in general, are about one foot in length. They made a perforation about an inch in diameter, near the apex, and into this they inserted a bamboo cane about three feet in length, which was secured by binding it to the shell by fine cocoa-nut braid. The whole was made air-tight with the gum of the bread-fruit tree. The sound is described as being extremely loud, but the most dismal and monotonous that it is possible to imagine. As late as the last century, it was used on board of ships trading to the West Indies or South America, instead of a speaking trumpet. A species was also used (and perhaps still is) in Barbadoes, but whether the present one, we cannot, from the description, determine; it served instead of a bell to call the slaves to their work, and sounded so loud, that, on a calm morning, it might be heard above a mile off. The apex was merely broken, and then blown through. The fish was eaten, and divers were regularly employed in catching it. They were generally met with in about six fathoms water, but after heavy rains they were found at the mouths of the water-courses, feeding on the garbage washed down to them. If the water was dimpled, so that the bottom could not be seen, the divers poured a spoonful of oil on the surface, which calmed it sufficiently for their purpose. When the tail part, which was somewhat gritty and sandy, was taken away, the rest of the fish tasted like "tripe, but shorter, sweeter, and more luscious." It is this shell which is generally represented in the hands of Triton, in pictures, and whence its trivial name; and from the use to which shells were thus put, originated the word *Buccinum*, which, among the ancients, included at least a third of the known univalves.

New Books.

A LEGEND OF FLORENCE; A PLAY.
BY LEIGH HUNT.

[WITH NO EVENT in the theatrical world, of late, have we been more gratified than

with the unqualified success of Mr. Leigh Hunt's new play at Covent Garden Theatre. This good fortune, coupled with "the unaffected and generous government" of the above establishment, will, we trust, stimulate men of genius to write for the stage more frequently than they have done during the last few years; so that, in place of translated and adapted pieces, our dramatic literature may, in some measure, return to its pristine purity. The *Legend of Florence* is altogether a very interesting and agreeable production: its poetical merit lies higher in construction than in diction; yet, it abounds with charming pictures of the sunny side of our nature; even its dark spot of evil character is toned down till it becomes almost as pitiable as sinning; and the whole piece is fraught with the kindly feelings, the playful imageries of "good in every thing," which are healthful indications of poetry devoted to a more ennobling end than that of mere amusement. Of the merits of Mr. Hunt's play, a very erroneous estimate can only be formed from detached passages, or characteristics: it has fewer striking passages than we are accustomed to find in our contemporary plays; its interest being of a superior order to that which hangs on points or pegs for actor and audience; and consisting essentially, as we have already intimated, in dramatic construction—in the whole, and not in parts. Thus, there is an acting scene which almost electrifies the audience; and it is so cleverly wrought up by the author, that we quote it as a fair specimen of the genius and skill which characterize the whole play. The plot is, doubtless, already known to our readers, through the newspapers: the scene we have chosen is that in which Ginevra, the wife, having awaked from her apparent death, and returned to her house, has been refused admission by her jealous husband, who thinks her a spirit: she is next met by Rondinelli, her first lover, as follows:]

SCENE IV.

A retired corner in Florence, in front of RONDINELLI'S House, with Garden-wall and Trees. RONDINELLI out of doors, musing.

Rondinelli. A gentle night, clothed with the moon and silence.—

Blessed be God, who lets us see the stars;
Who puts no black and sightless gulf between
Those golden gazers out of immensity,
And mortal eyes, yearning with hope and love!—
She's now a blessed spirit, beyond those lights,
With happy eternal cheek. And yet, methinks,
Serious as well as sweet is bliss in heaven,
And permits pity for those that are left mourning.
Gentle is greatest and habitual nature!
Gentle the starry space! gentle the air!
Gentle the softly ever-moving trees!
Gentle time past and future! both asleep,
While the quick present is loud by daylight only.

And gently I come to Nature, to be worthy
Of comfort and of her, and mix myself
With the everlasting mildness in which she lives.—
Sweetest and best! my couch a widower seems,
Although it knew thee not; and I came forth
To join thee as I could; for thou and I
Are thus unhoused alike, and in no home.
The wide earth holds us both.

Ginevra enters, and halts apart, looking at him.

Ginevra. Antonio!

Rondinelli. Oh earth and heaven! What art thou?

Ginevra. Fear not to look on me, Antonio!

I am Ginevra—buried, but not dead,
And have got forth and none will let me in.
Even my mother is frighten'd at my voice,
And I have wander'd to thy gentle doors.

Have pity on me, good Antonio,

And take me from the dreadful streets at night.

Rondinelli. Oh Heaven! Oh all things terrible and beautiful!

Art thou not angel, shewing me some dread sight?

Of trial and reproof? Or art thou indeed

Still living, and may that hand be touch'd with mine? *[She has held out her hand to him.]*

Ginevra. Clasp it, and help me towards thy door; for wonder—

And fear, and that long deadly swoon, have made

Me too a terror to myself, and scarcely

I know how I stand thus.

Rondinelli (moving slowly, but eagerly, and breath-

less towards her.) Infold us, ah!

Infold us, night and time, if it be vision!

It not—if not—

[He touches her hand, and clasps her to his heart.]

It is Ginevra's self,

And in Antonio's arms!—She faints! Oh sweetest! Oh cheek, whose tears have been with mine—She'll die!

She'll die, and I shall have killed her!

Ginevra (sliding down on her knees.) Strength has risen o'er me from the depths of weakness.

Oh Signor Rondinelli! Oh good Antonio!

Be all I think thee, and think not ill of me,

Nor let me pass thy threshold, having a fear

Of the world's speech, to stain a spotless misery.

Rondinelli. Oh rise; and when I think that thou canst stand

Unhelp'd of these most glad but reverent arms,

Aloof will I wait from thee, as far apart

As now I closely grasp'd thee. I was mad,

And am, with joy, to find thee alive, and near me;

But, oh blest creature! Oh lady! Antonio's angel!

Say but the word—do—and, I love thee so,

That, after thou hast tasted food and wine,

Myself will bear thee to thy house, thy husband,

Laying a heav'n on his repentant heart.

Ginevra. Never. The grave itself has been between us;

The hand of Heaven has parted us, acknowledged

By his own driving me from his shrieking doors:

And none but thy door, and a convent's, now,

To which thy honourable haste will guide me,

Shall open to me in this world again.

Shelter me till the morn.

HOWITT'S VISITS TO REMARKABLE PLACES.

(Concluded from page 285.)

[The Visit to Compton-Winyates, lying in a solitary and secluded valley of Warwickshire, contains much that will be new to the general reader.]

Compton-Winyates

Is a curious old house belonging to the Marquis of Northampton, and gives the title of Lord Compton to his eldest son. It lies in the range of hills of which Edge-

Hill forms a part, and is about four miles from Edge-Hill, and two from the village of Brailes. Perhaps there is no house in the kingdom which is located in a more hidden and out-of-the-world situation. It stands in a deep hollow of this range of hills, surrounded by woods and ponds. It is often called Compton-in-the-Hole, from its singular site; and a man of whom I asked the way to it, said, "You never seed a house in such a hole."

[The gem of the place appears to be a

Secret Popish Chapel.]

One only circumstance, which is mysterious, is the existence of the Popish chapel in the roof. The family was always so loyal and so Protestant, that the existence of such a place in the house is not a little curious. Henry Compton, the youngest of the six sons left by the loyal Earl, became bishop of London, and so distinguished himself as the opponent of all schemes for the restoration of Popery, that James II. suspended him; and only restored him on the approach of the Prince of Orange. This prelate was active in effecting the Revolution, and settling the government of King William.

The present Marquis, struck with these facts, is inclined to doubt whether this ever was a Popish chapel at all; yet he confesses that a curiously carved door, which he removed from a crypt, or confessional, in it, lately to Ashby Castle, looks suspicious. In fact, the situation—in the roof, the construction, with its private closets and staircases, so exactly on the principle of the secret chapels of the recusants, and the established tradition, all seem to reveal a secret which was, no doubt, well kept, when it was of the greatest consequence—that some one of this highly loyal and Protestant family, the lord, or, perhaps, his lady, was of the ancient faith, and here practised its rites in the profoundest secrecy. And, indeed, rare must have been the instances in which the subtlest skill and contrivance could prevent the fact of recusancy transpiring, when the richest rewards were offered by Government to espionage. In Rushworth we find a list of no less than seven-and-thirty knights and baronets, besides the Earl of Rutland, Viscount Dunbar, William Lord Eyre, Lord St. John, and Lord Scroop, as well as a long catalogue of esquires, which was presented by the servile parliament of James I., as of persons whom it was desirable to remove from the offices of lords lieutenant, magistrates, &c., as Popish recusants, and of many of these the simple offence was, that their wives, and, in some instances, even their children, did not go to church!

In the third year of Charles I., we find the Commons again congratulating the Crown that it had driven all "the Papists and Jesuits, enemies of church and state, to lurk in dark corners like the sons of darkness;" and this was followed by a proclamation, ordering a levy upon their estates of two-thirds of their value, and for all priests and Jesuits not already banished, to be confined in the Castle of Wisbeach.

Of the seclusion and desertion of this old "moated grange" some idea may be formed from this fact:—I asked the woman which was the way from the house to Brailes, the next village on my route. She replied, she "really could not well direct me—for *there once had been a road*, but it was *now grown up*; but I must go directly out at the front gate, through the belt of wood opposite, and hold across the common, as well as I could, till I saw the tower of Brailes."

Pondering on the old woman's words, I walked over the fields to Brailes, glad that the roof had been kept on the old house, and hopeful, if the wild solitude of its situation did not prevent it, that the rapidly increasing wealth and well-known taste of its present noble owner, may yet cause the refitting of Compton-Winyates, and its restoration to all its ancient state.

Periodicals.

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

(Concluded from page 312.)

[Or the heroine of the Editor's *Guy Fawkes*, here is an exquisite portraiture.]

Fiviana Radcliffe.

Catesby had seen her twice before; and whether the circumstances under which they now met might have caused some change in her demeanour, he could not tell, but he thought her singularly altered. A year ago, she had been a lively, laughing girl of seventeen, with a bright brown skin, dark flowing tresses, and eyes as black and radiant as those of a gipsy. She was now a grave, collected woman, infinitely more beautiful, but wholly changed in character. Her complexion had become a clear, transparent white, and set off to great advantage her large, luminous eyes, and jetty brows. Her figure was tall and majestic; her features regular, delicately formed, and of the rarest and proudest class of beauty. She was attired in a dress of black-wrought velvet, entirely without ornament except the rosary at her girdle, with a small ebony crucifix attached to it. She wore a close-fitting cap, likewise of black velvet, edged with pearls, beneath which her raven tresses were gathered in such a manner as to display, most becom-

ingly, the smooth and snowy expanse of her marble forehead.

Notwithstanding his age, and the dissolute and distracted life he had led, Catesby was still good-looking enough to have produced a favourable impression upon any woman easily captivated by manly beauty. The very expression of his marked and peculiar physiognomy,—in some degree an index to his character,—was sufficient to rivet attention; and the mysterious interest generally inspired by his presence was not diminished on further acquaintance with him. Though somewhat stern in their expression, his features were strikingly handsome, cast in an oval mould, and clothed with the pointed beard and moustaches invariably met with in the portraits of Vandyck. His frame was strongly built, but well proportioned, and seemed capable of enduring the greatest fatigue. His dress was that of an ordinary gentleman of the period, and consisted of a doublet of quilted silk, of sober colour and stout texture; large trunk-hose swelling out at the hips; and buff boots, armed with spurs with immense rowels. He wore a deep and stiffly-starched ruff round his throat; and his apparel was completed by a short cloak of brown cloth, lined with silk of a similar colour. His arms were rapier and poniard, and his high-crowned plumed hat, of the peculiar form then in vogue, and looped, on the "leer-side," with a diamond clasp, was thrown upon the table.

[By the way, there are some neat green-room anecdotes in this Number: e.g.]

Mathews and the Silver Spoon.—Amongst Mathews's pranks of younger days, that is to say, when he first came from York to the Haymarket theatre, he was invited with F—— and some other performers to dine with Mr. A——, now an eminent silversmith, but who at that period followed the business of a pawnbroker. It so happened that A—— was called out of the parlour at the back of the shop during dinner. Mathews, with wonderful celebrity, altering his hair, countenance, hat, &c., took a large gravy-spoon off the dinner-table, ran instantly into the street, entered one of the little dark doors leading to the pawnbroker's counter, and actually pledged to the unconscious A—— his own gravy-spoon. Mathews contrived with equal rapidity to return and seat himself (having left the street-door open) before A—— re-appeared at the dinner-table. As a matter of course, this was made the subject of a wager. An *éclaircissement* took place before the party broke up, to the infinite astonishment of A——. Rabelais never accomplished a neater practical joke than this.

A Pair of Bulls.—S—K— was one evening behind the scenes of Covent Garden theatre, when he observed a remarkable-looking person at the side-scene. "Who's that?" inquired K—, of Farley. "That is O. Smith," replied Farley; "I thought everybody knew him."—"Introduce me," said K—. The introduction immediately took place, when K—, with great warmth of feeling, said, "Mr. O. Smith, I have long wished to be introduced to you as a man of talent. I have the pleasure to be very intimate with your namesake, Mr. T. P. Cooke."

At the conclusion of an engagement at the Victoria theatre, when Abbott was the lessee, K— said, "My dear Abbott, I am off to the country: can I carry *any* letters for you?" Abbott thanked him, and inquired to what part of the country K— was going. "Faith, I have not yet made up my mind," answered K—.

D'Egville and Poole.—Mathews being invited by D'Egville to dine one day with him at Brighton, D'Egville inquired what was Mathews's favourite dish? "A roasted leg of pork, with sage and onions." This was provided; and D'Egville, carving, swore that he could not find the stuffing. He turned the joint all over, but in vain. Poole was at table, and, in his quiet way, said, "Don't make yourself unhappy, D'Egville; *perhaps it is in the other leg.*"

John Taylor.—John Taylor was asked if he was a descendant of Taylor the water-poet? He shook his thin white head, and said, "No; I am Taylor the *mkk-and-water* poet."

Mathews's Yorkshire Servant.—Soon after Mathews had married the present Mrs. Mathews, he paid a visit to his mother, who was in an infirm state of health. Mathews had brought a bumpkin of a servant lad from York, who frequently formed a capital model for many of his master's admirable representations of rustic ignorance. This fellow was always in error. One day, Mrs. Lichfield sent, with her compliments, to inquire how old Mrs. Mathews was. The York lad went up stairs to Mrs. Mathews, Junior, and delivered the message thus: "Missus Lichfield's compliments, marm, and wants to know *how old you be?*"

Tom Dibdin and the Lozenge.—Tom Dibdin had a cottage near Box Hill, to which, after his theatrical labours, he was delighted to retire. One stormy night, after Mr. and Mrs. Dibdin had been in bed some time, Mrs. D. being kept awake by the violence of the weather, aroused her husband, exclaiming, "Tom, Tom, get up!" "What for?" said he.—"Don't you hear how very bad the wind is?"—

"Is it?" replied Dibdin, half asleep, but could not help punning. "Put a peppermint lozenge out of the window, my dear; it is the best thing in the world for the wind."

[Of the remaining contents we could well have spared the resuscitation of the Cock-lane Ghost, and the Woodstock Hoax. The "Anecdotes of Fleet Marriages" is, altogether, much more attractive metal.]

MEDICAL FEES.

The late Lord Dudley and Ward, long before he was assailed by his terrible affliction, was in the habit of presenting his physician with whatever happened to be in his pocket at the time, whether it was a bunch of keys, or a purse of gold. The late Major Snodgrass, who died a few years ago, leaving an enormous property, used never to offer his surgeon less than five guineas a visit, and fifty guineas if any operation, however trifling, was performed. The late Dr. Yates, of Brighton, if we recollect rightly, was presented with a carriage and horses, and £500 a-year for life, to keep them. Baron Houteloup lately received (we will not say it was the spontaneous offering of his patient,) 400 guineas for the operation of lithotomy; and Sir Astley Cooper the enormous sum of 1000 guineas for a similar operation, which his patient, Mr. Hyatt, charged to him in his night-cap, in the excess of his gratitude. Still, it must not be imagined, that such instances are frequent, or that many medical men are in the receipt of large incomes. It is probable, that there are not six medical men in London, at this moment, who are actually in the receipt of £5,000 a-year; whereas, at the Bar, there are, at least, treble that number. There is a fashion in medicine, as in other things, and consequently, an engrossing monopoly. Dr. Chambers and Sir Benjamin Brodie, it is not unlikely, realize £12,000 a-year from their profession; but there is a long interval between these and any other persons. Sir Everard Home, during the time of the income tax, returned, it is said, £21,000 as his professional income; but, if so, it was probable an *ad captandum* mode of exaggerating the magnitude of his business, inasmuch as he succeeded to his uncle, Mr. Hunter, who was a much more celebrated man, but who did not make half that income. Drs. Fothergill and Lettsom, Quakers by persuasion, and enjoying an extensive city celebrity, have been said to have realized, in some years, the former £8,000, and the latter £12,000. The largest income, however, we believe, which was ever made in the profession, was made by Sir Astley Cooper, during

his residence in the city; it amounted, during one year, to £21,000; we have heard it rated still higher. The nature of city practice, joined to the extraordinary celebrity which this gentleman enjoyed, during one period of his life, renders this account extremely probable. The merchants of this city are accustomed to come at once to the point, and to hand out their fees liberally; they lie comparatively close together: time is not wasted in consultations, nor are those observations required which are generally expected towards great people and their relatives; consequently, a great deal of profitable business may be speedily despatched. At the west end of the town, it requires good management to see three patients in the hour. Sir Henry Hallford, it is said, can accomplish four. But taking either of these data, the amount is easily told.—*Quarterly Review*.

Spirit of Discovery.

THE EASTERN ARCHIPELAGO.

AT the close of the year 1838, Mr. Brooke, a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron, left England in his schooner, (the *Royalist*, 142 tons,) on a voyage of discovery to the Eastern Archipelago. Intelligence has just been received of this interesting exploration, in a letter addressed to a friend, dated October 19, 1839, and communicated to the *Times*. This private letter contains a summary of Mr. Brooke's proceedings during a three months' residence in Borneo; in which he states: "I have been able to establish the most intimate and friendly footing with the Rajah of Borneo, the ruler of the country, and I have every prospect, in the ensuing season, of being able to see the whole of his country: an unfortunate rebellion prevented my penetrating so far into the interior of Borneo as I intended; nevertheless, we have accomplished something. We have surveyed 130 miles of coast, never before visited by European, and laid down, minutely, the rivers, prominences, &c., from personal inspection. I have lived among the Dyak tribe, called the Sibuyaws, for ten days, and have seen and visited other Dyaks, so as to become well acquainted with their habits, manners, customs, and, in some measure, their language. I have ascended various rivers, (of which the entire country is a net-work,) to the distance of thirty to seventy miles: the principal ones are the Sedang, Serawak, Samarolun, Landoo, &c.; some are navigable for large vessels, and all afford excellent means of inland communication. The geological character of the country

consists of granitic mountains, once, probably, filled up with a fine alluvial soil. The interior, as far as I have been, presents the same features; but I have not been able to ascertain the existence of any mountain ranges, though, I conceive, such must exist. In trade, I have been able to effect a footing with the Borneans, and a free permission that English vessels may trade with Borneo. Serawak, or Kuching, (the residence of the Rajah Mooda Hassim, before mentioned, and who is, virtually, the governor of the vast country lying between Point Dattoo and the north of Borneo,) is a newly established place, likely to prove important in a commercial point of view. Antimony ore is produced in any quantity; gold, tin, rattans, beef-wax, and birds'-nests are likewise procured from the surrounding country; and on the banks of the river Samarolun, I observed the land cleared, and producing rice of the finest quality: indeed, in the opinion of the Malays, the locality of Serawak is richer than any other along the whole line of coast. I sail from hence, in a few days, for Malacca, thence to Celebes; after which I return, in the proper season, to the north-west coast of Borneo."

Obituary.

DIED, on the 6th inst., in the eighty-second year of his age, *Mr. James Knowles*, author of the new English dictionary that bears his name. He was first cousin to the late Richard Brinsley Sheridan. At a very advanced period of life, he commenced the above work, the anxiety, confinement, and labour attendant upon the completion of which, accelerated his dissolution. He was, what we rarely meet with, a perfect English scholar, had an extraordinary facility in epistolary composition, and was a benevolent and pious man.—*Times*.

In a lunatic asylum, near Newcastle, *Luke Clennell*, one of the most distinguished of Bewick's pupils, as a designer and painter, as well as an engraver on wood.

On the 18th inst., in Lower Brook Street, aged 74, *Sir Jeffry Wyatville*, R.A., F.R.S., F.S.A., whose elaborate renovation of Windsor Castle, entitles him to rank as one of the most successful architects of his time.

On December 30, 1839, on board his flag-ship, the *Wellesley*, 72, at sea, in the vicinity of Bombay, Rear-Admiral *Sir Frederick Lewis Maitland*, K.C.B., Commander-in-chief in the East Indies. Sir Frederick, who expired in the sixty-third year of his age, was descended from the

noble house of Lauderdale: he has, at all times, borne with honour and credit his character as an officer and a gentleman; and to that we will add, a thorough seaman, warmly and sincerely attached to his profession: he entered at an early age, and became lieutenant of the *Andromeda* in 1795. Sir Frederick was ever an active man, and, in 1800, brought over the despatches of Sir Sydney Smith, detailing his successful efforts in effecting the treaty of El Arish. This treaty not being acceded to by Lord Keith, led to the expedition to Egypt; on which memorable occasion Captain Maitland covered the landing of Abercromby's troops with the armed launches of the fleet, and subsequently protected one of the wings of our army, with boats, on the lake of Aboukir. In the *Dragon* and *Loire*, Captain Maitland was eminently serviceable to his country; and by his discernment and energy in the latter ship, led to the action of Sir Robert Calder's squadron with the combined Spanish and French fleets. Captain Maitland subsequently commanded the *Emerald*, and, in the American war, obtained the *Goliath*, rated 74, and the *Boyne*, 98, as flag-captain to Sir Alexander Cochrane, on the coast of America; but, on the breaking out of the war, and on the return of Buonaparte from Elba, he was appointed to the *Bellerophon*, 74 guns, and joined the blockading squadron under Sir Henry Hotham, off Rochfort. The battle of Waterloo a second time driving Napoleon from the throne of France, he took refuge on board Captain Maitland's ship; and his previous determination to make no terms with the ex-Emperor, and his honourable treatment of him as a guest, are well known to the world: it is not, however, so well known, that, on Buonaparte's leaving the ship, he offered for Captain Maitland's acceptance a diamond snuff-box, valued at 3,000 guineas, the acceptance of which was conscientiously declined. Captain Maitland subsequently commanded the *Vengeur*, 74, and in her conveyed the King of the Two Sicilies to Leghorn. Sir Frederick was subsequently appointed to the *Genoa*, 74, as a guardship in Portsmouth harbour. On attaining his flag as Rear-Admiral, he was appointed Superintendent of Portsmouth Dockyard, which he resigned on being appointed to the important command held by him at his death.—*Times*.

• Varieties.

New Expedition to the Niger.—An expedition is fitting out for the Niger, by the British Government, with the view of preventing the slave-trade in the west of Africa. For this purpose, negotiations are

to be opened with those African chiefs within whose dominions the internal trade is carried on; and the goods of such territories are to be admitted into this country upon favourable terms, so as to lessen the temptation now offered to the slave-seller. As the most considerable of the chiefs rule near the Niger, an expedition up the river by steam-boats is proposed, and an establishment of British factories at favourable stations. The first cost of three or four vessels required, including provisions and stores for six months, will be £35,000; the annual charge for victualling officers and men, £10,546; and the salaries of conductor, chaplain, and surgeon, about £4,000; besides presents for chiefs, and sundries.

The Barometer fell, on the 4th inst., at Hinton-Blewitt, Somerset, to 27.91; being a depression lower than has been observed at the above locality, within the last twenty-two years.

Short-hand.—The reporting of business, in the two Houses of Parliament, appears to cost the country about £6,000 a-year, and to be a piece of monopoly which demands curtailment.

Penalties for Smoking.—In Bokhara, is a law in existence to prevent smoking. The penalty is a disgraceful one, the offender, of whom it is judged proper to make an example, being seated on an ass, and led through the city, with his cation tied about his neck. Abd-el-Wahab, the John Knox of the East, strictly forbade the reformed Moslems to smoke.

Good Advice.—A law student once called upon Lord Mansfield with a letter of introduction, and, after some inquiries, the veteran judge asked him if he were perfect in Coke upon Littleton. He replied that he was not altogether perfect, but intended reading it over again for the third time. "Take a little rest, sir, take a little rest," said his lordship, "it is my advice that you should now take a turn with Enfield's Speaker."

Kenyon, Dunning, and Horne Tooke used generally to dine together, in vacation, at a mean little eating-house near Chancery Lane, at sevenpence halfpenny each. "As to Dunning and I sell," Tooke would say, "we were generous, for we gave the girl who waited a penny a-piece; but Kenyon, who always knew the value of money, sometimes rewarded her with a halfpenny, and sometimes with a promise."

Parliamentary Reprimand.—In the reign of George II., one Crowle, a counsel of some eminence, made some observation before an election-committee, which was considered to reflect on the House itself. The House accordingly summoned him to their bar, and he was forced to receive a reprimand from the Speaker, on his knees. As he rose from the ground, with the utmost nonchalance he took out his handkerchief, and, wiping his knees, coolly observed, "that it was the dirtiest house he had ever been in in his life."—*Law and Lawyers*.

The Bribe returned.—A watchmaker having a cause depending before Lord Keeper Wright, sent him a handsome clock a few days before it came on to be heard; Sir Nathan returned the time-piece, with the observation: "I have no doubt of the goodness of the piece, but it has one motion in it too much for me!"

College Conceit.—"Poor young man," said conversation Sharpe, of a young gentleman, who, on the strength of his university honours, conducted himself with much superciliousness in London society, "he fancied his Cambridge medals will pass current in the circles of London."

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Price 2d.

LONDON STREET ARCHITECTURE.



THE ATLAS ASSURANCE OFFICE, CHEAPSIDE.

THE ATLAS ASSURANCE OFFICE, CHEAPSIDE.

Or this important improvement, we find so minute a description, and fair an estimate of its architectural character, already written, that we present it entire to our readers, as the best accompaniment to the prefixed Engraving, from an original sketch :

"Without possessing any great advantage of size, this edifice attracts notice no less by its architectural consistency, and its solidity of construction, than by the showiness of its design ; besides which, it is more than usually favoured by situation, for, being placed at the corner of King-street and Cheapside, two of its fronts are beheld in the same view, and the continuity of design gives it an air of greater importance, if not absolutely of magnitude. In fact, every part of it that is visible is carefully finished ; for the east side, towards the narrow street called Ironmonger-lane, forms a third front, of the same material as the others, and equally ornamented, although, in one respect, differing from them in its elevation. This uniform keeping-up of the design throughout, is certainly praiseworthy ; and, as far as that goes, the architect must be allowed to have displayed correct taste. For his making choice of the Italian style, and recurring to the almost obsolete practice of placing order upon order, his taste will, probably, be questioned by many ; yet, if any order was to be introduced at all, it became, in a great measure, a matter of necessity to have recourse to super-columination, and, consequently, to adopt that particular style which seems best to admit of it ; for the height of the building so much exceeds the width required for a single order, that it would have been no small difficulty to adapt one to it.

"Each of the three fronts has a rusticated granite basement, with arches of rather wide proportions, in which are placed arched windows. All the part above the basement is of stone, and consists of a Corinthian order, in pilasters, and above it one with Roman capitals. The front, towards Cheapside, although the principal one, is somewhat narrower than the other two, having only three inter-columns in width,—consequently, as many windows on each floor,—but there are, notwithstanding, six pilasters in each order, because there are two at each angle. The windows to the first order have small columns, and are surmounted by pediments, the centre one of which is triangular, the others curved. The windows to the second order, (with pediments like those below,) have neither columns nor

pilasters, but their cornices are supported by consoles, and the parapets of these windows have panels instead of balusters. The summit of the building is crowned by a balustrade.

"The King-street front differs from the preceding, merely in having four windows on a floor, and no pilasters, except coupled ones, at the angles in each order ; and on this side there are two triangular window-pediments, between two curved ones. The third front, that in Ironmonger-lane, resembles the one just described, except that the two middle windows of the first order are plainer, and have low mezzanine ones immediately over them. There is, also, a side entrance here, at the north angle, the principal one being in the Cheapside front ; and this latter consists of a square-headed door with plain Doric, or Tuscan columns, placed within the niche-hollow formed in the centre arch of the basement. Although we ought to confine ourselves, as closely as possible, to description, we cannot forbear remarking that there are certain inequalities of taste that produce a disagreeable effect. Of this kind is the poor and imperfect entablature given to the windows of the first order, and this defect is rendered the more glaring by there being columns to those windows ; for that extra degree of ornament required rather a greater than a less than usual manifestation of it in the rest of the design for the windows. More commendable is the rather ingenious mode for admitting light, apparently to some entresol room, through the tympanum of one of the curved window-pediments, (that of the first floor, at the east angle of the Cheapside front,) which forms an aperture, filled by a single piece of plate-glass. This is so managed as to be hardly observable, and that only because the polish of the glass betrays the circumstance."—From the "Public Improvements" section of the *Companion to the Almanac*, 1836. ●

SOME PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF MR. PIMONY SKUFFLE.

THAT the tributary events which magnify the importance of the stream of our lives, proceed from many unsuspected and trivial sources, is an axiom as old as the days of Homer ; when that respectable poet toddled out of the *Café des Anegles* (Καταλυμα των τυφλων) at Athens, half inebriated with Chian wine, and followed his dog into the nearest stationer's shop, to buy a quire of cheap outside papyrus, on which to commence his Iliad. So, in more modern times, if Mr. Skuffle had not been caught one day in the rain, during a pedestrian tour which he undertook from Tot-

tenham Court Road to the Bank, he would not have gone to live at the retired village of Chorturnut, and met with the events which there befel him, and of which we are the humble chroniclers.

Mr. Pimony Skuffie was a bachelor young gentleman, of six-and-twenty; thin, dyspeptic, and interesting. On the death of his father, (which circumstance occurred soon after he, the aforesaid Pimony, came of age,) he found himself possessed of an income of fifty pounds a-year; and he, moreover, enjoyed a situation in Aldermanbury, worth about seventy more; so that, by adding the two together, he contrived to reside in a boarding-house in Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square; to enjoy therein the society of certain old ladies there vegetating, of the true boarding-house cut, with light false fronts, cold grey eyes, faded head-dresses, rinking half way between the cap and turban, and countenances like the masks Mr. Yarnold so pleasantly assumes when he plays Mother Holly, or Mother Bunch, in the opening scene of a Covent Garden harlequinade; and, finally, to treat himself, occasionally, to the play, or the gallery of the Opera, when it was a fine night, and an attractive representation.

One morning, at breakfast, as Mr. Skuffie was running his eye over the pages of the day before yesterday's *Morning Herald*, his attention was suddenly arrested, by seeing his name attached to an advertisement, at the head of the second column, amongst the "E's," who were requested to return immediately, and the "I's," who were assured everything would be arranged to their satisfaction; the said paragraphs being, moreover, generally most appropriately placed on a level with the notices of ships about to sail for Botany Bay. The advertisement, which quickened Mr. Skuffie's circulation, ran as follows:—

"*Nest of kin.*—If the *nest of kin* of Mr. *Grimshy Skuffie*, who, in 1815, lived at Bampton Muzzard, in Somersetshire, will apply to Messrs. Flamflat and Bibikins, solicitors, Gray's Inn Square, they will *hear of something* to their advantage."

The egg—it was a shop one—that Pimony was about to discuss, remained uncracked; the coffee rested where the maiden aunt of the mistress of the boarding-house, who got up early to make breakfast for the first comers down, had placed it; and, without uttering a syllable to any one, in explanation of this uncommon circumstance, Mr. Skuffie bolted from the table, at the same time that he bolted a bit of new bread, which nearly choked him, and in seventeen minutes from that period, he had gauged the sober precincts, the law-inspiring quadrangle of Gray's Inn

Square. It is not necessary to describe the lawyers, their clerks, nor their chambers. Our own "Boz" has so initimately portrayed them, that, sooner than strive to give any new features to the subject, we should attempt to write an improved version of the *Waverley Novels*; besides, all chambers and all clerks are alike, *ex uno disce omnes*. It is sufficient for us to inform the reader, that an elder brother of Pimony's father had died intestate, at Bampton Muzzard, after quarrelling with all his family in succession; that, in addition, he had no children; and that, finally, the amount of £12,000 fell to our hero, who as much expected it as he did a shower of cloth boots when the barometer fell to change.

For some time after the information, Pimony was completely bewildered; he could form no idea of possessing so much money without working for it. His father had entertained a great idea, that every body should labour unceasingly, in order to be a respectable character in the world; and, accordingly, he placed Pimony in a warehouse as soon as he left school, where he sat on a very high stool all day long, before a flaring gas-light, and behind an opaque window, making figures between perpendicular red lines, in great books, and listening to the tin whirligig that twizzled all day long in the counting-house door. Under these circumstances, it may be conceived that his ideas were, for a short time, as perfectly conglomerated as a potted bloater: he scarcely believed it; and when, at last, he convinced himself of the truth, he indulged in the most pleasing reflections, as he journeyed home. "And shall I," thought he, "be able to have four suits a-year, without returning the old ones? And will it make no difference to me whether I give six-and-threepence for my hats, in Bread-street, or six-and-twenty under the Quadrant? Shall I be able to sup at the Albion, without hesitating to order two more poached eggs, or another Welsh rabbit, because it adds an extra eightpence to the reckoning? All this I can do, and more;" and, hereupon, he began to build such castles, that, quite forgetful of himself, he turned up six wrong coats, and knocked over two baked-potato cans, before he arrived at home.

But £12,000 does not tumble into your pockets as you sit at home with your feet on the fender, even if it be left you. Accordingly, many journeys did Mr. Skuffie take before he could really call the money his own, much to the detriment of his shoe-leather; although this last circumstance was not of much consequence to him now; indeed, he had already begun to think, with feelings of contempt, upon

his accustomed fourteen-shilling short Wellingtons, and indulge in bright dreams of glazed boots, with green upper-leathers, and channelled soles, fresh with brilliancy from the *depôts* of Gradelle, McDonnell, or Lehoq; and he even thought about discarding his ready-made pea coat, and having a new Taglioni built, of the colour of conscriptive blotting-paper.

Mr. Skuffle, in common with most clerks, entertained a great love of the country, and rural pleasures. He looked upon it as the *El Dorado* of cockney delight; and his wildest visions of future greatness had been limited to living in a neat cottage, and listening, all day long, to the hum of bees, the songs of birds, the lowing of cows, the bells of sheep, the sharpening of scythes, and a perpetual succession of fine weather, eternal summer, and never-dying trees and flowers; just, in fact, what every Londoner thinks the country is.

He was journeying, one morning, from Oxford-street, towards the Bank, upon some transfer business, when he was suddenly overtaken by a violent shower, in Holborn. Not a cab or coach was on the stand, when he got up to it, for they had all been instantaneously engaged by the more proximate pedestrians; and the omnibus drivers and cads shook their heads with provoking and hard-hearted coldness, in answer to his *hail*, as their unwieldy vehicles, filled with damp inmates to the last point of suffocation, "and no more," swayed their ponderous bulk on the groaning pavement. In this dilemma, he did what Grammont did, in England, when he was driven from France—he took refuge in a court, but merely for a short period—*un court séjour*, as the Frenchman would have said.

When people are waiting about for rain, or a stage-coach, it is astonishing what foolish things in the shops attract their attention, and, comparatively, amuse them. How many, similarly situated at the White Horse Cellar, have loitered, with intense delight, before the window of the whip and fishing-tackle shop at the corner; nay, they have found the inspection of the different samples of tea, in Decastro's window, beguile several weary minutes; and the names of the different places and times on the coach-bills, have been immensely entertaining. No one looks so vacant as when he is waiting in a public thoroughfare, and hence he always appears to be amused.

It was with this feeling that Mr. Skuffle ran his eye over the contents of the window of a house-agent, at the corner of the court where he was sheltered; and, after reading various neatly stencilled

announcements of houses to let, with immediate possession, in eligible parts of the town, his attention fell upon a small plan of a cottage *ornée*, with garden, paddock, and fish-pond; green pales and hurdle fence, "situated in the pleasant village of Chorturmt, within sight of the Great Western Railway," (it could be discerned, with a telescope, on the horizon, when the air was clear.) "to be let for a term of three, five, or seven years, furnished or unfurnished, with or without the land," &c.

These were certainly very accommodating conditions, and he determined to inquire a little about it. Having got all particulars from the agent, he placed the whole arrangement in the hands of Messrs. Flumflat and Bibikins, in order that everything might be properly conducted. Of course there was some little delay in the business, for that is always necessary to the importance which law proceedings are expected to assume; but, matters being finally settled, Mr. Skuffle bade adieu to London and Cataton-street, to take possession of his new estate. He did not leave, however, without giving his fellow-clerks a farewell supper at the Peacock, in Maiden-lane, where his health was proposed, and drunk with nine times nine, and "again, again, again," after it; and one of the clerk's friends, who was not invited, but brought, because he was "an out-and-out brick," sang such droll songs that everybody said it was better than anything they had ever heard at the Eagle, or anywhere else; and, afterwards, played a tune with a tobacco-pipe on the table, and danced a hornpipe on his head, with his heels in the air, on a stool placed for the purpose, in the middle of the room: but this was not until after the sixth bowl of punch. They separated, finally, at half-past four in the morning, each with somebody else's hat; leaving the senior clerk holding a warm argument with a policeman at the corner of Catherine-street, upon the comparative value of Spanish Bouds, and scalloped oysters; and then offering to treat him to coffee, at the stall of the very early-rising old lady, who opens her *restaurant*, every morning, at the corner of the inclined court that runs up all of a slant by the side of the Adelphi Theatre. Mr. Skuffle himself gave six distinct invitations to the same number of his companions, to come and stay a fortnight each with him, and also to bring with them everybody jolly they knew; and the rest of the company took it into their heads to walk up to Hampstead, and see the sun rise; except two men, one of whom, being very tipsy, was packed off home in a

rab; the other, who was not much better, going with him to take care that he came to no harm, and to help him pull his boots off.

In a few weeks, Mr. Skuffle was quietly settled in the country, having found the place, for a wonder, almost as good as the advertisement described it. He now determined to give himself up, for a while, to the charms of rural retirement; and amuse his idle hours by inventing and superintending various minor improvements about his residence, such as country gentlemen so much delight in. But, if an independent bachelor, with anything like a fixed income, thinks he can do as he likes with himself, or his time, he is very much mistaken indeed. No sooner had Mr. Skuffle been to church—no sooner had the clergyman and the doctor called on him—no sooner had it got abroad that his house was in order, and that he was ready to receive company, than a crowd of visitors, anxious to make his acquaintance, beset his doors; and every mamma in the vicinity, with marriageable daughters, set the young ladies at him, caps, habit-shirts, cambric cuffs, and all; so that, before he saw through their designs, he wondered at the similarity of ideas and pursuits that all the fair creatures possessed. First of all, when his two rhododendrons, before the parlour window, were in bloom, every young lady in the neighbourhood requested permission to come and see them, because she was *so* fond of botany; although there were much finer plants at the nurseryman's on the top of the hill, which she never went near. Next, after he sprained his foot, one day, in clambering over the logs of wood in the outhouse, to see if he could average how many billets the neighbouring cottagers carried away for their fires during the week, in a few days, fourteen pair of worsted slippers arrived, worked in all sorts of rainbow zigzags, and harlequin triangles, by as many different manufacturers; and as for watch-guards, purses, and patchwork table-covers, the number was quite incredible. Truth to tell, it was generally at the suggestion, or rather order, of the mothers, that these presents came; for we must state, in justice to the young ladies of the present day, that they are generally very much inclined to have a will of their own, in all affairs of the heart; which will is always at the most eccentric variation with that of their parents.

For a while, Mr. Skuffle heroically defied their constant siege—he was polite to all, and no more. Of so many shots, however, all aimed at the same unfortunate target, one was sure to hit, and so it proved in the present case. At the

nearest farm-house on the common, there resided a very worthy man, named Sparrow; and the assiduous attention of his wife and three daughters was so unremitting, that Pimony was obliged to capitulate. Mr. Sparrow had been, originally, a labourer; but, by industry and economy, he had built up the edifice of his own fortune, piece by piece, and then perched himself comfortably on the top. Wishing that his family should keep the same station in society, by their education, which he had attained by his good name, he placed his daughters in a ladies' school, at Hammersmith, where they had the advantage of all sorts of masters; were allowed to contribute to the plate-basket of the principal; took six towels and a prayer-book; and walked two-and-two every fine afternoon, across Turnham Green. Here they picked up so many odd notions, that poor old Sparrow was quite bewildered when they first came home; but, at last, like the eels and their skins, gradually got used to it. A curious assemblage of articles their drawing-room presented. The principal part of the furniture was in the regular old mahogany, farm-house style; with the wine-glasses, rummers, salt-cellars, and punch-bowls, ranged in recesses on each side of the fire-place, and backed by gigantic tea-boards; and, in the middle of the room, there was a round table covered with albums, annals, transfer nothing-boxes, little cats made out of shells and putty, butterfly penwipers, and all sorts of other fancy gimcracks, that the young ladies brought home every "half" to sell for their mistresses, and to say they had made them themselves. Rarely did their father approach this table, and if by chance the good man left his pipe, or book of farm-accounts, on it, he got such a scolding as, for a long time, prevented a repetition of the offence. Anne and Fanny, the two eldest girls, were most decidedly plain, but "very amiable," (as, fortunately, plain girls always are;) and, upon the whole, not so well educated as Emma, their younger sister, who was pretty and coquetish. The careful views of Mrs. Sparrow, with regard to establishing her daughters, were principally confined to the last young lady; first, because she thought the others would make very good wives for some of the young farmers in the neighbourhood; secondly, because she imagined Mr. Skuffle would more readily fall in love with Emma; and, thirdly, because she was anxious to stop some clandestine sort of an engagement which, report said, was going on between that young lady, and a sort of second or third cousin, who had been denied the house, because he was so

very wild and improvident—riding at steeple-chases, and hurdle-races; keeping subscription hounds; and making a perpetual racket in the village.

After a few ceremonious calls, the parties got more familiar, and Mr. Skuffle accepted an invitation from Mrs. Sparrow, to drop in, occasionally, on an evening for “a little music.” Oh! that “little music”—how many bachelors have fallen victims to its influence! It is dangerous to turn over the leaves of a music-book, whilst a pretty girl plays a set of quadrilles, or a *suite* of waltzes, especially if she has a beautiful arm and hand; it is worse to listen to her as she sings, if she does not make faces, and has a melodious voice; but once come to a duet with her—once attempt “*La ci darem*,” or “I’ve wandered in dreams” with her, and, if it is not all up with you, you are, indeed, hard-hearted; nothing short of champagne, moonlight, dark eyes, and a guitar can drive you to a declaration.

The snare was set, and Mr. Skuffle was caught—at least, she thought so. The mamma Sparrow had made a bold stroke; but, although she played for a winning liazard, the ball never reached the pocket. It was a love game between her and her daughter, and the fair Emma won it.

ALPERT.

(*To be continued.*)

LONDON IVY.

Ivy is one of the few shrubs which will bear without injury the smoke of London, and this property renders it exceedingly valuable for street houses. About London, it is raised in immense quantities in pots, and trained to the height of from six to twelve feet on stakes, so that at any season of the year a hedge may be formed of it, by training it over an iron railing, or wire fence, or wooden railing, or lattice work; or a wall may be covered with it, at an incredibly short notice. One valuable use to which ivy may be applied, in street houses in towns, is to form external framings to the windows instead of architraves. In the interminable lines of naked windows in the monotonous brick houses built about fifty years ago, which form the majority of the London streets at the west end of the town, the ivy affords a resource which any householder of taste may turn to very good account. He has only to form projecting architraves of wire to his windows, and to place a pot of ivy on his window-sill, or in a small balcony, at the base of each jamb, taking care to fix the pots securely, and to make a provision for supplying them regularly with water. In rooms, ivy, when planted in

boxes, and properly trained, may be made to form a rustic screen, either to soften the light, or to exclude a disagreeable view; and in very large drawing-rooms, plants in boxes or vases, trained on wire parasols, or other overhanging framework, will form a rustic canopy for small groups of parties, who may seat themselves under its shade, in the same manner as parties sit under orange-trees in the public rooms of Berlin, and other cities on the Continent.—*Loudon's Arboretum.*

THE LATE

SIR JEFFREY WYATVILLE.

THIS successful architect may, without flattery, be said to have attained wealth and envied distinction by the skill, integrity, and straightforward conduct, which uniformly characterized his professional works as well as his private life. He was thus, without metaphor, “the architect of his own fortune;” and never has success been built upon a more firm or honourable foundation. Of an artist who was honoured by the personal commendation of two monarchs, who successively sought his professional advice—who received the public eulogy of some of the most distinguished senators in both Houses of Parliament, and of many eminent critics and *cognoscenti*—it may at once gratify laudable curiosity, and excite emulation, to record a few biographical facts, calculated to characterize the man and the architect; beyond the brief notice of his decease in the last-published Number of the *Literary World*.

Jeffrey Wyatt was the son of Joseph Wyatt, an architect, resident at Burton-upon-Trent, in the county of Stafford, where he was born on the 3rd of August, 1766. His father was considered clever, but indolent, and, therefore, afforded but a poor example for a boy of enthusiastic and enterprising spirit, such as young Jeffrey soon proved himself to possess. He received the common rudiments of education at the free-school of his native place; and, from reading Sir Walter Raleigh's *History of the World*, before he had reached his twelfth year, he secretly left his home, to seek his adventures at sea. Pursued and overtaken, he was quickly conveyed back to school; still, correction and study did not curb his “ruling passion;” for, within two years, he again fled from both, for the sea; but his purpose was again arrested, and he was compelled to remain at home till the age of seventeen. “During this time, he was once ‘rigged out’ for a voyage with Admiral Kempenfeldt, on board the *Royal George*; but was fortunately prevented from joining that noble ship, which

was afterwards lost at Spithead. Home, however, became not only irksome, but painful, to him, from the improvidence of his father; and, in 1783, he made a third and successful attempt to fly from both, and seek his fortune in the metropolis; but could not obtain any engagement in the naval service, as the American war had then ceased.* Thus, the hopes which he had imbibed, from the startling record of Raleigh's lofty genius, were at last frustrated; and young Wyatt, athirst for adventure upon the boundless ocean, was destined to seek his fortunes on land; where, by industry and integrity, he found as bright an *El Dorado* as that which glitters in the folios of Raleigh, and a career of success which led on to honourable enjoyment. It is curious to reflect in how many instances the fortunes of our greatest men have been decided by chance, and circumstance, in their early life. Thus, had Wyatt succeeded in his desire for the sea, England would number one man of genius less among her artists; though, possibly, another master-mind among her naval heroes.

Upon young Jeffrey's arrival in London, he found a friend and protector in Samuel Wyatt, his father's brother, then an architect and builder of repute; with whom Jeffrey continued more than seven years, and thus acquired considerable knowledge of the ordinary office business, and of practical construction. "Mr. S. Wyatt was extensively employed, both in London, and at the seats of many noblemen and gentlemen in the country; namely, at Eaton Hall; Tatton Hall; the Trinity House, London, &c.; all of which were executed from his designs; and, consequently, afforded his nephew opportunities of witnessing all the processes (stages?) of designing, estimating, and executing buildings of various kinds. In the hope of acquiring further professional knowledge, and particularly with a view of cultivating that essential requisite in art, taste, young Wyatt sought these advantages in the offices of another uncle, Mr. James Wyatt, who had attained a higher station on the ladder of fame than his brother.† He had passed some years of architectural study in Italy, and, while yet a minor, he designed and built "the Pantheon," in Oxford-street; the simple Palladian beauty of which exterior, coupled with its superb internal decoration, obtained for the architect extensive commendation, and introduced him to the appointment of Surveyor-General of his Majesty's works; his first labours being various alterations and additions at Windsor Castle, at the

suggestion of King George III.* In the office of Mr. S. Wyatt, his nephew served a second term of apprenticeship; and, besides improvement in practice, thus obtained numerous introductions to influential persons, among whom was the Prince of Wales, who honoured him with personal notice up to 1799. In this year, Mr. Jeffrey Wyatt joined in business an eminent builder, who had extensive government and other contracts. In this profitable concern he continued till 1824; when, after an absence of twenty-five years from Royal intercourse, he unexpectedly received from King George IV. instructions respecting designs for the restoration of Windsor Castle.

‡ The union of the tradesman with the architect was deemed, by the Royal Academicians, a sufficient bar to the advancement of Mr. Jeffrey Wyatt to be one of their society; and he was allowed to continue as a candidate for twenty years, before he was admitted a member. During this period, he made many designs for public and private buildings, which were erected in different parts of the kingdom, some of which manifested architectural talents of a high order. He was, at length, elected an associate, and, speedily afterwards, one of the Royal Academicians. Among various designs which he had exhibited at that nursery of the arts, was one called 'Priam's Palace,' which attracted much admiration during the exhibition. This, and his other architectural drawings, and executed buildings, are ample evidences of his love of, and devotion to, his profession.†

One of the first acts of the new Parliament, after the accession of George IV., was the projection of great alterations and improvements in the magnificent castle-palace at Windsor. For this purpose, it was agreed that the three attached architects to the Board of Works, Messrs. Soane, Nash, and Smirke, with Mr. Jeffrey Wyatt, should be directed to make plans, drawings, and estimates. The sum of £300,000 had been voted by Parliament towards the expenses of these improve-

* Previously to the King and his family migrating from their little lodge, in the Park, to the Castle, about the year 1801. "The lath and plaster of Sir William Chambers was then abandoned to the equestres and chance visitors of the court; and the low rooms and dark passages, that had scarcely been tenanted since the days of Anne, were made tolerably habitable by the aid of diligent upholstery. Upon the whole, the change was not one which concurred to comfort; and I have heard that the Princesses went when they quitted their snug boudoirs in the Queen's Lodge. Windsor Castle, as it was, was a sad patchwork affair. The late King (George III.) and his family had lived at Windsor nearly thirty years before it occurred to him to inhabit his own Castle."—*Windsor as it was: London Magazine*.

† Fisher's National Portrait Gallery, *ut supra*.

* Fisher's National Portrait Gallery.

† Ibid.

ments; and a commission of eight noblemen and gentlemen, members of the administration and of the opposition, were appointed to advise as to the works and expenditure of the money. Among these "Commissioners" were the Earl of Aberdeen, President of the Society of Antiquaries; and Sir Charles Long, (subsequently Lord Farnborough,) a distinguished Fellow of that enlightened institution: both men of refined taste in the higher departments of art. In May, 1824, the respective architects above named, (with the exception of Mr. Soane,) submitted their drawings to the Commissioners; when the designs of Mr. Jeffry Wyatt were approved of, and accepted. The Commissioners next visited Windsor; the plan of operations was settled; and, on the 12th of August, 1824, the birth-day of George IV., the first stone was laid by the King; it being part of the foundation of the new gateway on the southern side of the Great Quadrangle, and thenceforth named *George the Fourth's Gateway*. On this occasion, the architect received the royal authority for changing his name to Wyatville; not merely as a personal compliment, but for the purpose of distinguishing and separating the Wyatt of that reign, from his uncle, Mr. James Wyatt; whose share in the architectural works at Windsor, during the reign of George III., has already been mentioned. Furthermore, George IV. suggested and conferred the additional armorial quartering to the architect's family arms, of a view of George the Fourth's Gateway, with the word, *Windsor*, as a motto.

Without the aid of plans and views of the buildings, it is impossible to convey to the reader any clear idea of Windsor Castle at the time that Mr. Wyatville commenced his improvements, in 1824, and at the period of their recent completion. It may be sufficient to mention, that the alterations and additions made in the Castle buildings, from the commencement of the Tudor dynasty, to the year 1824, were not only inharmonious with the castellated character of the older works; but were generally tasteless in design, and slight and bad in execution. Hence, the whole of the latter class were taken down, when the main timbers were found to be decayed. "New floors and ceilings, with new partition-walls, were necessary; and, to improve the exterior effect of the elevations, each wall was raised several feet, and finished with bold embattled parapets. The angular and intermediate towers were also augmented in height, and each crowned with a machicoated summit. The chimney-shafts were formed into stone clusters, and made to assume the shapes of turrets. Around the south and

east sides of the interior of the great quadrangle, was erected a spacious corridor, 550 feet in length, connected with, and forming grand and convenient approaches to, the chief suites of apartments which belong to those parts of the Castle."

The works proceeded with such rapidity, (the architect devoting the whole of his time to the vast undertaking,) that, on the 9th of December, 1828, the King's private apartments were completed; and his Majesty removed from his rural retreat, a superbly embellished cottage in the Great Park, and formally took possession of the Castle. The next public act of the King was to confer the honour of knighthood on his architect, who, also, was permitted to take up his residence in a commanding tower, in the middle ward, at the west end of the north terrace. It was, doubtless, built and inhabited by William of Wykham, who, it will be recollected, was "clerk of the works" to Edward III.; and Sir Jeffry restored, heightened, and otherwise altered the structure of his illustrious predecessor in office.

The progress of the repairs was rather expedited than stayed by the King having taken up his residence at the Castle. The decayed and dangerous state of the building had, however, occasioned an expenditure much beyond the original estimates: indeed, at Midsummer, 1830, the cost appeared to have been nearly doubled.†

(To be concluded in our next.)

* Lecture on Castellated Architecture, read by Mr. Britton, at Windsor, in March, 1834; and quoted in Fisher's work. Windsor Castle has been successively occupied by nearly all the English monarchs, from William I. to Queen Victoria; a period of nearly seven centuries and three-quarters. The Castle buildings have been progressively raised by William I. and II., Henry I., Edward III. and IV., Henry VII. and VIII., Elizabeth, Charles I. and II., George III. and IV., and by William IV. The only addition of importance commenced during the present reign, is the erection of a suite of stabling, which, with all its high convenience, the Castle has not hitherto possessed.

† The moneys granted, up to Midsummer, 1830, were as follow:

In 1824.....	£31,237	6	8
1825.....	85,655	7	7
1826.....	101,446	2	11
1827.....	141,600	19	4
1828.....	86,309	2	6
To Lady-day, 1829.....	25,988	5	7
	172,246	4	7
Computed to be due at Christmas, 1829.....	60,000	0	0
Further to Midsummer, 1830.....	32,000	0	0
Estimates for further indispensable works.....	148,796	0	0
And for suggested improvements.....	340,000	0	0

Making a total of £1,053,042 4 7

This statement was communicated to us by a friend, upon whose statistical accuracy we can rely, in September, 1830; and inserted in the *Mirror*, vol. xvi. p. 188. We have not the means at hand, of ascertaining, with sufficient correctness, the expenditure since the year 1830.

WELL AT OBERWESEL.

THIS effective engraving, like its predecessor, at p. 328, is interesting from its picturesque merit, rather than from association with any incident or stirring event. It represents one of the many public wells in and around the small town of Oberwesel, on the Rhine; which is, altogether, highly picturesque, from its lofty round

tower at the water side, its many-turreted walls, and Gothic buildings. This well is built into the town wall; whilst that at p. 328 stands isolated, and surmounted with a sort of cupola. Both engravings are from sketches made in a tour, last autumn, by a young and rising draftsman; whose pencil combines bright effect with high artistic merit and accuracy—the tasteful labours of enthusiastic genius.*



WELL AT OBERWESEL.

Rainbow.¹

"MOCHA PATTERN" POTTERY, AND MOCHA STONES.

The most simple, and one of the most common examples of dendritic, or tree-like, figures, occurs in the manufacture of the cheapest sort of ornamented pottery-ware, termed "the Mocha pattern." These picturesque figures are made by children, who are entirely ignorant of the art of design. While the vessel is in the unglazed state, termed Biscuit, it is dabbed in given places with a liquid pigment, which

runs by descent, as the surface of the vessel is inclined; and thus it instantly spreads from trunks into regular subdividing branches: the rough surface of the biscuit, and the gradual thickening of the liquid pigment, producing these appearances.

Dendritic figures are also common in many stones, which were formerly regarded

* In England, we rarely take advantage of turning our wells and pumps to architectural account, as did our ancestors. A better taste is, however, springing up: for example, a large pump, of handsome design, (somewhat in the style of the reign of James I.) has just been erected in Holborn, near Gray's Inn gate.

as petrifications of previously organized structures. In the compact marly limestone, called lithographic stone, these figures often occur, and generally on the surfaces of laminae; by which it would seem that the ochry pigment had percolated, and spread in the same manner as that described respecting pottery. The moss-agate, certain marbles, and Mocha-stone, exhibit similar dendritic figures.

These observations have been contributed by Sir Anthony Carlisle to *Jameson's Journal*; but, is Sir Anthony aware that Dr. Macculloch has detected, what Panchenon merely conjectured, in Mocha and moss-agates,—namely, aquatic *confervee*, (moss-like plants,) unaltered both in colour and form, and also coated with iron oxide? We recorded this fact, in our *Plain Why and Because*, so long ago as 1832: see Part xv. *Mineralogy*, p. 15.

DECOMPOSITION OF GLASS.

It is a fact not very generally known, that glass, to a certain extent, is decomposable by water: if some of it in a powdered state be triturated with distilled water, in a short time the turneric test will indicate a portion of alkali in solution. (*Paris's Life of Sir Humphry Davy*.)

CURIOS TRANSMUTATION.

It is perhaps difficult to believe, that the same salt (common salt) should be a chloride of sodium in the hand, and a muriate of soda in the mouth; but it is nevertheless true; nor is it more incredible, than the change which sulphuret of potass undergoes by solution, the decomposition of which is rendered evident to the senses by the evolved sulphuretted hydrogen.—(*Paris's Pharmacologia*, p. 425.)

WONDERS OF THE FLINT.

In the little crevices of flints may often be detected one or more clusters of minute round white spots, which, when seen through a microscope, appear like flattish bodies, with a rising in the centre, and with a fringe;—indeed, they appear somewhat like minute mushrooms. If one of these granules be opened with the point of a needle, it will be found to contain a matter like the yolk of an egg. After some days' exposure to the heat of the sun, these white granular bodies change to a reddish colour, and become distended, as though about to burst; and as some minute scarlet mites are very often observed running about such flints, it is probable that these bodies are actually the eggs of these creatures. J. H. F.

CHEMICAL ACTION OF LIGHT.

Sir John Herschel, in his photographic experiments, has been led to notice some remarkable facts relating to the action of

the chemical rays of light. He has ascertained that, contrary to the prevailing opinion, the chemical action of light is by no means proportional to the quantity of violet rays transmitted, or even to the general tendency of the tint to the violet end of the spectrum; and his experiments lead to the conclusion that, in the same manner as media have been ascertained to have relations *sui generis* to the calorific rays, not regulated by their relations to the rays of illumination and of colour, they have also specific relations to the chemical spectrum, different from those they bear to the other kinds of spectra.

DELICATE REACTION.

It has lately been ascertained, by experiment, that a minute quantity of iodine in distilled water, equal to no more than 1,500,000th part of the whole, will be distinctly indicated when mixed with starch, dilute sulphuric acid, and chlorine.

MEDICINAL PROPERTIES OF SEA-WATER.

Dr. Schweitzer, of the German Spa, Brighton, suggests that if sea-water were evaporated to dryness, the residue might be kept in earthen vessels, and thus be conveyed to any distance; and, as its constituents are very soluble, sea-water in perfection might be procured at any place. The evaporation of sea-water should be performed with care, and the ingredients kept by chemists. One great advantage would accrue from this method, *viz.*, that sea-water could be had of any degree of concentration which the practitioner might deem necessary. At the baths of Kreuchnach, for example, extraordinary effects have been produced, when from forty to seventy quarts of the mother-lignor were added to the natural salt water of that spring, and this mixture used for bathing.

VITAL HEAT OF PLANTS.

M. Dutrochet has shewn, by means of his thermo-electric machine, that every plant not only possesses a heat of its own; but that such heat, subject to a daily impulse, attains its maximum about the middle of the day, and presents its minimum during the night. The hour of the maximum varies in different plants from ten A.M. to three P.M.—*Polytechnic Journal*.

LIGHT FROM THE OYSTER-SHELL.

The luminous appearance sometimes to be seen on the shells of oysters is produced by an animalcule, which can emit or conceal its light at will; and sometimes its lustre is so bright as to be discoverable even in open daylight, especially on being touched or disturbed. Its light is bluish, like that of the glow-worm, or a spark of burning brimstone.

New Books.

CAMP AND QUARTERS. BY MAJOR JOHN PATTERSON.

[THIS work consists of two volumes of stirring adventures, scenes, and impressions, of military life. They are written in a pleasant, lively, jaunty style, to suit the service of light readers. The Major is *maximus* at description: his sketches, are charmingly graphic, and his details minute, without being tedious; and the text being divided into chapters, broken up with sub-heads, adds much to the take-up-and-read-me air of the book, and makes it a capital companion for the man of service, as well as the general reader. Here are a few random specimens.]

Scenery of Portugal.

Portugal is a delightful and picturesque country; abounding throughout its length and breadth, with more of natural beauty than any other of the same extent in Europe; I know of nothing that will bear comparison with it, unless it be the splendid scenery of the West. Instead of the monotonous and boundless plains, presenting an immeasurable surface in the central parts of Spain, it is diversified by mountains richly clothed, numerous fine rivers, romantic defiles, and the wildest glens. The climate is, in truth, delicious, possessed of all the mildness of more southern regions, and without that chilling atmosphere, so peculiar to the spacious tablelands of Leon and Castile.

In the month of August, when we made our first appearance there, the vintage season had set in, affording us an opportunity of beholding, in all its loveliness. The forest trees, vines, and rich plantations, in their autumnal robes, imparted a luxuriance that it would be difficult to describe. Now it was that we beheld the ravages committed by the desolating hand of war: those beautiful districts, with their corn-fields, gardens, orchards, olive-grounds, and vineyards, were despoiled and trampled down by the march of troops. Parts lying more immediately within the compass of our route, were converted into a wilderness of ruin; wherever Junot's soldiers had been quartered, or encamped, there the work of devastation was complete.

Even our battles were fought in the midst of those extensive vineyards: at Vimiero, they lay around us, as far as the eye could reach. The delicious grapes, thus profusely spread by the liberality of Nature, together with the water-melon, afforded a refreshment, that proved a welcome cordial to the thirsty, exhausted, or wounded men. I used to see the poor fellows lying desperately injured, or in a

dying state, in the act of regaling eagerly upon the simple feast, even while their eyes were closing on the brilliant scene; and I am convinced that numbers would have perished from weakness and loss of blood, were they not sustained, until surgical aid arrived, by these delightful fruits.

[A sketch from

A Day in Camp.]

The sun appears, the widely extended range gleams with polished armour, the sparkling of which among the trees is lost in the distant woods. The dense and magnificent array, cresting the richly platted eminences, gives to the depths of solitude a splendour of life and animation, that is both impressive and full of grandeur.

Bands and bugles, sounding the loud *reueillé*, are heard from right to left; "deeper and deeper still," the drums troop of the guards and piqueurs in front of every regiment. From hill to hill, the martial sounds reverberate, and, from the inmost recesses of the forest, are echoed back upon the line.

The time that intervened between our several campings out, was, occasionally, varied or enlivened by a battle. "O, what a glorious thing's a battle!"—what peals of musketry—what thundering of great guns—what blustering of commanders!—How could the pen or pencil of any human being convey even a faint impression of the scene?

It is really astonishing with what indifference the approaching contest is beheld by those who are to take an active part therein; it would seem, at the moment, as though it were nothing more than one of those every-day events, of common-place routine; a march, parade, resting in camp, a field-day, or a battle, it is all alike to soldiers; I mean those who are regularly and *bonâ fide* soldiers—who, without expending a moment's thought upon the subject, evidently betray much more anxiety as to when, or where, the commissary is to shew his face, or as to the quantity or quality of the grog.

Our greatest battles were fought on Sundays, which I have heard accounted for in this way; the French, who were for the most part the assailants, and hence selecting time and place, made choice of the holiest day, from motives peculiar to themselves; not because "the better day the better deed," but from the circumstance of being under the auspices and more immediate guidance of some favourite or patron saint.* Vimiero, Vittoria, the Pyrenees, and Waterloo, were all fought on Sundays.

* This, by all accounts, was not a popular idea with the Spaniards; for that imbecile Cuesta, without assigning any cause, declined fighting upon a Sunday.

They usually advanced to make their first attack before the early light of dawn; when, turning our attention to a feigned attempt upon some well-defended post, their principal assault was made upon the weakest part of our position. Thus it was in Egypt, where Menon, spreading out his troops upon a wide extent of surface, burst like a torrent on our lines; and, covered by the darkness, made a false attack upon the left, in order to divert us from the real object of his fire; where, on the right, a desperate struggle terminated in defeat of the assailing party.

First Sight of the Escurial.

I can scarcely remember anything in the course of a rapid and interesting journey, which struck me more forcibly than the first view that presented itself of the Escurial, as we passed across the brow of the lower mountain ridge, upon which it stands. Having to march some distance through the deer-park, which occupies a considerable range of country round the palace, the building was mostly concealed by the thick foliage of the trees; so that, on emerging from the outer extremity of the park, or, rather, from that side opening to the hill, the whole magnificence of the structure, with all its vastness, burst on the eye, with an effect that I am unable to describe.

When Philip I. beheld this splendid fabric, as it rose in all its beauty from the workmen's hand, little did he imagine that it should, at some future day, be trampled on, profaned, and made a refuge for the boisterous sons of strife. Had any evil-omened spirit ascended from his costly mausoleum to haunt him with such bodings, dark would have been his latter days—penances would have taken place of that ambition which, at first, prompted him to raise the pile; and well he might have mourned, for, even in the worst of times, when war, with its dreadful horrors, threatened to desolate mankind, a scene so humbling to the pride of kings could scarcely be imagined, as that which was represented in this palace, when our troops were unfortunately introduced there.

It was melancholy to witness the havoc going forward;—to see those walls, long since painted and embellished with so much care, with all the pains that genius could bestow;—those marble stairs and lobbies;—those richly-ornamented galleries, halls and balustrades, blackened and defiled with smoke!—Well may it be said, that war is a sad alternative, when buildings, such as this, whether pertaining to friend or foe, should be so cruelly mutilated and despoiled. Let those who are advocates for the system, even upon

grounds more justifiable than anything which has hitherto disturbed the peace of nations, but note the ruin that has followed in the march of armies when in Spain,—let them behold the miserable remains of structures, raised, it may be, for monastic pomp, or to gratify the taste of princes,—the broken, defaced, and crumbling masses, into which so many of them have fallen,—they will, if possessed of a spark of love for all that is noble, all that is beautiful, deplore the consequences of our warfare, yielding to those fine, those higher principles, which not only decide for peace, but would preserve, with jealous hand, those splendid works of art, at once the pride and ornament of every country. It is true the troops were not allowed to pass within the chambers of the palace; but, even so, the mischief carried on throughout the galleries was irreparable, for soldiers think of nothing, in times like these, but that which concerns their own immediate wants, conceiving that they ought to burn or destroy any or every thing that lies before them, wantonly injuring or defacing, without the slightest shadow of excuse.

Paradise for Thirsters.

Bembibre is a small place, in the very heart of the Gallician mountains, lying immediately in our passage through those mountains. For the honour of our soldiers, it would have been far better to have gone fifty leagues out of the way, than enter it; this, however, was impossible; there was no other road, no time was to be lost; the French were at our heels, and our generals were strangers to the country. Its name, which imports a paradise for thirsty souls, was, in itself, sufficient to stamp its guzzling character, and was the best possible index to its trade. It was then, and may be still, for all I know to the contrary, a colony of wine-bibbers, and a mart of wine. Taverns, those pest-houses of every nation, abounded there.

After incessant marchings, night and day, here the troops were halted for some breathing time. The wintry wind was chiming in our ears, in melancholy cadence. Rain fell profusely on our exhausted ranks; petrified with cold, the most wretched hovel was a palace in our eyes; and, to our heartfelt joy, we were, as I said before, put under cover. But dreadful was the consequence of this ill-judged measure. Once located there, in the existing state of things, the evil was not to be averted.

A winter's march, through any country, has but few attractions, much less in that inhospitable waste: our condition, therefore, was, comparatively, happiness, when

shelter was obtained—shelter that was long and anxiously looked-out for. Before the lapse of many minutes, every tenement was crowded; those who could not lodge themselves above, took refuge in the cellars, that were, unfortunately, but too well stored with a pernicious “black strap,” manufactured from the mountain vine, that grew somewhere in the neighbourhood.

The soldiers, waiting not to broach the pipes and barrels in the usual way, stove them in at once, or picked the heads out with their bayonets; so that, in a little time, they were wallowing in the liquor, that flowed in black and purple streams around them. They literally floated in lakes of wine. Being dark when we arrived, and every one (including the inhabitants) knocked up, it was impossible to take precautionary measures, even had we known the circumstances of the place. The men, once tasting the intoxicating drink, were maddened by its influence, and became reckless and unmanageable. Some hours passed off in a brutal state of revelry and riot; it seemed a vain attempt to stop the violent excesses. Now, when it was too late, the sad effects of putting the troops in such places were evident. By daylight, however, forcible expulsion was resorted to. Generals, their staff, and the provost-marshal were all in requisition.

The alarm was sounded—bugles rent the air—adjutants, with a horde of their officials, shouted out their lungs, until a “remnant” was collected. By dint of driving, threatening, flogging, gibbeting, everything, in fact, that the wrath of man could think of, the horrible saturnalia was dissolved; the infatuated troops were hustled on to the assembling at the outlets, when, plunging once more into the haunts of desolation, the loose and straggling columns of reeling soldiers urged on their weary route.

TRAVELS IN THE WEST: CUBA. BY DAVID TURNBULL, ESQ., M.A.

[THIS work is the first of a series of volumes on—1st, the Spanish West Indies; 2nd, the British West Indies; 3rd, St. Domingo, and the French and Danish West Indies; 4th, British America; 5th, the United States: all being the result of a two years' tour through the above countries. The present portion of this extensive design is egg-full of descriptive sketches, which denote Mr. Turnbull to be an acute observer, as well as a clever recorder, of the best results of travel. His information, geographical, statistical, politico-economical, and historical, appears to

be of the first class; and the volume is, altogether, a valuable storehouse of facts, illustrating the social condition of the very important island of Cuba. The work, likewise, possesses a commanding interest in its ample details of the iniquities of the African Slave Trade, and the earnestness and ability with which the author advocates the entire abolition of this detestable traffic, the policy of which measure he supports by incontestable evidence. The volume is appropriately dedicated to the Earl of Clarendon, who is known to have the abolition of the Slave Trade “very much at heart;” and whose enlightened administration will, we hope, succeed in the accomplishment of this benevolent object. Mr. Turnbull, in his preface, adverts to some indirect connivance of British merchants at the horrible traffic, adding—“these, it must be admitted, are grievous blots on the national escutcheon. As long as a single vestige of them remains, to justify either the taunts of our enemies, or the honest regrets of our friends, we can never afford to sit down with tranquillity or composure, under the disgraceful imputation. Every man of us is bound to exert himself in the cause, as if his personal reputation were at stake. From all this pollution there is but one way of escape. It is by the suppression of the trade, finally, absolutely, irretrievably.” Our further extracts, it will be seen, aim at variety and concentration.]

The Volante Carriage.

The saddle, or the peculiar carriage of the island, the *volante*, forms the only means of conveyance in a country where the roads are so eminently execrable. No written description we had previously read of the *volante* had been able to give us a satisfactory idea of it.

The wheels of the *volante* are placed so wide apart, that it is next to impossible to overturn it, even in ruts where an ordinary carriage would disappear. The wheels themselves are always, at least, six feet, and some that I have measured have proved even seven feet, in diameter. The shafts are proportionally long; indeed, so long, that a second horse might be placed between the croupe of the first and the body of the carriage. The body is suspended on C-springs, also very wide apart; and is hung so low between the shafts that the heads of the travellers are always a foot or two below the level of the upper section of the wheels.

In the city of the Havana there is a police regulation, directing that no more than one horse shall be attached to these carriages, whether public or private, within the walls; but, in the country, of course,

such a regulation would be impracticable. One out-rigger is always added to the left, on which the *calesero* is mounted, instead of riding the shaft-horse, as is the invariable custom in the Havana. Where the roads are worse than usual, or where more state is thought necessary, a second out-rigger is attached on the right hand side. The *quitrin* is a mere variety of the *volante*, the one having a fixed, and the other a moveable top. The *calesero*, particularly in towns, is usually dressed in a very smart livery, resembling, in some degree, the gayest of the French postillions; but, instead of his enormous boots, wearing long black gaiters, with silver buckles to his shoes; the buckles of the harness being often of the same precious metal.*

This system of three horses abreast is that usually adopted by the native gentry of the island of St. Domingo. In that island, even in their heaviest field-wagons, a leader is never to be seen; although it is not uncommon in the plains of the Cul de Sac, or Leogane, to find two horses or mules attached to the pole of a two-wheeled wagon, with a bar, like that of a curricie, across, and an out-rigger on either side, making, in all, four animals abreast.

Guns à la Paixhaus.

These guns, which are now very generally adopted in the British, as well as the French service, and that of the United States, are, perhaps, the most formidable warlike instruments of modern invention. That on board the *Dee*, we had ample opportunity of examining. Its length, I think, was not less than fourteen feet; and its bore was so considerable as to admit of a hollow shot, which, when charged, weighed eighty-four pounds English, but which, had it been solid, would have reached the extraordinary ponderosity of 140 pounds. The weight of the whole machine, with its carriage, and the powerful pivot on which it turned, so as to traverse round nearly three-fourths of the circle, was equal, as we were assured, to no less than eight tons. On board the *Dee* it was placed in the after part of the ship, and was provided with a circular railway, to diminish the friction in turning it.

A few months before, at the time of my visit to Fort Royal, Martinique, which has since been the scene of such a lamentable catastrophe, the French admiral, De la Bretonnière, was good enough to invite me on board his crack frigate, *La Didon*, carrying at that time, on two decks, sixty-four guns, of various calibre, although rated only at sixty, for the purpose of pointing out to me the tremendous power which his four guns, *à la Paixhaus*, could be made

to exercise. On board the *Didon*, these guns were placed on the lower deck, (but not turning on a pivot as on board the *Dee*), two on either side, as near as possible, amidships; and, as the admiral explained to me, they were calculated, although the experiment had not then been tried, by the bursting of the shot or shell, after being embedded in the side or wall of the enemy's ship, to which it might be opposed, to make a hole between wind and water, not less than three feet in diameter. I am not sufficiently acquainted with the power of these formidable projectiles, to be able to form an opinion of the accuracy of Admiral de la Bretonnière's calculation; but there can be very little doubt that in the next naval war with which mankind may be afflicted, its issue will, in a great measure, depend on the application of the steam engine to purposes of navigation, in combination with this new and terrible invention.

Living in Cuba.

The social habits of the people in this part of the island, Santiago, bear a stronger resemblance to those of Port-au-Prince, and the other great towns of St. Domingo, than to the system adopted in the capital. The principal meal of the day, by some called a dinner, and by others a breakfast, is usually served at twelve o'clock. At the Havana, the peninsular custom prevails of dining at three in the afternoon, and afterwards indulging in the *siesta*. The old Spaniards, in fact, divide their four-and-twenty hours into two little days, which, as far as eating or sleeping is concerned, are made to resemble each other as nearly as possible. As soon as they awake in the morning, they must have their crust of bread, and their tiny cup of chocolate, which they find sufficient to sustain them till the hour of dinner, of which they make a hearty meal. Here the first of the two little days may be said to end; and, after the *siesta*, the crust of bread and the chocolate are repeated, leaving another interval of abstinence from five o'clock till midnight, when they eat a hearty supper, resembling, in all respects, their three o'clock dinner, and go once more to bed, setting at open defiance the old rhyming Latin maxim:—

"Ex magna cœnâ stomacho fit maxima pœna,
Ut sis nocte levis, sit tibi cœnâ hœvis."

After dinner comes the *paseo* and the interchange of visits, those of ceremony being reserved for the saints' days, of the first order, the *Fiestas de dos Cruces*. When the ordinary resources of music, dancing, and conversation, are found insufficient to fill up the evening, the people of the Havana have the same public *funcions* to go to as in the great cities of the Penin-

sula, the theatre, the opera, or the Corrida de Toros.

Lady Smokers.

Every individual on board the *Grande Antilla*, man, woman, and child, used tobacco incessantly, in every form but the abominable one of chewing, and its concomitant expectoration, an atrocity reserved for our brethren of North America. The married ladies, several of them the wives of officers of some rank in the army, smoked openly and undisguisedly, preferring, in general, that strong sort of tobacco which is made up into cigars, in the form called the Long Tom, some five or six inches in length. The young ladies make their maiden essay with the *cigarillo*, which consists of a very small portion of the much cherished weed, of the mildest possible flavour, wrapped up in paper, prepared for the purpose, by dipping it in a solution of alum, just strong enough to prevent it from bursting into flame, or wasting away faster than the semi-pulverised tobacco contained in it. It is but fair to add, that in the first circles at the Havana, as at the court of her Catholic Majesty, ladies, young or old, of the highest rank, are as free from this indulgence as in other parts of the world. The Mexican ladies are evidently more devoted to this habit than their fair sisters of the Peninsula.

A Slave Proprietor's Family.

When a stranger visits the town residence of a Cuba proprietor, he finds the family surrounded by a little colony of slaves of every variety of complexion, from ebony to alabaster. Most of them have been born in the house, have grown with the growth of the family, and are, perhaps, the foster brothers or foster sisters of the master or his children. In such circumstances, it would be surprising if an uncivilised barbarian were to treat them harshly; and for a Spanish, and much more for a Creole, master to do so, imbued as he is with all the warmth of the social affections, is totally out of the question. These long retinues of domestics are kept up, by some, from an idle love of pagantry, but, by others, from the more honourable desire of not parting with those born under their roof, and, for that reason, bearing their name; as it is the practice in Cuba, and in other slave countries into which Africans are imported, for the first proprietor, whether his title be acquired by purchase or inheritance, to bestow his own patronymic, together with a Christian name, on his slave, whether an imported Bozal or an infant Creole, at the time when the indispensable ceremony of baptism is performed.

Varieties.

Herc's Oak.

WHEREFORE doth young Imagination boast
Creative powers; if what is worshipp'd most,
Most lov'd,—she cannot rescue from decay,
And give to natural age a second day?
Herald green Windsor's glades,—the voice that spake
In strains immortal of the "HUNTER'S OAK;"
And let her to this aged tree, which now
Stands like a skeleton with leafless bough,
(Spoil of a hundred winters,) let her bring
Garlands, and deck its wither'd arms with Spring;
And let the vernal lark above it sing.
Shoot forth, ye leaves, where bees in summer dwell;
Ye breezes, of its ancient glories tell.
When on the turf were tiny footsteps seen,
And with her elvish brood the Fairy Queen
Danced in light morrice on the moonlight green;
Then there was mask and minstrelsy:—the light
Of purring tapers glittering through the night.
And, hark! what sudden peals of laughter shake:
What vizards strange are peeping from the brake!
'Twas thus insulted Love, so says this song,
With witty mockery reveng'd its wrong,
Thus punish'd "sinful Phantasia,"—the fire
Of lust, that's "kindled by unchaste desire."
Oh! then, the frolics of those days recall,
Laugh at the baffled knight's unseemly fall;
And let the "HUNTER'S OAK" revive again,
Drawing a second youth from SHAKESPEARE'S pen.
J. M., *Gentleman's Magazine*.

In the burial-ground of the Dutch Jews, Bethnall-green:—

"Search England or the universe around,
A doctress so complete cannot be found;
Medicines prepar'd from herbs remove each ill,
Perfect great cures, and proclaim her skill;
Some hundreds her assistance frequent claim—
Often accorded by the trump of fame:
Now, reader, see if you can tell her name."

Silkworms.—A Mr. Rhegni has a cocoonery at Germantown, near Philadelphia, where he has fed, this season, 2,000,000 of worms, and has 400,000 mulberry-trees growing. He is about planting sixty acres more; and, the year after next, he calculates on feeding 15,000,000 of worms.

French-English.—The celebrated Mrs. Thicknesse undertook to construe a letter, every word of which should be French, yet no Frenchman should be able to read it; while an illiterate Englishman or English-woman should decipher it with ease. Here follows a specimen of this *jeu de mot*:—"Pre, Dire Sistre, comme et se us, and pass the de here if yeux canne, and chat tu my dame, and dine here; and yeux mai go to the faire if yeux plaise, yeux mai have fêche, muttin, porc, buter, toule, hair, fruit, pigeon, olives, sallette, for ure diner, and excellent te, cafe, port vin, and liqueurs; and tell ure bette and poll to comme; and Ile go tu the faire and visite the Baron. But if yeux dont comme tu us, Ile go to ure house and see oncle, and se howe he does; for mi dame ses he bean ill; but doux comme, mi dire yeux canne ly here yeux nos—if yeux love musique yeux mai have the harp, lutie, or viol here.—Adieu, mi dir sistre."

Begin at the Beginning.—Lord Brougham once publicly declared, in the Court of Chancery, that if he had to recommence his legal studies, he would begin as a clerk in an attorney's office.

Ancient Baths.—M. Bréan, of Autun, in France, has recently discovered the remains of some extensive ancient baths, near the Roman road which ran from Ceduleum to Augustodunum; and near them an abundant hot spring, the water of which contains a large proportion of carbonate of magnesia; and which spring, probably, served to supply the baths. Several coins, of Nero, Vespasian, Constantine, and later emperors, were also found.

Vast Pie.—In the window of a restaurant, at Paris, was lately to be seen a *pâté monstre*, six feet in length, eighteen inches in width, and the same in height; it contained ten hares, ten turkeys, four legs of veal, four legs of pork, four Bayonne hams, and fifty partridges; its weight was 500 pounds, and it required fifteen hours' baking.

Juvenile Offenders.—By return to Parliament, it appears that the average number of offenders, under sixteen years of age, is, in Warwickshire, one in seven; in Kent, one in eight; in Middlesex, one in six; and in all England, one in ten.

The State Equipage of the Queen of Spain is very superb; the carriages are loaded with ornaments, which recall to mind the gorgeous age of Louis XIV.; and the Queen's coach is drawn by six white horses, their heads caparisoned with white feathers, and the harness glittering with gold. "When we consider the political troubles of Spain, this state resembles being 'perked in a golden glister.'"

The Post-Office Stamped Covers for letters are nearly ready; the penny envelope is of a blue colour; the heavier ones, brownish; and the slip, which may be attached to any cover, is square-shaped: each bears a medallion of the Queen.

The New Comet.—In consequence of the great inclination of the orbit of this comet, it will, probably, continue visible to astronomers, in the evenings, during the passage of its perihelion, or the time when it attains its nearest approach to the sun, which will be on March 11, about midnight.—*Mr. Woodhouse; Times.*

Railway between London and Paris.—The French government have commenced improvements in the port of Calais, by constructing a new floating basin for shipping, and a large reservoir, to be filled at high water, for deepening the entrance to the harbour. These improvements are very important; for, even supposing the line of railway to be complete, the communication between London and Paris could not be made regular, unless the ports of Dover and Calais were made accessible in every tide.

African Slave Trade.—There are men of large capital, at this hour resident in London, who, in the full enjoyment of the rights and franchises of Englishmen, do not scruple to enrich themselves, under cover of a foreign partnership, by supplying the actual slave-dealer with the means of carrying on his ruthless war of extermination against the African race; and, many of our manufacturers and merchants are accused, not altogether without cause, of reaping a disgraceful profit from the fabrication and sale of articles of exchange, exclusively employed in this trade in human flesh.—*Turnbull's Travels.*

Periodical Literature of Cuba.—There are eight newspapers published in the island, of which four are daily. There are also published at the Havana, several magazines; as the *Album*, the *Mariposa*, the *Siempreviva*, the *Cartera*, and the *Memorias de la Real Sociedad Patriótica*.

The discovery of Coal in Cuba promises to be of immense advantage to the sugar-planters, boiler-makers, and other workers in iron. But at present, the roads in the island are so bad, that this coal, found at the surface of the soil, in a level country, within ten miles of the Havana, is unable to enter into competition, upon equal terms as to price, with the produce of the deepest mines in England, transhipped at Liverpool, and conveyed there by land-carriage, and landed on the wharfs of the Havana, after a voyage of, at least, 4,000 miles.—*Turnbull.*

Waterloo.—In the Peninsula, should you have a W stuck before your name in the little red book, the distinction will cover a multitude of sins. Notwithstanding all that has been said and sung about it, Waterloo was but one great battle—one hard day's work, wherein its magnitude consisted as much in the number of combatants on either side, as in the

desperation of the combat; the same result, though on a smaller scale, where the parties were equal or nearly so, would have taken place between lesser bodies, and the obstinacy of the struggle proportionally great, with consequences just as fatal to those engaged.—*Major J. Patterson.*

Railway in Cuba.—No similar work exists within the tropics. As yet, the tunnel is only large enough for a single train of carriages, being fourteen feet wide, by sixteen feet high, and 325 feet in length.

Phosphorescent Insects are numerous in Cuba; and a dozen of the large kind, called the Cocuyo, when inclosed in a cage, will emit so much light, of a brilliant green colour, as to enable you to read by it. The late clever and eccentric Mr. Joseph, of Trinidad, is stated to have written several volumes by this light. The insects may be preserved alive, for three months or more, provided they are frequently bathed, and their favourite food, a piece of sugarcane stripped of its bark, is renewed, at least, daily.—*Turnbull's Travels.*

Cigars.—The steady demand for the exquisite cigars of Puerto Principe and the Havana, and the snuff, of Cuba, has led to the enactment of laws and regulations, prohibiting the exportation of tobacco in the leaf, so as to establish a new manufacturing monopoly.

The Plantain.—The value and importance of the plantain may be judged of by the estimate formed of it by the most intelligent agriculturists in the island of Cuba; who state, that 600 plantains will maintain a whole family, of ten individuals, and that a *caballeria* of ground, of thirty two acres, will afford sufficient nourishment for 160 persons all the year round.

The Cuba Hound.—The bloodhound employed in former times in pursuit of the unfortunate aborigines, and more recently to check the wanderings of the negroes, is not a native of the island, although it usually bears the name of the Cuba bloodhound. Specimens of this variety of the dog may be seen in the "gardens" of the Zoological Society.

The Harbour of the Havana assumes the form of the ace of clubs, the entrance being the handle, and the three internal bays its sides. At the entrance is a lighthouse, with reflecting lamps, with a revolving light, which may be seen at twenty-five miles' distance.

India Soy.—Cassava juice, reduced to a glutinous essence, was formerly much esteemed at Demerara, as an ingredient in the celebrated pepper-pot. The flavour of this essence resembles so strongly the same sold by the olives of London under the name of Indian Soy, that Mr. Turnbull is persuaded the Soy must be a preparation from it. The honest Soy is brought from Japan and China, and is made from a peculiar bean.

Oyster Grove.—In Cuba, oysters may frequently be seen hanging like fruit from the branches of the mangrove, a tree which girdles the coasts of most of the West India islands.

Mountain Farms.—In the Himalayas, are cultivated fields, and crops of corn, at heights of from 14,000 to 16,000 feet above the level of the sea; and flocks of sheep, and tribes of Tartar shepherds, with their dogs and horses, find their subsistence at these stupendous elevations.

Gilligwater, who wrote the History of Lowes-toffe, and his brother, alike attached to antiquarian lore, lived in the above town, and never rose, or aspired to rise, beyond the humble occupation of country barbers, till Edmund removed to Harleston, and added to his stock of combs, razors, wigs, and blocks, a small stock of hooks.

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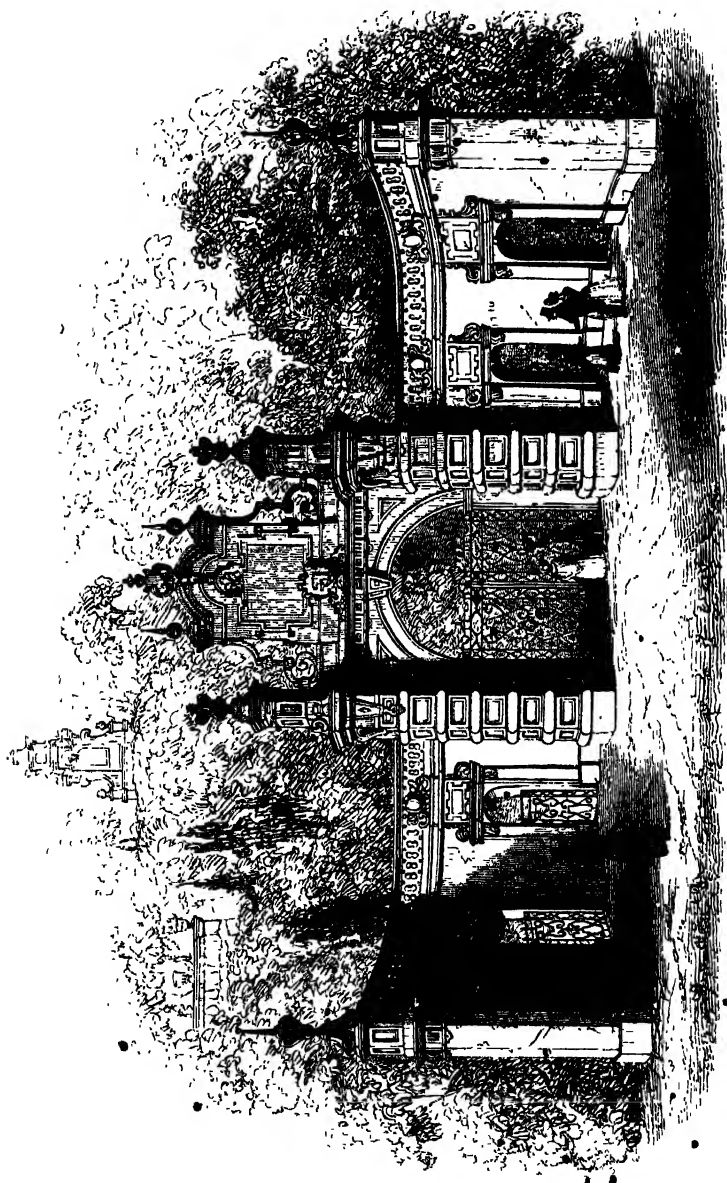
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THE GLASGOW CEMETERY
ENTRANCE FACADE.

THE GLASGOW CEMETERY.

CEMETERIES, or burying-grounds, "in imitation of Père la Chaise, at Paris," as the phrase runs, have, at length, been established in, or adjoining, the principal towns in the kingdom. The reprehensible practice of burying in churches and pent-up churchyards is gradually falling into discontinuance, for the more healthful custom of interment in fine open cemeteries, which present interesting specimens of landscape-gardening, with architectural and sculptural embellishments of no mean pretensions. London, in a few years, will become belted with such picturesque burial-grounds. Already, instead of sympathy with the dead being denied by the unsightly locked gate, these rural dormitories, arc, under proper regulations, opened to the respectable portion of the public. The ancients, we know, placed their sumptuous tombs by the road-side; that the "*Siste, viator*," should appeal to the living in the full tide of their activity; and this almost universal admission to our new cemeteries may have a similarly beneficial influence upon the public mind.*

* Our esteemed friend, Sir Richard Phillips, in his *Morning's Walk from London to Kent*, eloquently rebukes this practice of locking up churchyards, on finding that of Barnes thus shut. He says: "I found the gate locked, and was told it was never opened, except during service. I confess I was not pleased with this regulation, because it appeared to sever the affections of the living from their proper sympathy with the dead. I have felt in the same manner in regard to the enclosed cemeteries of the metropolis: they separate the dead too abruptly from surviving friends and relatives. Grief seeks to indulge itself unobserved; it desires to be unrestrained by forms and hours, and to vent itself in perfect solitude. The afflicted wife longs to weep over the grave of her husband; the husband to visit the grave of a beloved wife; and the tender mother seeks the spot endeared by the remains of her child: but they cannot submit to the formality of asking permission, or allow their griefs to be intruded upon by strange attendants. Such tributes to our unsophisticated feelings are, however, denied by the locks, bolts, and walls of the metropolitan cemeteries. The practised grave-digger wonders at the indulgence of unavailing woe; the unconscious tenants of his domain possess no peculiar claims on his sympathy; he cannot conceive how any can be felt by others; and, if he grant permission to enter, it must be for some cause more urgent, and more apparent, than that of bewailing over a grave! Did it never occur, however, to the clergymen who superintend these depositories of mortality, that more respect is due to the feelings of survivors? Is it necessary, for any evident purpose, that the gates should be locked at any time, or for more than a few hours in the night? And, if even this privation be suffered, merely from the fear of resurrection-men, is it not due to the best feelings of our nature, that the severest punishment should attach to the crime of stealing dead bodies? What can now be learnt of anatomy, which cannot be found in books and models, or be taught in the dissection of murderers? I would, therefore, rather bury a detected resurrection-man, alive, with the body he might be stealing, than shut out the living from all communion with the dead, and from all the sympathies

The Cemetery at Glasgow (or, as Mr. Strang names it, in an elegant little description of it, the "*Necropolis Glasguensis*,") occupies the site of the Merchants' House property, adjoining the cathedral. "This cemetery," observes Dr. Dibdin, in his *Northern Tour*, (to which treasurable work we are multiplying our obligations,) "has been but of recent establishment, and is likely to be most generally and liberally supported. Its site is imposing; rising above the cathedral, and including an area of many acres. To make atonement for former negligences of the illustrious dead, Scotland, in the Calton Hill of Edinburgh, and the Cemetery of Glasgow, is endeavouring to rekindle the dying embers of her philosophers, poets, and reformers. In this cemetery, stands the lofty and somewhat astounding statue of John Knox, who looks terrible even in stone. It was, a grand, and, peradventure, a proud, day for Glasgow, when the first stone of this statue was laid; but, while I respect the feeling, I much question, if not condemn, the taste which led to the adoption of such a monument. It is intrusive, from its height;—having the air of a triumphant pillar to the memory of a warrior or a statesman. At any rate, such a statue and pedestal belong not to a place consecrated to the ashes of the dead. Analogous to this monument, in size, form, and obtrusiveness, is the statue to the memory of the late editor of a periodical journal, entitled *The Protestant*. . . . It was soothing, in opposition to this colossal vulgarity, to see little plats of earth, encircled by delicate iron railing, teeming with flowers—with a cinerary vase or two, and sculptured emblems of mortality. These were very chaste and classical memorials. The very entrance to this cemetery, over a bridge, across a river bestrid by one of the most elegant arches of stone ever witnessed, is full of classical feeling. (David Hamilton, Esq. is the architect.) Mr. Bryce, an architect of Glasgow, has erected a *façade*, of the time of our James I., of which the opposite plate, (the original of the prefixed Engraving,) is a faithful copy; and it must be allowed that he has been singularly happy in all its component parts. You enter through the arch of this *façade*; and almost every step afterwards is in ascent. From the summit of the hill, I learnt that a view of Ben Lomond might be obtained on a favourable day.

"In one corner, at the extremity of the burial-ground, is a portion set apart for the interment of Jews. A large iron gate and lessons addressed to the heart and understanding by their unrestricted intercourse."

is at the entrance of it, with some lines, from Lord Byron's *Childe Harold*, applicable to the peculiar and yet unconverted race, who are here carried to their long homes. A stream, or small river, washes the lower part of this place of interment; and the Jews always resort to ablutions in their funeral rites. Upon the whole, this cemetery reflects great credit on the good feeling, good sense, and good taste, of the worthy citizens of Glasgow."

The ground is cleverly planted; and, it seems, from Mr. Strang's little volume, that a sum of money, little short of £150, is appropriated for the purchase of shrubs, wild flowers, &c., for the general purposes of the cemetery. Among the items and charges, is £25 for 1,000 yews; £16: 3s. 4d. for 1,000 hollies; £5 for 100 rhododendrons; and £25 for cypresses, cedars, &c.: also, £12: 10s. for 500 ivy, rose, honeysuckle, clematis, &c., to cover unappropriated rocks; and £12: 10s. for 500 Portugal laurels.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF MR. PIMONY SKUFFLE.

(Concluded from page 358.)

A COUNTRY village! what visions of delight do the rurality-seeking inhabitants of London couple with the idea of a residence in that almost *terra incognita*!—what a pleasing illusion is dispelled when they get to live there. Its petty jealousies; its twaddling round of small visiting; its deplorably uninteresting and injurious gossip; its prying curiosity and ill-natured comparisons; its crouching spirit of dependence, and guarded caution of "neighbours' eyes;" and its rulers and dominators, who prefer acting the storks amongst the frogs—the monarchs of a set of clowns, to being the unheeded nobodies of a London circle.

There is one blessing attendant upon a residence in the country, which the inhabitants of the great metropolis cannot enjoy. Should you require advice, should you be undecided how to act in any affair of importance, closely touching yourself, you can apply to your neighbours. Rest assured they are better, far better informed of the state of your concerns than you are yourself; and their careful minds have studied every bearing of your case, long before you yourself thought about it. So it chanced with Mr. Pimony Skuffle. As soon as the stiffness of a new acquaintanceship began to wear off, his constant visits to Mr. Sparrow's furnished fresh themes for the good people of Chorturmut, to discuss at the little tea-and-turn-out *coteries* that they so liked to indulge in.

Miss Pinkey, the old maid, who paid the widow lady fifty-five pounds a year for her board, which sum the old lady was glad to receive, "because agreeable society and a cheerful home were required, more than remuneration," lived nearly opposite to Mr. Sparrow's, and, consequently, was enabled to keep a correct account of Pimony's visits; whilst the old lady's maid used to walk home from meeting, on a Sunday night, with Mrs. Sparrow's maid, and, having compared notes all the while, used to retail all she had heard while she laid the cloth for supper, and put the pickled cabbage out of the big brown jar that was kept in the side closet, into little crockery leaves adorned with the dear old blue pattern of three tiny mandarins without legs, going over a bridge; and another amusing himself, in a species of floating dog-kennel, on the water, and two double-tailed birds fighting at the top. Now, all this taken into consideration, Pimony was reported to be in love, engaged, and about to be married; nay, he was personally congratulated before such an idea had thoroughly entered his head, much to the annoyance of the old woman who superintended his domestic concerns; entertaining, as she did, in common with all her class, an intense horror of a new mistress being brought home, to see how much Dorset butter and moist sugar was consumed a-week in the kitchen, and what became of all the cold roast beef that went out of the parlour the day before.

There is, however, an old saying, as vulgar as old, and as true as vulgar, which teaches us, that "there is never a splash of mud, but some sticks;" and so, at last, the reports of Mr. Skuffle's attachment to Miss Sparrow, although vague and exaggerated, were built on some slight foundation of truth; the rest was all the lath and plaster of imagination. He had certainly commenced a series of frequent visits to the worthy farmer's, and he had even invited them back tolerably often, in return, to his house; and, by some unaccountable attraction, equally mysterious as the electro-magnetism, or some other polytechnic mystery, he always found himself next to Emma at table, or at her side as they walked about the garden. The mamma Sparrow, and the two "plain and amiable" daughters, were miracles of management, in this respect. They never interfered with the *tête-à-têtes*, but always withdrew, with the most praiseworthy intention, when Pimony and the young lady were in conversation. Or if there was a gipsying party formed to the Sheepheas, or any other romantic spot at a small distance from Chorturmut, Mr. Skuffle was always requested to drive Emma in the

gig, "because she did not like going in the wagon much," which dislike afforded her mother an opportunity of descanting on her daughter's genteel notions and refined ideas; but this was to Pimony in confidence.

What with perpetually hearing Emma's praises sung by Mrs. Sparrow, and chorused by her daughters; what with turning over the leaves of her music-book every time she sat down to her piano; what with everybody perpetually telling him how amiable and good a wife she would make—what a perfect treasure she would be to any young man, Mr. Skuffle, at last, believed it himself. His attentions became more marked as the attentions of the family redoubled; and in a few weeks he became, in reality, the accepted lover of Miss Emma Sparrow.

But there was one thing very strange in the progress of his courtship. On his first acquaintance, the lady had perfectly snubbed him; in fact, she was barely civil, to the terrible discomfiture of her manoeuvring mamma; but, after a short time, and all of a sudden, she became altogether as polite: this change Mr. Skuffle attributed to her gradual perception of his nascent good qualities bursting into existence, in which idea her mother joined; congratulating herself, at last, how snugly and comfortably the whole affair had been conducted, and what a blessing it was, that it would now be all over between her daughter and Tom Bankes—the rentipole, sporting, house-forbidden relative, before alluded to. Now that all her anxieties on that score were removed, and her daughter had actually fixed the wedding-day, the good lady walked out with the air of a mother who had done her duty; noticing, in the most patronizing style, those ladies she chanced to meet in the village, whose plans upon Mr. Skuffle had failed, and whose daughters were still single.

As soon as the day of days was determined upon, all was bustle and confusion at Mr. Sparrow's. Every young woman in the village, capable of holding a needle, was engaged to work for the family during three weeks, coming every morning and departing every evening; both the mantuamakers were overdone with orders; and such a rag-fair of shreds and patches as the whole house presented was never seen. All sorts of fashion-books were procured from the librarians, at the county town, distant some six miles, filled with pictures of elegant ladies, four in a row, holding parasols, bouquets, fans, and leaning against harps, possessing such feet, waists, and little round underlips as are met with only in works of that kind: and over

them, on the same page, were scores of head-dresses and bonnets, with patterns for habit-shirts, chemisettes, peleries, and all the rest of that tribe of articles which tortured collars, with tails and wings, are forced to assume. Then, the lineendraper was running in and out the house all day long, with a yard measure and a paper parcel each time; and taking back the accounts of the bride's dress to the people who were waiting for grocery at his other counter, which he served in such a hurried manner as fully to account for the small lumps of butter on the book-muslins, lard on the lace, and tallow on the *tulle*, dabs of which were constantly adhering. Old Mr. Sparrow, who took the least interest of all the family in the proceedings, was almost worried out of his life with proposals, and queries, and suggestions; so that, at last, he was compelled to betake himself to the cart-shed, in order to enjoy his pipe, first taking the precaution to turn a bull loose in the straw-yard, to prevent people from crossing it, and thus to secure himself from all intrusion.

It was the night before the bridal, and the time was about half-past eleven. The lights in the long one-storied cluster of buildings, that constituted Mr. Sparrow's farm, were gradually disappearing, one by one, as the inmates of the chambers, from whose window their rays proceeded, were successively retiring to rest. All was hushed in the still deep silence of the country, broken only by the distant bay of the sheep-dog, or the occasional stamp of horses in the stable, as Tom Bankes, armed with a piece of raw meat and a cudgel, noiselessly opened the farm-gate, and crossed the yard towards the house, keeping as closely as possible in the shade of the buildings. But the old house-dog was wide awake, if everybody else slumbered; and, starting from the old tub, which formed his house, began a loud bark, as he recognised Tom's figure approaching in the indistinct light. "Lay down, Wolf," said Tom, as he boldly advanced towards him. "There, there—good dog: soh! old boy, don't you know me?" and, stooping down, he patted the dog's sides, and gave him the piece of meat, which quieted the animal in an instant. It was well he did, for Mr. Sparrow heard the alarm, and, opening the casement of his chamber, protruded his head, enveloped in one of those dreadfully unromantic conical cotton nightcaps, with the idea of which we always associate a farce, or an execution.

"Who's there?" cried the farmer. No one, of course, answered; and Tom crept down behind the dog-kennel, which was, unluckily, in the full gleam of the moon-

light, until Mr. Sparrow, satisfied no thieves were approaching, drew back his head.

As soon as all was again quiet, he crept across the lawn, and, gently dragging an iron rolling-pin over the grass, which came quite close to the house, with the exception of a narrow flower-bed, rested its handle against the wall; and then, standing on its body, was enabled to tap lightly against the window, on a level with his head, from whence a light in the interior was plainly visible, although the blind was down, and a curtain carefully drawn across. The summons was heard, and the next moment Emma Sparrow's fair hand opened the little diamond-paned casement.

Now, it is very likely the fairer portion of our readers (if we are so honoured—and we trust we are,) would like very much to know what the conversation was, that ensued between Tom Bankes and the young lady. If this be the case, we are sorry to disappoint them; but we are not going to reveal it. Firstly, it would be a great breach of confidence and honourable secrecy on our part; and, secondly, the conversation between a gentleman of five-and-twenty and a pretty girl of eighteen, must be of that particularly edifying nature, especially by moonlight and alone, that we could not do fair justice to it upon paper. Their dialogue, however, lasted a very long time—quite long enough to have given them both very bad colds in the head; and, frequently, Emma pointed to a light, visible, through the trees, in the distance, which proved that Mr. Skuffle still continued to watch by the midnight oil—no, the midnight metallic wick, that burnt before him; and then they both laughed, until Emma intimated to Tom the vicinity of her father's bed-room, and so subdued the merriment. Strange conduct this was for a young lady, the night before her marriage, and with another person too; but this was not all. When Tom took his leave, he shook hands a great many times; and, at last, raising himself up with both hands, like the little Mr. Pickwicks in the sand toys, before they tumble over the pole, elevated his head above the sill of the window, and brought his face so close to Emma's, that their lips —; but what aught else on earth could Tom do under such circumstances? At this period, however, the roller, not being secured against the wall, rolled away, and the iron handle rattled down the flints that faced the front of the house. The next moment, the dog, freshly awaked, began to bark; Tom jumped over the palings; Emma rapidly shut the window, and extinguished her candle; and Mr. Sparrow once more projected his nightcap at his casement; all

which performances were as simultaneous as if the actors had been a set of puppets, put in motion by the pulling of one string.

"What a stupid ass I have been!" muttered Tom to himself, as he gained the road; "after having been here every night for nearly a month, to finish with such an uproar at last!"

The eventful morning arrived; and great was the excitement amongst the usually quiet inhabitants of Chorturmut. To quote the words of our respected contemporaries, the weekly provincial press, "the day was ushered in by the bells ringing a merry peal," a process, in the present case, somewhat difficult of execution, as the belfry of the church possessed but two; but, by the ingenuity of the ringer, an old woman, who made leather sit-upons, and sold nuts and hardbake in the High-street, a most hilarious peal was produced; the said old woman first pulling one rope, then the other, and then both together, by way of variety. At the Talbot Inn, which, not being within ten miles of the railroad, boasted four post-horses, stood a new carriage, which the boots informed the admiring bystanders "had come from Lunnun a purpose of the bride;" and the ostler and portboy were rubbing down the said quartette of quadrupeds at the door of the stables. The chambermaid was standing at the window of the bar, pinning white bows on the postboys' hats; and a jolly man, in a green coat, was sitting in a spring-cart at the door, waiting for his morning glass of ale.

"Here's my love to you, Mary," said he, winking his eye to the girl, as the waiter brought him his order; "and much good may it do you. Is them bows for our wedding?"

"I never see such a wedding," said Mary, coquettishly.

"Then we arn't to be married this morning, my dear," replied the jolly man. "You're a monsus pretty girl, you are, too."

"Ah, that's as you say," said Mary; turning the hat round, to see if the bow was pinned even.

"Capitally down," continued the jolly man. "You ought to have a husband, if it was only to pin bows on his hat. Never mind, sweetheart; you shall put a cockade on a little cap some day;" and then he paid for his ale, and drove on, telling Mary he would call for her, on his way to church, the next morning.

Around the churchyard, the usual country nuptial crowd of women, old men, and children, had collected, who were basking in the sun on the tombstones, or playing amongst them; occasionally asking the

sexton, with the most humble deference for his red plush breeches, when he thought the wedding party would arrive. Two or three of the charity children were indulging in occasional cheers in front of Mr. Skuffle's house, whenever they caught sight of him, as he passed the staircase windows; and Miss Pinkey, and the old lady she boarded with, had been sitting up, in great form and fine caps, all the morning, at the first floor window, to watch the proceedings. All Mr. Sparrow's labourers were having breakfast in the barn, off cold meat and ale—a diet which suited their complaint admirably; in fact, all was gossip and festivity. When, at last, the one-horse fly of the village liveryman drew up at Mr. Sparrow's door, a great rush took place towards it, as if the occasion of its being hired had endowed it with some new and imposing attraction; but when the carriage with four real horses (it was a four-wheeled chaise, meant for two, or one, with shafts), drew up in front of the Talbot, and then went up to the church, and then came back again, the excitement of the mob knew no bounds; and, in their overflowing hilarity, they successively cheered the sexton, the ostler, the pew-opener, the beadle, and all Mr. Sparrow's servants, until there was no one left to cheer, but the workhouse idiot, who came with a large white paper bow in his cap, surmounted by a cock's feather, to join the throng.

The fly proceeded to Mr. Skuffle's; and then the four post-horses drew the phaeton up to Mr. Sparrow's door; which was again minutely inspected by the mob, who, amongst other things, wondered why the strange postillion on the leader wore such large whiskers and green spectacles—an anomaly unknown in postboys. At half-past nine, the door of Mr. Sparrow's house opened, and the bride and her sisters appeared. The boots of the Talbot, who officiated as footman, opened the door of the hinder seat, and, amidst the admiration of all, Emma ascended. The two postillions, who had been looking back, with their hands on their horses' haunches, at the same moment spurred the animals onward; and, with the steps still down, the door open, and nobody but the fair bride under the head of the back seat, the carriage moved from the door. The horses broke into a gallop, and, in less time than we can relate it, the whole concern whirled rapidly across the common, amidst the utter astonishment of the people, the screams of Mrs. Sparrow and the two plain daughters, and the speechless and staggering wonder of Mr. Skuffle, who was at that moment about to enter the fly.

On, on, went the equipage, over the common, across the turnpike road, and along the green lanes and by-ways, at increasing speed, until the level embankment of the Great Western Railroad appeared before them, and the white walls of one of its stations gleamed in the morning sun. Far in the distance, to the left, an up-train was seen approaching, leaving its long tail of steam to mark its progress. Fresh whip and spur was applied—two more miles were cleared—the station was reached, and, the postillion pitching his whiskers and spectacles into the carriage, pulled out the lady, and his cutaway coat, which was stuffed under the seat, at the same time. In two minutes more, the bell had rung, and Tom Bankes and Emma were in a first-class carriage, flying along the road to the West Drayton station, where their banns had been published the three Sundays previous. In another half-hour they were married.

We would fain draw a veil over the scene of domestic agony that occurred at Chorturmut. The only person who appeared capable of consolation was Mr. Sparrow himself, who, when he learned from the grinning boots that Mr. Bankes had been at the bottom of it all, almost smiled. The young scapegrace had always been a lurking favourite of his; it was the mamma bird that had so decidedly objected to him. Mrs. Sparrow went into screaming hysterics for four hours; and the two plain daughters would have done the same; but, as they were obliged to attend to their mother, they reluctantly gave up the idea. As for Pimony, he was raving; at least we heard so, from his old housekeeper. He three times ran down to the well, in order to drown himself; and three times did that good woman prevent him, by pulling him in-doors again, by the tails of the new blue coat with conservative buttons, which he had published for the wedding; and even then she was obliged to remove the water-jug from his bed-room, because he kept insanely endeavouring, in the most frantic manner, to put his head into it.

Three weeks after that, Mr. Skuffle's effects were sold by public auction. The sale lasted four hours, beginning with the fender and wash-hand stand, in the front attic, and ending with the one nine-gallon cask, pitchfork, ash-sieve, bird-cage, and tinder-box, in the outhouse. Five blank lots of sundries were also added, consisting of all the lie-about rubbish that had collected in the auctioneer's show-rooms for the last twelve months. Miss Pinkey, and the old lady she boarded with, attended all the time, marking every lot in the catalogue very carefully, and thinking the

blue-and-white dinner service went very dear. There was the usual complement of low jokes and lower bidders; the usual beggarly prying curiosity attendant upon sales; the usual gang of Jews and brokers; and the usual tattle of Mr. Skuffle's reasons for quitting Chorturnut.

He is still in single blessedness, and never intends to marry; after, as he says, "the deceit of her whom he had so fondly loved and lost." His pride was hurt at being so thoroughly sold by a young country farmer, and it was long before he recovered. But when he talked the matter over calmly with his friends—when he reflected that he was not the first, nor the hundredth, nor the hundred thousandth man who had been jilted by one of the fair sex, whose affection, the poets tell us, is so burning, deep, unchanging, and eternal—when he saw the truth of this "he was somewhat consoled; but, at the same time, vowed never to be engaged again, unless merely "for the next quadrille."

Tom Bankes and his pretty wife are very happy. They are reconciled to the old people; and as one sister's marriage often opens the best road for the others to go off upon, where there are a lot of single girls all in the same family, they are, we believe, about to change their names. Tom has given up all his wild freaks, with the exception of his two pointers; and often amuses his friends with the story of jockeying the cockney, and so boldly carrying away and wedding the intended bride of Mr. Pimony Skuffle.

ALBERT.

THE LATE SIR JEFFRY WYATVILLE.

(Concluded from page 360.)

APPLICATION was, accordingly, made to Parliament for further advances; when, opposition being raised in the House of Commons, a committee was appointed to investigate the Castle works, and the probable amount of money requisite for their completion. The committee, at length, ordered works to be undertaken to the estimated amount of £148,796; to be advanced at the rate of £50,000 per annum. This grant was made exclusively for the architect's department; independent of the upholsterer, decorator, and other artisans. Since that time, much has been done. The Elizabethan Gallery has been finished, and fitted up as a library; the Waterloo Gallery has been completed, and adorned with portraits, by Lawrence, of the principal monarchs, statesmen, and generals of Europe; the old principal staircase has been removed, so as to present an uninterrupted view from the

northern terrace, *through the superb pile*, by means of opposite entrances, to the unrivalled Long Walk on the south; a noble staircase having been elsewhere constructed, in which is placed a colossal statue of George IV., nine feet six inches high, by Chantrey. Lodges have also been erected at the junction of the Long Walk with the Home Park; and several of the old state apartments, at the north-west part of the upper court, have been enlarged and substantially repaired. At the north-west angle of this court, Sir Jeffry had designed a splendid chapel. The heightening of the Keep, or Round Tower, by some feet, is also an improvement which adds pre-eminently to the dignity of the magnificent pile.

It has been well observed: "so completely has Sir Jeffry made the Castle his own, that nobody else can distinguish between what belongs to himself and his predecessors." The style of the building is old, while the material is new; and the harmony of parts is so complete as to form a whole of almost inexpressible massiveness and grandeur.

It is true that critics are somewhat divided in opinion, as to the picturesqueness of the Castle as it now stands. The venerable poet, Bowles, considers it to "lose a great deal of its architectural impression by the smooth neatness with which its old towers are now chiseled and mortared. It looks as if it was washed every morning with soap and water, instead of exhibiting, here and there, a straggling flower, or creeping weather-stains. I believe this circumstance strikes every beholder; but most imposing indeed, is its distant view, when the broad banner floats, or sleeps in the sunshine, amidst the intense blue of the summer skies; and its picturesque and ancient architectural vastness harmonizes with the decaying and gnarled oaks, coeval with so many departed monarchs." This may be poetical enough, unless we substitute, for the soap-and-water simile, the "shining face" from the bard who reigned as monarch in this romantic world. Another writer, a native of Windsor, and possessing a nice eye for the picturesque, standing upon Cooper's Hill, remarks: "At the extremity of the valley is Windsor Castle, rising up in all the pomp of its massive towers. We recollect the scene as Windsor was. Whatever Mr. Wyattville may have done for its internal improvement, and for its adaptation to the purposes of a modern residence, without sacrificing all its character of antiquity, we fear that he has destroyed its picturesque effect in the distant landscape. Its old characteristic feature was that of a series of turrets rising above the gene-

ral elevation. By raising the intermediate roofs, without giving a proportionate height to the towers, the whole line has become square and unbroken. This was, perhaps, an unavoidable fault; but it is a fault."

Von Raumer, on his visit in 1835, found Windsor far exceeding his expectations, and making a greater impression on him than all the other castles he had ever seen, put together. This is high praise from a native of Germany, where feudalism has left so many stately monuments of its frowning glory. "Windsor," continues the acute critic, "combines the bold originality of the middle ages with the highest pitch of splendour and comfort which our times can reach. It is not an empty, tedious, monotonous repetition of the same sort of rooms, over and over again; but every staircase, every gallery, every room, every hall, nay, every window, is different, surprising, peculiar; in one word, poetical." "In Windsor, England's history,—so rich in history, with all its recollections,—suddenly stands before my eyes. These gigantic towers, bastions, chapels, churches, and knightly halls, in fresh and boundless variety; at every step, new views, over rivers, valleys, woods, and fields; the fancies of a thousand years crowded together into one instant," &c.

Hitherto, there has been published no fitting record of this grand national repair of the proudest structure that England possesses. Many thousands of pounds have been speculated upon in *inane Annals*, and the embellishment of their *effete* literature; but not a memoir exists of Windsor Castle, either for the artist or the general reader.† King George IV., with the intention of consummating the truly regal labour, and, in strict princely state, commanded Sir Jeffry Wyatville to publish an account of his great work: the missive, in the handwriting of the sovereign, is in the possession of Sir Jeffry's executors, as is also a confirmation of the command, from Queen Victoria. Sir Jeffry has made much progress in his task; he having expended £3,000 upon drawings. In the *Picturesque Annual*, the author relates, that George IV. promised to send a copy of Sir Jeffry's work to every sovereign in Europe; but, with the exception of this patronage, Sir Jeffry, it is believed,

although working at the Royal command, did not expect assistance of any kind. On one occasion, when surprise was expressed at such a condition, Sir Jeffry replied, in the spirit and pride of art: "The task is mine: I am preparing my own monument."

Notwithstanding that Windsor Castle is the *chef d'œuvre* of Sir Jeffry Wyatville, and, for ages to come, will stand as the best record of his skilful taste, he had wholly built, or improved, many other edifices, in different parts of the kingdom. He has left some of his works in thirty-five, out of the forty, English counties; and four, out of the twelve, Welsh. From a list of above 100 of these buildings, the following, with the names of their owners, are appended to the memoir already quoted:—

Badminton House, Gloucestershire, Duke of Beaufort.—Drawing-room and library.
Woburn Abbey, Bedfordshire, Duke of Bedford.—Temple of the Graces.
At Endleigh, Devonshire, Duke of Bedford.—A spacious and commodious seat, in the cottage style.
Chatsworth House, Derbyshire, Duke of Devonshire. Some magnificent new buildings, also alterations and restoration of the old mansion, in the Italian style. These have just been completed.
Longleat House, Wiltshire, Marquis of Bath.—New conservatory, stables, offices, staircase, and alterations of the hall, &c.
Ashridge, Hertfordshire, Earl of Bridgewater.—The completion of the house, begun by James Wyatt, R.A.; the Bridgewater column in the park, and lodges.
Bretton, Derbyshire, Earl of Chesterfield.—Parts of the house.
Gopsal, Staffordshire, Earl Howe.—A new lodge, &c.
Belton House, Lincolnshire, Earl Brownlow.—New green-house, and alterations to the mansion.
Wollaton Hall, Nottinghamshire, the Lord Middleton.—Alterations to the interior, and new lodges to that fine Italian house.
Sidney College, Cambridge.—New gate-house, and fronts to the whole college.

Besides the above, which are generally called show places, Sir Jeffry has designed and executed the following *new houses*:

Litleshall, Shropshire, Earl Gower.
Golden Grove, Caermarthenshire, Earl of Cawdor.
Nonsuch Park, Surrey, Samuel Farmer, Esq.
Dinton, Wiltshire, William Windham, Esq.
Denford, Berkshire, William Hallett, Esq.
Stubton, Lincolnshire, Sir Robert Heron, Bart.
Ilfeld Lodge, Herefordshire, The Honourable G. Villiers.
Trebursye, Cornwall, The Honourable William Elliot.
Banner Cross, Yorkshire, General Murray.
Wimborn, Dorsetshire, William Castleman, Esq.
Chawerton, Somersetshire, John Vivian, Esq.
Yastings, Sussex, Compt de Vandes, &c. &c. &c.

Sir Jeffry Wyatville was proud of the royal patronage which he enjoyed; and the sovereign was alike proud of his favourite architect. As a compliment, a portrait of him was painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, by command of George IV., and was placed in the royal collection at Windsor Castle. It is considered to be, altogether, an impressive likeness: there is

* These observations were written in 1828; since which the Round Tower has been considerably heightened.

† The *Picturesque Annual*, for the present year, is occupied with the history of the Castle, rather than its architectural description, and is, altogether, a very incomplete production. A cheap History of the Castle was commenced last year, but has been discontinued.

extraordinary quickness in the eye, and the forehead is lofty, but wants breadth, such as indicates superior intellect. We believe Sir Jeffry to have been in no degree indebted, for his success, to syco-phancy; for, although "of the court," he was not over-courteous in manner. His roughness, however, enabled him to conquer the caprice of his royal patron. It is related in the *Athenæum*, that "when the King's private apartments were under consideration, his Majesty was naturally somewhat more peremptory than usual, especially as to their relative proportions, and it is well known that he did not like large rooms. Wyatt's head, however, was full of a palace; and when the King suggested what he considered a proper size for his dressing-room, Wyatt protested that such a cupboard was better suited to a country curate than to his Majesty. The latter, however, was peremptory on the subject, and cut short all remonstrance with—'It shall be so.' The works went on—the suite of apartments was finished and furnished, when, in the exultation of the moment, his Majesty, good-humouredly, reminded the architect of their former difference, and triumphantly referred to the admirable adaptation of this particular chamber. 'I am glad your Majesty approves of it,' said the architect, 'for it is exactly twice the size your Majesty directed.'

The remains of Sir Jeffry Wyatville were

on the 25th ult.; the body having arrived, at the Winchester, or Wyatville Tower, on the preceding evening. The Rev. Dr. Goodall, Provost of Eton, an old and valued friend of the deceased, read the burial service; and the coffin was deposited in a vault in the east aisle of the Chapel, just behind the altar; which Sir Jeffry had prepared, some years since, for the reception of the remains of his daughter, who, it is stated, died in consequence of a cold, taken during her attendance at the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the Brunswick Tower. Among the mourners was Sir Francis Chantry, the sculptor. And thus, within the shadow of the stately pile which his genius had restored from crumbling decay, sleeps the architect himself; exemplifying the adage: "Art is long, and life but short."

New Books.

MARTIN'S NATURAL HISTORY OF QUADRUPEDS.—PART II.

OUR opinion of the sound execution of the first Part of this work, is admirably sustained in the continuation now before

us; in which the Introduction is continued; the review of the osseous system and teeth of Mammalia being completed, and the digestive organs and their appendages commenced. The details are fresh and novel, and are not "the dry bones" of the subject; whilst the incidental illustrations are clever and effective as heretofore. In short, the work is both scientific and popular; a happy combination of merit and attractiveness, which is rarely witnessed in books for the reading masses. The importance of the study is paramount to its interest; of the latter recommendation a few illustrated quotations will furnish a specimen.]

The Human Hand.

The human hand, in every age, has excited the attention of the reflecting and the wise, and has been often and forcibly referred to, as direct proof of consummate art and design, in the creation of our frame. Let us contemplate, for a moment, the uses to which it is applied, and the extent of its power, as a means of acquiring knowledge, in order that its vast importance may be properly estimated. In the first place, then, it is the grand organ of touch, or tact; the instrument, by means of which we gain an acquaintance with more of the physical properties of matter than through any other organ of sense. Without it, the eye would never, perhaps, duly learn to appreciate, correctly, many of the external properties of matter; the forms, the relative size, the distance, or the position of bodies; and it is the touch which aids, regulates, and corrects the conclusions deduced from the ideas gained through the medium of sight. It is a coadjutor to the eye, though the eye, in its turn, aids the hand: for example, touch will not inform us of the colour of any object—colour is an impression upon the organ of vision alone; but touch gives us its hardness or softness, its lightness or weight, its warmth and texture, its smoothness or roughness; thus, one organ aiding the other, we gain a knowledge which neither, alone, would communicate; and the one, taught, as it were, by the other, will, independently, communicate a degree of information respecting qualities, which the other can alone appreciate. Such is the association of ideas, that the sight of a feather brings to mind its softness, its lightness, its warmth, and elasticity, though the sight only recognises colour and form; but experience has taught, that, with such a form and colour, these properties, cognizable by touch alone, are always conjoined.

Length of the Fingers.

It has been often asked, why the fingers

are of unequal length? a question involving much in the answer. Ease and facility, in the ever-varying and multitudinous performances which the fingers are called upon to execute, are of the first consideration; and to this point has Nature attended, not only in their arrangement, but in the inequality of their length; the advantage of which is forcibly perceived in all our nicer and more delicate manipulations. In numberless instances the graduated length of the fingers is of the utmost service; for, without such an inequality, they would continually interfere with each other, and their action would be clumsy and constrained. When, however, the fingers are folded upon the palm, the tips are brought to a level; as, also, in grasping a ball; not so when we grasp other bodies in the common way: yet, in holding the fencing foil, we, in some degree, make them correspond; but it is in an oblique direction, resulting from the peculiar manner in which the hilt is held; the first finger being less closed than the second, the second than the third, and so on. In this oblique manner, which combines firmness with ease, we often hold various objects, as the table-knife, the poker, &c.

Fig. 1.



the Horse they form a hoof, or sheath, to the extremity of the limbs, (fig. 3:) yet, in every instance, they are only modifications of the same organ,—the thin, rounded, delicate nail, which forms so elegant and appropriate a finish to the finger of the human hand.

Hand of the Quadrumana.

Among all the lower Mammalia, none approach, in structure of the hand and arm, so near to Man as the Quadrumana: the differences, however, are many and important. In the first place, the hand is longer, in proportion to its breadth, than in Man, and this, more particularly in some groups than in others, in which, as in the Orangs, the Gibbons, and Semnopithec, the fingers are not only greatly elongated, but the palm, instead of being expanded and concave on its inner aspect, is narrow and flat, and tapers from the wrist. This modification of form, together with the comparative shortness and feebleness of the thumb, is exhibited in

The Nails.

The nails are horny plates, which arise out of the true skin, and grow from a pulpy root: they are closely attached to the soft parts, and cannot be separated without intense pain. Besides serving as a support and defence to the tips of the fingers, they act, also, as a barrier, between the nerves of the part beneath, and external bodies, so as to intercept the communication of definite impressions to those nerves, in order that the nervous energy may be the more fully concentrated on the part appropriated to touch, and that the impressions there received may be vivid and unmixed. Man uses the nails neither as weapons of offence, nor as scrapers for turning up the earth, nor as hooks with which to climb or cling. In most of the lower animals, however, these parts are of great importance in the economy of their habits and modes of life, and are accordingly modified through a variety of gradations. In the Lion, or Tiger, the claws are fashioned into cutting-hooks, (fig. 1.) sheathing the last joint of the toes, and capable of being protruded or retracted at pleasure. In the Armadillo and Mole they assume a scraper-like form, and are hard and firm, (fig. 2.) In

Fig. 2.

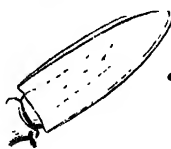


Fig. 3.

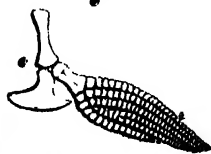


the annexed sketch of the hand of the Orang.



Paddles of Reptiles.

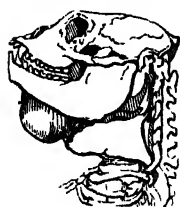
The structure of the flat paddle of the Cetacea will bring to mind the similar organs possessed by those strange extinct reptiles, the Plesiosaurus and the Ichthyosaurus, whose fossil relics, discovered in



the lias deposit, excite our admiration and astonishment, and throw us back upon a distant epoch, when the land and the waters teemed with races which have long disappeared from the face of the globe.

Howling Monkeys.

The os hyoides varies greatly in figure, and in the proportions of its parts, throughout the whole of the Mammalia; and in a group of American Monkeys, termed



Howlers (*Mycetes*), this bone presents a most remarkable dilatation of its body, in the form of an enormous oval drum, with thin osseous walls; through an opening into this drum passes a membranous sac, distended with air

from the larynx; and the vibrations of the air, during the loud cries of these animals, are communicated to the osseous case of the membrane, which acts as a sounding board. (The Cut represents the dilated hyoides of one of these species.)

In the Cetacea a principal feature of the os hyoides is its want of connexion with the larynx, in consequence of the elevated position of this tube.

[In the Part before us, the evidences of structural design are admirably chosen, and cannot fail to impress the inquiring reader with the wisdom displayed throughout the creation; from the spade-like hand of the Mole, (which, by the way, is clearly illustrated,) to the hand of lordly man, as accessory to the workings of his exalted intellect.]

Periodicals.

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

Guy Fawkes.

[In the present number of the *Miscellany*, the Editor has continued his new romance, and the interest of the plot is commencing. Mr. Ainsworth is once more writing in his old style; and the same exciting power of description which characterized the famed "Ride to York," in *Rookwood*, has vividly portrayed the flight across Chat Moss. Humphrey Chetham, a Protestant gentleman, has undertaken to conduct Viviana Radcliffe, who is beloved by him, and father Oldcorne, a popish priest, across this wild and dangerous morass, by night, accompanied by Guy Fawkes. They have been pursued from Ordsall Hall by a Protestant pursuivant and his soldiers, who are now fast gaining on them. Our

readers may be aware that Chat Moss is, or rather was, a huge bog on the line of the Manchester and Liverpool railway, previous to the formation of which, an engineer asserted that it could not be drained for £200,000. After the gradual disappearance of many thousand yards of embankment, it was eventually consolidated at the cost of £30,000. To return to the romance: the fugitives have just arrived at the edge of this frightful morass:]

The dreary and fast-darkening waste had now opened upon them in all its horrors. Far as the gaze could reach appeared an immense expanse, flat almost as the surface of the ocean, and unmarked, so far as could be discerned in that doubtful light, by any trace of human footstep, or habitation. It was a stern and sombre prospect, and calculated to inspire terror in the stoutest bosom. What effect it produced on Viviana may be easily conjectured. But her nature was brave and enduring, and, though she trembled so violently as scarcely to be able to keep her seat, she gave no utterance to her fears. They were now skirting that part of the morass, since denominated, from the unfortunate speculation already alluded to, "Roscoe's Improvements." This tract was the worst and most dangerous portion of the whole moss. Soft, slabby, and unsubstantial, its treacherous beds scarcely offered secure footing to the heron that alighted on them. The ground shook beneath the fugitives as they hurried past the edge of the groaning and quivering marsh. The plover, scared from its nest, uttered its peculiar and plaintive cry; the bittern shrieked; other night-fowl poured forth their doleful notes; and the bull-frog added its deep croak to the ominous concert. Behind them came the thundering tramp and loud shouts of their pursuers. Guy Fawkes had judged correctly. Before they reached Baysnape, the moon had withdrawn behind a rock of clouds, and it had become profoundly dark. Arrived at this point, Humphrey Chetham called to them to turn off to the right.

"Follow singly," he said, "and do not swerve a hair's breadth from the path. The slightest deviation will be fatal. Do you, sir," he added, to the priest, "mount behind Guy Fawkes, and let Miss Radcliffe come next after me. If I should miss my way, do not stir for your life."

The transfer effected, the fugitives turned off to the right, and proceeded at a cautious pace along a narrow and shaking path. The ground trembled so much beneath them, and their horses' feet sank so deeply in the plashy bog, that Viviana demanded, in a tone of some uneasiness,

if he was sure he had taken the right course?

"If I had not," replied Humphrey Chetham, "we should, ere this, have found our way to the bottom of the morass."

As he spoke, a floundering plunge, accompanied by a horrible and quickly-stifled cry, told that one of their pursuers had perished in endeavouring to follow them.

"One poor wretch has gone to his account," observed Viviana, in a tone of commiseration. "Have a care!—have a care, Master Chetham, lest you share the same fate."

"If I can save you, I care not what becomes of me," replied the young merchant. "Since I can never hope to possess you, life has become valueless in my eyes."

"Quicken your pace, Master Chetham," shouted Guy Fawkes, who brought up the rear. "Our pursuers have discovered the track, and are making towards us."

"Let them do so," replied the young merchant. "They can do us no further injury."

"That is false!" cried the voice of a soldier from behind. And, as the words were uttered, a shot was fired, which, though aimed against Chetham, took effect upon his steed. The animal staggered, and his rider had only time to slide from his back, when he reeled off the path, and was engulfed in the marsh.

Hearing the plunge of the steed, the man fancied he had hit his mark, and hallooed, in an exulting voice, to his companions. But his triumph was of short duration. A ball from the petronel of Guy Fawkes pierced his brain, and, dropping from his saddle, he sank, together with his horse, which he dragged along with him into the quagmire.

"Waste no more shot," cried Humphrey Chetham; "the swamp will fight our battles for us. Though I grieve for the loss of my faithful horse, I may be better able to guide you on foot."

With this, he seized Viviana's bridle, and drew her steed along at a quick pace, but with the greatest caution. As they proceeded, a light, like that of a lantern, was seen to rise from the earth, and approach them.

"Heaven be praised!" exclaimed Viviana. "Some one has heard us, and is hastening to our assistance."

"Not so," replied Humphrey Chetham. "The light you behold is an *ignis fatuus*. Were you to trust yourself to its delusive gleam, it would lead you to the most dangerous parts of the moss."

And, as if to exhibit its real character, the little flame, which hitherto had burnt as brightly and steadily as a wax-candle,

suddenly appeared to dilate, and, assuming a purple tinge, emitted a shower of sparks, and then flitted rapidly over the plain.

"Woe to him that follows it!" cried Humphrey Chetham.

"It has a strange unearthly look," observed Viviana, crossing herself. "I have much difficulty in persuading myself it is not the work of some malignant sprite."

"It is only an exhalation of the marsh," replied Chetham. "But, see! others are at hand."

Their approach, indeed, seemed to have disturbed all the weird children of the waste. Lights were seen trooping towards them in every direction; sometimes stopping, sometimes rising in the air,—now contracting, now expanding, and, when within a few yards of the travellers, retreating with inconceivable swiftness.

"It is a marvellous and incomprehensible spectacle," remarked Viviana.

"The common folk hereabouts affirm that these Jack-o'-lanterns, as they term them, always appear in greater numbers when some direful catastrophe is about to take place," rejoined the young merchant.

"Heaven avert it from us!" ejaculated Viviana.

"It is an idle superstition," returned Chetham. "But we must now keep silence," he continued, lowering his voice, and stopping near the charred stump of a tree, left, it would seem, as a mark. "The road turns here. And, unless our pursuers know it, we shall now quit them for ever. We must not let a sound betray the course we are about to take."

Having turned this dangerous corner in safety, and conducted his companions as noiselessly as possible for a few yards along the cross path, which being much narrower, was, consequently, more perilous than the first, Humphrey Chetham stood still, and, imposing silence upon the others, listened to the approach of their pursuers. His prediction was speedily and terribly verified. Hearing the movement in advance, but unable to discover the course taken by the fugitives, the unfortunate soldiers, fearful of losing their prey, quickened their pace, in the expectation of instantly overtaking them. They were fatally undeceived. Four only of their number, besides their leader, remained,—two having perished in the manner heretofore described. The first of these, disregarding the caution of his comrade, laughingly urged his horse into a gallop, and, on passing the mark, sank, as if by magic, and before he could utter a single warning cry, into the depths of the morass. His disappearance was so instantaneous, that the next in order, though he heard the sullen plunge, was unable to draw in the

rein, and was likewise ingulfed. A third followed; and a fourth, in his efforts to avoid their fate, backed his steed over the slippery edge of the path. Only one now remained. This was the pursuivant, who, with the prudence that characterized all his proceedings, had followed in the rear. He was so dreadfully frightened, that, adding his shrieks to those of his attendants, he shouted to the fugitives, imploring assistance in the most piteous terms, and promising never again to molest them, if they would guide him to a place of safety. But his cries were wholly unheeded. And he, perhaps, endured, in those few minutes of agony, as much suffering as he had inflicted on the numerous victims of his barbarity. It was, indeed, an appalling moment. Three of the wretched men had not yet sunk, but were floundering about in the swamp, and shrieking for help. The horses, as much terrified as their riders, added their piercing cries to the half-suffocated yells of their riders. And, as if to make the scene more ghastly, myriads of dancing lights flitted towards them, and, throwing an unearthly glimmer over this part of the morass, fully revealed their struggling figures. Moved by compassion for the poor wretches, Viviana implored Humphrey Chetham to assist them; and finding him immovable, she appealed to Guy Fawkes.

"They are beyond all human aid," the latter replied.

"Heaven have mercy on their souls!" ejaculated the priest. "Pray for them, dear daughter. Pray heartily, as I am about to do." And he recited, in an audible voice, the Romish formula of supplication for those in *extremis*.

Avverting her gaze from the spectacle, Viviana joined fervently in the prayer.

By this time two of the strugglers had disappeared. The third, having freed himself from his horse, contrived for some moments, during which he uttered the most frightful cries, to keep his head above the swamp. His efforts were tremendous, but unavailing; and served only to accelerate his fate. Making a last desperate plunge towards the bank where the fugitives were standing, he sank above the chin. The expression of his face, shewn by the ghastly glimmer of the fen-fires, as he was gradually swallowed up, was horrible.

"*Requiem eternam dona eis, Domine*," cried the priest.

"All is over," said Humphrey Chetham, taking the bridle of Viviana's steed, and leading her onwards. "We are free from our pursuers."

"There is one left," she cried, casting a look backwards.

"It is the pursuivant," returned Guy Fawkes, sternly. "He is within shot," he added, drawing his petronel.

"Oh, no—no!—in pity spare him!" cried Viviana. "Too many lives have been sacrificed already."

"He is the cause of all the mischief," said Guy Fawkes, unwillingly replacing the petronel in his belt, "and may live to injure you and your father."

"I will hope not," rejoined Viviana; "but, spare him!—oh, spare him."

"Be it as you please," replied Guy Fawkes. "The marsh, I trust, will not be so merciful."

With this, they slowly resumed their progress. On hearing their departure, the pursuivant renewed his cries in a more piteous tone than ever; but, in spite of the entreaties of Viviana, nothing could induce her companions to lend him assistance.

For some time they proceeded in silence, and without accident. As they advanced, the difficulties of the path increased, and it was fortunate that the moon, emerging from the clouds in which, up to this moment, she had been shrouded, enabled them to steer their course in safety. At length, after a tedious and toilsome march for nearly half a mile, the footing became more secure; the road widened; and they were able to quicken their pace. Another half mile landed them upon the western bank of the morass. Viviana's first impulse was to give thanks to Heaven for their deliverance; nor did she omit in her prayers a supplication for the unfortunate beings who had perished.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

Ode on the Marriage of the Queen of England.

BY D. SIMMONS

LIFT up your heads, ye glorious gates!
Ye doors, by kings uprear'd, give way!
Th' Imperial Isles' assembled States,
By Counsel led—where Valour waits,
And white-stoled Pomp predominates—
Before your thresholds pause to-day,
Presenting to a Power divine
The Daughter of their Monarch-line,
Of laurel'd chiefs and leaders sage,
Wide Ocean's lords from age to age,
Since first the Norman's brilliant mail
Flash'd through fierce Hastings' battle hail
To her great Sire whose Captain died
What time the galleys of his war
Heaved, victory-rock'd, upon thy tide?
Tremendous Trafalgar:
For evermore their red-cross reign
Without a rival on the main!
Nor must the Sea-Kings' branch decrease,
Nor from their hands the sceptre cease.
To-day proud Albion's peerless child,
Girt by the gallants of her land—
Earth's mightiest Queen, a maiden mild—
Shall at the Altar stand,
—And meekly pledge her spousal faith,
And wear her hope-woven bridal wreath,

While round the Nations—gladness fill'd—
The trident-arm'd and thunder-hill'd,
Raise the rejoicing hand.
Hark to the bursting trumpet's bray,
As slow the gorgeous ranks unfold
Above whose far-resplendent way,
Guarding his banner's floating day,
The Lion leaps in gold!

II.

Lift up your heads, ye glorious gates!
And you, majestic doors, unclose!
The solemn pomp no longer waits,
But on in bright succession flows.
No need to ask before whose train
The stately pursuivants advance,
Where ring gold spur and knightly chain,
And tabards gaily glance.

We pass thee not ungreeted by,
Thou graceful youth, with pensive eye,
And forehead not by thought untraced,
—Thou! with the kingly garter graced;
(And in his courtly babblers say,
Thou'st won and worn the poet's bay,
'Perchance thy collar's jewels shine

To thee with one soft ray the more,
At thought that He, the bard divine,
Who couch'd his lance for *GERALDINE*,
That badge unsullied bore.)

Pass on—a people's blessings now
Press like the ~~sky~~ upon thy brow,
And Hope prays out that thou may'st be
Undazzled by thy destiny—
For when, since empire's game began,
Did lo so brilliant circle man?

III.

Again that regal trumpet pealing!
And lo, yon radiant pathway down—
Her handmaids Love and Vestal Feeling,
And paged by old Renown—
Soft-gleaming through that rosy cloud,
Where youth, and grace, and beauty crowd,
Shines forth, conspicuous from afar,
The white-cliff'd Island's *MORNING STAR*!
And now she lights the purple gloom
Within the saintly chapel shed;
Where starry chief, and woman's bloom,
And wisdom's reverend head,
From vaulted gallery to the ground,
In throng compact are ranged around.

IV.

And well might some amid that throng
Claim portion of the minstrel's song;
But, to his eager vision fast,
Far other shapes are crowding past:
Yet there is one—and who shall raise
The strain, unmindful of his praise!—
The wise in council as in war,
Who shiver'd Gaul's imperial shield;
Still Fancy sees each thunder-scar
Of that stern Flemish field
Upon his front, as when he hurl'd
The last red bolt that saved the world.
~~Let~~ may a grateful country own
His aid to temple and to throne!

V.

That festal frump has ceased to peal,
From arch and portal richly dim—
Before the mitred priests they kneel;
And now the nuptial hymn,
While its full tide the organ pours,
With many a solemn close, in choral grandeur soars.
Far from the minstrel's vision fly
Attendant dame and worded peer,
What shapes of mightier port are nigh?
What coldly besuteneous eyes are here?
Bend from your clouds, ye kingly dead!
And, crown'd, ye softer shadows bend!
Deep-echoing with the blessing said
Upon the young anointed head
Of her, in whom—as yet unred—
Your thousand years of glory end!

See, 'mid your pale and awful ring,
She bends, a fragile blooming thing!
Like to some fair and kneeling saint
Surrounded by cathedral glooms,
Whom marble shadows, vast and faint,
Are watching from the tombs.
Stretch forth, dark Cressy's Victor-Lord,
O'er her thy realm-protecting sword!
And, Warrior Woman! at the sweep
Of whose resistless hand
Castile's proud navies from the deep
Were drifted like the sand,
On her thy reign's bright years bestow,
And all thy fortune—save its woe!
Still round they press: that mournful Bride—
Who left, reluctant, book and bow
To share the momentary power
And pomp for which she died.

The Monarch-boy with aspect pale,
Is there, a kindred brow to hail.
And She who, at the moment Hope
Prepared her glory's page to ope,
Uncrown'd, resign'd life's gladness brief,
And left the Isles to night and grief,
For her, the favour'd, long through years
On years, shall Pity wake and Woe,
While slow the bard's melodious tears,
While *DYRON*'s strains immortal flow.

See, leaping near, her Sire, (in form
Like to the Greek's Olympian God,)
Before whom Pleasure's rosy charm
Was spread where'er he trode:
Who lived to drain the bitterest sup,
That lurks in Joy's exhausted cup—
Who died, and with his latest breath
Left one dread moral, "*This is Death*,"
To yon meek Maid, if handed down,
Worth half the brilliants in her crown.

VI.

But lo! each shape of kingly mould—
Each circling form, august, has fled!
Before the hard again unfold
The pageant's numbers bright and bold
And, from the battered cannon roll'd,
That volley's thunder-crash has told
The Island Queen is wed!

Fine Arts.

PENNY POSTAGE STAMPS.

THOUGH many sorts of stamps have been talked about, few designs have actually been prepared; to those which were submitted by Mr. Sievier, the eminent sculptor,* and by Mr. C. Whiting, one of the premiums was awarded.

We have understood that Mr. Cheverton, another of the successful competitors, in a plan full of originality in other respects, recommended an embossment of a female head, of the greatest beauty, to be executed by Mr. Wyon, and stamped by a peculiar machinery of Mr. Cheverton's own, which would perform the process with great rapidity.

It has always been contended that beauty of design and workmanship is one of the best securities against forgery. This is at last felt even by the Directors of the Bank of England, and a new bank note is in preparation from a design by

* His last words to the only page in attendance at the moment—See the *Journal* of the period.

Sir Richard Westmacott, to be engraved by J. H. Robinson, and is expected to contain every beauty which art is capable of giving to it. What will be, in this respect, the character of the postage stamps, may be inferred from the artists who are employed in the production of them. We need only mention the names of W. Mulready, W. Wyon, J. Thompson, C. Heath. The idea, of calling in the powers of art as auxiliary to the philanthropic agency of the Penny Post, is a happy one. Such an opportunity of spreading models of beauty over the whole face of the country (we might almost say the world), and among all classes of the people, has never occurred before, in the history of mankind. Never before has artist had so glorious a host of spectators for his efforts; and the distribution of hundreds of millions of a beautiful object, cannot be without its effect on the education of the public taste. The Chancellor of the Exchequer could not have selected four artists more suitable for his purpose. The designs on the die in the hands of Mr. Wyon, and on the plate in the hands of Mr. Charles Heath, have been stated to be the head of the Queen. Mr. Wyon's die is, we presume, intended for the letter paper, and Mr. Heath's plate for the adhesive stamp. A forgery of the work of either of these distinguished artists, to deceive (as it must do to be effectual) an experienced eye, would be a work we should very well like to behold. The mechanical execution, both in stamping and printing, will, it is fair to suppose, do justice to the performances of these artists; and such processes have, of course, been adopted as to ensure perfect identity in the numerous dies and plates which will be, necessarily, wanted. Of Mr. Mulready's design, which is confided to Mr. John Thompson, we can speak in the highest terms. In less than half the usual space for the face of a letter, the artist has placed groups of upwards of forty figures. In the centre is Britannia in the act of despatching four winged messengers. The figures on each side of her, are groups emblematical of British commerce, and communication with all parts of the world. On the right, are East Indians on elephants, directing the embarkation of merchandise; next, Arabs, with camels laden; next, Chinese; on the left, American Indians concluding a treaty, and Negroes packing casks of sugar. The whole design occupies rather more than an inch in width along the face of an ordinary envelope. In what may be called the foreground, on the one side, a young man is reading a letter to his mother, whose clasped hands express her emotion at its contents; on the other side is a

group of figures, each one eagerly pressing around to read, or at least catch a sight of, the welcome letter. The whole conception forcibly tells its story, and suggests emotions of gratitude at the universal blessings that flow from unfettered correspondence, which is but speech by means of written characters. As a work of art, in respect of composition and characteristic portraiture, it is eminently successful. The national peculiarities of attitude and costume, though expressed by outline only, are so well preserved, that each group may be instantly recognised. The whole design is like a pen-and-ink sketch by a distinguished artist, as far removed as possible from the commonplace designs usually employed in analogous cases. And, considering the small space, the mode of printing to be employed, and other circumstances necessarily lessening the artist's powers, we think that artists and the public will agree with us, that Mr. Mulready has produced the very best work of art, consistent with the conditions, within which, by the nature of the case, he was confined.—*London and Westminster Review.*

London Exhibitions.

THE THAMES TUNNEL.

At the annual meeting of proprietors, held on the 3rd inst., the Report stated, that from the first week after the annual meeting in 1839, to the present time, the rate of the progress had steadily increased, with a decreasing average cost per foot. The rapidity with which the works have advanced during the past year will be best shewn by the statement, that, in 1836, there were 117 feet completed; in 1837, only twenty-eight feet; in 1838, eighty feet; in 1839, ninety-four feet; and, since January 1, 1840, seventy-six feet have been completed, being at the rate of 460 feet per annum; so that the tunnel is now completed to within sixty feet of the Wapping shore. Negotiations are in progress for the purchase of property in this locality, so as to commence the footway descent; which being accomplished, one archway will be opened for foot passengers, the other being appropriated to the works till their completion. The work was commenced fifteen years ago: the total sum expended, including the money advanced by Government is £363,000; and it will be altogether completed for £500,000. As an exhibition, the Tunnel will, doubtless, prove profitable: in 1838, it was visited by 23,000 persons; in 1839, by 34,000 persons; being an increase of thirty-five per cent.

THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

SEVERAL objects of novel interest have lately been added to this attractive place of amusement and instruction. Amongst them we may first notice the exhibition of magnified pictures, through the agency of the Oxyhydrogen Microscope. When we first saw this announced, we expected to behold some gigantic representations of common engravings, tending to show the imperfections of the finest specimens of human art in juxtaposition, with the coarsest productions of nature. In this, however, we were mistaken; as the exhibition consists of minute views, about two inches and a half in diameter, painted on some transparent substance, which, being subjected to the power of the microscope, are magnified 30,000 times, and thrown on the large circular disc, of a size equal to the views of the Diorama. The correctness with which the originals must be drawn, to bear such an intense magnifying power, is wonderful, and reflects great credit on the artist. A view of Holyrood Chapel struck us as particularly well executed. The name of the *Microscopic Cosmorama* has been given to this exhibition.

In the room, No. 6, is a beautiful series of forty-three models of ships, boats, &c., in ivory and wood, the performance of the French prisoners, under the superintendence of an English shipwright. They vary in length, from two inches to about a foot, and are elaborately correct; so much so as to bear a careful inspection through a powerful lens, which is kept on the table for that purpose. In the same room, is the costly *Escriban* of Marguerite de Parma, valued at 2,500 guineas, of which we shall speak more particularly anon.

NEW PANORAMA.

MR. BURFORD has just painted, from drawings by Captain R. Smith, a panorama of Benares, the sacred city of the Hindus, which will, doubtless, prove a popular exhibition. It is, altogether, a picturesque performance: the fine sweep of the Ganges, within which rises the city, with its many thousand house-tops, and two Mosque minarets, (each as high as the London Monument,) is admirably painted; the life of the giver is very attractive; and the water itself sparkles with reality.

Varities.

* *London University.*—Colonel Stanhope observed, the other day, that the above building was all stairs and cupola, and there was no money to finish it: it is, however, hoped that the recent legacy of £25,000 will enable the council to complete the structure.

Portrait of Shakspeare.—On February 20, Mr. Halliwell exhibited, to the Society of Antiquaries, a copy of a pen-and-ink drawing of a portrait preserved in the archives of Dulwich College, and supposed by him to represent Shakspeare: it is drawn by the player Henslow, on the back of a letter addressed to himself, among a small collection of similar roughly-sketched portraits. *Gentleman's Magazine*, (March,) which contains no less than five papers on 'Shakspeare, orthography of his name, publication of his works, &c.

lately at Longfleet, near Poole, was a native of Corsica, and a schoolfellow of Buonaparte. At his funeral, the coffin was covered with an Union Jack, for a pall, on which was lying a silver-hilted sword, crossed by its sheath, also of silver, and which had been presented to Capt. B. by the Dey of Algiers, on the capture of that place by Lord Exmouth.

New Literary Club.—A society, to be called the *Spalding Club*, has lately been formed, for printing the historical, ecclesiastical, topographical, genealogical, and literary remains of the north-eastern counties of Scotland; to consist of inedited MSS. and reprints of rare works.

Lithography not new.—The late Captain Gerard ascertained the art of lithography to have been practised in the city of Tibet from time immemorial; especially for illustrating the anatomy of the human body.

New Orang-outan.—Mr. Brook is stated to have discovered, at Singapore, two new species of Orang-outans, one of them six feet high.

Otter.—A very large otter was lately caught in the Isis, near Illey: it was four feet eleven inches long, and upwards of twenty-six inches in girth.

Longevity.—A Mrs. H. Dodgson, of Heredwell, Lincoln, died, last month, at the age of 105 years, seven months; leaving eight children, sixty-three grandchildren, and 161 great-grandchildren.

Taxes in Egypt.—In Egypt, male children are subject to the personal tax at twelve years of age; and, as there is no registry, their age is only judged of by appearance, which creates an ambiguity of which Government can easily take advantage. Eggs and chickens cannot be sold in Cairo, nor can the Nile be fished in, without the payment of an especial tax, and the branches of the palm-tree, and the fibrous bark, which serves to make ropes, are subject to a particular impost on sale, in addition to the tax on the soil where they are grown. *Times, City Letter.*—[This taxation out-herods Lord Brougham's famed fulmination in the *Edinburgh Review.*]

Sir F. Maitland.—When in command of the *Loire*, Captain Maitland agreed with Captain Dixon, of the *Apollo*, that they should share between them whatever prize-money fell to their lot. Captain Dixon's life was a short one, and he left a widow in straitened circumstances, who was one morning waited on by a gentleman, tendering her a bank cheque for £25,000. Mrs. D. objected to receive so munificent a sum, but Capt. Maitland replied: "My agreement with my friend Dixon was not an agreement for life, it was to continue during this war; this money, madam, is, therefore, fairly yours."—*Caledonian Mercury.*

Decoration of Houses.—The true artist is now seldom employed. Upholsterers and paper-hangers, possessing capital, and the confidence of the rich, have succeeded in obtaining almost exclusive influence over internal decorations; the architect is no longer consulted, and the result is, as might be expected, most disastrous to art. *Gentleman's Magazine.*

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CONDUCTED BY JOHN TIMBS, ELEVEN YEARS, EDITOR OF "THE MIRROR."

No. 52.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1840.

[Price 2d.



THE KEMBLE CUP.

THE KEMBLE CUP.

THIS superb vase has been executed in silver by Messrs. Mortimer and Hunt, (her Majesty's silversmiths,) of New Bond-street, from a model by Sir Francis Chantrey. To quote the *Times*, "it is certainly one of the most superb presentation-cups that has ever been produced;" a high estimate of its merit, in which we entirely concur. The design consists of a magnificent vase, in frost, or mat work, supported upon a bright pedestal, or plinth; the entire height being three feet. The cup is more of the Greek than the Etruscan shape, and is extremely pure and bold. The details will be better appreciated by reference to the Engraving than by verbal description: they are, unquestionably, of first-rate classic beauty; as the handles, of serpents, exquisitely chased; the thyrsus, beneath the outer lip; the several mouldings, frieze, wreath, and floral decoration of the cover, the lip, and the lower bulb, the curve of which latter is relieved by antique masks of Comedy and Tragedy. Around the cup is a representation of the "Seven Ages" of Shakspeare, in high relief, and elaborately executed. The cover is surmounted with a figure of Mr. Charles Kemble, in the character of *Hamlet*: it is a good likeness, although only five inches in height. The pedestal is alike of elegant design: the base and surbase mouldings presenting the beautiful egg and tongue; with a line of resplendent balls in the upper member. The front of the pedestal bears the following inscription:

THIS VASE,
PROVIDED BY SUBSCRIPTION BY FRIENDS AND ADMIRERS OF
CHARLES KEMBLE,
WAS PRESENTED TO HIM
ON THE OCCASION OF RETIREMENT FROM
THE STAGE,
AS A TESTIMONY OF THEIR OPINION THAT, BY THE HIGH
QUALITY OF HIS TALENTS, HE SUPPORTED THE
REPUTATION INSEPARABLE FROM HIS
NAME IN THE ANNALS OF THE
BRITISH DRAMA;
ENHANCED IT BY THEIR VARIETY, AND, BY HIS CONDUCT
THROUGH A LONG AND ARDUOUS CAREER, RAISED
THE CHARACTER OF THE PROFESSION
WHICH HE ADORNS.

Upon the opposite face of the pedestal are engraved, in an heraldic shield, the arms of Mr. Kemble. There is, likewise, a roll of vellum, upon which are written the names of the subscribers to this testimonial, the roll being enclosed in a silver case, of ingenious design, as the annexed Engraving shews. In the list are the names of some of the leading nobility and gentry, and professional admirers of Mr. Kemble. The weight of the cup and pedestal is upwards of 700 ounces; and its cost £450. Its execution is alike honourable to the genius of Chantrey, and the taste of the manu-

facturers, whose work is characterized by high artistical delicacy and finish. Of the munificence of the donors we scarcely need speak. It is altogether a noble act of the homage of wealth and taste to genius and talent, and merit of rare order; which we take extreme pleasure in commemorating in our pages.

The ceremony of presenting this handsome testimonial took place, a few days since, on the stage of Covent Garden Theatre, the principal arena of Mr. Kemble's "long and arduous career;" and which Madame Vestris, with her accustomed elegant taste, had caused to be set as a *salon à la Louis XIV.*

"On Mr. Kemble's appearance, the Duke of Beaufort addressed him, saying it was his pleasing office to present to him this testimonial of the respect of his friends; that it had often been his good fortune to witness the triumphs of Mr. Kemble's genius, and he had always seen with pleasure his efforts to please crowned with public approbation. Though far from a pleasant thing to record our own age, he felt a pride in saying he was old enough to remember the triumph of the Kemble family. It would be superfluous, he added, to particularize the various characters in which Mr. Kemble had been eminent, for his talent was unapproachable—he was great in all. The Duke concluded by requesting Mr. Kemble to accept this pledge of his friends' respect.—Mr. Charles Kemble appeared somewhat affected, but was aroused by a round of applause from the whole assembly; he then said—that he had often, on less trying events, been much embarrassed how to express his gratitude for high honour, but that was now far increased, he having to acknowledge the greatest honour that ever was conferred on him. Looking at the vase, he said: 'By this splendid gift you have preserved my memory; the actor's fame, unlike the painter's, or the sculptor's, is evanescent; it dies almost as soon as 'tis born, and leaves no record. You noble gift has saved mine from this death, and when I am gone it will live to my honour.' Looking towards Sir Francis Chantrey, he said that that elegant memorial of his (Sir Francis's) art would add taste to the cause it was intended to honour, and his (Sir F.'s) name would be handed down conjoined with his own. Turning to the boxes, in which were Madame Vestris, Mr. Charles Mathews, Mr. Harley, Mr. Anderson, Miss Tree, Miss Charles, and Mr. Selby, and several other members of the Covent-garden company, he, addressing them, said, that he begged to remind his theatrical friends and brothers that he owed the high honour then conferred on him to con-

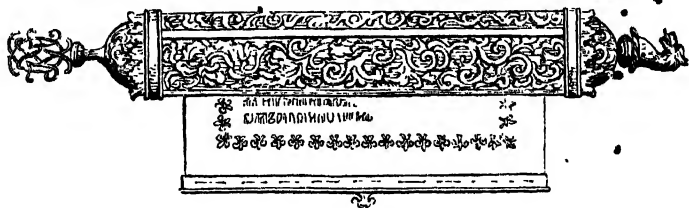
stant assiduity and unceasing industry. To those around him, and many there were who had stronger claims than he ever had to hope for advancement, he would say, in the words of our great moralist: 'Nothing is denied to well-directed industry.' Let them follow his example, and they would arrive at his honours. Mr. Kemble then concluded by thanking his friends for their elegant gift, and wishing every one health and happiness."

It may be interesting to add that Mr. Charles Kemble's appearances upon the stage were extended through the long period of 42 years; he having first appeared as Malcolm, in *Macbeth*, in the year 1794, at Covent Garden Theatre; and taken his leave of the public upon the same stage, as Benedick, in *Much Ado*

about Nothing, in 1836. With becoming judgment on the part of the Lord Chamberlain, the office of Examiner of Plays was conferred upon Mr. Kemble, shortly after his retirement from the stage; which office he has just resigned in favour of his son, Mr. J. P. Kemble.

There are few events in the history of the stage in our time which have afforded us such unqualified pleasure as we feel in recording the presentation of "the Kemble Cup;" the receiver of which has contributed, in a more effective degree than any of his contemporaries, to uphold the honourable character of his profession, with graceful dignity; and will, we hope, for many years, enjoy the fruits of his well-earned reputation.

SILVER CASE, ENCLOSING THE VALLUM ROLL OF SUBSCRIBERS' NAMES.



MEDICAL FEES.

(To the Editor.)

In looking over No. 49 (p. 350.) of your Periodical, I find an article headed "Medical Fees," in which there occur one or two mistakes. One sentence states: "Baron Houteloup, (wrongly spelt—should be Heurteloup,) lately received 400 guineas for the operation of lithotomy." This appears to me a very great error: the operation for which the Baron has become so celebrated, is called *Lithotrity*, and is done without any cutting; whereas lithotomy is the old operation, performed, at different periods, in various ways, and with as many instruments, according to the fashion of the times. I myself once saw the Baron operate on a man, and the manner in which it was performed elicited strong marks of approbation.—*Lancet*, vol. 1833-4, p. 923, (first volume.)

John Hunter was brother-in-law, and not uncle, to Sir E. Home, as stated; he having married Miss Home, in 1771.

Newark.

B. S. J.

[The paragraph above referred to, was quoted from the *Quarterly Review*. Our Correspondent will perceive, that we have omitted his statement with regard to Sir Everard Home; which we hope he will excuse: it does not appear directly to

affect the accuracy of the statement in question as to Sir Everard's income; and, we are just now reminded that the publication of evidence, taken before parliamentary committees, is a ticklish matter.—*Ed. L. W.*]

SHOW REMINISCENCES.

THERE are few things more impressively connected with our early recollections, than those wandering exhibitions of wonderful monstrosities and mysterious delusions that were accustomed to visit our fairs, at a period when we were about as high as the hurdles that confined the pigs and sheep then and there brought for sale. If a fair passed over without being attended by a show of any kind, it was a matter of deep concern to us. We believed that the economy of our village must be at a low ebb, and that the agricultural transactions connected with our annual festival could not be carried on with their usual spirit and business, unless a few sights were exhibited, in order to draw the neighbouring people together for the day. And how we used to look out for the shows the night before the fair! With what joy we received the intelligence, that the postman had passed six caravans in the lane between our village and the next town; and with what mysterious importance we communicated the intelligence to our companions! And when they arrived, how we

watched their heavy yellow carriages drag up the street, one after another; each drawn by one miserable horse, looking like the industrious flea in the omnibus, compared to the size of the vehicle; with the sometimes additional help of a donkey fastened by old cord to the shafts. We formed a thousand surmises as to their contents, until a strange howl from the interior of one of them betrayed the secret that they were "wild beasts." From that moment there was good-bye to anything like staying in-doors. It was no use sending the servants after us, for we eluded their grasp by creeping under the wheels or behind the caravans; and we watched, with the most intense interest, the gradual placing of the large carriages, to form the quadrangle that was to constitute the show of to-morrow.

A "dancing show" was, however, our greatest delight; and hour after hour have we looked about the progressive elevation of the spars and canyas, until the complete pavilion stood before us. How happy we thought ourselves in being able to pick up the hammer when it fell, and give it to the man on the rickety blue ladder, who was nailing to the front poles a beautiful piece of red festoon, edged with black, and adorned with round ornaments of thin brass, like the escutcheons of bed-posts. Could it be possible that those dirty people in shirt-sleeves, who were drawing out the long spars from their flat wagon, were the same who would appear on its platform the next day, in flesh-coloured tights and velvet jackets? Was it really the case that the woman in the dingy common shawl, and without a bonnet, returning from the baker's with a stale half-quartern under her arm, would dance outside to-morrow in spangled maslin and satin shoes?—(pipe-clayed, to be sure, but still satin.) It was possible, we knew, and yet we scarcely believed it.

It was not until towards the afternoon of our fair that the exhibitions commenced. During the earlier part of the day, the show assumed an air of impressive solemnity in its deserted loneliness, with its gaudy draperies moving gravely in the wind. No one was, as yet, on its platform; a boy occasionally crossed the arena with a beer-can; but that was all. There was no further notification of its internal existence; but we knew the preparations must be extensive and important. At last, afternoon came, and with it the show-folks, one after another, up the steps to the front platform. Then we were in our glory: an irresistible attraction bound us to the spot, and all else was forgotten. In vain did the nurse-ry-dinner wait; we had no hunger beyond that which a penny

slice of cold plum-pudding, or a mealy-looking pie, could appease; and, hidden by the crowd, we enjoyed the varying performance, hour after hour, sorry when the ominous "All in to commence" took the actors, for a while, from our delighted gaze. There was a wild Indian, with a red ochre face and black legs; a great curtain-ring in his nose, a large club, and a feather cap, like the penny portraits of Mr. Somebody, as Rolia, with all his limbs extended, holding a frightened doll on his left shoulder. There was also a countryman, with a great nosegay and striped blue stockings, who was perpetually getting knocked down, and whose appellation appeared to be "Cauliflower;" with three gentlemen, in fancy dresses of every costume on the face of the globe, most ingeniously combined; who waltzed with the three beautiful ladies, except when the music stopped, and then the ladies walked arm-in-arm by themselves, up and down the platform; and Mr. Merryman—dear, foolish, ill-used Mr. Merryman—led the master of the concern, a very fat man, in feathers and a red sash, to the front, and commenced haranguing the crowd after his master's dictation. What roars of laughter arose when he called exhibition *eggs and bacon*, and sport and pastime *pork and parsnips*; and how we wondered if it hurt him when he was whipped, and if he ever was a baby, and eat and drank like other people. Oh! how delightful it all was!

The interior of the show was equally gratifying. We were told that the outside was always the best; it might have been, but there was a great deal in paying to see the performance, whereas the other was gratis. We well remember its rough benches, formed of planks laid upon tubs; its tottering steps that conducted to the front seats, its hoops of candles, its pole that intercepted the view in the middle; and its coarsely-painted scenery—then far beyond the choicest of Stanfield's dioramas, as specimens of art, at least to our eyes. Sometimes the performance was conjuring; sometimes it was horsemanship; and sometimes it was a play, with a comic song between (sung by the countryman) whose chorus was always "Ri tit fol iddledy, tit fol iddledy, tiddledy heigh gae hoo;" or, occasionally, a young lady danced a hornpipe on a little piece of board, laid down for the purpose, after which she made a collection of pence; the Pantaloon, who played the drum and pandean pipes, informing the company, "it was all she had for her own perquisite to buy trinkets with;" the said "trinkets" meaning bread and cheese, and yellow soap. Commonplace and spiritless the performance, doubtless, was; but it was

sufficiently attractive to make us keenly regret when it was over. We could scarcely conceive that the ground, where such feats took place, was part of our common market-place; and yet, there stood the old post in a corner of the show, that we knew so well: and long after the exhibition had departed, we could trace the sawdust parallelogram that marked its former site, as we stood with much gratification on the spot which we knew had formed the mysterious *coulisses*.

The minor shows, of dwarfs, and giants, and white-haired Negresses, were also very engaging; although they had not the imposing air of the dancing shows. Their pictures were, however, sufficiently wonderful; and we were often disappointed at not finding the Turks and officers, and gentlemen and ladies, inside the *caravan*, that were painted outside as spectators of the exhibition. How we speculated as to the nature of the curiosities which the chintz drapery, stretched across the end of the show, veiled from our view! How portably, also, were the domestic interiors of these moving houses arranged! The small brass fire-place in the corner, that always smoked; the seats round the sides formed of lockers; the trap-door in the roof, to admit air, or, rather, we should say, to let it out; and the two windows with the gandy shutters. Our chief desire, at that time, would have been to have lived in one of those perambulating residences, and travelled about wherever we liked.

Even the humble peep-shows were not without enjoying a share of our patronage; and we listened with the most juvenile credulity to the exhibitor's descriptions, as we stood behind the green-laize curtain, on the little low form that raised our eyes to a level with the wondrous lenses. At the time we write of, Mr. Weare's murder furnished abundant material for these migrating dioramas; and we perfectly recollect the series of peep-show views that the event gave birth to. The murder in Gill's-hill-lane; the pond at Elstree, where the body was found; the stable-yard of Probert's cottage; and the interior of the Crown court at Hertford; were all vividly impressed on our imagination; and even now we can picture them as if we had, but seen them yesterday.

Increasing years have changed our disposition, and shows have now lost their attractions. The joyous medium of childhood, through which we viewed their motley wonders, has been drawn aside, and we can only now look on them in the most literal and commonplace sense. Still, for the sake of old association, we sometimes pay a visit to them; and if a laugh is provoked by some absurdity that would for-

merly have excited astonishment; if we see, in the little people around us, something of the same delight which we cordially entered into,—surely our end is more than answered. ALBERT.

ASSAM TEA.—III.

MANUFACTURE.

Green Tea.—As the green Tea Chinamen have just commenced operations, (says Mr. Bruce,) I will try to give some account of this most interesting process. All leaves up to the size of the *Songlung* are taken for the green Tea. About three pounds of the fresh leaves, immediately they are brought in, are cast into a hot pan, (sometimes they are kept overnight, when abundance have been brought in, and we have not been able to work all up;) they are then rolled and tossed about in the pan, until they become too hot for the hand. Two slips of bamboo, each about a foot long, split at one end so as to form six prongs, are now used to tumble and toss the leaves about, by running the sticks down the sides of the pan, and turning the leaves up first with the right hand, then with the left, and this as fast as possible; which keeps the leaves rolling about in the pan without being burnt: this lasts about three minutes; the leaves will then admit of being rolled and pressed without breaking. They are now taken from the pan and rolled in dollahs, much the same as the black Tea, for about three minutes, in which process a great quantity of the juice is extracted, if they be fresh leaves; but if they have been kept overnight, very little juice can be expressed from them in the morning, on account of its having evaporated. The Chinamen say, this does not matter, as it makes no difference in the Tea. The leaves are then pressed hard between both hands, and turned round and pressed again and again, until they have taken the shape of a small pyramid. They are now placed in bamboo baskets, or dollahs, with a narrow edge, and the dollahs, on bamboo framework, where they are exposed to the sun for two or three minutes; after which, these pyramids of Tea are gently opened, and thinly spread on the dollahs to dry. When the Tea has become a little dry, (which will be the case in five or ten minutes, if the sun be hot,) it is again rolled, and then placed in the sun as before; this is done three successive times. But, should the weather be rainy, and there is no hope of its clearing, all this drying is done over the fire, in a small drying basket, the same as with black Tea. The green Tea makers have as great an aversion to drying their Tea over

the fire, as the black Tea makers. The third time it has been rolled and dried, there is very little moisture left in the Tea; it is now put into a hot pan, and gently turned over and over, and opened out occasionally, until all has become well heated; it is then tossed out into a basket, and, while hot, put into a very strong bag, previously prepared for it, about four feet long, and four spans in circumference. Into this bag the Tea is pressed with great force with the hands and feet; from fourteen to twenty pounds being put in at one time, and forced into as small a compass as possible. With his left hand, the man firmly closes the mouth of the bag immediately above the leaves, while, with the right hand, he pommels and beats the bag, every now and then giving it a turn; thus he beats, and turns, and works at it, tightening it by every turn with one hand, and holding on with the other, until he has squeezed the leaves into as small a compass as possible at the end of the bag. He now makes it fast by turns of the cloth where he held on, so that it may not open; and then draws the cloth of the bag over the ball of leaves, thus doubling the bag, the mouth of which is twisted and made fast. The man then stands up, holding on by a post, or some such thing, and works this ball of leaves under his feet, at the same time alternately pressing with all his weight, first with one foot and then the other, turning the ball over and over, and occasionally opening the bag to tighten it more firmly. When he has made it almost as hard as a stone, he secures the mouth well, and puts the bag away for that day. Next morning it is opened out, and the leaves gently separated and placed on dollahs, then fired and dried until they are crisp, the same as the black Tea, after which they are packed in boxes, or baskets. In China, the baskets are made of double bamboo, with leaves between. The Tea may then remain on the spot for two or three months, or be sent to any other place to receive the final process.

This first part of the green Tea process, is so simple, that the natives of this country readily pick it up in a month or two. The second process now commences by opening the boxes, or baskets, and exposing the Tea on large shallow bamboo baskets, or dollahs, until it has become soft enough to roll; it is then put into cast-iron pans, set in brick fire-places, the same as described in making the *Sychee* black Tea. The pan is made very hot by a wood fire, and seven pounds of the leaves are thrown into it, and rubbed against the pan, with the right hand, until tired, and then with the left, so as

not to make the process fatiguing. The pan being placed on an inclined plane, the leaves always come tumbling back towards, and near the operator, as he pushes them up from him, moving his hand backwards and forwards, and pressing the leaves with some force with the palms, keeping the ends of the fingers up to prevent their coming in contact with the hot pan. After one hour's good rubbing, the leaves are taken out and thrown into a large, coarse, bamboo sieve; from this into a finer one, and again still finer one, until three sorts of Tea have been separated. The first, or larger sort, is put into the funnel of the winnowing machine, which has three divisions of small traps below, to let the Tea out. A man turns the wheel with his right hand, and with the left regulates the quantity of Tea that shall fall through the wooden funnel above, by a wooden slide at the bottom of it. The Tea being thrown from the sieves into the funnel, the man turns the crank of the wheel, and moves the slide of the funnel gradually, so as to let the Tea fall through, gently, and in small quantities. The blast from the fan blows the smaller particles of Tea to the end of the machine, where it is intercepted by a circular moveable board placed there. The dust, and smaller particles are blown against this board, and fall out at an opening at the bottom into a basket placed there to receive it. The next highest Tea is blown nearly to the end of the machine, and falls down through a trough on the side into a basket; this Tea is called *Young Hyson*. The next, being a little heavier, is not blown quite so far; it falls through the same trough, which has a division in the middle; this, of course, is near the centre of the machine. A basket is placed beneath to receive the Tea, which is called *Hyson*. The next, which is still heavier, falls very near to the end of the fan, this is called *Gunpowder* Tea; it is in small balls. The heaviest Tea falls still closer to the fan, and is called *Big Gunpowder*; it is twice, or three times the size of *Gunpowder* Tea, and composed of several young leaves that adhere firmly together. This sort is afterwards put into a box, and cut with a sharp iron instrument, then sifted and put among the *Gunpowder*, which it now resembles.

The different sorts of Tea are now put into shallow bamboo baskets, and men, women, and children are employed to pick out the sticks and bad leaves; this is a most tedious process, as the greatest care is taken not to leave the slightest particle of anything but good Tea. But to assist and quicken this tiresome process, beautiful bamboo sieves, very little inferior

to our wire ones, and of various sizes, are employed. The different Teas are thrown into sieves of different sizes, from large gunpowder to dust Tea; they are shaken and tossed, and thrown from one person to another, in quick succession, making the scene very animating; in this way a great portion of the stalks are got rid of. After the Tea has been well sifted and picked, it is again put into the hot pans and rubbed and rolled as before, for about one hour; it is then put into shallow bamboo baskets, and once more examined, to separate the different Teas that may still remain intermixed, and again put into the hot pan. Now a mixture of sulphate of lime and indigo, very finely pulverized, and sifted through fine muslin, in the proportion of three of the former to one of the latter, is added; & a pan of Tea containing about seven pounds, about half a tea-spoonful of this mixture is put, and rubbed, and rolled along with the Tea in the pan for about an hour, as before described. The Tea is then taken hot from the pan, and packed firmly in boxes, both hands and feet being used to press it down. The above mixture is not put to the Tea to improve its flavour, but merely to give it a uniform colour and appearance, as, without it, some of the Tea would be light and some dark. The indigo gives it the colour, and the sulphate of lime fixes it. The Chinese call the former, *Youngtin*, the latter, *Acco*. Large gunpowder Tea they call *Tychen*; little gunpowder, *Cheocheu*; hyson, *Chingcha*; young hyson, *Uchin*; skin Tea, or old leaves in small bits, *Poocha*; the fine dust, or powder Tea, *Chamout*.

ARMS OF BETHLEHEM HOSPITAL.

THE arms of this excellent foundation are "usually blazoned *Argent, two bars sable, a fess of five points gules, on a chief azure en étoile of sixteen rays or, charged with a plate, thereon a cross of the third, between a human skull placed on a cup on the dexter side, and a basket of Wastell bread, all of the fifth, on the sinister*. Bishop Tanner observes, however, that he was informed by John Anstis, Garter King of Arms, that the ensigns were, *Argent, two bars sable, a label of three points gules, on a chief azure a comet with ten rays or, oppressed with a torseau charged with a plain cross of the field, between a chalice or, with an hosty of the first, and a basket of the same*. With respect to any signification to be assigned to these bearings, there is, probably, no positive information extant; but, supposing them to be really ancient, it may be observed, that the bars and fess in the principal part of the shield were, most

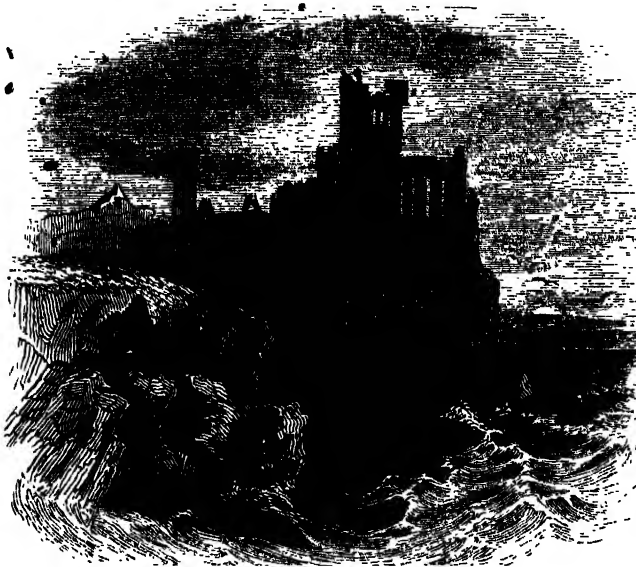
likely, the arms of Simon Fitz-Mary, the founder, which would account for their very prominent situation. The *étoile*, or blazing star, on the blue chief, evidently refers to the star seen in the sky at the birth of Christ, which led the wise men to Bethlehem, and, therefore, properly became its peculiar badge; whilst the cross in the centre indicates the crucifixion of the Saviour for all mankind. The basket of bread has, probably, also an allusion to Bethlehem; since the best translation of that word is considered to be 'the house of bread,' as implying a fertile soil in the production of barley and wheat, noticed in the book of Ruth, chapter ii.; but, as wastell cakes were, anciently, especially used in Christian ceremonies and festivals, they might be designed as the English emblem of the birth-place of the Lord. Perhaps, no satisfactory signification can be assigned to the present bearing of a cup containing a skull; but if the blazon of these arms, given by Anstis to Bishop Tanner, be accepted, the chalice, surmounted by the consecrated wafer, will then be intended for the usual ecclesiastical figure of the sacrament; and, perhaps, also expresses that the Saviour, born at Bethlehem, the house of bread, was 'the living bread which came down from Heaven.' Upon the same principle of interpretation, however, if the star be regarded as indicating Christ and his passion, the cup with the skull might be meant to designate, the 'death which he tasted for every man.' In the cup of his own sufferings at Gethsemane, and at Golgotha, 'the place of a skull.' Another armorial ensign, assigned to the ancient hospital of Bethlehem, is, *Azure, an étoile of eight points or*; and the connexion between this foundation and that of Bridewell, which is under the same governor, is indicated by the latter bearing the star of Bethlehem, on a chief azure, between two fleurs-de-lis."—*Pamphlet by Peter Laurie, Esq., J.L.D.*; privately printed.

THE ISLE OF MAN: PEEL CASTLE.

ABOUT midway between the rocky coast of Cumberland and the lofty and precipitous shore of Ireland, and at about half the distance from the indented Scottish coast, breasting the wide waters of the Irish Sea, lies the Isle of Man—the *Mona* of Cæsar; the *Monapia* of Pliny; *Monæda* of Ptolemy; *Manavia* of Orosius and Bede; and *Eubonia* of Nennius. Its derivation is traceable to the British word "*mon*," which means isolated. It is, altogether, one of the most singular spots in the British dominions; either as regards its natural surface or historical interests.

The central parts are occupied by three chains of hills, the highest point being Snafield, 2,004 feet above the sea; whence, upon a clear day, England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales are visible. The coast is, in many places, very precipitous; and its picturesque wildness is heightened by rocky islets; upon one of which is built Peel Castle, represented in the annexed engraving. Upon the adjoining, or west coast, is the small, decayed town of Peel, formerly Holm Peel. The castle is built of old red sandstone, of which rock along this coast lies a belt about two miles in width. The space enclosed by the castle-

wall exceeds two acres, and is separated from the town by a narrow channel, scarcely a foot deep at low water. A strong wall, built as a security for the harbour, connects the island and castle with the mainland; and in the centre of the fortress is a pyramidal mound of earth, surrounded by a ditch, five feet and a half broad. Near this mound are situated the churches of St. Patrick and St. Germain; the former supposed to have been built before the Norman conquest; the latter erected about 1245, and formerly the cathedral church of the island, though it is now only used as a burying-place.



PEEL CASTLE ISLE OF MAN.

Scientific Facts.

SUDDEN DEATH.

At a late meeting of the Edinburgh Royal Society, a paper was read by Sir Charles Bell, on Sudden Death, produced by air drawn into the circulation; a fact, which but recently attracted attention: It appears that when a wound occurs, which lays open certain arteries, the air sometimes rushes in with a hissing noise; and the individual falls dead, as if by a thunderbolt. This result has sometimes followed the amputation of an arm, or a wound in the neck; but it is rare. Sir Charles referred to the experiments of the French medical men; but, in opposition to their opinion, held, that the fatal effect

is produced through the action of the vertebral arteries upon the *medulla oblongata*. Prof. Syme dissented from this conclusion. — *Times*.

ASPIRATION.

Mr. Green, the aeronaut, has long entertained the opinion that a balloon voyage from the continent of America to Europe may be safely effected; a conclusion founded upon repeated observations on the atmosphere, and a conviction that, whatever may be the direction of the winds below, the current of air above invariably traverses from some point between the north and west. Mr. Green has kept a regular log of all his numerous voyages. To get into and remain in this current, it is, however, necessary that the balloon

should be kept at a certain altitude; and, to shew how this could be effected was the object of some experiments privately exhibited, a few days since, in the lecture-room of the Polytechnic Institution, Regent-street. Mr. Green proposes to employ a machine composed of two fans, or blades of wood, attached to a spindle, which passes through the bottom of the balloon-car. The fans are of one longitudinal piece, to the centre of which the spindle is fixed, after the manner of a windmill, but with two wings, or arms; and their blades present a given angle horizontally, in which direction they move. For experiment, a balloon of about three feet diameter, was filled with common coal gas. To this were attached the hoop, netting, and car; in the latter, a small piece of mechanism being placed to give motion to the fans. The balloon was then balanced; that is, a sufficient weight was placed in the car to keep it suspended in the air, without the capacity to rise, or inclination to sink. By touching a stop in the mechanism, Mr. Green immediately communicated a rapid rotatory motion to the fans; when the machine steadily rose to the ceiling, from which it continued to rebound until the clockwork had run out, when it instantaneously fell. The experiment was then reversed. The balloon was first raised into the air, and then balanced: the fans were then put in motion, which, however, forced the balloon to the floor. A still more interesting effect was then exhibited. The balloon, with the attached guide-rope, bearing a small brass weight, was balanced, as before. The fans were removed from under the car, and placed sideways upon it, so that their action became vertical. Upon motion being communicated, the balloon floated in a horizontal line, dragging the guide-rope after it, with the weight trailing along the floor; and continued to do so, until the mechanism ceased, when it again became stationary. Mr. Green is convinced that by the above simple means, a voyage across the Atlantic may be performed as easily as one from Vauxhall Gardens to Nassau; only three or four days being sufficient for the passage. The size of the fans requisite for the Nassau balloon will be about six feet in length; the machinery being placed inside the car.—Abridged from the *Times*.

ALCOHOLIC STRENGTH OF WINES.

DR. CHAISTON has lately read, to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, an interesting notice upon the proportion of Alcohol in certain Wines, a subject of considerable importance in a scientific as well as commercial point of view.

Various accounts have been given of the alcoholic strength of wines by Mr. Brande, Julia-Fontenelle, and others. The author has been engaged for some time in experiments for determining the proportions of alcohol contained in various wines of commerce, and also the circumstances which occasion a variety in this respect. The present paper is an interim notice of the results.

The method of analysis consisted in the mode of distillation, which was applied with such contrivances for accuracy that nearly the whole spirit and water were distilled over without a trace of empyreuma, and without the loss of more than between 2 and 6 grains in 2000. From the quantity and density of the spirit, the weight of absolute alcohol of the density 793.9, as well as the volume of proof spirit of the density 920, was calculated from the tables of Richter founded on those of Gilpin.

The author has been led to the general conclusion, that the alcoholic strength of many wines has been overrated by some experimentalists, and gives the following table as the result of the investigations he has hitherto conducted. The first column gives the per-centage of absolute alcohol by weight in the wine, the second the per-centage of proof spirit by volume.

	Ale. p. c. by weight.	P. Sp. p. c. by volume.
Port—Weakest	11.97	30.56
Mean of 7 Wines	16.20	33.91
Strongest	17.10	37.27
White Port	14.97	31.31
Sherry—Weakest	13.98	30.84
Mean of 13 wines, excluding those very long kept in cask	15.37	33.59
Sherry—Strongest	16.17	35.12
Mean of 9 wines very long kept in cask in the East Indies	14.72	32.30
Madre da Xeres	16.90	37.06
Madeira { all long in cask } Strongest	14.09	30.80
{ in E. Indies } Weakest	16.90	36.81
Teneriffe, long in cask at Calcutta	13.84	30.21
Cercial	15.45	33.55
Dry Lisbon	16.14	34.71
Shiraz	12.95	28.30
Amonillado	12.63	27.60
Claret, a first growth of 1811	7.72	16.95
Chateau-Latour, first growth 1825	7.78	17.06
Rosan, second growth 1825	7.61	16.74
Ordinary Claret, a superior "vin ordinaire"	8.09	18.96
Rives Altes	9.31	22.35
Malmsey	12.86	28.37
Rudesheimer, superior quality	8.40	18.44
Rudesheimer, inferior quality	6.90	15.19
Hambacher, superior quality	7.35	16.15
Giles' Edinburgh Ale, before bottling	5.70	12.60
The same Ale, two years in bottle	6.06	13.40
Superior London Porter, four months bottled	5.36	11.91

In addition to certain obvious general

conclusions which may be drawn from this table, the author stated, as the result of his experiments, that the alcoholic strength of various samples of the same kind bears no relation whatever to their commercial value, and is often very different from what would be indicated by the taste even of an experienced wine-taster.

Some observations were next made on the effect produced on the alcoholic strength of wines by certain modes of keeping or ripening them, more especially by the method employed in the case of sherry, madeira, and such other wines, which consists of slow evaporation for a series of years through the cask, above all, in hot climates. The researches made by the author on this head are not yet complete; but he is inclined to infer, from the experiments already made, that for a moderate term of years, the proportion of alcohol increases in the wine; but afterwards, on the contrary, diminishes; and that the period when the wine begins to lose in alcoholic strength is probably that at which it ceases to improve in flavour. The increase which takes place at first in the alcohol of wine undergoing evaporation through the cask, appeared at first view parallel to the fact generally admitted on the authority of Söemerring, that spirit becomes stronger when confined in bladder, or in a vessel covered with bladder, in consequence of the water passing out by elective exosmose.

The author, however, on repeating the experiments of Söemerring, as related by various writers (for he could not obtain access to the original account of them), was unable, by any variation of the process he could devise, to obtain the results indicated by the German anatomist. Constantly the spirit, whatsoever its strength, whether proof spirit or rectified spirit, became weaker. It was observed, at the same time, that if the bladder containing spirit was enclosed in a confined space with quicklime, the spirit slowly became absolute alcohol of the density 796. in consequence of a permanent atmosphere of alcohol being speedily formed, while the watery atmosphere was absorbed by the quicklime as fast as it was produced. Subsequently it was proved that the bladder was not essential to the process; for an open cup of rectified spirit, enclosed in a confined space with quicklime, to absorb the water which arose from the spirit, became in two months absolute alcohol of the density 796. Professor Graham, of London, some time ago proved the analogous fact, that spirit might be thus rendered pure alcohol in the air-pump vacuum. A vacuum, however, is, upon principle, as well as in fact, not necessary for the pro-

cess; it merely accelerates it. The new method is obviously applicable on the great scale for obtaining absolute alcohol, wherever time may be allowed.

• New Books.

LETTERS OF THE EARL OF DUDLEY TO THE • BISHOP OF LLANDAFF.

[THIS work consists of a volume of letters, to the number of ninety-four; written by the late Earl of Dudley to the Bishop of Llandaff, between the years 1814 and 1823. The noble writer will be remembered as in accomplishments, "not only one, but all mankind's epitome." In what is termed, in common parlance, "the best society," he was recognised as the *arbiter elegantiarum*: he was the best table-wit of his time; and, bred in the political school of Canning, he appears to have caught much of the point and brilliancy of thought which marked the meteor-like career of that illustrious statesman. But Lord Dudley's forte lay rather in the sweet small courtesies of life, than in its asperities: he said many witty things, and many wise ones; and his talent for observation did not keep under his kindly nature: he could be just and generous towards society; and now that he has passed from hence, these interesting letters are so many records of good-natured humanity, still pointed with wit and harmless satire, so as to blend in one mind these exalted attributes of intellectual superiority. There are very many nice traits of personal history, literary and political, scattered through these pages. Here is a specimen anecdote of

"Quarterly" Reviewing.]

Lord Dudley has written a review of Miss Edgeworth's *Patronage*; of which he tells a friend—Gifford has got it. What he will propose to alter I know not, nor do I much care, provided he suffers me to make them myself, and does not insert anything of his own, which is, generally speaking, not good for much. His prose is remarkably inferior to his poetry. I was preparing to make a vigorous defence of Miss E. from the caning, hypocritical accusation against her on the score of religion, when luckily I bethought myself of turning back to the two former papers on Miss E., in the *Q. R.*, in which I found this charge preferred with great fearfulness and solemnity. Both the critiques are wretched, and I should not the least have minded contradicting flatly any doctrine, literary, moral or religious, contained in them, had I not, just at the same time, to my great surprise,

accidently learnt from Murray, (who told it me with a mixture of lamentation and contempt, comical enough for such a personage,) that these passages were of Gifford's own manufacture, and inserted (*pro salute animæ*) at his particular instance in an article furnished by that 'serious young man,' the younger Stephen. Of course, there was nothing for it but to pass over the topic in decent silence. However, I am glad you see the thing in the same point of view that I do. It is, indeed, an odd complaint against a novel, to say that it an't a sermon upon doctrinal points.

[Among the *bits* of criticism, we are delighted with the following, on the

Fine Arts at Rome.]

• • • • I am sensible that the present beauty and perfectness of these monuments, is not the most interesting subject of consideration. They are to be looked at chiefly as traces in which, by the help of history, we may discover the state of ancient art, wealth, and power. And certainly in every part of Rome, there are abundant proofs of its having been once the capital of a great, rich, enlightened, and victorious people. Yet I own that when I recollect how long, and how completely the Romans were masters of the world, how severely they governed it, how unmercifully they plundered it,—and how much of their greatness and authority was concentrated in this single city, I am not at all surprised at the extent or splendour of their public works. All that they did, when compared with the vastness of their empire, is very much inferior indeed to what was accomplished by the little republics both of Greece and its colonies.

Rome has been so much over-rated, at least among us, that one is naturally led to inquire what are the causes that have led to this unreasonable estimate of its merits. It was generally seen for the first time by very young persons, whose classical recollections were all fresh in their minds, who were awed by a celebrated name, and thought themselves bound to believe all that their ciceronis told them, and to pay an unlimited reverence to the residence of so many great men, and the scene of so many great actions. They seldom came here a second time, and at a more mature age, and, therefore, carried about them this prejudice (highly laudable in its origin) to the end of their lives, undiminished by experience or criticism. Besides, till within the last few years, when bribery and violence have so much diminished its stores, Rome was decidedly the capital of

the fine arts. Nothing could be compared to it for statues and pictures, and people of taste were naturally inclined to over-praise a place which contained the finest objects that had ever been presented to their admiration and imitation. In the days, too, of our fathers, few travellers visited Greece, and it is by a comparison with the buildings still remaining at Athens, that the Roman antiquities have lately lost a great deal of their value in the eyes of all judges. You must not suppose, however, that I am out of humour with Rome, I never was in more perfect charity with any place in all my life, and my opinion of it, sound or unsound, is perfectly untinged with any sort of prejudice.

It is but justice to the French to say, that though they deprived Rome of some of its greatest ornaments, yet, in other respects, they rendered it great service. My good friend Eustace wrote under the influence of a most childish prejudice, when he represented them as enemies to the fine arts. Napoleon was beginning to improve Rome, with the same magnificence and good taste of which he has left such monuments at Paris. By his orders, immense accumulations of earth and rubbish were removed from some of the ancient ruins, an operation by which, in all instances, the appearance of them was much improved, and, in some, curious discoveries were made. From what I have said, (and, indeed, from what you well know already,) you must be aware that what is wanted here is not any new building. All that is necessary, is to take care of those that already exist, and set them off to advantage, and, above all, to cleanse away the Augean filth of this imperial city. He had already directed his attention to all these objects, and in a few years Rome would have assumed quite a new aspect, and, in my opinion at least, the loss of all that was taken away would have been more than compensated by the improvement of what remains. • • But the whole spirit of improvement is gone, and, indeed, the power. The Pope is too poor to employ money in building.

Periodicals.

PIC-NIC FROM THE MAGAZINES.

Isaac Walton.—[From a charming anecdotic paper by Mr. Jesse.]

Flatman's beautiful lines to Walton, commencing—

"Happy old man, whose worth all mankind knows
Except himself,"

have always struck us as conveying a true picture of Walton's character, and of the estimation in which he was held after

the appearance of his *Angler*. It is, indeed, evident that men of the highest character, both for piety and learning, had a veneration and affection for him, and paid that tribute to his virtues they so well deserved. Nor has time had any influence upon this feeling. Here do we find ourselves, after a period of more than 160 years from the appearance of his *Angler*, sitting down to pay, with no small degree of affection and pleasure, our own trifling meed of applause to one whose works have afforded us not only instruction, but gratification of no ordinary kind. The last male descendant of our "honest father," the Rev. Dr. Herbert Hawes, has lately died. He has very liberally bequeathed the beautiful painting of Walton, by Hensman, to the National Gallery, a fit and appropriate destination for it. It is, however, a curious fact, as shewing the estimation in which anything connected with the name of Walton is held in the present day, that the lord of the manor in which Dr. Hawes resided, should have laid claim to this portrait as a heriot. We heartily hope that this claim may not be successful. Dr. Hawes also bequeathed the greater portion of his library to the Dean and Chapter of Salisbury; and his executor and friend has presented the celebrated prayer-book, which was Walton's, to Mr. Pickering. It could not have been bestowed in a better or in a more appropriate manner. We also understand that the watch which belonged to Walton's connexion, the excellent Bishop Ken, has been presented to his unobscured biographer, the Rev. W. Lisle Bowles.

Walton's death took place in the house of his son-in-law, Dr. Hawkins, at Winchester. He was buried in Winchester Cathedral, in the south aisle, called Prior Silkstead's chapel. A large black marble slab is placed over his remains, and, to use the poetical language of Mr. Bowles, "the morning sunshine falls directly on it, reminding the contemplative man of the mornings when he was, for so many years, up and abroad with his angle on the banks of the neighbouring stream." We went some distance out of our way, in pure love and admiration of Walton's memory, to pay a visit to his tomb, and were glad to learn that the Dean and Chapter of Winchester had offered to forego their fees, and to allot a proper situation, in their beautiful and well-preserved cathedral, for a mural monument to perpetuate the virtues of Walton, in case his honest and enthusiastic disciples should be disposed to erect one. We hope that this liberal offer, which does credit to the Chapter of Winchester, will not be lost sight of. During our recent visit to the cathedral, we

were grieved to see the slab which covers the remains of our "good father" trodden upon by unhallowed feet—they were not those of anglers—and we left a small sum in the hands of the vergers, with a request that he would do his best to prevent such profanation in future.—*Bentley's Miscell.*

A Meditation.—By Thomas Ingoldsby.

I've stood in Margate, on a bridge of size
Inferior far to that described by Byron,
Where "palaces and pris'ns on each hand rise,"—
That too's a stone one, this is made of iron,—
And little donkey-boys your steps environ,
Each proffering for your choice his tiny hack,
Vaunting its excellence; and should you hire one,
For sixpence, will he urge, with frequent thwack,
The much-enduring beast to Buenos Ayres and back.

And there, on many a raw and gusty day,
I've stood and turn'd my gaze upon the pier,
And seen the crews, that did embark so gay
That self-same morn, now disembark so queer;
Then to myself I've sigh'd and said, "Oh dear!
Who would believe you sickly-looking man's a
London Jack Tar,—a Cheapside Buccaner!"—
But hold, my Muse! for this terrific stanza
Is all too stiffly grand for our Extravaganza.

Ibid.

Nautical Novels.—By Thomas Ingoldsby.

And now, my good friends, I've a fine opportunity
To obfuscate you all by sea terms with impunity,
And talking of "caulking"
And "quarter-deck walking,"
"Fore and aft,"
And "abaft,"
"Hookers," "barkeys," and "craft,"
(At which Mr. Poole has so wickedly laugh'd,)
Of binacles,—billoes,—the boom called the
spanker,
The best bower cable,—the jib,—and sheet anchor;
Of lower-deck guns,—and of broadsides and chases,
Of taffrails and topsails, and splicing main bues,
And "Shiver my timbers!" and other odd phrases
Employ'd by old pilots with hard-featured faces;
Of the expetives sea-faring gentlemen use,
The allusions they make to the eyes of their crews,
How the sailors, too, swear,
How they cherish their hair,
And what very long pig-tails a great many wear.—
But, reader, I scorn it!—the fact is, I fear,
To be candid, I can't make these matters so clear
As Marryat, or Cooper, or Captain Chamier,
Or Sir E. Bytton Bulwer, who brought up the rear
Of the "Nauticals," just at the end of last year,
With a well-written preface, to make it appear
That his play, the Sea-Captain, 's by no means small
beer:—
There!—"brought up the rear"—you see there's a
mistake
Which not one of the authors I've mention'd would
make;
I ought to have said, that he "sail'd in their
wake."

Ibid.

Sayings and Essayings; from Blackwood's Magazine.

Mun's actual knowledge may easily be measured. His ignorance is for him unfathomable; he is ignorant of the extent of his ignorance. But, on the other hand, his knowledge, were it but the conscious certainty of the difference between odd and even numbers, or of the idea of a circle, proves that existence is essentially

knowable by him, and that he has the capacity for knowing it altogether. Our ignorance is immense, but not entire. All actually share in it; but it is not constitutive, universal, characteristic of the race. Knowledge is all these. It, with all its infinity, surrounds us, calls us, belongs to us, is ideally ours. Not only the child—the peasant, the sage, are ignorant. So, also, are the insentient stone, the un-moving plant, the unreflecting animal. Man, like these, is ignorant; but it is his crowning distinction that he knows himself to be so, as having in his knowledge a standard which proves him ignorant.

In a practical country like ours, that is, one where almost all the energies of almost all energetic minds are employed in outward work of some kind, a man of a different temper and tendencies is not only hampered and wounded by endless discordances in his life with that of all around him, but finding no sympathy, and no public at one with him, he is perpetually driven into doubt of the reality and worth of the objects which alone can satisfy his deepest feelings, and suitably engage his best faculties. A philosopher in England has the discomfort of an eagle in darkness, while he is held to be an owl in daylight. Wretched, therefore, is he, if his philosophy be but that of the head, and does not so strengthen and purify his heart as to sustain him against neglect, solitude, the mistrust and sorrow of his friends, and the loud revilings of all who fancy any difference of pursuits and affections from theirs to be an intentional outrage against them. In fact, in opposing ourselves to the stream of things which we cannot altogether escape from, our only justification must be a love of truth, inseparable from a knowledge of it, which brings still more of inward consolation than of outward trial.

The tone of the perfectly well-bred—that is, of those who, with a natural aptitude for refinement, have been in circumstances to attain its best graces and accomplishments—has a charm which many can feel who do not possess it. Only those do not imagine it who have no sense for the beautiful in action, and for the quiet expressiveness of complete cultivation. The perception of its value will not enable any man to reach it by dint of industry and talents: he must join to the tendency, which are a gift from Heaven, the good fortune of long and familiar intercourse, even from his youth, with a circle of persons to whom finished politeness is habitual, and thus involuntary. In the highest classes there is many a man who has not this recommendation. But that, among persons of eminent social

position, there is not a higher average of good manners, a milder general climate of demeanour, than among the mass of those whose main purpose in life is labour, however ingenious for outward ends—none but the very ignorant would be bold enough to pretend. How far this superiority is counterbalanced by inconveniences in other respects, moral or intellectual, is another question. The class that most commonly decides the matter in its own favour, viz. the clever and well-informed of the professional and mercantile rank, though, probably, they may be, on the whole, the best among us, are certainly by no means free from bias, or at all peculiarly aware of those defects of their own which must be weighed against the mischiefs of aristocratic habits. On the whole, no doubt, in the highest life of England, as compared with the middling, there is more of the smaller, and less of the larger morals. For leisure, and ample and constant means of enjoyment, are less favourable to virtue and wisdom than to manners and taste. Only, be it remembered, that good manners and good taste are, so far as their influence reaches, hostile, not friendly, to vice and folly.

TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

THOU glorious mocker of the world! I hear

Thy many voices ringing through the glooms
Of these green solitudes—and all the clear,
Bright joyance of thy song entralls the ear,
And floods the heart. Over the sphered tombs
Of vanish'd nations rolls thy music-tide.

No light from history's starlike page illumines
The memory of those natures. They have died.

None cares for them but thou:—And thou mayst sing.

Perhaps, o'er me, as now thy song doth ring
Over their bones by whom thou once wast defied.

Thou scorner of all cities! Thou dost leave

The world's turmoil and never-ceasing din,
Where one from other's woe existence weaves,
Where the old sighs, the young turns grey and grieves,

Where misery gnaws the maiden's heart within:
And thou dost flee into the broad green woods,

Where with thy soul of music thou dost win
Their heart to harmony—no jar intrudes

Upon thy sounding melody. Oh! where,

Amid the sweet musicians of the air,

Is one so dear as thee to these old solitudes?

Ha! what a burst was that! The Eolian strain

Goes floating through the tangled passages

Of the lone woods—and now it comes again—

A multitudinous melody, like a rain

Of grassy music under echoing trees.

Over a ringing lake. It wraps the soul,

Even as a gem is wrapp'd, when round it roll

Thin waves of brilliant flame—till we become,

With very excess of deep pleasure, dumb,

And pant, like a swift runner clinging to the goal.

I cannot love the man who doth not love

(Even as men love light) the song of birds:

For thy first visions that my boy-heart rove

To fill its sleep with, were, that I did rove

Amid the woods, what time the snowy herds

Of morning cloud fled from the rising sun

Into the depths of heaven's heart, as words
That from the poet's lips do fall upon
And vanish in the human heart; and then
I revell'd in those songs, and sorrow'd when,
With noon-heat overwrought, the music's burst
was done.

I would, sweet bird, that I might live with thee,
Amid the eloquent grandeur of those shades,
Alone with nature—but it may not be
I have to struggle with the tossing sea
Of human life, until existence fades
Into Death's darkness. Thou wilt sing and scar
Through the thick woods and shadow-chequer'd
glades,

While nought of sorrow casts a dimness o'er
The brilliance of thy heart—but I must wear,
As now, my garmenting of pain and care,
As penitents of old their galling sackcloth wore!

Yet why complain? What though fond hopes deferr'd
Have overshadow'd Youth's green paths with
gloom!

Still, Joy's rich music is not all unheard—
There is a voice sweeter than thine, sweet bird!

"To welcome me withit my humble home:—
There is an eye with Love's devotion bright,
The darkness of existence to illumine!
Then, why complain? When Death shall cast his
light,

Over the spirit, then my bones shall rest
Beneath these trees—and, from thy swelling breast,
O'er them thy song shall pour, like a rich flood of light.

ALFRED PIKE—ARKANSAS.

Obituary.

In Guernsey, on the 21st ult., in the seventy-fifth year of his age, *John Jacob, Esq.*, author of *Annals of some of the British Norman Isles*.

At Sandhurst, on the 1st inst., *Thomas Lybourn, Esq.*, F.R.S., and Senior Professor of Mathematics at the Royal Military College.

Kozloff, the celebrated Russian poet died last month at St. Petersburg.

At Bremen, on the 7th inst., in his eighty-second year, *Dr. William Matthias Olbers*, Knight of the Hanoverian Guelphic Order, and of the Order of Danebrog; and Honorary Member of the Royal Society of London, the Academies of Berlin, Petersburg, &c. Dr. Olbers was born on October 11, 1758, in the village of Arbergen, in the duchy of Bremen. In astronomy, he distinguished himself by the discovery of two planets; the first on March 28, 1802: its orbit is between those of Mars and Jupiter, and he named it Pallas; though several astronomers have called it Olbers, as the planet Uranus has been called Herschel. He discovered a second planet in 1807, to which he gave the name of Vesta. He has likewise ascertained some unexplored comets. In the prosecution of his astronomical labours, he invented a new method, recommended by its conciseness and simplicity, and which is both analytical and trigonometrical. Dr. Olbers also discovered a method of clearing up difficulties relative to comets;

which has been preferred wherever it has been known. Its advantages were not, however, appreciated in France, till the honourable suffrage of the Institute recommended it, to general adoption. It was published at Weimar, in 1797, with a preface and notes by M. de Zach. Dr. Olbers likewise published *Dissertations on the Calculation of Parallaxes, on Meteoric Stones, and several astronomical memoirs*, inserted in the *Coinnaissance des Temps*, and in the periodical works of M. de Zach and M. de Bode. Olbers was a resident of Bremen, where he had practised physic for several years.

At his residence, in St. James's Palace, on the 11th inst., aged seventy-two, *Sir Thomas Mash*, late of the Lord Chamberlain's Office.

Among the recent deaths are recorded: *Mr. James Philpott*, aged twenty-one, author of an abridgment of the *Life and Travels of Mungo Park*; and an occasional contributor to the *Saturday Magazine*. Also, the *Rev. Rowland Bond*, lecturer and teacher of geography and mathematical science; author of *Modern and Popular Geography*, and of several important articles in *McCulloch's new Geographical Dictionary*: it is painful to add, that Mr. Bond's death was hastened by devotion to his favourite studies. *Dr. Hutchinson*, whose death is recorded at p. 302, was formerly Surgeon of Deal Hospital, and Sheerness Dockyard.

Fine Arts.

ARCHITECTURE OF ST. MARY MAGDALEN CHURCH, OXFORD.

At a late meeting of the Architectural Society of Oxford, a paper was read by Mr. Derick, on St. Mary Magdalen church; shewing the original chancel to be the work of the twelfth century. The very singular and interesting east window, the age of which has been so much discussed, Mr. Derick shewed, by careful drawings and sections of details, to be of the fourteenth century: this window is remarkably plain, though belonging to the "decorated" style. The north aisle is the work of the thirteenth century. The beautiful south aisle, or chapel, is of the time of Edward II., by whom it is supposed to have been founded as a chapel to the monastery of Carmelites, or White Friars; he having given them his palace of Beaumont for their convent, in fulfilment of a vow made at the battle of Bannockburn, by the advice of his confessor, who was a monk of this fraternity. The nave and tower were rebuilt in the time of Henry VIII.; and in the latter, old materials,

brought from Rowley Abbey, at the time the church was taken down, are built into the later work. Mr. Derick proved the very singular window, on the west side of the tower, to be quite of the French flamboyant design, not only in its general character, but also, in its mouldings and details; and, from the manner in which it is built into the work, this window must have been brought from some other building; not only the style, but the masonry, being quite different from that of the tower itself. Mr. Derick supported his conclusions as to the age of the church, by extracts from Dugdale and Antony Wood.—*Oxford Herald*; abridged.

Varieties.

Musical Comparison.—The infamous Jeffreys being retained in an action brought to recover the wages of some musicians, who had officiated at a wedding party, he annoyed one of the plaintiffs with exclaiming frequently: "I say, fiddler; here, you fiddler!" Shortly afterwards, this person called himself a musician; on which Jeffreys asked what difference there was between a musician and a fiddler. "As much, sir," replied the plaintiff, "as between a pair of bagpipes and a recorder."

Thelwall, when on his trial for treason, kept up an incessant correspondence with his counsel. Dissatisfied with a part of his case, he passed a slip of paper, "I will plead my own cause," to which Erskine scribbled, "If you do, you'll be hanged!" To this, Thelwall instantly gave the quibbling rejoinder, "Then I'll be hanged, if I do!"—[Thelwall was an extraordinary man: very late in life, he one day declared, in our hearing, that, *ab initio*, his political principles had been entirely mistaken.]

Alabaster.—From a quarry of fine alabaster, discovered, some years ago, in Egypt, and which has been used by the Viceroys for decorations, &c., he has ordered four columns to be made, and offered to the Pope, to assist in the rebuilding of the Basilica di San Petrol, which was burnt down. The pillars are eighteen feet high, and are to be sent to Rome at the Pope's expense.—*Times*.

Machinery and the Poor Laws.—Lancashire is the most manufacturing county in England. In it are situated the towns of Manchester, Preston, Bolton, Warrington, and Liverpool. Here, we may say, machinery has been most rapidly and most generally introduced: and with what effect? If we compare the total amount of the poor-rate in Lancashire, with the amount of that raised throughout the country, and ascertain the share of each individual, we shall find that in this county it amounts to only one-third of the mean paid in the other counties.—*Argo*.

Newstead; by Horace Walpole.—Newstead is the very abbey. The great east window of the church remains, and connects with the house; the hall entire, the refectory entire, the cloister untouched, with the ancient cistern of the convent, and their arms on. It is a private chapel, quite perfect. The park, which is still charming, has not been so much unprofaned. The present lord has lost large sums, and paid part in old oaks; £5,000 worth of which have been cut, near the house. In recompence, he has built two baby forts, to pay his country in castles for damage done to the navy; and planted a handful of Scotch firs, that look like plough-boys dressed in old family liveries for a public day. In the hall, is a very good collection of pictures, all animals. The refectory, now the great drawing-

room, is full of Byrons; the vaulted roof remaining; but the windows have new dresses making for them, by Venetian tailors.

The Aristocracy.—Willis, in his *Lotterings of Travel*, notes: "I will tell you where, I think, lies the secret of the aristocratic beauty of England. It is in the lofty *maintien* of the head and bust; the proud carriage, if you remark, in all the women; the head set back; the chest elevated and expanded; and the whole port and expression, that of pride and conscious superiority. This, mind you, though the result of qualities in the character, is not the work of a day, nor, perhaps, of a single generation. The effect of expanding the breast, and preserving the back straight, and the posture generally erect, is the high health and consequent beauty of those portions of the frame; and the physical advantage, handed down, with the pride which produced it, from mother to child, the race gradually has become perfect in these points, and the look of pride and high bearing is now easy, natural, and unconscious. Glance your eye around, and you will see that there is not a defective bust, and hardly a head ill set on, in the room. In an assembly in any other part of the world, to find a perfect bust, with a gracefully carried head, is as difficult as here to find the exception."

Regality of Genius.—Gibbon, in speaking of his own genealogy, refers to the fact of blending being of the same family as the Earl of Denbigh, who, in common with the imperial family of Austria, is descended from the celebrated Rodolph, of Hapsburgh. "While the one branch," he says, "have contented themselves with being sheriffs of Leicestershire, and Justices of the peace, the others have been Emperors of Germany, and Kings of Spain; but the magnificent romance of *Tom Jones* will be read with pleasure when the palace of the Escurial is in ruins, and the Imperial Eagle of Austria is rolling in the dust."—*Times*.

Faith.—I can conceive a distressed but virtuous man, surrounded by his children, looking up to him for bread, when he has none to give them, sinking under the last day's labour, and unequal to the next, yet still supported by confidence in the hour, when all tears shall be wiped from the eyes of affliction, bearing the burden laid upon him by a mysterious Providence, which he adores, and anticipating with exultation the revealed promises of his Creator, when he shall be greater than the greatest, and happier than the happiest of mankind.—*Lord Erskine*.

Savings.—In England alone, the capital belonging to operatives, in the Savings' Banks, now amounts to 16,000,000 sterling.

Salmon.—The Royal Society of Scotland have presented to Mr. Shaw, keeper to the Duke of Buccleuch at Drumlaig, the Keith biennial prize, for the discovery that the Par and Salmon are of the same species.

Westminster Hall.—It is to be numbered among the proudest achievements of England, that while the peculiar doctrines of her own common law have been cultivated and illustrated by her lawyers, and administered by her judges with a sagacity, and learning, and ability rarely equalled, and never excelled, Westminster Hall has promulgated the more enlarged and liberal principles of her commercial jurisprudence with a practical wisdom and enlightened policy, which have commanded the respect of the world, and silently obtained for it an authority and influence more enviable and more extensive than even those acquired by her arts and her arms.—*Dr. Story*.

Cotton Manufacture.—The length of the thread which is annually employed in the fabrication of cotton goods in Britain, equals fifty-one times the distance of the sun from the earth, (fifty-one times thirty-nine millions of leagues), or about two thousand millions of leagues.—*Baines*

Strawberry Hill.—Everybody knows Strawberry Hill, with its brick and mortar turrets, and its Gothic windows. It has been much, and, perhaps, deservedly ridiculed; but, the inside is not only fitted up with much good taste, but contains many articles of great historical interest. Here are to be seen sculptures by Cellini, and drawings by Bentley; busts by Mrs. Damer, and miniatures by Petitot and Zinck. Here Walpole sat on broadened sofas, drinking his coffee out of cups of the rarest china; while on velvet cushions, at his feet, lay the little *mignon* lap dogs of Madame du Deffand, who understood nothing but the dialect of Paris, and little Vandyck cuts with black whiskers and boots. Here, too, in summer, he tripped over his soft green lawns, powdered with acacia blossoms, to feed his gold fish, or pay an evening visit to Mrs. Clive. He calls Strawberry Hill a perfect Paphos—the land of beauties. He tells us that, “on Wednesday, the Duchesses of Hamilton and Richmond, and Lady Allesbury, dined there; the two latter stayed all night. There never was so pretty a sight as to see them all sitting in the shell. A thousand years hence, when I begin to grow old, if that can ever be, I shall talk of that event, and tell young people how much handsomer the women of my time were, than they will be.”—*Times*. [Strawberry Hill reminds one of a piece of fine old white Dresden or Chelsea china. Within these two years, report has more than once destined its rafters for dispersion; but, fortunately, this cruel act has been averted.]

Colossal Statue.—M. Visconti, the French Commissioner of Fine Arts at Rome, has lately made a rich discovery. During his researches at Cervetri, between Rome and Civita Vecchia, some ground fell in, and exposed to his view, ten statues in Greek marble, one of which is thirty feet high.

Champagne from Rhubarb.—(Wine from Physic.) A patent has been obtained by a resident of Bath, for making wine from the green stalks of the rhubarb-plant, which almost equals the champagne of France in flavour. Upwards of 150 hogsheds, it is stated, may be made from one acre of rhubarb.

Landslip.—That part of the mountain in the Jura, called the Ceruans, lately slipped to the extent of 200 yards, and fell into the chasm below. That part of the road between Dijon and Pontarlier, which ran over it, called the Rampeffe Cernans, sank upwards of fifty yards; and a house, with a corn-mill, saw-mill, oil-mill, and other buildings, were overwhelmed.

Population.—The Netherlands is the most thickly peopled country in all Europe, there being 320 mouths to each square mile; in the United Kingdom, are 278; and in China, 288.

Walking is the best possible exercise. Habituate yourself to walk very far. The Europeans value themselves on having subdued the horse to the use of man; but I doubt whether we have not lost more than we have gained by the use of this animal. No one thing has occasioned so much the degeneracy of the human body. An Indian goes on foot nearly as far in a day, for a long journey, as an enfeebled white does on his horse, and he will tire the best horses. A little walk, of half an hour, in the morning, when you first rise, is advisable. It shakes off sleep, and produces other good effects in the animal economy. — *Jefferson's Memoirs*.

Runjeet Sing.—“The celebrated diamond, called the Mountain of Light, (*Koh-i-noor*), is valued at three millions sterling, is very brilliant, and without a flaw of any kind. Runjeet Sing was anxious to know what it would be valued at in England, and whether we had ever seen so fine a one, &c. His string of pearls was, it is thought, if possible, even handsomer than the diamond; they are about 300 in number, and literally the size of small marbles, all picked pearls, and round, and perfect both in shape and colour. Two hours before he died, he sent for all his jewels, and gave the above diamond, said to be

the largest in the world, to a Hindoo temple; his celebrated string of pearls to another; and his favourite fine horses, with all their jewelled trappings, worth £300,000, to a third.—*Court and Camp of Punjeet Sing*.

Churches in India.—The Oxford Architectural Society have been requested, in the name of the church in India, to furnish designs for several parish churches, and drawings of details, with a view to the introduction of Gothic architecture in India; no less than eight parish churches being in immediate contemplation in the diocese of Madras alone.

The Camden Society.—Such has been the activity of this well-planned body, that the following works have been placed on the Society's List, for publication, since the anniversary last year:—

The Rutland Papers: Documents relating to the Coronation of Henry VIII., his Household, the Field of Cloth of Gold, and his interviews with the Emperor, selected from the MS. collections of the Duke of Rutland. To be edited by William Jerdan, Esq., F.S.A., M.R.S.L.

The Chronicle of Bartholomew de Cotton, a monk of Norwich, from the earliest period to 1293. John Bruce, Esq., F.S.A.

The Latin Poetry of Waller Maps. Archdeacon of Oxford, at the beginning of the thirteenth century. Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A.

Latin Romance Narratives and Legends of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, relating to King Arthur, and other heroes of the Welsh and Breton cycle of Fiction. Sir F. Madden, K. H., F.R.S., F.S.A.

A Collection of Letters and State Papers relating to the Proceedings of the Earl of Leicester in the Low Countries, in 1585 and 1586. John Bruce, Esq., F.S.A.

The History of the Barons' Wars in the reign of Henry III., by William de Rishanger. J. O. Halliwell, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A., &c.

A Collection of Short Moral Stories in Latin, from MSS. of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; with Translations. Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A.

A Collection of Miracle Plays, from the earliest specimen to their being superseded by Moral Plays; including the unique Miracle Play, of Sir Jonathan the Jew. With a Dissertation of the change from Miracle Play to Moral Play; by J. P. Collyer, Esq., F.S.E.

A Narrative of the Commotion in the County of Clare, and particularly of the Siege of Ballyaly Castle, in 1641-2; by Maurice Cuffe, Esq., the defender of the castle. And, “Macarrie Excidium, or the Destruction of Cyprus,” a narrative, written in 1692, of the struggle between James II. and William III. in Ireland, by Colonel Charles O'Kelly. T. C. Croker, Esq., F.S.A. M.R.I.A.

Do.—James Smith one day remarked, that he clearly preceded Mr. Dickens in the line which first acquired the *Pickwick Papers* their popularity.—*Law Magazine*.

Fine Nonsense.—An Irish newspaper relates that a beggar, who died lately, at the age of 113 years, “was, on the foregoing day, busily employed in his eleemosynary career!”

COMPLETION OF VOL. II.

No. 58 of the LITERARY WORLD, to be published on March 28th, will complete Vol. II.; with Title-page, Preface, and Index.

PART XII., price 8d., also completing the Volume, will be ready on March 31; when will be published Vol. II., neatly bound in cloth, and lettered, price 5s. 6d.

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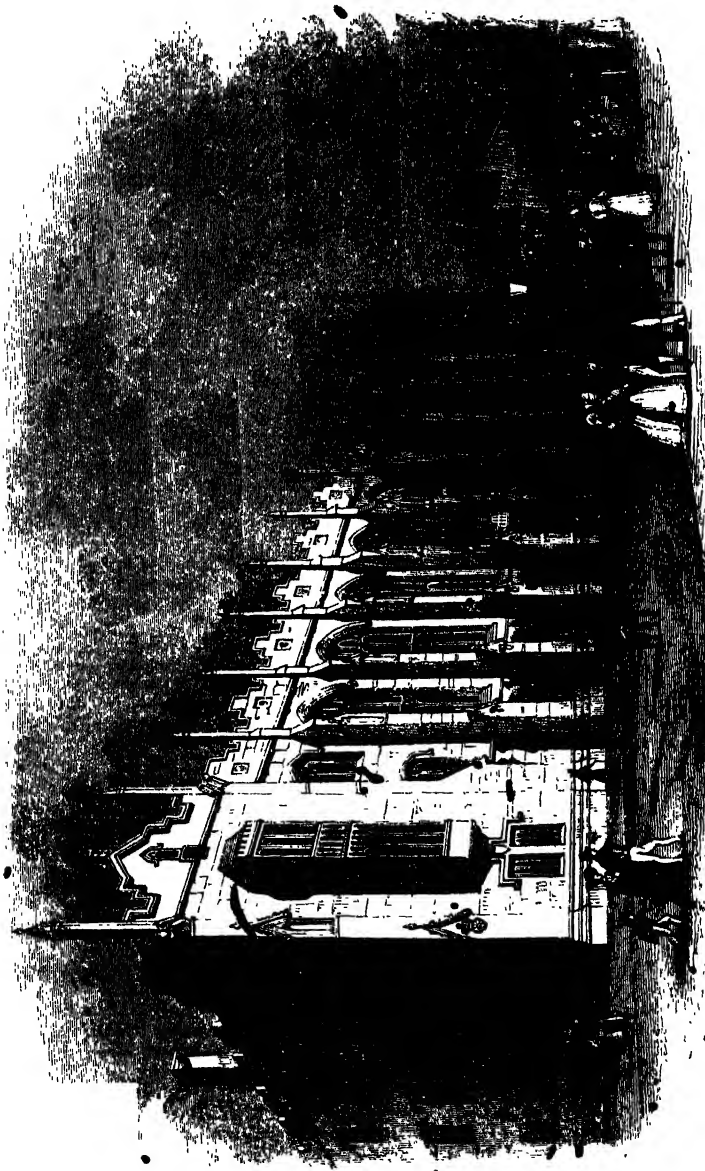
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KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL, BIRMINGHAM.

KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL, BIRMINGHAM.

About five years ago, the old Grammar-School, at Birmingham, was taken down; since which the magnificent building (engraved upon the preceding page) has been erected on the old site, which has been enlarged considerably, by purchasing some adjoining premises. This school, as regards its improved educational economy, is one of the most important establishments in the kingdom; and, in architectural merit, it is one of the finest structures of the kind in England.

From the "Twentieth Report of the Commissioners for Inquiring into Charities," dated July 12, 1828, we gather that the Free Grammar-School of Birmingham was founded and chartered by Edward VI., in the fifth year of his reign, (1552,) "for the education, institution, and instruction of boys and youths in grammar." The government of the school, and the management of the revenues, were vested in twenty townsmen, who were incorporated, with power to receive further possessions for the purposes of the charity. The school was then endowed by the King with the property of the dissolved religious establishment called the 'Guild of the Holy Cross, to be held in common socage, at a rent of twenty shillings per annum. The governors were to nominate the masters; and, in concurrence with the bishop of the diocese, were to make written ordinances for the government of the school. Passing over the minor details in the history of this establishment, we find that, in the year 1676, a sum was set apart to furnish exhibitions at Oxford and Cambridge, for scholars chosen from the more advanced pupils of the schools. Since 1796, the number of such exhibitions has been ten, at thirty-five pounds each. The income of the charity estates, which consist of numerous houses and other buildings in the town, (erected, for the most part, under building-leases granted for long terms of years,) and of pasture-lands and gardens adjacent to the town, amounted, in 1827, to 3314*l.* 4*s.* 1*d.*; and it was then calculated that, through the expiring leases, it would become about 4,000*l.* by the year 1840, and 11,000*l.* by 1850. The actual income in 1835 was, however, only about 4,000*l.* The funds of the charity have been applied to the maintenance of a Grammar-School, and other schools, in the town of Birmingham. The smaller schools have amounted to eight: six for the instruction of boys in the English language, (in one of which drawing was also taught;) and two for the instruction of girls in reading,

knitting, and sewing. In 1827, all but one of these had been discontinued, owing to the question which had arisen concerning the validity of some of the statutes, and in consequence of the proceedings in Chancery on the subject. The governors, however, continued to exercise the privilege of sending sixty children to the national school in Pinfold-street, in lieu of a ground-rent of fifteen pounds, payable to them by the trustees of that institution.

The above proceedings in Chancery commenced in 1824; an inquiry was commenced in 1825; and, in 1830, a decree was made, presenting a scheme, providing, amongst other things, that the learned languages should be taught in this school; that no boy should be admitted under eight years of age, or who was unable to read and write English, nor continue in the school after having attained the age of nineteen. Boys, not sons of inhabitants of Birmingham or adjacent places, were also to be admitted, on payment of such sums for their education as the governors should fix. The ten exhibitions were to be raised to fifty pounds a year each; an annual visitation was to be held, and an examination of the boys take place; a library was to be provided for the use of the school, and a system of rewards established for meritorious boys in or quitting the school. The Report likewise recommended the rebuilding of the school-house, and the extension of the instruction to modern languages, the arts, and sciences, by means of the increasing value of the property. These valuable recommendations were carried out by an Act obtained in 1831; which also empowered the governors, within eight years from the passing of the act, to appropriate 4,000*l.* for the establishment of four schools for the elementary education of the male and female poor children of Birmingham. An abstract of the accounts of the income and expenditure is annually published; but the governors are self-elective, subject to certain qualifications.

The new Grammar-School has been erected from the design of Mr. C. Barry, the architect of the New Houses of Parliament. It embodies an adaptation of the collegiate, and civil, and ecclesiastical pointed architecture of the Middle-Gothic, or Tudor, style. The structure resolves itself externally into a regular quadrangular figure, extending 174 feet in front, twenty-five feet in flank, and sixty feet in height. Internally are formed two courts of the same figure, around and between which the several parts of the building are arranged.

The main body of the front elevation is composed of two stories, with series of windows, enriched with tracery—the lower having very flat arches of the four-centred, or obtuse-angled and contracted form; the upper are lofty, with arches of similar form, but of higher elevation. These divide that part of the elevation into seven minor compartments, which are separated by buttresses, diminishing as they ascend, and terminating, above an embattled parapet, in pinnacles, enriched with crockets and finials. The principal entrance, from New-street, is in the central compartment of the ground-story, and is formed by a characteristic porch, so designed as not to break up the harmony and continuity of the composition. The elevation generally, however, includes two wings, which stand so far forward as to range with the buttresses of the main body in the lower story; and, running up to the height of the main body, terminate in small gables. These wings are enriched each by a lofty oriel window of two stories in height, corbelling from the level of the principal floor. The other windows are plain, rectangular, and mullioned, with label heads in collegiate style. The flanks exhibit three tiers, or stories, of windows, similar to the ordinary windows of the wings in front. The rear front is of a similar composition to the principal front, as regards the wings. In the centre are seven large, pointed windows, filled with mullions and tracery, in the first floor; and in the lower story there is a series of open arches, forming a covered playground, with a cloister, for the boys.

The interior may be briefly described, as having two subordinate school-rooms on the ground or lower story; whence the ascent is by a handsome stone staircase to the two principal rooms in the structure; which are connected by a corridor, relatively occupying the main bodies of its principal and rear fronts. These are the library and the grammar school-room. The former occupies the grand series of windows of the front elevation. This room is 102 feet long, twenty-five feet wide, and thirty-one feet in height. The latter—the grammar school, occupies a corresponding part within the rear front, over the vaulted playground below: over one end is a gallery; above which gallery the length of this room is 120 feet, its width thirty feet, and its height forty-five feet. The roof is carved and enriched with tracery, in the manner of the roofs of Eltham, Crosby, and other ancient halls of the same period. In the wings of the fronts, and the flanking buildings, from front to rear, are the residences for the masters, and apartments for private pupils.

The building is faced with grit-stone, of a fine colour, from Darley Dale in Derbyshire. The interior of the vestibule, corridors, and staircases, all of which are highly decorative, and have groined ceilings, are entirely cased with stone.*

The use of this noble building was liberally given by the governors and master for the purposes of the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, in August last. In the grand entrance-hall were placed the newly-invented machines intended to be substituted for hydraulic presses, and named the Archimedeans, and the Atlas. The library was appropriated as a committee-room; the principal school-room was filled with "Illustrations of Manufactures, Inventions and Models, Philosophical Instruments, &c.," forming the Second Exhibition of the Association. The Catalogue, (which is before us,) extends to 222 specimens; among which the mechanical fame of the Birmingham artisans and manufacturers is admirably sustained.

The most important characteristic of the management of the Birmingham Free-School, is the readiness with which the governors have, from time to time, framed regulations with the view of adapting the establishment, as nearly as possible, to the changing wants of the community. Dr. Buckland, at the late meeting of the British Association, "took the opportunity to eulogize the new plan of education carried into practice here, by which, besides those classical instructions so indispensable to the scholar, the practical in science and the useful in arts were also taught. Such, he maintained, must have been the intent of the munificent founders of all colleges; though, at the period they lived, such studies were unknown. Now, based on primary religious instruction, which must be the sure foundation in every age and at all times, no system could be good which excluded such information, and the study of the natural world, the production of the hand of God."† The same system is now acted upon in King's College, London, and is altogether in accordance with the educational demands of the age.

* The architectural details have been abridged from the *Companion to the Almanac*, 1836.

† In the *Literary Gazette*, whence this Report has been quoted, is related the following singular anecdote of King Edward's School:—When it was founded, the offer of twenty pounds a-year, and of a portion of waste crown lands, was made to Birmingham and an adjacent village: the latter chose the ready money, and has enjoyed its annual twenty pounds ever since; whilst the property allotted to Birmingham has increased in value with its increasing property, till it is now many thousands a-year, and must, in the course of time, become productive to an extent that can hardly be calculated.

OBSERVANDA.

DEAN SWIFT.

It is remarkable, though it has not been noticed by any of his biographers, that the celebrated Dean Swift was suspended from his degree of B.A., in Trinity College, Dublin, for exciting disturbances within the College, and insulting the Junior Dean. He and another were sentenced to ask pardon publicly of the Junior Dean, on their knees, as having offended more atrociously than the rest. These facts afford the true solution of Swift's animosity towards the University of Dublin, and account for his determination to take the degree of M. A. in that of Oxford. This solution receives confirmation from the fact, that the Junior Dean, for insulting whom he was punished, was the same Mr. Owen Lloyd, whom Swift afterwards treated with so much severity in his account of Lord Wharton.—B.

POPULARITY.

Edmund Burke once remarked to me, that Lord Charlemont was the only man he knew, Charles Fox himself not excepted, who was fond of popularity, and not vulgarized by it.—*Dr. Miller.*

CROMWELL.

Colonel Titus, in his pamphlet, *Killing no Murder*, speaks thus of Cromwell:—"You truly may be called the father of your country, for while we live, we can call nothing our own, and it is to your death that we look for our inheritance."

ADVERSITY.

Were there a common bank made of all men's troubles, most men would choose rather to take those they brought, than venture on a new dividend, and think it best to sit down with their own.—*Socrates.*

POISON.

When a friend expressed to Porson his surprise at so finished a composition as the Prelection on Euripides being the production of two days, he answered, with his usual candour, that though the composition was hasty, the subject bad, for some time, employed his meditations.—*Museum Criticum.*

SCALIGER.

The plan which the elder Scaliger devised for the recovery of his family honours and possessions, was somewhat curious. His son was accustomed to relate, that the reason of his father's great proficiency in logic and scholastic divinity, was the design which he had at one time conceived of obtaining the popedom, in order that he might recover from the Venetians, by force of arms, his principality of Verona.—*ibid.*

ARABIC.

Arabic is the most copious language. In it there are more than 1,000 words for a sword, 500 for a lion, 200 for a serpent, eighty for honey. Greek ranks next in this respect. The reasons of this, are:—1, extent of dominion, especially under Alexander and his successors; 2, variety of studies; 3, extent of commercial intercourse.

IRISH ELOQUENCE.

The following are specimens of figurative language, or eloquent expression, of the lower classes of the Irish:

A poor widow having, in the extremity of her distress, received some unexpected relief from her son, then in America, replied to a congratulation, by remarking, that the hour next before sunrise she had always found to be the coldest; so, she added, was my heart cold and desolate, before this came to me.

A very old man, who said that he was going to die, being told that he was stout, and would live for ever, replied, "No, the longest day I have ever seen, the night was sure to come after it."—B.

Dublin.

MELANCHOLY OF PAINTERS.

The following summary of the fortunes of Painters is at once curious and melancholy:—

"One must confess that if the poets were an order of beings of too great sensibility for this world, the painters laboured still more under this malady of genius.—Zeppo, a sculptor, having, accidentally, broken the *chef d'œuvre* of his efforts, destroyed himself. Chendi poisoned himself, because he was only moderately applauded for the decorations of a tournament. Louis Caracci died of mortification, because he could not set right a foot in a fresco, the wrong position of which he did not perceive till the scaffolding was taken away. Cavedone lost his talent from grief at his son's death, and begged his bread from want of commissions. Schidone, inspired with the passion of play, died of despair to have lost all in one night. There was one who languished, and was no more, from seeing the perfection of Raphael. Torrigini, to avoid death at the hands of the Spanish Inquisition, put an end to himself, having broken 40 pieces his own statue of the Virgin; an avaricious hidalgo, who had ordered it, higgling at the price. Bandinelli died, losing a commission for a statue; Daniel de Volterra, from anxiety to finish a monument to Henry IV. of France. Cellini frequently became unwell in the course of his studies, from the excitement of his feelings. When

one sums up the history of painters with the furious and bloody passions of a Spagnoletto, and Caravaggio, Tempesta, and Calabrese, one must suppose all their sensibilities much stronger than those of the rest of mankind."—*The Real and the Ideal.*

New Books.

THE BEAUTY OF THE HEAVENS.

THIS elegant work professes to be "a pictorial display of the Astronomical Phenomena of the Universe;" and very cleverly has the design been carried out. Of popular treatises on astronomy, we have long had *shoals*: there is the *Wonders of the Heavens*, with its folding plates, of cometary length; then we have a *sabot* of Laplace's *Mécanique Céleste*, the only approach yet made in this country to the translation of that splendid work, which the genius of the American, Bowditch, has mastered; next is Sir John Herschel's admirable volume of "the first magnitude" in the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*; and many score more volumes upon the sublime science, "*quæ nunc perscribere*" Longman "*est*." Then our opticians' shops are crowded with orreries, planetaria, tellurians, and many other ingenious contrivances for showing the universe upon a parlour table: but these are costly matters; and, kind fathers, uncles, and friends of the family, are beginning to turn their money in their pockets, and refrain from looking at the moon at so great an expense. Besides, for a shilling or two, each of the family may witness Mr. Howell's scenic display of astronomical phenomena upon the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre, in the Haymarket. Yes—but some papas are puritanical enough to object to "the beauty of the Heavens" being taught in a theatre, as too close an admixture of the sacred and profane: they have "heard of guilty creatures sitting at a play:" perchance, they shun the theatre as the vestibule of vice; or fear that going to see the mechanism of the heavens upon the stage, in the Haymarket, may operate prejudicially upon the morals of young people—that they may sigh for the machinery of a ballet, and confound Cometary Motion with Fanny Elssler's poetry of the feet; or Cassiopeia with Persiani, Hercules with Lablache, and the music of the spheres with the dulcet strains of Costa's sixty-instrument-power orchestra. There may be, also, some impropriety in mixing up the stars of the heavens with the stars of the earth—or the *cantabrics* and *dansuses* of the Italian Opera; and the Solar System with that of M. Laporte; the sublimities

of Astronomy with the paint and canvas of the stage—though it be guided by the genius of the Grieves. Now, to meet all these objections, and many more, has been published "*The Beauty of the Heavens*," consisting of 104 coloured scenes, representing the principal phenomena, astronomical and meteorological, which the Divine finger regulates with a precision unapproachable by man, and a power beyond the reach of his intellect to comprehend. These several scenes have been carefully executed from original drawings, paintings, and observatory studies. They are not merely of the diagram description, but are, in some instances, picturesque: the planetary subjects are effectively and correctly coloured; the illustrations of comets, the seasons, and the tides, are very striking.

The pictorial subjects merit enumeration: thus, the Crescent Moon has a view in Greece; the Horizontal Moon, Italy; Parhelia, Brighton; Zodiacal Light, Palmyra; Cirro-cumulus Cloud, Blackfriars Bridge; Cirro-stratus Clouds, very picturesque mountain scenery in Spain, &c.

The scenes are accompanied by a Familiar Lecture on Astronomy, explanatory of the phenomena represented, so as to render reference to other elementary works unnecessary. The illustrations are well described, as forming the miniature scenery of a public exhibition, such as is occasionally witnessed in lecture-rooms: the text presenting the substance, the order, and the actual delivery of what becomes, in the present instance, a Family Astronomical Lecture. The plan of the work is altogether novel and simple, whilst the execution is elegant. With its aid, a family need not henceforth quit their own parlour or drawing-room fireside, to enjoy the sublime "beauty of the heavens;" but, within the quiet of their own circle, may, without any previous acquirements in astronomy, become their own instructors in a knowledge of its great leading truths and phenomena. The Lecture may be read aloud by a parent, teacher, or any member of a party; the scenes being exhibited, at the same time, in the numerical succession corresponding to their order of description. We perfectly agree with the author, Mr. C. F. Blunt, that "it would be impossible to devise a more rational, or, to a well-regulated mind, a more cheerful mode of passing an evening; or of inculcating the Divine lesson, of looking 'through Nature up to Nature's God.'" The Lecture is attractively written, and extends to 100 pages; and, with the scenes, is enclosed in a case resembling a small quarto volume, lettered. As a specimen of the author's letter-press illustration, we quote the following:—

Gigantic Orrery.

The following distances and magnitudes have been imagined, in order to give a familiar description and clear idea of the planetary system; and the plan has been found satisfactory and useful.

But the sun be represented by the dome of St. Paul's cathedral; its diameter at the base being 108 feet.

The figure of Mercury, in due proportion to 108 feet, assumed as representing the bulk of the sun, would be a ball of five inches diameter; it would be at its proper proportional distance from the sun if placed at one mile from St. Paul's dome; its orbit would pass through all places at that distance, say Somerset-house, the Tower of London, and the Borough of Southwark.

Venus would be a ball of thirteen inches diameter, placed at the distance of one mile and a half from St. Paul's, for instance, at Westminster Abbey.

The earth would be properly represented by one of our usual twelve-inch terrestrial globes, placed at the distance of two miles and a half from St. Paul's, as at the Queen's Palace at Piccadilly. The moon, a ball of nearly three inches diameter, revolving about it at a distance of thirty feet.

Mars would be a ball of nearly six inches and a half diameter, placed at the distance of three miles and a half; say on Ilighgate-hill, or at Kensington-palace.

The asteroids, Vesta, Juno, Ceres, and Pallas, do not differ greatly from each other, either in size or distance; they would be properly represented by balls of somewhat more than a quarter of an inch diameter, at a little more than six miles from St. Paul's; as at Blackheath, Dulwich, or Tottenham.

Jupiter would be a globe of nearly eleven feet in diameter, and placed at twelve miles from St. Paul's; as at Kingston, in Surrey, or Romford, in Essex.

Saturn would be a globe of nine feet six inches diameter, surrounded by a ring of twenty-two feet diameter, and placed at the distance of twenty-one miles and a half; as at Windsor, in Berkshire, or at Gravesend, in Kent.

The planet Uranus would be a globe of four feet six inches diameter, placed at the distance of forty-three miles from St. Paul's, as within a few miles of the sea, in the neighbourhood of Brighton.

Periodicals.

WILLIS'S PENCILINGS OF THE FOLINTON TOURNAMENT.*

(Concluded from page 189.)

On returning to the hall of the castle, which was the principal place of assemblage, I saw, with no little regret, that ladies were coming from their carriages under umbrellas. The fair archers tripped in-doors from their crowded tent; the Knight of the Dragon, who had been out to look after his charge, was being wiped dry by a friendly pocket-handkerchief; and the countenances had, fallen with the barometer. It was time for the procession to start, however; and the knights appeared, one by one, armed cap-à-pie, all save the helmet, till, at last, the Hall was crowded with steel-clad and chivalric forms, and they waited only for the advent of the Queen of Beauty. After admiring not a little the manly bearing and powerful 'thwens and sinews' displayed by the

array of modern English nobility, in the trying costumes and harness of olden time, I stepped out upon the lawn, with some curiosity, to see how so much heavy metal was to be got into a demi-pique saddle. After one or two ineffectual attempts, foiled partly by the restlessness of his horse, the first knight called ingloriously for a chair. Another scrambled over with great difficulty, and, I fancy, though Lord Waterford and Lord Eglington, and one other whom I noticed, mounted very gallantly and gracefully, the getting to saddle was probably the most difficult feat of the day. The ancient achievement of leaping on the steed's back from the ground, in complete armour, would certainly have broken the spine of any horse present, and was probably never done but in story. Once in the saddle, however, English horsemanship told well; and one of the finest sights of the day, I thought, was the breaking away of a powerful horse from the grooms before the rider had gathered up his reins, and a career at furious speed through the open park, during which the steel-encumbered horseman rode as safely as a fox-hunter, and subdued the affrighted animal, and brought him back in a style worthy of a wreath from the Queen of Beauty.

Driven in by the rain. I was standing at the upper side of the Hall, when a movement in the crowd, and an unusual 'making-way,' announced the coming of the 'cynosure of all eyes.' She entered from the interior of the castle, with her train held up by two beautiful pages of ten or twelve years of age, and attended by two fair and very young maids of honour. Her jacket of ermine, her drapery of violet and blue velvet, the collars of superb jewels which embraced her throat and bosom, and her sparkling crown, were, on her, (what they seldom are, but should be only,) mere accessories to her own predominating and radiant beauty. Lady Seymour's features are as nearly faultless as is consistent with expression; her figure and face are rounded to the complete fullness of the mould for a Juno; her walk is quickly and peculiarly unstudied and graceful; yet, (I could not but think, then and since,) she was not well chosen for the Queen of a Tournament.—The character of her beauty, uncommon and superb as it is, is that of delicacy and loveliness—the lily rather than the rose—the modest pearl, not the imperial diamond. The eyes to flash over a crowd at a tournament, to be admired from a distance, to beam down upon a knight kneeling for public award of honour, should be full of command; dark, lustrous, and fiery.

* The best account yet written of this striking scene.

quill blue that ever reflected the serene heaven of a happy hearth—eyes to love, not wonder at—to adore and rely upon, not admire and tremble for. At the distance at which most of the spectators of the tournament saw Lady Seymour, Fanny Kemble's stormy orbs would have shewn much finer; and the forced and imperative action of a stage-taught head and figure would have been more applauded than the quiet, nameless, and indescribable grace, lost to all but those immediately around her. I had seen the Queen of Beauty in a small society, dressed in simple white, without an ornament, when she was far more becomingly drest and more beautiful than here; and I have never seen, since, the engravings and prints of Lady Seymour, which fill every window in the London shops, without feeling that it was a profanation of a style of loveliness that would be

"Prodigal enough,"

If it unveil'd its beauty to the moon."

The day wore on, and the knight marshal of the lists (Sir Charles Lamb, the step-father of Lord Eglinton, by far the most knightly-looking person at the tournament, appeared in his rich surcoat and embossed armour, and, with a despairing look at the increasing torrents of rain, gave the order to get to horse. At the first blast of the trumpet, the thick-leaved trees around the castle gave out each a dozen or two of gay-coloured horsemen, who had stood almost under the low-hanging branches—mounted musicians in silk and gay trappings, mounted men-at-arms in demi-suits of armour, deputy marshals, and halberdiers; and around the western tower, where their caparisons had been arranged and their horse-armour carefully looked to, rode the glittering and noble company of knights; Lord Eglinton in his armour of inlaid gold, and Lord Alford with his athletic frame and very handsome features, conspicuous above all.

The rain, meantime, spared neither the rich tabard of the *poursuivant* nor the embroidered saddle-cloth of the Queen's impatient palfrey; and, after a half-dozen of dripping detachments had formed and led on as the head of the procession, the lady archers (who were to go on foot) were called by the marshal, with a hail, and a glance upward, which might have been construed into a tacit advice to stay in-doors. Gracefully and majestically, however, with quiver at her back, and bow in hand, the tall and fair archer of whose uncommon beauty I have already spoken, stepped from the castle door; and, regardless of the rain which fell in drops as large as pearls on her unprotected forehead and snowy shoulders, she took her

place in the procession, with her silken-booted troop picking their way, very gingerly, over the pools, behind her. Slight as the circumstance may seem, there was in the manner of the lady, and her calm disregard of self in the cause she had undertaken, that which would leave main no doubt where to look for a heroine, were the days of Wallace (whose compatriot she is,) to come over again. The knight marshal put spurs to his horse, and re-ordered the little troop to the castle; and, regretting that I had not the honour of the lady's acquaintance for my authority, I performed my only chivalric achievement for the day, sending a halberdier, whom I had chanced to remember as the servant of an old friend, on a crusade into the castle for a lady's maid and a pair of dry stockings. Whether they were found, and the fair archer wore them, or whether she and her silk-shod company gave the tournament consumption, rheumatism, or cough, at this hour, I am sorry I cannot say.

The 'Judge of Peace,' Lord Saltoun, with his wand, and retainers on foot bearing heavy battle-axes, was one of the best figures in the procession, though, as he was slightly grey, and his ruby velvet cap and saturated ruff were poor substitutes for a warm cravat and hat-brim, I could not but associate his fine horsemanship with a sore throat, and his retainers and their battle-axes with relays of nurses and hot flannels. The flower of the tournament, in the representing and keeping up of the assumed character, however, was its 'King,' Lord Londonderry. He, too, is a man I should think on the shady side of fifty, but of just the high preservation and *embonpoint* necessary for a royal presence. His robe of red velvet and ermine swept the ground as he sat in the saddle, and he managed to keep its immense folds free of his horse's legs, and yet to preserve its flow, in his prancing motion, with a grace and ease, I must say, which seemed truly imperial. His palfrey was like a fiery Arabian, all action, nerve, and fire; and every step was a rearing prance, which, but for the tranquil self-possession, and easy control of the 'King,' would have given the spectator some fears for his royal safety. Lord Londonderry's whole performance of his part was without a fault, and chiefly admirable, I thought, from his sustaining it with that unconsciousness and entire freedom from *mauvaise honte*, which the English seldom can command in new or conspicuous situations.

The Queen of Beauty was called, and her horse led to the door—but the water ran from the blue saddle-cloth and hon-

